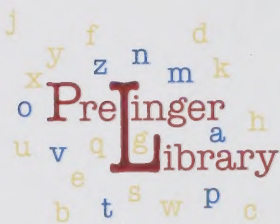


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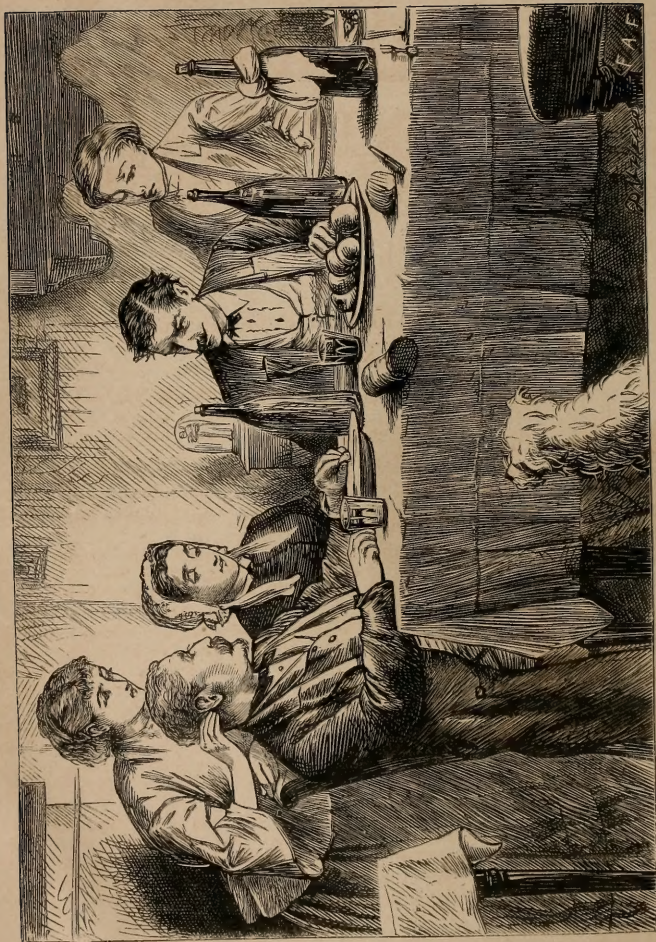
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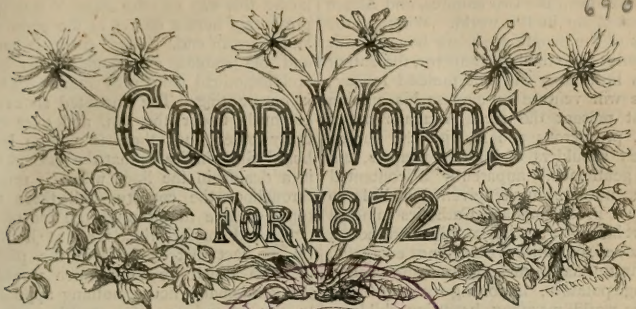
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"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."



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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.



P among the Vosges mountains in Lorraine, but just outside the old half-German province of Alsace, about thirty miles distant from the new and thoroughly French baths of Plombières, there lies the village of Granpere. Whatever may be said or thought

here in England of the late imperial rule in France, it must at any rate be admitted that good roads were made under the Empire. Alsace, which twenty years ago seems to have been somewhat behindhand in this respect, received her full share of Napoleon's attention, and Granpere is now placed on an excellent road which runs from the town of Remiremont on one line of railway, to Colmar on another. The inhabitants

of the Alsatian Ballon hills and the open valleys among them, seem to think that the civilisation of great cities has been brought near enough to them, as there is already a diligence running daily from Granpere to Remiremont;—and at Remiremont you are on the railway, and, of course, in the middle of everything.

And indeed an observant traveller will be led to think that a great deal of what may most truly be called civilisation, has found its way in among the Ballons, whether it travelled thither by the new-fangled railways and imperial routes, or found its passage along the valley streams before imperial favours had been showered upon the district. We are told that when Pastor Oberlin was appointed to his cure as Protestant clergyman in the Ban de la Roche a little more than one hundred years ago,—that was, in 1767,—this region was densely dark and far behind in the world's running as regards all progress. The people were ignorant, poor, half-starved, almost savage, destitute of communication, and unable to produce from their own soil enough food for their own sustenance. Of manufacturing enterprise they understood nothing, and were only just far enough advanced in knowledge for the Protestants to hate the Catholics, and the Catholics to hate the Protestants. Then came that wonderful clergyman, Pastor Oberlin,—he was indeed a wonderful clergyman.

—and made a great change. Since that there have been the two empires, and Alsace has looked up in the world. Whether the thanks of the people are more honestly due to Oberlin or to the late Emperor, the author of this little story will not pretend to say; but he will venture to express his opinion that at present the rural Alsations are a happy, prosperous people, with the burden on their shoulders of but few paupers, and fewer gentlemen,—apparently a contented people, not ambitious, given but little to politics. Protestants and Catholics mingled without hatred or fanaticism, educated though not learned, industrious though not energetic, quiet and peaceful, making linen and cheese, growing potatoes, importing corn, coming into the world, marrying, begetting children, and dying in the wholesome homespun fashion which is so sweet to us in that mood of philosophy which teaches us to love the country and to despise the town. Whether it be better for a people to achieve an even level of prosperity, which is shared by all, but which makes none eminent, or to encounter those rough, ambitious, competitive strengths which produce both palaces and poorhouses, shall not be matter of argument here; but the teller of this story is disposed to think that the chance traveller, as long as he tarries at Granpere, will insensibly and perhaps unconsciously become an advocate of the former doctrine; he will be struck by the comfort which he sees around him, and for a while will dispense with wealth, luxury, scholarships, and fashion. Whether the inhabitants of these hills and valleys will advance to further progress now that they are again to become German, is another question, which the writer will not attempt to answer here.

Granpere in itself is a very pleasing village. Though the amount of population and number of houses do not suffice to make it more than a village, it covers so large a space of ground as almost to give it a claim to town honours. It is perhaps a full mile in length; and though it has but one street, there are buildings standing here and there, back from the line, which make it seem to stretch beyond the narrow confines of a single thoroughfare. In most French villages some of the houses are high and spacious, but here they seem almost all to be so. And many of them have been constructed after that independent fashion which always gives to a house in a street a character and importance of its own. They do not stand in a simple line, each supported by the strength of its

neighbour, but occupy their own ground, facing this way or that as each may please, presenting here a corner to the main street, and there an end. There are little gardens, and big stables, and commodious barns; and periodical paint with annual whitewash is not wanting. The unstinted slates shine copiously under the sun, and over almost every other door there is a large lettered board which indicates that the resident within is a dealer in the linen which is produced throughout the country. All these things together give to Granpere an air of prosperity and comfort which is not at all checked by the fact that there is in the place no mansion which we Englishmen would call the gentleman's house, nothing approaching to the ascendancy of a parish squire, no baron's castle, no manorial hall,—not even a château to overshadow the modest roofs of the dealers in the linen of the Vosges.

And the scenery round Granpere is very pleasant, though the neighbouring hills never rise to the magnificence of mountains or produce that grandeur which tourists desire when they travel in search of the beauties of Nature. It is a spot to love if you know it well, rather than to visit with hopes raised high, and to leave with vivid impressions. There is water in abundance;—a pretty lake lying at the feet of sloping hills, riviulets running down from the high upper lands and turning many a modest wheel in their course, a waterfall or two here and there, and a so-called mountain summit within an easy distance, from whence the sun may be seen to rise among the Swiss mountains;—and distant perhaps three miles from the village the main river which runs down the valley makes for itself a wild ravine, just where the bridge on the new road to Münster crosses the water, and helps to excuse the people of Granpere for claiming for themselves a great object of natural attraction. The bridge and the river and the ravine are very pretty, and perhaps justify all that the villagers say of them when they sing to travellers the praises of their country.

Whether it be the sale of linen that has produced the large inn at Granpere, or the delicious air of the place, or the ravine and the bridge, matters little to our story; but the fact of the inn matters very much. There it is,—a roomy, commodious building, not easily intelligible to a stranger, with its widely distributed parts, standing like an inverted V, with its open side towards the main road. On the ground-floor on one side are the large stables and coach-house, with a billiard-room

and *café* over them, and a long balcony which runs round the building; and on the other side there are kitchens and drinking-rooms, and over these the chamber for meals and the bedrooms. All large, airy, and clean, though, perhaps, not excellently well finished in their construction, and furnished with but little pretence to French luxury. And behind the inn there are gardens, by no means trim, and a dusty summer-house, which serves, however, for the smoking of a cigar; and there is generally space and plenty and goodwill. Either the linen, or the air, or the ravine, or, as is more probable, the three combined, have produced a business, so that the landlord of the Lion d'Or at Granpere is a thriving man.

The reader shall at once be introduced to the landlord, and informed at the same time that, in so far as he may be interested in this story, he will have to take up his abode at the Lion d'Or till it be concluded; not as a guest staying loosely at his inn, but as one who is concerned with all the innermost affairs of the household. He will not simply eat his plate of soup, and drink his glass of wine, and pass on, knowing and caring more for the servant than for the servant's master, but he must content himself to sit at the landlord's table, to converse very frequently with the landlord's wife, to become very intimate with the landlord's son—whether on loving or on unloving terms shall be left entirely to himself—and to throw himself, with the sympathy of old friendship, into all the troubles and all the joys of the landlord's niece. If the reader be one who cannot take such a journey, and pass a month or two without the society of persons whom he would define as ladies and gentlemen, he had better be warned at once, and move on, not setting foot within the Lion d'Or at Granpere.

Michel Voss, the landlord, in person was at this time a tall, stout, active, and very handsome man, about fifty years of age. As his son was already twenty-five,—and was known to be so throughout the commune,—people were sure that Michel Voss was fifty or thereabouts; but there was very little in his appearance to indicate so many years. He was not fat and burly to be sure; but then he was not fat to lethargy, or burly with any sign of slowness. There was still the spring of youth in his footstep, and when there was some weight to be lifted, some heavy timber to be thrust here or there, some huge lumbering vehicle to be hoisted in or out, there was no arm about the place so strong as that of the master. His short, dark, curly hair,—that

was always kept clipped round his head,—was beginning to show a tinge of grey, but the huge moustache on his upper lip was still of a thorough brown, as was also the small morsel of beard which he wore upon his chin. He had bright sharp brown eyes, a nose slightly beaked, and a large mouth. He was on the whole a man of good temper, just withal, and one who loved those who belonged to him; but he chose to be master in his own house, and was apt to think that his superior years enabled him to know what younger people wanted better than they would know themselves. He was loved in his house and respected in his village; but there was something in the beak of his nose and the brightness of his eye which was apt to make those around him afraid of him. And indeed Michel Voss could lose his temper and become an angry man.

Our landlord had been twice married. By his first wife he had now living a single son, George Voss, who at the time of our tale had already reached his twenty-fifth year. George, however, did not at this time live under his father's roof, having taken service for a time with the landlady of another inn at Colmar. George Voss was known to be a clever young man; many in those parts declared that he was much more so than his father; and when he became clerk at the Poste in Colmar, and after a year or two had taken into his hands almost the entire management of that house,—so that people began to say that old-fashioned and wretched as it was, money might still be made there,—people began to say also that Michel Voss had been wrong to allow his son to leave Granpere. But in truth there had been a few words between the father and the son; and the two were so like each other that the father found it difficult to rule, and the son found it difficult to be ruled.

George Voss was very like his father, with this difference, as he was often told by the old folk about Granpere, that he would never fill his father's shoes. He was a smaller man, less tall by a couple of inches, less broad in proportion across the shoulders, whose arm would never be so strong, whose leg would never grace a tight stocking with so full a development. But he had the same eye, bright and brown and very quick, the same mouth, the same aquiline nose, the same broad forehead and well-shaped chin, and the same look in his face which made men know as by instinct that he would sooner command than obey. So there had come to be a few words, and George Voss had gone away to

the house of a cousin of his mother's, and had taken to commanding there.

Not that there had been any quarrel between the father and the son; nor indeed that George was aware that he had been in the least disobedient to his parent. There was no recognised ambition for rule in the breasts of either of them. It was simply this, that their tempers were alike; and when on an occasion Michel told his son that he would not allow a certain piece of folly which the son was, as he thought, likely to commit, George declared that he would soon set that matter right by leaving Granpere. Accordingly he did leave Granpere, and became the right hand, and indeed the head, and backbone, and best leg of his old cousin Madame Faragon of the Poste at Colmar. Now the matter on which these few words occurred was a question of love,—whether George Voss should fall in love with and marry his step-mother's niece Marie Bromar. But before anything further can be said of these few words, Madame Voss and her niece must be introduced to the reader.

Madame Voss was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, and had now been a wife some five or six years. She had been brought from Epinal, where she had lived with a married sister, a widow, much older than herself,—in parting from whom on her marriage there had been much tribulation. "Should anything happen to Marie," she had said to Michel Voss, before she gave him her troth, "you will let Minnie Bromar come to me?" Michel Voss, who was then hotly in love with his hoped-for bride,—hotly in love in spite of his four-and-forty years,—gave the required promise. The said "something" which had been suspected had happened. Madame Bromar had died, and Minnie Bromar her daughter,—or Marie as she was always afterwards called,—had at once been taken into the house at Granpere. Michel never thought twice about it when he was reminded of his promise. "If I hadn't promised at all, she should come the same," he said. "The house is big enough for a dozen more yet." In saying this he perhaps alluded to a little baby that then lay in a cradle in his wife's room, by means of which at that time Madame Voss was able to make her big husband do pretty nearly anything that she pleased. So Marie Bromar, then just fifteen years of age, was brought over from Epinal to Granpere, and the house certainly was not felt to be too small because she was there. Marie soon learned the ways and wishes of her burly, soft-hearted uncle;

—would fill his pipe for him, and hand him his soup, and bring his slippers, and put her soft arm round his neck, and became a favourite. She was only a child when she came, and Michel thought that it was very pleasant; but in five years' time she was a woman, and Michel was forced to reflect that it would not be well that there should be another marriage and another family in the house while he was so young himself. There was at this time a third baby in the cradle,—and then Marie Bromar had not a franc of *dot*. Marie was the sweetest eldest daughter in the world, but he could not think it right that his son should marry a wife before he had done a stroke for himself in the world. Prudence made it absolutely necessary that he should say a word to his son.

Madame Voss was certainly nearly twenty years younger than her husband, and yet the pair did not look to be ill-sorted. Michel was so handsome, strong, and hale; and Madame Voss, though she was a comely woman,—though when she was brought home a bride to Granpere the neighbours had all declared that she was very handsome,—carried with her a look of more years than she really possessed. She had borne many of a woman's cares, and had known much of woman's sorrows before she had become wife to Michel Voss; and then when the babes came, and she had settled down as mistress of that large household, and taught herself to regard George Voss and Marie Bromar almost as her own children, all idea that she was much younger than her husband departed from her. She was a woman who desired to excel her husband in nothing,—if only she might be considered to be in some things his equal. There was no feeling in the village that Michel Voss had brought home a young wife and had made a fool of himself. He was a man entitled to have a wife much younger than himself. Madame Voss in those days always wore a white cap, and a dark stuff gown which was changed on Sundays for one of black silk, and brown mittens on her hands, and she went about the house in soft carpet shoes. She was a conscientious, useful, but not an enterprising woman; loving her husband much and fearing him somewhat; liking to have her own way in certain small matters, but willing to be led in other things so long as those were surrendered to her; careful with her children, the care of whom seemed to deprive her of the power of caring for the business of the inn; kind to her niece, good-humoured in her house, and satisfied with the world at

large as long as she might always be allowed to entertain M. le Curé at dinner on Sundays. Michel Voss, Protestant though he was, had not the slightest objection to giving M. le Curé his Sunday dinner, on condition that M. le Curé on these occasions would confine his conversation to open subjects. M. le Curé was quite willing to eat his dinner and give no offence.

A word too must be said of Marie Bromar before we begin our story. Marie Bromar is the heroine of this little tale; and the reader must be made to have some idea of her as she would have appeared before him had he seen her standing near her uncle in the long room up-stairs of the hotel at Granpere. Marie had been fifteen when she was brought from Epinal to Granpere, and had then been a child; but she had now reached her twentieth birthday, and was a woman. She was not above the middle height, and might seem to be less indeed in that house because her aunt and her uncle were tall; but she was straight, well made, and very active. She was strong and liked to use her strength, and was very keen about all the work of the house. During the five years of her residence at Granpere she had thoroughly learned the mysteries of her uncle's trade. She knew good wine from bad by the perfume; she knew whether bread was the full weight by the touch; with a glance of her eye she could tell whether the cheese and butter were what they ought to be; in a matter of poultry no woman in all the commune could take her in; she was great in judging eggs; knew well the quality of linen; and was even able to calculate how long the hay should last, and what should be the consumption of corn in the stables. Michel Voss was well aware before Marie had been a year beneath his roof that she well earned the morsel she eat and the drop she drank; and when she had been there five years he was ready to swear that she was the cleverest girl in Lorraine or Alsace. And she was very pretty, with rich brown hair that would not allow itself to be brushed out of its crisp half curls in front, and which she always wore cut short behind, curling round her straight, well-formed neck. Her eyes were grey, with a strong shade indeed of green, but were very bright and pleasant, full of intelligence, telling stories by their glances of her whole inward disposition, of her activity, quickness, and desire to have a hand in everything that was being done. Her father Jean Bromar had come from the same stock with Michel Voss, and she, too, had something of

that aquiline nose which gave to the innkeeper and his son the look which made men dislike to contradict them. Her mouth was large, but her teeth were very white and perfect, and her smile was the sweetest thing that ever was seen. Marie Bromar was a pretty girl, and George Voss, had he lived so near to her and not have fallen in love with her, must have been cold indeed.

At the end of these five years Marie had become a woman, and was known by all around her to be a woman much stronger, both in person and in purpose, than her aunt; but she maintained, almost unconsciously, many of the ways in the house which she had assumed when she first entered it. Then she had always been on foot, to be everybody's messenger,—and so she was now. When her uncle and aunt were at their meals she was always up and about,—attending them, attending the public guests, attending the whole house. And it seemed as though she herself never sat down to eat or drink. Indeed, it was rare enough to find her seated at all. She would have a cup of coffee standing up at the little desk near the public window when she kept her books, or would take a morsel of meat as she helped to remove the dishes. She would stand sometimes for a minute leaning on the back of her uncle's chair as he sat at his supper, and would say, when he bade her to take her chair and eat with them, that she preferred picking and stealing. In all things she worshipped her uncle, observing his movements, caring for his wants, and carrying out his plans. She did not worship her aunt, but she so served Madame Voss that had she been withdrawn from the household Madame Voss would have found herself altogether unable to provide for its wants. Thus Marie Bromar had become the guardian angel of the Lion d'Or at Granpere.

There must be a word or two more said of the difference between George Voss and his father which had ended in sending George to Colmar; a word or two about that, and a word also of what occurred between George and Marie. Then we shall be able to commence our story without further reference to things past. As Michel Voss was a just, affectionate, and intelligent man, he would not probably have objected to a marriage between the two young people, had the proposition for such a marriage been first submitted to him, with a proper amount of attention to his judgment and controlling power. But the idea was introduced to him in a manner which taught him to think that

there was to be a clandestine love affair. To him George was still a boy, and Marie not much more than a child, and,—without much thinking,—he felt that the thing was improper.

"I won't have it, George," he had said.

"Won't have what, father?"

"Never mind. You know. If you can't get over it in any other way, you had better go away. You must do something for yourself before you can think of marrying."

"I am not thinking of marrying."

"Then what were you thinking of when I saw you with Marie? I won't have it for her sake, and I won't have it for mine, and I won't have it for your own. You had better go away for a while."

"I'll go away to-morrow if you wish it, father." Michel had turned away, not saying another word; and on the following day George did go away, hardly waiting an hour to set in order his part of his father's business. For it must be known that George had not been an idler in his father's establishment. There was a trade of wood-cutting upon the mountain-side, with a saw-mill turned by water beneath, over which George had presided almost since he had left the school of the commune. When his father told him that he was bound to do something before he got married, he could not have intended to accuse him of having been hitherto idle. Of the wood-cutting and the saw-mill George knew as much as Marie did of the poultry and the linen. Michel was wrong, probably, in his attempt to separate them. The house was large enough, or if not, there was still room for another house to be built in Granpere. They would have done well as man and wife. But then the head of a household naturally objects to seeing the boys and girls belonging to him making love under his nose without any reference to his opinion. "Things were not made so easy for me," he says to himself, and feels it to be a sort of duty to take care that the course of love shall not run altogether smooth. George, no doubt, was too abrupt with his father; or perhaps it might be the case that he was not sorry to take an opportunity of leaving for a while Granpere and Marie Bromar. It might be well to see the world; and though Marie Bromar was bright and pretty, it might be that there were others abroad brighter and prettier.

His father had spoken to him on one fine September afternoon, and within an hour George was with the men who were stripping bark from the great pine logs up on the side

of the mountain. With them, and with two or three others who were engaged at the saw-mills, he remained till the night was dark. Then he came down and told something of his intentions to his "step-mother. He was going to Colmar on the morrow with a horse and small cart, and would take with him what clothes he had ready. He did not speak to Marie that night, but he said something to his father about the timber and the mill. Gaspar Muntz, the head woodsman, knew, he said, all about the business. Gaspar could carry on the work till it would suit Michel Voss himself to see how things were going on. Michel Voss was sore and angry, but he said nothing. He sent to his son a couple of hundred francs by his wife, but said no word of explanation even to her. On the following morning George was off without seeing his father.

But Marie was up to give him his breakfast. "What is the meaning of this, George?" she said.

"Father says that I shall be better away from this,—so I am going away."

"And why will you be better away?" To this George made no answer. "It will be terrible if you quarrel with your father. Nothing can be so bad as that."

"We have not quarrelled. That is to say, I have not quarrelled with him. If he quarrels with me, I cannot help it."

"It must be helped," said Marie, as she placed before him a mess of eggs which she had cooked for him with her own hands. "I would sooner die than see anything wrong between you two." Then there was a pause. "Is it about me, George?" she asked boldly.

"Father thinks that I love you:—so I do."

Marie paused for a few minutes before she said anything further. She was standing very near to George, who was eating his breakfast heartily in spite of the interesting nature of the conversation. As she filled his cup a second time, she spoke again. "I will never do anything, George, if I can help it, to displease my uncle."

"But why should it displease him? He wants to have his own way in everything."

"Of course he does."

"He has told me to go;—and I'll go. I've worked for him as no other man would work, and have never said a word about a share in the business;—and never would."

"Is it not all for yourself, George?"

"And why shouldn't you and I be married if we like it?"

"I will never like it," said she solemnly, "if uncle dislikes it."

"Very well," said George. "There is the horse ready, and now I'm off."

So he went, starting just as the day was dawning, and no one saw him on that morning except Marie Bromar. As soon as he was gone she went up to her little room, and sat herself down on her bedside. She knew that she loved him, and had been told that she was beloved. She knew that she could not lose him without suffering terribly; but now she almost feared that it would be necessary that she should lose him. His manner had not been tender to her. He had indeed said that he loved her, but there had been nothing of the tenderness of love in his mode of saying so;—and then he had said no word of persistency in the teeth of his father's objection. She had declared—thoroughly purposing that her declaration should be true—that she would never become his wife in opposition to her uncle's wishes; but he, had he been in earnest, might have said something of his readiness to attempt at least to overcome his father's objection. But he had said not a word, and Marie as she sat upon her bed, made up her mind that it must be all over. But she made up her mind also that she would entertain no feeling of anger against her uncle. She owed him everything;—so she thought, making no account, as George had done, of labour given in return. She was only a girl, and what was her labour? For a while she resolved that she would give a spoken assurance to her uncle that he need fear nothing from her. It was natural enough to her that her uncle should desire a better marriage for his son. But after a while she reflected that any speech from her on such a subject would be difficult, and that it would be better that she should hold her tongue. So she held her tongue, and thought of George, and suffered;—but still was merry, at least in manner, when her uncle spoke to her, and priced the poultry, and counted the linen, and made out the visitors' bills, as though nothing evil had come upon her. She was a gallant girl, and Michel Voss, though he could not speak of it, understood her gallantry and made notes of it on the note-book of his heart.

In the meantime George Voss was thriving at Colmar,—as the Vosses did thrive wherever they settled themselves. But he sent no word to his father,—nor did his father send word to him,—though they were not more than ten leagues apart. Once Madame Voss went over to see him, and brought back word of his well-doing.

CHAPTER II.

EXACTLY at eight o'clock every evening a loud bell was sounded in the hotel of the Lion d'Or at Granpere, and all within the house sat down together to supper. The supper was spread on a long table in the saloon up-stairs, and the room was lighted with camphine lamps,—for as yet gas had not found its way to Granpere. At this meal assembled not only the guests in the house and the members of the family of the landlord,—but also many persons living in the village whom it suited to take, at a certain price per month, the chief meal of the day, at the house of the innkeeper, instead of eating in their own houses a more costly, a less dainty, and probably a lonely supper. Therefore when the bell was heard there came together some dozen residents of Granpere, mostly young men engaged in the linen trade, from their different lodgings, and each took his accustomed seat down the sides of the long board, at which, tied in a knot, was placed his own napkin. At the top of the table was the place of Madame Voss, which she never failed to fill exactly three minutes after the bell had been rung. At her right hand was the chair of the master of the house,—never occupied by any one else;—but it would often happen that some business would keep him away. Since George had left him he had taken the timber into his own hands, and was accustomed to think and sometimes to say that the necessity was cruel on him. Below his chair and on the other side of Madame Voss there would generally be two or three places kept for guests who might be specially looked upon as the intimate friends of the mistress of the house; and at the farther end of the table, close to the window, was the space allotted to travellers. Here the napkins were not tied in knots, but were always clean. And, though the little plates of radishes, cakes, and dried fruits were continued from one of the tables to the other, the long-necked thin bottles of common wine came to an end before they reached the strangers' portion of the board; for it had been found that strangers would take at that hour either tea or a better kind of wine than that which Michel Voss gave to his accustomed guests without any special charge. When, however, the stranger should please to take the common wine, he was by no means thereby prejudiced in the eyes of Madame Voss or her husband. Michel Voss liked a profit, but he liked the habits of his country almost as well.

One evening in September, about twelve months after the departure of George, Madame Voss took her seat at the table, and the young men of the place who had been waiting round the door of the hotel for a few minutes, followed her into the room. And there was M. Goudin, the Curé, with another young clergyman, his friend. On Sundays the Curé always dined at the hotel at half-past twelve o'clock, as the friend of the family; but for his supper he paid, as did the other guests. I rather fancy that on week days he had no particular dinner; and indeed there was no such formal meal given in the house of Michel Voss on week days. There was something put on the table about noon in the little room between the kitchen and the public window; but except on Sundays it could hardly be called a dinner. On Sundays a real dinner was served in the room up-stairs, with soup, and removes, and *entrées* and the *rôti*, all in the right place,—which showed that they knew what a dinner was at the Lion d'Or;—but, throughout the week, supper was the meal of the day. After M. Goudin, on this occasion, there came two maiden ladies from Epinal who were lodging at Granpere for change of air. They seated themselves near to Madame Voss, but still leaving a place or two vacant. And presently at the bottom of the table there came an Englishman and his wife, who were travelling through the country; and so the table was made up. A lad of about fifteen who was known in Granpere as the waiter at the Lion d'Or looked after the two strangers and the young men, and Marie Bromar, who herself had arranged the board, stood at the top of the room, by a second table, and dispensed the soup. It was pleasant to watch her eyes, as she marked the moment when the dispensing should begin, and counted her guests, thoughtful as to the sufficiency of the dishes to come; and noticed that Edmond Grisse had sat down with such dirty hands that she must bid her uncle to warn the lad; and observed that the more elderly of the two ladies from Epinal had bread too hard to suit her,—which should be changed as soon as the soup had been dispensed. She looked round, and even while dispensing saw everything. It was suggested in the last chapter that another house might have been built in Granpere, and that George Voss might have gone there, taking Marie as his bride; but the Lion d'Or would sorely have missed those quick and careful eyes.

Then, when that dispensing of the soup was concluded, Michel entered the room

bringing with him a young man. The young man had evidently been expected; for, when he took the place close at the left hand of Madame Voss, she simply bowed to him, saying some word of courtesy as Michel took his place on the other side. Then Marie dispensed two more portions of soup, and leaving one on the farther table for the boy to serve, though she could well have brought the two, waited herself upon her uncle. "And is Urmand to have no soup?" said Michel Voss, as he took his niece lovingly by the hand. "Peter is bringing it," said Marie. And in a moment or two Peter the waiter did bring the young man his soup.

"And will not Mademoiselle Marie sit down with us?" said the young man.

"If you can make her, you have more influence than I," said Michel. "Marie never sits, and never eats, and never drinks." She was standing now close behind her uncle with both her hands upon his head; and she would often stand so after the supper was commenced, only moving to attend upon him, or to supplement the services of Peter and the maid-servant when she perceived that they were becoming for a time inadequate to their duties. She answered her uncle now by gently pulling his ears, but she said nothing.

"Sit down with us, Marie, to oblige me," said Madame Voss.

"I had rather not, aunt. It is foolish to sit at supper and not eat. I have taken my supper already." Then she moved away and hovered round the two strangers at the end of the room.

After supper Michel Voss and the young man—Adrian Urmand by name—lit their cigars and seated themselves on a bench outside the front door. "Have you never said a word to her?" said Michel.

"Well;—a word; yes."

"But you have not asked her——; you know what I mean;—asked her whether she could love you."

"Well,—yes. I have said as much as that, but I have never got an answer. And when I did ask her, she merely left me. She is not much given to talking."

"She will not make the worse wife, my friend, because she is not much given to such talking as that. When she is out with me on a Sunday afternoon she has chat enough. By St. James, she'll talk for two hours without stopping when I'm so out of breath with the hill that I haven't a word."

"I don't doubt she can talk."

"That she can;—and manage a house

better than any girl I ever saw. You ask her aunt."

"I know what her aunt thinks of her. Madame Voss says that neither you nor she can afford to part with her."

Michel Voss was silent for a moment. "It was dusk, and no one could see him as he brushed a tear from each eye with the back of his hand. "I'll tell you what, Urmand,— it will break my heart to lose her. Do you see how she comes to me and comforts me? But if it broke my heart, and broke the house too, I would not keep her here. It isn't fit.

If you like her, and she can like you, it will be a good match for her. You have my leave to ask her. She brought nothing here, but she has been a good girl, a very good girl, and she shall not leave the house empty-handed."

Adrian Urmand was a linen buyer from Basle, and was known to have a good share in a good business. He was a handsome young man too, though rather small, and perhaps a little too apt to wear rings on his fingers and to show jewellery on his shirt front and about his waistcoat. So at least



said some of the young people of Granpere, where rings and gold studs are not so common as they are at Basle. But he was one who understood his business and did not neglect it; he had money too; and was therefore such a young man that Michel Voss felt that he might give his niece to him without danger, if he and she could manage to like each other sufficiently. As to Urmand's liking there was no doubt. Urmand was ready enough.

"I will see if she will speak to me just now," said Urmand after a pause.

"Shall her aunt try it, or shall I do it?" said Michel.

But Adrian Urmand thought that part of the pleasure of love lay in the making of it himself. So he declined the innkeeper's offer, at any rate for the present occasion. "Perhaps," said he, "Madame Voss will say a word for me after I have spoken for myself."

"So let it be," said the landlord. And then they finished their cigars in silence.

It was in vain that Adrian Urmand tried that night to obtain audience from Marie.

Marie, as though she well knew what was wanted of her and was determined to thwart her lover, would not allow herself to be found alone for a moment. When Adrian presented himself at the window of her little bar he found that Peter was with her, and she managed to keep Peter with her till Adrian was gone. And again when he hoped to find her alone for a few moments after the work of the day was over in the small parlour where she was accustomed to sit for some half hour before she would go up to her room, he was again disappointed. She was already up-stairs with her aunt and the children, and all Michel Voss's good nature in keeping out of the way was of no avail.

But Urmand was determined not to be beaten. He intended to return to Basle on the next day but one, and desired to put this matter a little in forwardness before he took his departure. On the following morning he had various appointments to keep with countrymen and their wives who sold linen to him, but he was quick over his business and managed to get back to the inn early in the afternoon. From six till eight he well knew that Marie would allow nothing to impede her in the grand work of preparing for supper; but at four o'clock she would certainly be sitting somewhere about the house with her needle in her hand. At four o'clock he found her, not with her needle in her hand, but, better still, perfectly idle. She was standing at an open window, looking out upon the garden as he came behind her, standing motionless with both hands on the sill of the window, thinking deeply of something that filled her mind. It might be that she was thinking of him.

"I have done with my customers now, and I shall be off to Basle to-morrow," said he, as soon as she had looked round at the sound of his footsteps and perceived that he was close to her.

"I hope you have bought your goods well, M. Urmand."

"Ah! for the matter of that the time for buying things well is clean gone. One used to be able to buy well; but there is not an old woman now in Alsace who doesn't know as well as I do, or better, what linen is worth in Berne and Paris. They expect to get nearly as much for it here at Granpere."

"They work hard, M. Urmand, and things are dearer than they were. It is well that they should get a price for their labour."

"A price, yes:—but how is a man to buy without a profit? They think that I come here for their sakes,—merely to bring the

market to their doors." Then he began to remember that he had no special object in discussing the circumstances of his trade with Marie Bromar, and that he had a special object in another direction. But how to turn the subject was now a difficulty.

"I am sure you do not buy without a profit," said Marie Bromar, when she found that he was silent. "And then the poor people who have to pay so dear for everything!" She was making a violent attempt to keep him on the ground of his customers and his purchases.

"There was another thing that I wanted to say to you, Marie," he began at last abruptly.

"Another thing!" said Marie, knowing that the hour had come.

"Yes;—another thing. I dare say you know what it is. I need not tell you now that I love you, need I, Marie? You know as well as I do what I think of you."

"No, I don't," said Marie, not intending to encourage him to tell her, but simply saying that which came easiest to her at the moment.

"I think this,—that if you will consent to be my wife, I shall be a very happy man. That is all. Everybody knows how pretty you are, and how good, and how clever; but I do not think that anybody loves you better than I do. Can you say that you will love me, Marie? Your uncle approves of it,—and your aunt." He had now come quite close to her, and having placed his hand behind her back, was winding his arm round her waist.

"I will not have you do that, M. Urmand," she said, escaping from his embrace.

"But that is no answer. Can you love me, Marie?"

"No," she said, hardly whispering the word between her teeth.

"And is that to be all?"

"What more can I say?"

"But your uncle wishes it, and your aunt. Dear Marie, can you not try to love me?"

"I know they wish it. It is easy enough for a girl to see when such things are wished or when they are forbidden. Of course I know that uncle wishes it. And he is very good;—and so are you,—I dare say. And I'm sure I ought to be very proud, because you are so much above me."

"I am not a bit above you. If you knew what I think you wouldn't say so."

"But——"

"Well, Marie. Think a moment, dearest,

before you shall give me an answer that shall make me either happy or miserable."

"I have thought. I would almost burn myself in the fire if uncle wished it."

"And he does wish this."

"But I cannot do this even because he wishes it."

"Why not, Marie?"

"I prefer being as I am. I do not wish to leave the hotel,—or to be married at all."

"Nay, Marie, you will certainly be married some day."

"No;—there is no such certainty. Some girls never get married. I am of use here, and I am happy here."

"Ah;—it is because you cannot love me."

"I don't suppose I shall ever love any one,—not in that way. I must go away now, M. Urmand, because I am wanted below."

She did go, and Adrian Urmand spoke no further word of love to her on that occasion.

"I will speak to her about it myself," said Michel Voss, when he heard his young friend's story that evening, seated again upon the bench outside the door, and smoking another cigar.

"It will be of no use," said Adrian.

"One never knows," said Michel. "Young women are queer cattle to take to market. One can never be quite certain which way they want to go. After you are off to-morrow, I will have a few words with her. She does not quite understand as yet that she must make her hay while the sun shines. Some of 'em are all in a hurry to get married, and some of 'em again are all for hanging back, when their friends wish it. It's natural, I believe, that they should be contrary. But Marie is as good as the best of them, and when I speak to her she'll hear reason."

Adrian Urmand had no alternative but to

assent to the innkeeper's proposition. The idea of making love second-hand was not pleasant to him; but he could not hinder the uncle from speaking his mind to the niece. One little suggestion he did make before he took his departure. "It can't be, I suppose, that there is any one else that she likes better?" To this Michel Voss made no answer in words, but shook his head in a fashion that made Adrian feel assured that there was no danger on that head.

But Michel Voss, though he had shaken his head in a manner so satisfactory, had feared that there was such danger. He had considered himself justified in shaking his head, but would not be so false as to give in words the assurance which Adrian had asked. That night he discussed the matter with his wife, declaring it as his purpose that Marie Bromar should marry Adrian Urmand. "It is impossible that she should do better," said Michel.

"It would be very well," said Madame Voss.

"Very well! Why he is worth thirty thousand francs, and is as steady at his business as his father was before him."

"He is a dandy."

"Psha! That is nothing," said Michel.

"And he is too fond of money."

"It is a fault on the right side," said Michel. "His wife and children will not come to want."

Madame Voss paused a moment before she made her last and grand objection to the match. "It is my belief," said she, "that Marie is always thinking of George."

"Then she had better cease to think of him," said Michel, "for George is not thinking of her." He said nothing further, but resolved to speak his own mind freely to Marie Bromar.

HINTS FOR ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

WE wonder at the marvellous devices in the animal and vegetable world for preventing anything being carried to an extreme. Even pain has its limits. But we often fail to see that there is the same beneficent arrangement in the moral world. Take, for instance, this fact,—that a common hatred, or dislike, or fear, forms one of the strongest bonds of liking and attachment. This great law has helped to preserve the balance of power; has saved the existence of states; and, even in

private life, has prevented hatreds and dislikes going into universal disruption.

So strong is the feeling produced by community of dislike, that, though it may be a ludicrous thing to state, it is nevertheless true, if a person began by disliking two other persons, he might eventually become attached to both of them, by perceiving and sympathising with their dislike of each other.

In history, the effect of this law has been manifest. In the early part of the sixteenth

century, the perpetual combinations, caused by dislike and fear amongst the great powers of Europe, gave a large opportunity for civilisation to develop itself, effectually preventing the predominance of any one power, which predominance would have been a great evil for the world.

Thus we may see how such an untoward element in human life as hatred, or dislike, is made to conform eventually to the highest and best purposes. And thus it is that hatreds unavoidably flow into combinations of affection, regard, and conjoint action.

Disproportion, some say, is the cause of the keenest misery in the world; for instance, the disproportion between the powers, capacities, and aspirations of man and his circumstances—especially as regards his physical wants.

The power of speech given to man seems to be disproportionate to his other qualifications. It seems as if man, to have that power, should be a better creature than he is. Now contemplate a family quarrel in which you are a disengaged bystander—all the persons engaged in the quarrel coming and telling you their respective grievances. You cannot fail to notice how each one has embittered by some injudicious remark, or injurious epithet, the original cause of quarrel; and thus has made a general reconciliation much more difficult. You rise from the contemplation of this quarrel, saying, "These people really ought never to have been trusted with the power of speech, so bad is the use which they have made of it, by unkind sarcasms, injurious epithets, and unwarrantable inuendoes. All their communications ought to have been made, not in speech, but by barking, like dogs; and then the quarrel might easily have been brought to a happy conclusion. Their power of speech is quite disproportionate to their other, and much smaller gifts, of rationality, charity, and tolerance."

Lavater says "that you never know a man until you have divided an inheritance with him." I would also say that you never know a man until you have got into a scrape with him, and can see whether he is willing to take his fair share of the blame. Men are hardly ever so ungenerous as when they have been colleagues in some affair which has turned out to be unfortunate.

Most persons show great favouritism in their likings and dislikings of moral qualities. They have their pet virtues, and there are vices which they especially abhor. It would be but a shallow explanation of this fact to say, with Butler, that men—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The cause of this kind of favouritism lies much deeper than that. I own that I think with him, who says that cruelty and jealousy are the vices which he delights most to inveigh against. They seem to be the deepest and the most lasting. Mere sensuality, or even falsehood, would vanish away in a new state of existence; but cruelty and jealousy seem to be ingrained in a man who has these vices at all. Milton has shown much judgment, as it appears to me, in making jealousy the cause of rebellion amongst the fallen angels.

Moreover, jealousy is such a stupid, illogical passion. Somebody likes you better than me, therefore I am to hate you. Thus jealousy reasons, and seems to forget one of the most obvious facts in human life, namely, that one is liked by any person, accordingly as one presents a likeable appearance to that person. Nothing can prevent the operation of this natural law. It is no good your urging that you are the father, mother, brother, sister, husband, or lover, of the person by whom you wish to be supremely loved. If you are not lovable to him, or her,—all argument, all exhortation, all passion, is thrown away, which is intended to produce love. You can force the outward show, but not the inward feeling. A jealous person will exclaim, "Why don't you confide in me?" The real answer is, "You are not a person to be confided in;" and all claims for confidence come to nothing when confronted with that important fact. Jealousy is, therefore, the peculiar vice of stupid people.

In domestic rule, esteem is more potent than indulgence, or even than forbearance. When boys or girls go wrong, a very frequent cause is that they are not esteemed at home, or fancy they are not. This esteem must be genuine; it cannot be pretended or counterfeited. Hence, in a governing person there are few qualities so valuable as readiness to appreciate merits, or ingenuity in discovering them, especially the latter. In every large family, or small circle of friends, there is

generally some very difficult person to understand. This person is often exceedingly troublesome, and, to use a common expression, very "trying." His or her merits (for he or she is sure to have some) have not been found out. Find them out and appreciate them: a great deal of the trouble of dealing with that person will be removed. The value of imagination, in domestic government, is very great. If we could have statistics on the subject, we should find, I think, that the children of unimaginative people are particularly prone to go wrong.

It may be noted as a curious fact, that a real belief in unreal merits will serve the purpose. An illustration of this is afforded in a work of fiction. In "David Copperfield" my aunt's belief in Mr. Dick's sagacity saves that poor man, and properly saves him, from becoming the inmate of a madhouse.

Where you have shown the least favour, you will find the most gratitude. If you give an office to the fittest man, he will never forget the benefaction. Men are so much pleased at receiving their just due.

There have been a great many books written about old age; but to my mind they are for the most part eminently unsatisfactory. It is rather an offensive word to use, especially considering the greatness of the writers who have treated the subject, but their lucubrations seem to me to be twaddly. They dilate upon the comforts of old age; and what they say applies scarcely to anybody, for where is the old man who admits to himself that he is old? Indeed, an old man often feels that he is younger than when he was what is called young.

The world exclaims (that is the young world) how can men whose expectation of life is, according to the calculations of an insurance office, only five years at the most, commit themselves to a policy which will need generations to be carried out in all its fulness? and how can they undertake undertakings of which they cannot expect to see the budding, much less the fruitage? But all history denies the validity of this remark. Several of the greatest things in art, in science, in literature, in arms, and in policy, have been done, or begun, by old men.

The poets and other writers of fiction have been much truer to real life in this

matter, than the essayists and the moralists. Most of these writers have depicted fiery old men who have shown the utmost resolve at the latest periods of life. Moreover, both in history and in fiction, men have been described and depicted commencing vast undertakings, and putting the seal to an arduous course of policy, when labouring under mortal sickness, which is surely an equivalent to old age. For fellness of purpose commend me to an old man. Perhaps the causes of this fellness are that he has outlived sentiment; has acquired a great distrust of the world; and, therefore, is not to be diverted from his purpose by any minor considerations.

Again, both the physical and the mental powers of old men are greatly underrated by the young and the middle-aged. It is true, perhaps, that they cannot see as well; cannot ride as well; cannot find their way across the country as well as younger men. But how little these small disqualifications have to do with the great events of life! Judgment is almost always strengthened by increase of years. Resolution is as often increased as diminished. And, to meet the main delusion which besets the minds of the young when talking of the old, it may be observed that men, even in extreme old age, are as fond of the world, care as much for the world, and even take more interest in the future of the world, than the very young man who sees the world opening before him, and thinks that he is to do great things in it.

If I am right in what I have said above, the moral to be drawn is, that you rob a State of some of its most precious materials for thought and action when you place a bar, by reason of age, against the employment of old men even in those situations and those commands which some people fancy can only be well filled or wisely undertaken by those who are comparatively young.

It may appear, at first thought, that the word "worldly" should convey much reproach, and be a very unwelcome epithet even to the most worldly people. The word is terribly significant. When it is applied to man or woman, it does not merely mean that he or she desires advancement in the world; but it implies a base compliance with the world, and indicates the worst of cowardice. You know that when many persons condemn you, the worldly man or woman, if ever so much called your friend, is sure to go with the majority. Nay, more; it indicates that the

person possessed by the world, has no higher aspirations than those which are worldly, and has abjured his individuality. According to the deeper meaning of the word, a person may be intensely worldly who lives quite out of the throng. There have been worldly monks and nuns, and even worldly saints; while, on the other hand, there have been persons living in the full current of what is called the world, who have been most unworldly. The original meaning of the word "world," as taken from the Scriptures, means "this order of things;" and mankind is so great, at least in aspiration, that the meanest-minded person does not quite like that it should be said of him that he goes entirely with this order of things. Happily there is much less of worldliness, than is generally supposed. Very often, behind apparent worldliness, there is an element of unselfishness, and even of romance, which entirely contradicts the supposed worldliness. For example, the great satirist of modern times has satirised worldliness in the heads of families—a worldliness which is often nothing more than devotion to the interests, real or supposed, of children. Again, when the worldliness is directed even to self-advancement, it often has a touch of romance in it, and does not imply all the baseness which would belong to any one who really believed in the world, and was content to subject himself entirely to "this order of things." There is a great difference between loving the honours and rewards of the world, and using the world to gain these things, and being really worldly.

The world is imposed upon by action. This may be seen in many ways. For instance, what has been called a "masterly inactivity" does not yet gain its just credit. Few people can estimate what has been the amount of thought when they do not see any distinct action arising from that thought.

Another very striking instance of the weight and credit that are given to action is to be seen in the way with which people deal with responsibility. It is almost absurd to see how men suppose they have got rid of their own responsibility, by throwing it upon others, or by adopting a negative, instead of a positive course—just as if you avoided responsibility, or did not in some measure decide, merely because you decided to do nothing yourself.

Those who flatter grossly are for the most part very stupid people, or very deficient in tact; and one of the signal proofs of their stupidity is, that they make no distinction between the flattery that may be expressed in writing and that which is expressed in speech, in the presence of the person intended to be flattered. Now most men will receive, without much objection, and even with considerable pleasure, flattery of the former kind, while even the vainest men are apt to resent, almost as an insult, the flattery which is addressed to them *vivâ voce*.

A good maxim for worldly men, is to be very chary of offending those persons whom they observe to have good memories. Revenge is chiefly a function of good memory. You cannot expect those persons who remember well to be as forgiving as other men. Memory is a faculty which has, comparatively speaking, but little choice in the exercise of its functions. It would surprise men of feeble memories if they could know with what clearness and intensity a long past injury or insult comes back to the mind and soul of a man of potent memory. He flushes up with anger at the remembrance, as he did at the first reception of the insult, or the injury. He must be a man of extraordinary sweetness of disposition if he can always continue to forgive. In short, with the majority of mankind, forgiveness is but a form of forgetfulness.

There has often been a fanciful discussion, among thoughtful men, as to the peculiar virtue or quality which if increased would do most service to mankind. I venture to put in a claim for moderation. If we look at history, or at the daily transactions, public and private, of our fellow-men, one of the most notable facts is their proneness to rush from one extreme to another. It may almost be maintained that mankind are always in extremes. Politically speaking, the British people may claim to be the most moderate people in the world; but even we are prone to rush into extremes. I could illustrate this by great political movements; but I prefer doing so by minor illustrations upon which we are all likely to be more agreed. Formerly there was much abuse in the Pension List. We corrected this abuse by limiting the grant of pensions for eminent services, in art and

literature, to the ridiculous sum of £1,200 a year.

Formerly there was much abuse (less, however, than is generally supposed) in the choice of men to fill the public offices. We correct that abuse by rushing into an opposite extreme, and nearly taking away all choice whatever. The length of a day would not suffice for giving patent and palpable instances of this want of moderation.

Some great man, I think it was David Hume, maintained that an increase in industry was the increase that would do most for mankind. I am by no means sure that he might not include an increase of moderation under the head of industry; for it is, perhaps, the indolence of mankind that makes them so ready to rush from one extreme to the other, as being the easiest mode of settling the matter with their consciences.

There is a common error in reference to a quotation constantly made about style. Duffon is made to say, "The style is the man." Whereas what he did say was, "The style is of the man." And you might as justly say the handwriting is "of the man," or his mode of walking is "of the man," simply meaning that these functions are very significant as to the nature of the man. It must, however, be admitted, that hardly anything is more significant of that nature than the style of his writing.

I presume to think that several of those persons who have great reputations in the world for their style of writing, are singular examples of a bad style of writing. Take Tacitus, for instance; he is, to my mind, an eminently bad writer. Three scholars were lately employed in translating a passage from Tacitus. They had mastered the passage thoroughly; but it was not to be made intelligible to the English reader without great additions and large explanations. Now, for a style to be good, I maintain that the language should be easily translatable into another language.

Gibbon affords another instance of a great writer having a very inferior style of writing. Before you can thoroughly understand many of his sentences, you have to unveil the sneer, or to recollect the allusion which gives pith and force to the sentence.

The style which deals in long sentences, or in short sentences, or indeed which has any trick in it, is a bad style.

The best thing which, to my mind, has

been ever said about style was said in a metaphorical way, the writer declaring that the style should, as it were, involve and display the subject-matter, as the drapery in a consummate statue folds over and around the figure. The man who has one style of writing, which he applies to all the various aspects of the subject he writes about, is a bad writer. To exemplify this by the question of whether long sentences or short sentences should be used, it may be observed that the nature of the subject ought to govern the length of the sentence. Here, to get the fulness of the sense of what you are saying, a short sentence is required, which makes the statement clear and concise: there, with the same object in view, you have to produce a long sentence, with many clauses, and with much parenthesis, because the subject requires it, and the mind of the reader is to be kept in a state of balance until the sentence comes weightily to a conclusion.

Easy reading is the thing to be aimed at. The intelligence of the reader is always to be kept in mind. You lamentably fail in writing if you add by your style one jot of difficulty to the difficulty inherent in the subject of which you are treating. There are cruel writers in the world, who hardly ever seem to think of their poor readers, and who write as if it were a fine thing to add complexity of style to the difficulty of the subject. They have their reward. The busy world has no time to give to their vagaries of style; and surely it is a signal instance of failure, when a man ceases to make his meaning clear to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen who understand the words that he uses, but are grievously puzzled by the collocation of these words, or by the omission of certain words that ought to be there.

It is a bold thing for an author to write about style; but one may perceive errors and deficiencies without being able to rectify them in one's own conduct.

I cannot help adding a sort of postscript to this short essay; and it is, that learned and thoughtful men who have much to say to the world, which the world would be the better for its being said to them, are labouring under a great mistake if they suppose that the humblest and the least educated of the common people, are not able to comprehend great ideas, to sympathise with grand emotions, and even to master a long-continued series of facts, if only these things are communicated to them in language the order and method of which do not add any difficulty of comprehension. We are now entering upon a new

and enlarged system of education. This will give the people of this country a great means of understanding the meaning of words. Let the authors of this country take care so to write, that they may be well understood.

Among the benefactors of mankind, those whom I would call Improvers, are the rarest, as also the least appreciated according to their merits. No statues are put up to them. So far so good: it is an undoubted gain for them. But it would be well if, during their lifetime, they were more estimated and more attended to.

There are three elements, in the right arrangement and balancing of which mostly depends the greatness and well-being of a State. These elements are destruction, inaction, construction. They correspond to three classes of mankind. It would be a very shallow mode of looking at this matter if we were to make this classification coincident with political opinions. On the contrary, men are to be classed as Destructives, Inactives, Constructives, not according to party divisions, which are often purely accidental, but according to innate difference of mind, and, perhaps, variety of culture. For example, there are Conservatives in politics who are by nature essentially destructive. There are Radicals who are by nature essentially constructive.

Now let us look at the merits and the failures which beset respectively these three classes of mankind. They are each in their way eminently useful. But the rise and fall of empires depend upon a just preponderance of one of these classes in critical periods in the history of nations.

To begin with, the Inactives, or rather, as it should be said, those who counsel inaction, who may be anything but inactive themselves, are very useful. It is a dreadful thing to live in a State, where any fine day you may get up and find that such an alteration has been made in your laws, that your social, political, or religious relations are, in some important respect, entirely changed without your having had a word to say about the matter. At the same time these inactive people are very dangerous; for, if they hold the preponderance for any long period, there is sure to come one of those sudden changes

which they, of all men, most detest and deprecate.

Then there are the Destructives. We could not do without them: they are to the body politic what oxygen is to the material world. And, in short, the civil and political world would utterly stagnate without them. It is to be observed, as a remarkable instance of the limitation of powers in individual men, that it is rarely found that the same man has a peculiar aptitude for destruction and construction. Whenever a man comes forward, who has a great capacity for both of these modes of exertion, he is infallibly a great statesman, and deserves the implicit faith of his people.

Lastly come the Constructives. They are the salt of the earth, politically and socially speaking. But there is a great difference to be discerned in their characters and modes of procedure, leading to a very marked division into two sub-classes which may be denominated as Constructives from the beginning and Improvers. It was mainly to point out this important difference that this short essay was written. Both of these sub-classes may have an equal aptitude for, and delight in construction. But the Constructives from the beginning, as I have called them, must have a clear field for their operations. Everything must be bran-new for them to delight in their labours. Somehow they do not take to other people's labours. They must lay the foundations for themselves. They cannot build their cathedrals upon the ruins of Roman temples. They cannot adopt other people's sites, however well chosen. This is often a great hindrance to the success of their labours. Whereas the modest Improver, who must not be supposed for a moment to incline to the inactive party, is one who, for the most part, understands the world he lives in, cares so much for the end he has in view, that he does not wish for the fame which naturally attends a Constructive from the beginning, but is content to make the utmost possible use of all that has gone before him, and of everything that can be turned into the direction in which he seeks to produce judicious movement.

It may seem that I have pronounced too high a panegyric upon these Improvers; but any one who will carefully consider the progress of the world, will see how much of what is good in that progress depends upon the Improvers—more, indeed, upon them than upon any other class of men.

THE SEA.

IN ages before Time was young,
 I—having out of nothing sprung
 At one Almighty word—
 Lash'd, dash'd, and crash'd, in chaos wild,
 Against the mountains round me piled,
 By inward madness stirr'd.

Until the gentle Spirit came
 My primal turbulence to tame
 And make me calm and still,
 And set my mistress in the sky,
 Through all my life to guide me by
 Her unobtrusive will.

When man grew vile, and slighted Love,
 Its majesty of truth to prove,
 In judgment's wrath must fall,
 I rose to meet th' avenger sent
 To earth from Heaven's high firmament,
 Deep unto deep did call.

I rose, and in my bowels vast
 I buried all the guilty past,
 The vile to vengeance hurl'd;
 Yet gently on my bosom bore,
 Waiting God's time, from shore to shore,
 The cradle of the world.

In later dark and dreadful days,
 When men their tower of pride did raise
 In sinful fear and hate,
 I mark'd the bounds of climes and lands,
 The future homes of nomad bands
 Whom God did separate.

Once in my life the feet of God
 Incarnate on my bosom trod;
 Transported into love,
 I left my nature, and did pass
 Into that sea of molten glass
 Which bears His feet above.

And now my mission among men
 Is to make nations one again,
 One language to restore;
 Against that day, not far away,
 For which all hearts should watch and pray,
 When Time shall be no more.

Then—when my mission-work is done—
 Exhaled, drunk up into the sun,
 I shall arise and die;
 The mirror of myself alone
 In crystal spread beneath the Throne
 Through all eternity.

JOHN MONSELL.



TOWN GEOLOGY.

I.—THE SOIL OF THE FIELD.

MY dear readers, let me, before touching on the special subject of this paper, say a few words on that of the whole series.

It is geology: that is, the science which explains to us the *rind* of the earth; of what it is made; how it has been made. It tells us nothing of the mass of the earth. That is, properly speaking, an astronomical question. If I may be allowed to liken this earth to a fruit, then astronomy will tell us—when it knows—how the fruit grew, and what is inside the fruit. Geology can only tell us at most how its rind, its outer covering, grew, and of what it is composed; a very small part, doubtless, of all that is to be known about this planet.

But, as it happens, the mere rind of this earth-fruit, which has, countless ages since, dropped, as it were, from the Bosom of God, the Eternal Fount of Life—the mere rind of this earth-fruit, I say, is so beautiful and so complex, that it is well worth our awful and reverent study. It has been well said, indeed, that the history of it, which we call geology, would be a magnificent epic poem, were there only any human interest in it; did it deal with creatures more like ourselves than stones, and bones, and the dead relics of plants and beasts. Whether there be no human interest in geology; whether man did not exist on the earth during ages which have seen enormous geological changes, is becoming more and more an open question.

But, meanwhile, all must agree that there is matter enough for interest—nay, room enough—for the free use of the imagination, in a science which tells of the growth and decay of whole mountain-ranges, continents, oceans, whole tribes and worlds of plants and animals.

And yet it is not so much for the vastness and grandeur of those scenes of the distant past, to which the science of geology introduces us, that I value it as a study, and wish earnestly to awaken you to its beauty and importance. It is because it is the science from which you will learn most easily a sound, scientific habit of thought. I say most easily; and for these reasons. The most important facts of geology do not require, to discover them, any knowledge of mathematics or of chemical analysis; they may be studied in every bank, every grot, every quarry, every railway-cutting, by any

one who has eyes and common sense, and who chooses to make himself, like the late illustrious Hugh Miller, a great geologist out of a poor stonemason. Next, its most important theories are not, or need not be, wrapped up in obscure Latin and Greek terms. They may be expressed in the simplest English, because they are discovered by simple common sense. And thus geology is (or ought to be), in popular parlance, the people's science—the science, by studying which the man ignorant of Latin, Greek, mathematics, scientific chemistry, can yet become—as far as his brain enables him—a truly scientific man.

But how shall we learn science by mere common sense?

First. Always try to explain the unknown by the known. If you meet something which you have not seen before, then think of the thing most like it which you have seen before; and try if what you know explains the one will not explain the other also. Sometimes it will; sometimes it will not. But if it will, no one has a right to ask you to try any other explanation.

Suppose, for instance, that you found a dead bird on the top of a cathedral tower, and were asked how you thought it had got there. You would say, "Of course, it died up here." But if a friend said, "Not so; it dropped from a balloon, or from the clouds;" and told you the prettiest tale of how the bird came to so strange an end, you would answer, "No, no; I must reason from what I know. I know that birds haunt the cathedral tower; I know that birds die; and, therefore, let your story be as pretty as it may, my common sense bids me take the simplest explanation, and say—it died here." In saying that, you would be talking scientifically. You would have made a fair and sufficient induction (as it is called) from the facts about birds' habits and birds' deaths which you knew.

But suppose that when you took the bird up you found that it was neither a jackdaw, nor a sparrow, nor a swallow, as you expected, but a humming-bird. Then you would be adrift again. The fact of it being a humming-bird would be a new fact which you had not taken into account, and for which your old explanation was not sufficient, and you would have to try a new induction—to use your

common sense after—saying, “I have not to explain merely how a dead bird got here, but how a dead humming-bird.”

And now, if your imaginative friend chimed in triumphantly with, “Do you not see that I was right after all? Do you not see that it fell from the clouds? That it was swept away hither, all the way from South America, by some south-westerly storm, and wearied out at last, dropt here to find rest, as in a sacred place?” what would you answer? “My friend, that is a beautiful imagination: but I must treat it only as such; as long as I can explain the mystery more simply by facts which I do know. I do not know that humming-birds can be blown across the Atlantic alive. I do know that they are actually brought across the Atlantic dead; are stuck in ladies’ hats. I know that ladies visit the cathedral, and odd as the accident is, I prefer to believe, till I get a better explanation, that the humming-bird has simply dropped out of a lady’s hat.” There, again, you would be speaking common sense; and using, too, sound inductive method; trying to explain what you do not know from what you do know already.

Now, I ask of you to employ the same common sense when you read and think of geology.

It is very necessary to do so. For in past times men have tried to explain the making of the world around them, its oceans, rivers, mountains, and continents, by I know not what of fancied cataclysms and convulsions of nature; explaining the unknown by the still more unknown, till some of their geological theories were no more rational, because no more founded on known facts, than that of the New Zealand Maories, who hold that some god, when fishing, fished up the islands out of the bottom of the ocean. But a sounder and wiser school of geologists now reigns; the father of whom, in England at least, is the venerable Sir Charles Lyell. He first, I may say, of Englishmen, taught us to see what common sense tells us, that the laws which we see at work around us now have been most probably at work since the creation of the world; and that whatever changes may seem to have taken place in past ages, and in ancient rocks, should be explained, if possible, by the changes which are taking place now in the most recent deposits—in the soil of the field.

And in the last forty years—since that great and sound idea has become rooted in the minds of students, and specially of English students, geology has thriven and developed,

perhaps more than any other science; and has led men on to discoveries far more really astonishing and awful than all fancied convulsions and cataclysms.

I have planned this series of papers, therefore, on Sir C. Lyell’s method. I have begun by trying to teach a little about the part of the earth’s crust which lies nearest us, which we see most often; namely, the soil; intending, if readers do me the honour to read the papers which follow, to lead them downward, as it were, into the earth, deeper and deeper in each paper, to rocks and minerals which are probably less known to them than the soil in the fields. Thus you will find I shall lead you, or try to lead you on, throughout the series, from the known to the unknown, and show you how to explain the latter by the former. Sir C. Lyell has, I see, in the new edition of his “Student’s Elements of Geology,” begun his book with the uppermost, that is, nearest, strata, or layers; has gone regularly downwards in the course of the book to the lowest or earliest strata; and I shall follow his plan.

I must ask you meanwhile to remember one law or rule, which seems to me founded on common sense, namely, that the uppermost strata are really almost always the newest; that when two or more layers, whether of rock or earth—or indeed two stones in the street, or two sheets on a bed, or two books on a table—any two or more lifeless things, in fact, lie one on the other, then the lower one was most probably put there first, and the upper one laid down on the lower. Does that seem to you a truism? Do I seem almost impertinent in asking you to remember it? So much the better. I shall be saved unnecessary trouble hereafter.

But some one may say, and will have a right to say, “Stop—the lower thing may have been thrust under the upper one.” Quite true: and therefore I said only that the lower one was most probably put there first. And I said “most probably,” because it is most probable that in nature we should find things done by the method which costs least force, just as you do them. I will warrant that when you want to hide a thing, you lay something down on it ten times for once that you thrust it under something else. You may say, “What? When I want to hide a paper, say, under the sofa-cover, do I not thrust it under?” No, you lift up the cover, and slip the paper in, and let the cover fall on it again. And so, even in that case, the paper has got into its place first.

Now why is this? Simply because in lay-

ing one thing on another you only move weight. In thrusting one thing under another, you have not only to move weight, but to overcome friction. That is why you do it, though you are hardly aware of it: simply because so you employ less force, and take less trouble.

And so do clays and sands, and stones. They are laid down on each other, and not thrust under each other, because thus less force is expended in getting them into place.

There are exceptions. There are cases in which nature does try to thrust one rock under another. But to do that she requires a force so enormous, compared with what is employed in lying one rock on another, that (so to speak) she continually fails; and instead of producing a volcanic eruption, produces only an earthquake. Of that I may speak hereafter, and may tell you, in good time, how to distinguish rocks which have been thrust in from beneath from rocks which have been laid down from above, as every rock between London and Birmingham or Exeter has been laid down. That I only assert now. But I do not wish you to take it on trust from me. I wish to prove it to you as I go on, or to do what is far better for you: to put you in the way of proving it for yourselves, by using your common sense.

At the risk of seeming prolix, I must say a few more words on this matter. I have special reasons for it. Until I can get you to "let your thoughts play freely" round this question of the superposition of soils and rocks, there will be no use in my going on with these papers.

Suppose then (to argue from the known to the unknown) that you were watching men cleaning out a pond. Atop, perhaps, they would come to a layer of soft mud, and under that to a layer of sand. Would not common sense tell you that the sand was there first, and that the water had laid down the mud on the top of it? Then, perhaps, they might come to a layer of dead leaves. Would not common sense tell you that the leaves were there before the sand above them? Then, perhaps, to a layer of mud again. Would not common sense tell you that the mud was there before the leaves? And so on down to the bottom of the pond, where, lastly, I think common sense would tell you that the bottom of the pond was there already, before all the layers which were laid down on it. Is not that simple common sense?

Then apply that reasoning to the soils and rocks in any spot on earth. If you made a deep boring, and found, as you would in

many parts of this kingdom, that the boring, after passing through the soil of the field, entered clays or loose sands, you would say the clays were there before the soil. If it then went down into sandstone, you would say, would you not? that sandstone must have been here before the clay, and however thick—thousands of feet thick it might be—that would make no difference to your judgment. If next the boring came into quite different rocks; into a different sort of sandstone, and shales, and among them beds of coal, would you not say—These coal beds must have been here before the sandstones? And if you found in those coal beds dead leaves and stems of plants, would you not say—Those plants must have been laid down here before the layers above them, just as the dead leaves in the pond were?

If you then came to a layer of limestone, would you not say the same? And if you found that limestone full of shells and corals, dead, but many of them quite perfect, some of the corals plainly in the very place in which they grew, would you not say—These creatures must have lived down here before the coal was laid on top of them? And if, lastly, below the limestone you came to a bottom rock quite different again, would you not say—The bottom rock must have been here before the rocks on the top of it?

And if that bottom rock rose up a few miles off, two thousand feet, or any other height, into hills, what would you say then? Would you say, "Oh, but the rock is not bottom rock, is not under the limestone here, but higher than it. So perhaps in this part it has made a shift, and the highlands are younger than the lowlands; for see, they rise so much higher?" Would not that be about as wise as to say that the bottom of the pond was not there before the pond mud, because the banks round the pond rose higher than the mud?

Now for the soil of the field.

If we can understand a little about it, what it is made of, and how it got there, we shall perhaps be on the right road toward understanding what all England—and, indeed, the crust of this whole planet—is made of; and how its rocks and soils got there.

But we shall best understand how the soil in the field was made by reasoning, as I have said, from the known to the unknown. What do I mean? This. On the uplands are fields in which the soil is already made. You do not know how? Then look for a field in which the soil is still being made. There are plenty in every lowland. Learn

how it is being made there; apply the knowledge which you learn from them to the upland fields which are already made.

If there is, as there usually is, a river-meadow, or still better, an æstuary near your town, you have every advantage for seeing soil made. Thousands of square feet of fresh-made soil spread between your town and the sea; thousands more are in process of being made.

You will see now why I have begun with the soil in the field; because it is the uppermost, and therefore latest, of all the layers; and also for this reason, that, if Sir C. Lyell's theory be true—as it is—then the soils and rocks below the soil of the field may have been made in the very same way in which the soil of the field is made. If so, it is well worth our while to examine it.

You all know from whence the soil comes which has filled up, in the course of ages, the great æstuaries below London, Edinburgh, Chester, or Cambridge.

It is river mud and sand. The river, helped by tributary brooks right and left, has brought down from the inland that enormous mass. You know that. You know that every flood and freshet brings a fresh load, either of fine mud or of fine sand, or possibly some of it peaty matter out of distant hills. Here is one indisputable fact from which to start. Let us look for another.

How does the mud get into the river? The rain carries it thither.

If you wish to learn the first elements of geology by direct experiment, do this. The next rainy day—the harder it rains the better—instead of sitting at home over the fire, and reading a book about geology, put on a macintosh and thick boots, and get away, I care not whither, provided you can find there running water. If you have not time to get away to a hilly country, then go to the nearest bit of turnpike road, or the nearest sloping field, and see in little how whole continents are made, and unmade again. Watch the rain raking and sifting with its million delicate fingers, separating the finer particles from the coarser, dropping the latter as soon as it can, and carrying the former downward with it toward the sea. Follow the nearest roadside drain where it runs into a pond, and see how it drops the pebbles the moment it enters the pond, and then the sand in a fan-shaped heap at the nearest end: but carries the fine mud on, and holds it suspended, to be gradually deposited at the bottom in the still water; and say to yourself—Perhaps the sands which cover so many inland tracts were

dropped by water, very near the shore of a lake or sea, and by rapid currents. Perhaps, again, the brick clays, which are often mingled with these sands, were dropped, like the mud in the pond, in deeper water further from the shore, and certainly in still water. But more. Suppose once more, then, that looking and watching a pond being cleared out, under the lowest layer of mud, you found—as you would find in any of those magnificent reservoirs so common in the Lancashire hills—a layer of vegetable soil, with grass and brushwood rooted in it. What would you say but—The pond has not been always full. It has at some time or other been dry enough to let a whole copse grow up inside it?

And if you found—as you will actually find along some English shores—under the sand hills, perhaps a bed of earth with shells and bones; under that a bed of peat; under that one of blue silt; under that a buried forest, with the trees upright and rooted; under that another layer of blue silt full of roots and vegetable fibre; perhaps under that again another old land surface with trees again growing in it; and under all the main bottom clay of the district—What would common sense tell you? I leave you to discover for yourselves. It certainly would not tell you that those trees were thrust in there by a violent convulsion, or that all those layers were deposited there in a few days, or even a few years, and you might safely indulge in speculations about the antiquity of the æstuary, and the changes which it has undergone, with which I will not frighten you at present.

It will be fair reasoning to argue this so. You may not be always right in your conclusion, but still you will be trying fairly to explain the unknown by the known.

But have Rain and Rivers alone made the soil?

How very much they have done toward making it you will be able to judge for yourselves, if you will read the sixth chapter of Sir Charles Lyell's new "Elements of Geology," or the first hundred pages of that admirable book, De la Bêche's "Geological Observer;" and last, but not least, a very clever little book called "Rain and Rivers," by Colonel George Greenwood.

But though rain, like rivers, is a carrier of soil, it is more. It is a maker of soil, likewise; and by it mainly the soil of an upland field is made, whether it be carried down to the sea or not.

If you will look into any quarry you will see that—however compact the rock may be

a few feet below the surface—it becomes, in almost every case, rotten and broken up as it nears the upper soil, till you often cannot tell where the rock ends and the soil begins.

Now this change has been produced by rain. First, mechanically, by rain in the shape of ice. The winter rains get into the ground, and does by the rock what it has done by the stones of many an old building. It sinks into the porous stone, freezes there, expands in freezing, and splits and peels the stone with a force which is slowly but surely crumbling the whole of Northern Europe and America to powder.

Do you doubt me? I say nothing but what you can judge of for yourselves. The next time you go up any mountain, look at the loose, broken stones with which the top is coated, just underneath the turf. What has broken them up but frost? Look again, as stronger proof, at the talus of broken stones—scree, as they call them in Scotland; rattles, as we call them in Devon—which lie along the base of many mountain cliffs. What has brought them down but frost? If you ask the country folk they will tell you whether I am right or not. If you go thither, not in the summer, but just after the winter's frost, you will see for yourselves, by the fresh frost-crop of newly-broken bits, that I am right. Possibly you may find me to be even more right than is desirable, by having a few angular stones, from the size of your head to that of your body, hurled at you by the frost-giants up above. If you go to the Alps at certain seasons, and hear the thunder of the falling rocks, and see their long lines—moraines, as they are called—sliding slowly down upon the surface of the glacier, then you will be ready to believe the geologist who tells you that frost, and probably frost alone, has hewn out such a peak as the Matterhorn from some vast table-land; and is hewing it down still, winter after winter, till some day, where the snow Alps now stand, there shall be rolling uplands of rich cultivable soil.

So much for the mechanical action of rain, in the shape of ice. Now a few words on its chemical action.

Rain water is seldom pure. It carries in it carbonic acid; and that acid, beating in shower after shower against the face of a cliff—especially if it be a limestone cliff—weathers the rock chemically; changing (in the case of limestone) the insoluble carbonate of lime into a soluble bicarbonate, and carrying that away in water, which, however clear, is still hard. Hard water is usually water

which has invisible lime in it; there are from ten to fifteen grains and more of lime in every gallon of limestone water. I leave you to calculate the enormous weight of lime which must be so carried down to the sea every year by a single limestone or chalk brook. You can calculate it, if you like, by ascertaining the weight of lime in each gallon, and the average quantity of water which comes down the stream in a day; and when your sum is done, you will be astonished to find it one not of many pounds, but probably of many tons, of solid lime, which you never suspected or missed from the hills around. Again, by the time the rain has sunk through the soil, it is still less pure. It carries with it not only carbonic acid, but acids produced by decaying vegetables—by the roots of the grasses and trees which grow above; and they dissolve the cement of the rock by chemical action, especially if the cement be lime or iron. You may see this for yourselves, again and again. You may see how the root of a tree, penetrating the earth, discolours the soil with which it is in contact. You may see how the whole rock, just below the soil, has often changed in colour from the compact rock below, if the soil be covered with a dense layer of peat or growing vegetables.

But there is another force at work, and quite as powerful as rain and rivers, making the soil of alluvial flats. Perhaps it has helped, likewise, to make the soil of all the lowlands in these isles;—and that is, the waves of the sea.

If you ever go to Parkgate, in Cheshire, try if you cannot learn there a little geology.

Walk beyond the town. You find the shore protected for a long way by a sea-wall, lest it should be eaten away by the waves. What the force of those waves can be, even on that sheltered coast, you may judge—at least you could have judged this time last year, by the masses of masonry torn from their iron clampings during the gale of three winters since. Look steadily at those rolled blocks, those twisted stanchions, if they are there still; and then ask yourselves—it will be fair reasoning from the known to the unknown—What effect must such wave power as that have had beating and breaking for thousands of years along the western coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland? It would have eaten up thousands of acres—whole shires, may be, ere now. Its teeth are strong enough, and it knows neither rest nor pity, the cruel hungry sea. Give it but time enough, and what would it not eat

up? It would eat up, in the course of ages, all the dry land of this planet, were it not baffled by another counteracting force, of which I shall speak hereafter.

As you go on beyond the sea-wall, you find what it is eating up. The whole low cliff is going visibly. But whither is it going? To form new soil in the estuary. Now you will not wonder how old harbours so often become silted up. The sea has washed the land into them. But more, the sea-currents do not allow the sands of the estuary to escape freely out to sea. They pile it up in shifting sand-banks about the mouth of the estuary. The prevailing sea-winds, from whatever quarter, catch up the sand, and roll it up into sand-hills. Those sand-hills are again eaten down by the sea, and mixed with the mud of the side-flats, and so is formed a mingled soil, partly of clayey mud, partly of sand; such a soil as stretches over the greater part of all our lowlands.

Now, why should not that soil, whether in England or in Scotland, have been made by the same means as that of every estuary?

You find over great tracts of East Scotland, Lancashire, Norfolk, &c., pure loose sand just beneath the surface, which looks as if it was blown sand from a beach. Is it not reasonable to suppose that it is? You find rising out of many lowlands, crags which look exactly like old sea-cliffs eaten by the waves, from the base of which the waters have gone back. Why should not those crags be old sea-cliffs? Why should we not, following our rule of explaining the unknown by the known, assume that such they are till some one gives us a sound proof that they are not; and say—These great plains of England and Scotland were probably once covered by a shallow sea, and their soils made as the soil of any tide-flat is being made now?

But you may say, and most reasonably, "The tide-flats are just at the sea level. The whole of the lowland is many feet above the sea; it must therefore have been raised out of the sea, according to your theory: and what proofs have you of that?"

Well, that is a question both grand and deep, on which I shall not enter yet; but meanwhile, to satisfy you that I wish to play fair with you, I ask you to believe nothing but what you can prove for yourselves. Let me ask you this: suppose that you had proof

positive that I had fallen into the river in the morning; would not your meeting me in the evening be also proof positive that somehow or other I had in the course of the day got out of the river? I think you will accept that logic as sound.

Now if I can give you proof positive, proof which you can see with your own eyes, and handle with your own hands, and alas! often feel but too keenly with your own feet, that the whole of the lowlands were once beneath the sea; then will it not be certain that, somehow or other, they must have been raised out of the sea again?

And that I propose to do in my next paper, when I speak of the pebbles in the street.

Meanwhile I wish you to face fairly the truly grand idea, which all I have said tends to prove true—that all the soil we see is made by the destruction of older soils, whether soft as clay, or hard as rock; that rain, rivers, and seas are perpetually melting and grinding up old land, to compose new land out of it; and that it must have been doing so, as long as rain, rivers, and seas have existed. "But how did the first land of all get made?" I can only reply—A natural question: but we can only answer that, by working from the known to the unknown. While we are finding out how these later lands were made and unmade, we may stumble on some hints as to how the first primeval continents rose out of the bosom of the sea.

And thus I end this paper. I trust it has not been intolerably dull. But I wanted at starting to show my readers something of the right way of finding out truth on this and perhaps on all subjects; to make some simple appeals to your common sense; and to get you to accept some plain rules founded on common sense, which will be of infinite use to both you and me in my future papers.

I hope, meanwhile, that you will agree with me, that there is plenty of geological matter to be seen and thought over in the neighbourhood of any town.

Be sure, that wherever there is a river, even a drain; and a stone quarry, or even a roadside bank; much more where there is a sea, or a tidal estuary, there is geology enough to be learnt, to explain the greater part of the making of all the continents on the globe.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."



Alla marcia.

VOICE.

1. Courage, brother! do not stumble, Though thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble.

PIANO-
FORTE.

f *p* *cres.* *f* *cres.*

"Trust in God, and do the right." Tho' the road be long and trea-ry, And the end be out of sight.

f *p* *cres.* *f* *cres.*

Foot it brave-ly, strong or wea-ry, "Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right."

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.

Though the road be long and dreary, And the end be out of sight, Foot it bravely,

TENOR.
BASS.

ACCOMP.

rall.

strong or weary, "Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right."

*ff rall.**cres.*

2. Per-ish "po-li-cy" and cun-ning, Per-ish all that fears the light; Whe-ther los-ing, whe-ther win-ning,
 3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flat-ter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look a-bove thee,

cres.

"Trust in God, and do the right." Shun all forms of guil-ty pas-sion, Fiends can look like an-gels bright;
 "Trust in God, and do the right." Sim-ple rule and saf-est guid-ing— In-ward peace and shin-ing light—

*cres.**ff*

Heed no cus-tom, school, or fashion, "Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right,"
 Stir up—on our path a-biding, "TRUST IN GOD, TRUST IN GOD, TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."

*cres.**ff*

CHORUS

Though the road be long and dreary, And the end be out of sight; Foot it brave-ly,

strong or wea-ry, "Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right."

ff. rall.

1.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble—
 "Trust in God and do the right."
 Though the road be long and dreary,
 And the end be out of sight;
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary—
 "Trust in God and do the right."

2.

Perish "policy" and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light,
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "Trust in God and do the right."
 Shun all forms of guilty passion,
 Fiends can look like angels bright;
 Heed no custom, school, or fashion—
 "Trust in God and do the right."

3.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee,
 "Trust in God and do the right."
 Simple rule and safest guiding—
 Inward peace and shining light—
 Star upon our path abiding—
 "TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

I.—"THAT WHICH IS BEHIND OF THE AFFLICTIONS OF CHRIST."

"Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church."—COL. i. 24.

"SUFFERINGS for you." What meant St. Paul by that? He could not mean that there was any sacrificial efficacy in what he himself did or suffered. In a horror of just surprise he once cried, "Was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?" (1 Cor. i. 13.) And of Christ, he—or the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews—said again, "This man hath by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (Heb. x. 14). But yet we cannot fail to see, that by the expression of the first clause of my text, the Apostle teaches that his sufferings were verily borne on account of, for the good of, the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which were at Colosse.

We turn for fuller explanation of his meaning to the second clause. There we find another remarkable expression, "I fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ." What meant St. Paul by this? He could not mean that the work of the Saviour was incomplete or imperfect, so far as the Atonement was concerned. "It is finished." "There remaineth now no more sacrifice for sin." If there be anything clear and fixed in Holy Writ, it is, that whatever ransom, expiation, or atonement our sins needed, God's own Son, once and for all, once for ever, provided that on the sinner's behalf. It is to the personal Saviour, whose work needs, yea, admits of, no addition, the believer flees for safety.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Yet St. Paul speaks of filling up something that was "behind." We cannot class this expression with those others which describe Christians as "partakers of Christ's sufferings," as knowing "the fellowship of his sufferings;" for we understand them to refer to the Christian's personal conflict with sin, to his crucifying the flesh and dying daily, in imitation of his Master, and by the aid of His power. But the present passage refers to an affliction on Christ's part not yet complete: to some sorrow that He suffers still, and does not refer to what He bore for us long ago.

It teaches that there is still "behind," *i.e.*, still "lacking," some portion of the Saviour's pain. We are thus taught that Christ still

suffers, not only because He is everywhere present, as God angry with the wicked, but inasmuch as He is "the Head of his body the Church," which is yet suffering upon the earth. All His faithful people are members of Him, and if one member suffers, the others suffer with it—the Great Head and Centre of the system especially.

The meaning of the passage we take to be this: The Church is Christ's body on the earth; His divine Spirit is its life. Before that Church can reach its consummation, many sorrows and calamities await it, and Christ feels them all. He is touched with the feeling of His disciples' infirmities; He is crucified afresh by every traitor's infidelity. He is engaged in the toilsome and painful work of regenerating the world, of rescuing and raising humanity from bondage. Before the world ends, there is much suffering to be borne, not only by Christ in His own divine person, but by His Church, which is His body. St. Paul rejoiced that he was called upon to supply some of that which was "behind," to contribute somewhat to that common due of suffering. He counted that his mortal life, "his flesh," was honoured by being enabled to bear some of the burden. As he said elsewhere, "Therefore I endure all things for the Elects' sakes that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory" (2 Tim. ii. 9).

It is a wonderful thought which is thus opened up to us; that the dry tree still bears the mark of men's cruel hands as the green tree did; that Christ's Body—the Church—*must* have a lot of trial and suffering, of struggle and endurance; that every living member of that body must bear his share of it; and that there is much still lacking which must be made up ere the great conflict can come to an end. The good soldiers of the Cross will one day bring all enemies under the King's feet, but they will get many a sore wound ere the battle is done. Christ's Body has to go to and fro amid the homes of men, to undo the work of evil, to remove sin from men's hearts and lives, to blunt the keenest edge of sorrow and to extract the poisoned sting from death. That Body of Christ has to go to the publicans and sinners,

the harlots, to convince them of a Father's love and eternal salvation ; to the blinded, the ignorant, the forsaken, to enlighten them with the light of the knowledge of the truth ; to go out into other lands where other sheep than those of the present fold are to be found lost and forlorn, and to bring them unto the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep. This will involve a great suffering ; the suffering (like Christ's in his human lifetime) of toil endured, of watching and weariness ; of self-denial, and patience much provoked. It will also bring the scorn and scoff of men, there will be persecution and opposition, the tongue of opprobrium and the sharp sword of death : there will be mountains of terror and difficulty to be removed and cast into the sea. There are even now in the world whole continents where the light of the Gospel only shines as one taper in a midnight city ; and even in Christian lands, at the very basis and foundation of society, are there not regions which are the habitation of horrid cruelty, where gross darkness covereth the people ? It falleth, therefore, to us to ask ourselves whether we be followers of Paul as he also was of Christ, whether we are teaching the ignorant, relieving the poor, trying to lessen the world's wrong, and care, and sin—whether we are thus helping to bear Christ's burden, even when the load is neither of our own causing, nor yet directly laid upon us but upon others.

If we are not doing this, then we are not merely leading idle, useless lives ; we are, on the contrary, effecting much, leading very powerful lives, adding mightily to the things "which are behind," accumulating arrears for more faithful men to bear. It is a truism to say, that if only all Christians would do their part in the world, there would be comparatively little for each single man to do, and that many—most—do nothing, so that it falls to others—to the few—to do all. But it is often forgotten that *the work must and will be done*. Christ sitteth at God's right hand till all His enemies are made his footstool. Every faithless and indifferent Christian only adds to the cares of the willing, the toils of some who are better than he. Ay, it is easy to sit still at home, to take our ease, to eat, drink, and be merry, while the burden of terrible wrong grows heavier on the dear Lord we profess to serve.

It is seen in the history of nations and communities how the carelessness and evil-doing of one age leads to convulsions and struggles when Truth and Right assert them-

selves in the next. Has it not been seen in the history of our own land ? Is it not true of all the Christian Church that the coldness and indifference of last century have laid upon this century far more than its own share of work and care ; that, for example, the chief duty in home missions is to make up the arrears, the things which were left behind when they ought to have been done ? The ecclesiastical distractions of our country in the present day may be traced in great measure to apathy and consequent neglect of duties some half century ago. May we not also venture to see in very recent history how a great nation allowed the wrongs of the slave to accumulate from year to year, until at last the barriers of national prejudice were swept away by rivers of the nation's blood ?

So also with individual men. Have you never seen a good man overburdened with a work which was not of necessity his, any more than it was the work of many around him, but which he was notwithstanding left alone to do ? Men had been long indifferent, had allowed things to go on from bad to worse until, in the strength of Christ, he came forward to rectify the evil-doings of generations before him and of thousands around him. Have you never seen or read of such a one, staggering beneath the agonising burden of men's carelessness—other men's undone things ; calling on them for Christ's sake to come to his help, calling almost in vain, while he endured in vicarious suffering the pain of atoning for the omissions of his friends and brethren ?

The situation is not realised if such workers are borne on to fame and glory, if the acclaim of thousands rewards their self-denial ; but have we not seen men who wrought on—in Christ's work ; not their own, in other men's share of it ; not theirs—cheered by no sympathy save of that empty sort which cried "Hosanna" upon Olivet, and next day left the King of Zion to be crucified alone. What are those good men doing, but making up what is behind of the afflictions of Christ ; bringing the glad day of His triumph nearer, and spreading the influence of the Holy Gospel ? Shall we pity them ? They ask no pity ; they "rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake ;" and when they mourn it is not that they have to bear so much, but that there is so much to be borne ; not that they unaided have to do so much, but that they when left alone can do so little. Yet they know in their inmost hearts that they enjoy a priceless privilege ; and that theirs is the true gain and glory.

"Yea, and if I be offered on the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all." The Sunday-school teacher may seem to have a weary round of dull monotony as she bends over her class, repeating over and over again the same simple truths of a Saviour's life and a Saviour's love, with little to cheer her save the dull affection of her pupils; but she who bears the burden of Christ's cause is not to be pitied half so much as those careless ones who do not come to her help. He who goes into heathen homes, who strives to lift up the poor inmates to Christian privileges and Christian duties, has a hard and weary task in overcoming their indifference, in maintaining his own patience, even under false promises and bitter disappointment of cherished hopes; but yet it is Christ's cause, it is a work which must be done, a suffering which must be borne ere Christ's kingdom can come. Happy they who spare Christ one pang of pain, who hasten even by one short hour the blessed glories of the millennial time!

Need we ask why a man should do all this? and why we should press before each other to be in the goodly company of them that serve the Lord? An answer might indeed be given, showing, on grounds of reason, that we owe all to Him from whom all our good things come; but the true necessity constraining us to bear Christ's burden is one that is never realised as necessity, but is acted on as nature: the necessity laid on true love to be loving and to do the works of love. To be full of the mind of Christ Jesus is to seek opportunities of doing good, and to rejoice in them when found; is to be able to say of money, time, all life, "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself." That man who has entered into the spirit of Jesus—rather, who is possessed by the Spirit of Jesus—sees men perishing, men in pain and need, and asks no more, for the divine impulse prompts him to come to their aid, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

This is love; love of God, and love of man. It is the true love; that which is likest God. For love is of two kinds, the lower and the higher; the love which seeks and the love which gives. There is a love which seeks God, which tries to enter into the spirit of God, to be filled with righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. It prompts the poor sinner who loves the Saviour to flee that he may hide himself in the clefts of the rock; as the little babe clings to the mother's breast, as the frightened brood

rush to the shelter of the mother's wings. We have all felt a love which seeks, which seeks help, comfort, joy, and seeks them in nearness to the beloved one. This love, which is not satisfied save in nearness to the object of its desires, brings many a one to Jesus, and enables them to learn of Him to do his will. It characterizes the first stage of the Christian life, when the young believer is engrossed with the sense of his own personal need.

But it is not love in its highest form, its truest nature. It is not wholly free from all possibility of selfishness. It has often led to a very imperfect Christianity. It prompted hermits of old to go away from men that they might seek God, so as to make Him all their own—theirs to enjoy and to meditate upon, in the woodland grotto or in the convent cell. It prompts many men still throughout their Christian course to seek in devout reading and meditation all their communion with God, to mortify the flesh, to live—so far as their souls are concerned—a quiet, godly, and remote life into which other men do not enter, and which does not go out to seek them.

This, we repeat, is love, and it may lead (it ought to lead) to something higher than itself; but it is not the highest kind of love, just because it is not at irreconcilable war with selfishness.

The *higher* kind of love *gives*, and if it seeks anything, it only seeks something to give, or some one to receive its givings. It gives itself. True is the child's love, when it clings to the mother's breast; but as true and higher far the love of the mother when she clasps her child to her bosom. True love it is which draws the sinner to the Saviour; but truer, higher far, the Saviour's love when He gave Himself for our sins. That is Christ's love; and "greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." "God so loved us that He *gave* his Son;" Christ so loved us that He "*gave* Himself for us." This giving love is what the Psalmist refers to when he says "O taste and see that the Lord is *good*:" and it is of this we speak when we say that "goodness" is an attribute of God. And in the case of those who are God's children, they are nearest and likest the Father who have a love that gives itself for Him, that receives His gifts to give them out again. It may be termed self-sacrifice, but not quite correctly, for sacrifice is the giving up of something one has a conscious interest in keeping—whereas this love has no conflict, acts in the only way possible to it when it

gives itself. This love of giving and not of getting is the true source of all that is noblest. It was not love of gain which took the light of the highest civilisation to India, but love of Christ; not commercial adventurers, but Carey in the Danish ship. So it has been, so it will be; and all the best that has been done, and best done, for the stricken poor, has been done for Christ's sake, in the spirit of His Gospel.

But how shall a man give himself for God? Even as St. Paul did. Christ is in his people, and St. Paul so loved Christ that he gave himself to Christ and for Christ—Christ as dwelling in his people. "I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, for his body's sake, which is the Church." Without reserve he made it his life's work to be an apostle of Jesus; and he rejoiced that it was in his power to give himself in such a cause. "To us is this grace given, not only to believe in Christ Jesus, but also to suffer for his sake." "We which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you" (2 Cor. iv. 11). As in his Master's own case, Paul's death, his daily dying, was the life of men. It might be said that Christ was no longer on the earth, but that was no difficulty to one with St. Paul's creed—that Jesus lives in his body, the Church, and that all who live, live in Him and unto Him. When Paul saw the poor and the lost in need—in awful need—of all things, he saw Jesus, and it was with joy and pride he gave himself for "Him in whom we have redemption through his blood." Let me illustrate this teaching of mystery by what I have lately seen. In one of the grandest and withal fairest scenes of Europe, the eye of the traveller is arrested by the simple inscription on a village hospital, "To Christ in the poor" (*Christo in Pauperibus*). The mind is almost oppressed with awe when around are the everlasting hills, for man feels how immeasurably far he is from the great God who hath made the heavens and the earth; but He whom we can only worship amid the glories of inanimate nature, is so near us that we can reach Him, touch Him, yea, help and bless Him in the persons of the suffering poor. "Because ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

This is to share, yea, to complete, the sufferings of Christ. This is to hasten the coming of the latter day when all His burden shall have been borne. We are all ready to

take one part of that great truth that Christ dwelleth in His people—the part, namely, that He dwelleth in us. We use this to encourage our souls in their conflicts with Satan, so that we may be strong against the fear of sin and death and hell. But it is as true of others as of us. Christ dwelleth in all His Church, in every poor believer throughout the world, in every struggling soul that groans under hard oppression, that cries for rest and light and peace. Their pain is His pain, their woe is His woe, their trials are His trials, their need is His need, and how comes it that we think of them—of Him—so lightly? His burden is the sustaining of them one and all; and His burden brings Him pain. Yes, and more. His burden, too, are the heathen that know Him not, and the people that have never been called by His name; and that burden can only be lightened when they are brought into His Church—when those wild olives are made trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. What burdens Him burdens His true Church, and it is our part, our privilege, to lighten it. Is not life all too short, are not our means all too scanty, to enable us to lighten much of His continued suffering? And yet of that life how many hours, of those means what fraction, has the selfishness of our very love allowed us to devote to bearing the burden of the Redeemer? Sometimes we are compelled, as was Simon the Cyrenian, to bear the cross of Christ. But which of us goes forth willingly to take it up, counting its shame our glory?

What then does all this practically mean? What are we to do? It means that we should seek the lost, and not wait till they seek us; that we should seek for charities and missions, and not have them ever beg, begging at us; that our money should be made to find channels of beneficence, instead of being kept until we are implored to let a little of it go. It means that if we are living members of Christ's body, we are, we must be, suffering because of the miseries of the poor, the darkness of the heathen, the shameful sins of Christ's professing people. It means that our constant anxiety should be to guard against deadness and carelessness; against being contented with selfishness; against taking the world's misery easily, when we know how it wounded the heart of our Saviour. Oh, for that mind in the body, which was and is in the Head: oh, for that mind in us which was in Christ Jesus!

Perhaps we have hoped that our religion would be a matter of taking, not of giving.

But that cannot be. To take Christ, to win Christ, is to take the noblest and most unselfish love into our souls; is to be identified with Him on whom the world's sin and the world's wrong lies like a heavy burden;—and have we done this in any measure? Do *we* feel as a burden the woe and weariness of all this world—the poor heathen—the oppressed believers, the superstitious saints, the wranglings and imperfections of Christ's own people? Never a dead church but it lies, like the heathen cross, heavy on Him; never a falling Christian but Christ feels a member lopped off; never a quarrel among His people, but the Blessed Body is rent again. He scorned the seekers after loaves and fishes who loved Him not, but sought to profit by being in His company. Do you think He is so changed that He will much care for those who seek blessings but give none; who make Him bear their cross, but will not help Him to bear His?

How passing strange that the burden of the world's sin should be so little lightened all those eighteen hundred years, when during them so many good and godly souls have gone away to join the General Assembly and Church of the First Born; so many have fought their own fight, and won it by his grace! Comes not this because, in their fighting and in their suffering, most of them sought so much more than they gave again? And yet He saved them, welcomed them, crowned them! How hard it must have been for Christ to help those who did not help Him! What a drain must His sympathising help have been on that fountain of exhaustless sympathy and unselfish love! How like His suffering still is to what it was so long, long ago! "Simon," he said on the eve of his own dark agony, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not;" but when that agony was come He was constrained to cry out, "Simon, couldest thou not watch with me one hour?"

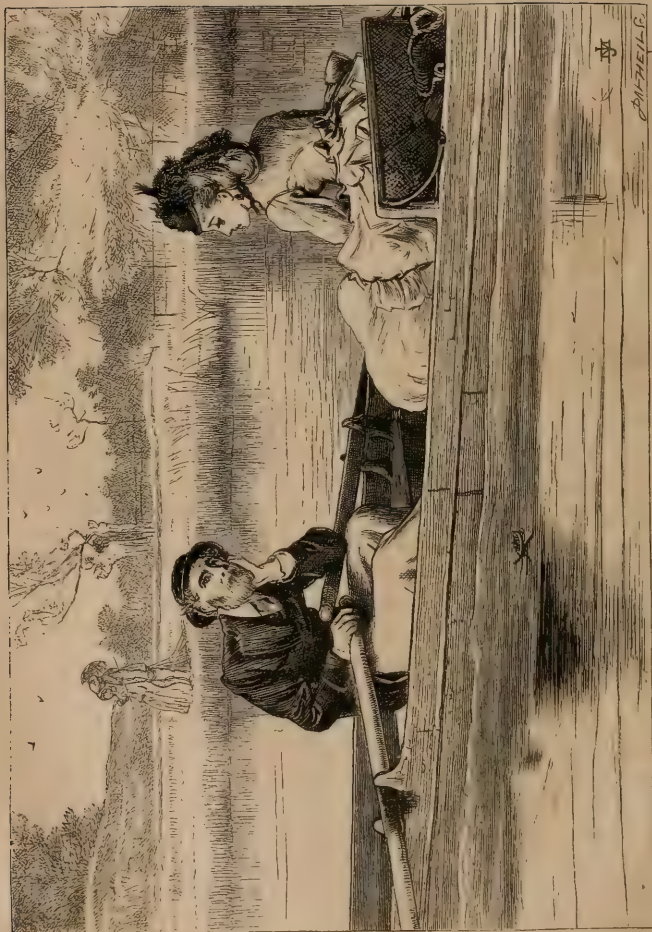
And yet is it not true that He said, "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto my Father?" In what sense greater? They have been actually vaster and more

marvellous in their results on men; for the rapidity with which His religion has spread has increased tenfold since His ascension. But still more marvellous are the works when we remember that the disciples who did them were not pure and perfect beings like their Master, but frail and sinful men. He did not, could not, know the sense of guilt nor the weariness of despair, nor the anguish of remorse; and when His work was done, He commended into the Father's Hand a spirit unsullied at the last as at the first. How different has been the case of those to whom He entrusted His cause in the world! So burdened were His first disciples with personal sinfulness, so burdened are all His people still, that even if He had done no more than enable them to work out their own salvation the universe might well have adored the riches of His grace. But the work which believers are strengthened to do is greater far than the accomplishment of their own deliverance. Christ makes us "fellow-workers with God" so that we can draw others unto purity and everlasting life. They who have passed from shore to shore as messengers of mercy; they who have gone down to the lowest depths of human need and raised up those who are now of the white-robed throng, were not incarnations of God, not angels, not even sinless men, but men once weak as the weakest, and far from God's blessed Grace, who in Christ's strength out of weakness were made strong, and in Him could do all things. It may indeed be objected that those works are not done by the disciples but by the Master—that all the works are His own. And this is true—to Him therefore be all the praise and honour and glory—but He Himself spoke of those works as ours, and we may justly so regard them. Greater works than His own have His people done in His name. And yet with all these possibilities, with all the power to do such things abiding in His Church, how much is there still "behind"—still to come—of the sufferings of Christ!

O Lord our God, make Thy Son's Kingdom speedily to come!

A. H. CHARTERIS.





"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.



R. and Mrs. Robert Drummond lived in a pretty house in the Kensington district; a house, the very external aspect of which informed the passer-by who they were, or at least what the husband was. The house was

embowered in its little garden; and in spring, with its lilacs and laburnums, looked like a great bouquet of bloom—as such houses often do. But built out from the house, and occupying a large slice of the garden at the side, was a long room, lighted with sky windows, and not by any means charming to look at outside, though the creepers, which had not long been planted, were beginning to climb upon the walls. It was connected with the house by a passage which acted as a conservatory, and was full of flowers; and everything had been done that could be done to render the new studio as beautiful in aspect as it was in meaning. But it was new, and had scarcely yet begun, as its proprietor said, to “compose” with its surroundings. Robert Drummond, accordingly, was a painter, a painter producing, in the meantime, pictures of the class called *genre*; but intending to be historical, and to take to the highest school of art as soon as life and fame would permit. He was a very good painter; his subjects were truly “felt” and exquisitely manipulated; but there was no energy of emotion, no originality of genius about them. A great many people admired them very much; other painters lingered over them lovingly, with that true professional admiration of “good work” which counteracts the jealousy of trade in every honest

mind. They were very saleable articles, indeed, and had procured a considerable amount of prosperity for the young painter. It was almost certain that he would be made an Associate at the next vacancy, and an Academician in time. But with all this, he was well aware that he was no genius, and so was his wife.

The knowledge of this fact acted upon them in very different ways; but that its effect may be fully understood, the difference in their characters and training requires to be known. Robert Drummond had never been anything but a painter; attempts had been made in his youth to fix him to business, his father having been the senior clerk, much respected and utterly respectable, of a great City house; and the attempt might have been successful but that accident had thrown him among artists, a kind of society very captivating to a young man, especially when he has a certain command of a pencil. He threw himself into art, accordingly, with all his soul. He was the sort of man who would have thrown himself into anything with all his soul; not for success or reward, but out of an infinite satisfaction in doing good work, and seeing beautiful things grow under his hand. He was of a very sanguine mind, a mind which seldom accepted defeat, but which, with instinctive unconscious wisdom, hesitated to dare the highest flights, and to put itself in conflict with those final powers which either vanquish a man or assure his triumph. Perhaps it was because there was some hidden possibility of wild despair and downfall in the man's mind, of which only himself was aware, that he was thus cautious of putting his final fortune to the touch. But the fact was that he painted his pictures contentedly, conscientiously, doing everything well, and satisfied with the perfection of his work as work, though he was not unaware of the absence from it of any spark of divinity. He did not say it in so many words, but the sentiment of his mind was this:—“It is good work, work no man need be ashamed of. I am not a Raphael, alas! and I cannot help it. What is the good of being unhappy about a thing I cannot mend? I am doing my best; it is honest work, which I know I don't slight or do carelessly; and I can give her everything she wants except that. I should be too happy myself if she were but content.”

But she was not content, and thus his happiness was brought down to the moderate pitch allowed to mortal bliss.

She was very different from her Robert. She had been a young lady of very good connections when she first met the rising young artist. I do not say that her connections were splendid, or that she made an absolute *misalliance*, for that would be untrue. Her people, however, had been rich people for several generations. They had begun in merchandise, and by merchandise they had kept themselves up; but to have been rich from the time of your great-grandfather, with never any downfall or even break in the wealth, has perhaps more effect on the mind than that pride which springs from family. Well-descended people are aware that every family now and then gets into trouble, and may even fall into poverty without sacrificing any of its pretensions. But well-off people have not that source of enlightenment. When they cease to be very well off, they lose the great point of eminence on which they have taken their stand; and, consequently, success is more absolutely necessary to them than it is to any other class in the community. Helen Burton besides was very proud, very ambitious, and possessed of that not unusual form of *amour propre* which claims distinction as a right—though she had not anything particular in herself to justify her claim. She had, or believed she had, an utter contempt for that money which was the foundation of her family pride; and she was, at the same time, too well endowed in mind, and too generous in temper, to be able to give herself up sincerely to worship of that rank, which, as their only perpetual superior, tantalizes the imagination of the plebeian rich, and thrusts itself constantly before them. Helen could have married the son of a poor lord, and become the Honourable Mrs. Somebody, with her mother's blessing, had she so willed. But as her will took a totally different direction, she had defied and alienated her mother, who was also a woman of high spirit, and only some seventeen years older than her only child; the consequence was that when Mrs. Burton found herself abandoned and left alone in the world, she married too, as truly out of pique as a girl sometimes does when deserted by her lover; and at her death left everything she had to her husband and the two small babies, one of them younger than Helen's little Norah, whom she left behind. So that a little tragedy, of a kind not much noted by the world, had woven itself around the beginning of her married life. The mother's

second marriage had not been a success, but was Helen to blame for that? Nobody said she was, no one around her; but sometimes in the silence of the night, when she alone was awake, and all her household slept so peacefully—Robert, good Robert, was not a success either, not such a man as she had hoped. She loved him sincerely, was grateful to him for his love, and for his constant regard to her wishes. But yet, in the depths of her heart,—no, not despised him, the expression is too strong,—but felt a minute shade of indignation mingle in her disappointment with him for not being a great genius. *Why* was he not a Raphael, a Titian? She had married him with the full understanding that he was such, that he would bring her sweet fame and distinction. And why had not he done it? Every time she looked at his pictures she found out the want of inspiration in them. She did not say anything. She was very kind, praising the pretty bits of detail, the wonderful perfection of painting; but Robert felt that he would rather have the President and all the Hanging Committee to pass judgment on his pictures than his wife. Her sense that he had somehow defrauded her by not mounting at once to the very height of his profession, seemed to endow her with a power of judgment a hundred-fold more than was justified by her knowledge of art. She saw the want of any soul in them at the first glance, from under her half-closed eyelids—and it seemed to Robert that in her heart she said: "Another pretty piece of mediocrity, a thing to sell, not to live—with no genius, no genius in it." These were the words Robert seemed to himself to hear, but they were not the real words which, in her heart, Helen uttered. These were rather as follows:—"It is just the same as the last. It is no better, no better. And now everybody says he is at his best. Oh! when his worst begins to come, what will become of us?" But she never said an uncivil word. She praised what she could, and she went her way languidly into the drawing-room. She had come down out of her sphere to give herself to him, and he had not repaid her as she expected. He had given her love—oh, yes; but not fame. She was Mrs. Drummond only; she was not pointed out where she went as the wife of the great painter. "Her husband is an artist" was all that anybody ever said.

The effect of this upon poor Robert, however, was much worse even than it was upon his wife. Some time elapsed, it is true, before he discovered it. It took him even years to

make out what it was that shadowed his little household over and diminished its brightness. But gradually a sense of the absence of that sympathetic backing up which a man expects in his own house, and without which both men and women who have work to do are so apt to pine and faint, stole over him like a chill. When anything was said against his pictures outside, a gloom in his wife's face would show him that worse was thought within. He had no domestic shield from adverse criticism. It was not kept in the outer circle of his mind, but was allowed to penetrate down to his heart, and envelop him in a heavy discouragement. Even applause did not exhilarate him. "*She* does not think I deserve it," was what he would say to himself; and the sense of this criticism which never uttered a word weighed upon the poor fellow's soul. It made his hand unsteady many a day when his work depended on a firm touch—and blurred the colours before his eyes, and dulled his thoughts. Two or three times he made a spasmodic effort to break through his mediocrity, and then the critics (who were very well pleased on the whole with his mediocrity) shook their heads, and warned him against the sensational. But Helen neither approved nor condemned the change. To her it was all alike, always second-rate. She did her very best to applaud, but she could not brighten up into genuine admiration the blank composure in her eyes. What could she do? There was something to be said for her, as well as for him. She could not affect to admire what she felt to be commonplace. Nature had given her a good eye, and intense feeling had strengthened and corrected it. She saw all the weakness, the flatness, with fatal certainty. What, then, could she say? But poor Robert, though he was not a great artist, was the most tender-hearted, amiable, affectionate of men; and this mode of criticism stole the very heart out of him. There is no such want in the world as that want of backing up. It is the secret of weakness and failure, just as strong moral support and sympathy is the very secret of strength. He stood steady and robust to the external eye, painting many pictures every year, getting very tolerable prices, keeping his household very comfortable, a man still under forty, healthy, cheerful, and vigorous; but all the time he was sapped at the foundations. He had lost his confidence in himself, and it was impossible to predict how he would have borne any sudden blow.

It was about this time that Mr. Reginald

Burton, a cousin of Helen's, who had once, it was supposed, desired to be something nearer to her, found out the house in Kensington, and began to pay them visits. The circumstances of her marriage had separated her from her own people. The elder among them had thought Helen unkind to her mother; the younger ones had felt that nothing had come of it to justify so romantic a story. So that when Reginald Burton met the pair in society it was the reopening of an altogether closed chapter of her life. Mr. Burton was a man in the City in very extensive business. He was chairman of ever so many boards, and his name, at the head of one company or another, was never out of the newspapers. He had married since his cousin did, and had a very fine place in the country, and was more well off still than it was natural for the Burtons to be. Helen, who had never liked him very much, and had not even been grateful to him for loving her, received his visits now without enthusiasm; but Drummond, who was open-hearted like his kind, and who had no sort of jealousy about "*Helen's friends*," received him with a cordiality which seemed to his wife much too effusive. She would not accept the invitation which Mrs. Burton sent to pay a long visit to Dura, their country place; but she could not be less than civil to her cousin when he insisted upon calling, nor could she openly resist when he carried off her husband to City dinners, or unfolded to him the benefits of this or that new society. Drummond had done very well in his profession, notwithstanding Helen's dissatisfaction with his work; and also notwithstanding her dissatisfaction, she was a good housewife, doing her duty wisely. She had a hundred a year of her own, which Drummond had taken care to have settled upon herself; but since they had grown richer he had insisted upon letting this accumulate as "*a portion for Norah*," and the two had laid by something besides. For painter-folk it will be readily seen they were at the very height of comfort—a pretty house, one pretty child, a little reserve of money, slowly but pleasantly accumulating. And money, though it is an ignoble thing, has so much to do with happiness! Drummond, who had been quite content to think that there was a portion saving up for Norah, and to whom it had not occurred that his little capital could be made use of, and produce twenty and an hundredfold, gradually grew interested, without being aware of it, in the proceedings of Mr. Burton. He began to talk, half laughingly half with intention, of

the wonderful difference between the slowly-earned gains of labour and those dazzling results of speculation. "These fellows seem simply to coin money," he said, "half in jest and whole in earnest;" "everything they touch seems to become gold. It looks incredible——" and he wound up with a nervous laugh in which there was some agitation. Helen had all a woman's conservatism on this point.

"It *is* incredible, you may be sure," she said. "How can they invent money? Some one will have to pay for it somewhere;" which was a sentence of profound wisdom, much deeper than she thought.

"So one would say," said Drummond, still laughing; "but nobody seems to suffer. By Jove! as much as—not to say I, who am one of the rank and file—but as Welby or Hartwell Home get for one of their best pictures, your cousin will clear in five minutes, without taking the slightest trouble. When one sees it, one feels hugely tempted"—he added, looking at her. He was one of those men who like to carry their people's sympathy with them. He wanted not acquiescence simply, but approval; and, notwithstanding that he was very well used to the absence of it, sought it still. She would not—could not, perhaps—enter warmly into the subject of his pictures; but here was a new matter. He looked up at her with a certain longing—ready, poor fellow, to plunge into anything if she would but approve.

"I hope you won't let yourself be tempted to anything, Robert, that you don't see the end of," she said; but so gently that her husband's heart rose.

"Trust me for that," he said joyously, "and you shall have the first fruits, my darling. I have not as fine a house for you as your cousin can give to his wife, but for all that——"

"For all that," she said, laughing, "I would not change with Mrs. Reginald Burton. I am not tempted by the fine house."

"I have thought how we can make this one a great deal better," he said, as he stooped to kiss her before he went out. He looked back upon her fondly as he left the room, and said to himself that if he wished for gain it was for her sake—his beautiful Helen! He had painted her furtively over and over again, though she never would sit to him. A certain shadow of her was in all his pictures, showing with more or less distinctness according as he loved or did not love his temporary heroine; but he knew that when this was pointed out to her she did not like it. She was anxious that everybody should know she did not sit to him.

She was very indignant at the idea that a painter's wife might serve her husband as a model. "Why should a painter's profession, which ought to be one of the noblest in the world, be obtruded upon the outer world at every step?" she said. But yet as he was a painter, every inch of him, his eye caught the *pose* of her head as she moved, and made a mental note of it. And yet she was not, strictly speaking, a beautiful woman. She was not the large Juno, who is our present type of beauty; she was not blazing with colour—red, and white, and golden—like the Rubens-heroines of the studio; nor was she of the low-browed, sleepy-eyed, sensuous, classic type. She was rather colourless on the contrary. Her hair was olive-brown, which is so harmonious with a pale complexion; her eyes hazel-grey; her colour evanescent, coming and going, and rarely at any time more than a rose tint; her very lips, though beautifully formed, were only rose—not scarlet—and her figure was slight and deficient in "grand curves." Her great characteristic was what the French call *distinction*; a quality to which in point of truth she had no claim—for Helen, it must be remembered, was no long-descended lady. She was the produce of three generations of money, and a race which could be called nothing but Philistine; and from whence came her high-bred look, her fanciful pride, her unrealisable ambition it would be difficult to say.

She went over the house with a little sigh after Robert was gone, professedly in the ordinary way of a housewife's duty, but really with reference to his last words. Yes, the house might be made a great deal better. The drawing-room was a very pretty one—quite enough for all their wants—but the dining-room was occupied by Drummond as his studio, according to an arrangement very common among painters. This, it will be perceived, was before the day of the new studio. The dining-room was thus occupied, and a smaller room, such as in most suburban houses is appropriated generally to the often scanty books of the family, was the eating-room of the Drummonds. It was one of those things which made Helen's pride wince—a very petty subject for pride, you will say—but, then, pride is not above petty things; and it wounded her to be obliged to say apologetically to her cousin—"The real dining-room of the house is Mr. Drummond's studio. We content ourselves with this in the meantime." "Oh, yes; I see; of course he must want space and light," Reginald Burton had replied with patronising compla-

cency, and a recollection of his own banquet-hall at Dura. How Helen hated him at that moment, and how much aggravated she felt with poor Robert smiling opposite to her, and feeling quite comfortable on the subject! "We painters are troublesome things," he even said, as if it was a thing to smile at. Helen went and looked in at the studio on this particular morning, and made a rapid calculation how it could be "made better." It would have to be improved off the face of the earth, in the first place, as a studio; and then carpeted, and tabled, and mirrored, and ornamented to suit its new destination. It would take a good deal of money to do it, but that was not the first consideration. The thing was, where was Robert to go? She, for her part, would have been reconciled to it easily, could he have made up his mind to have a studio apart from the house, and come home when his work was done. That would be an advantage in every way. It would secure that in the evening, at least, his profession should be banished. He would have to spend the evening as gentlemen usually do, yawning his head off if he pleased, but not professional for ever. It would no longer be possible for him to put on an old coat, and steal away into that atmosphere of paint, and moon over his effects, as he loved to do now. He liked Helen to go with him, and she did so often, and was tried almost beyond her strength by his affectionate lingerings over the canvas which, in her soul, she felt would never be any better, and his appeals to her to suggest and to approve. Nothing would teach him not to appeal to her. Though he divined what she felt, though it had eaten into his very life, yet still he would try again. Perhaps this time she might like it better—perhaps—

"If he would only have his studio out of doors," Helen reflected. She was too sure of him to be checked by the thought that his heart might perhaps learn to live out of doors too as well as his pictures, did she succeed in driving them out. No such doubt ever crossed her mind. He loved her, and nobody else, she knew. His mind had never admitted another idea but hers. She was a woman who would have scorned to be jealous in any circumstances—but she had no temptation to be jealous. He was only a moderate painter. He would never be as splendid as Titian, with a prince to pick up his pencil—which was what Helen's semi-Philistine pride would have prized. But he loved her so as no man had ever surpassed. She knew that, and was vaguely pleased by it; yet not as she might have been had there ever been

any doubt about the matter. She was utterly sure of him, and it did not excite her one way or another. But his words had put a little gentle agitation in her mind. She put down her calculation on paper when she went back to the drawing-room after her morning occupations were over, and called Norah to her music. Sideboard so much, old carved oak, to please him, though for herself she thought it gloomy; curtains, for these luxuries he had not admitted to spoil his light; a much larger carpet—she made her list with some pleasure while Norah played her scales. And that was the day on which the painter's commercial career began.

CHAPTER II.

DRUMMOND'S first speculations were very successful, as is so often the case with the innocent and ignorant dabbler in commercial gambling. Mr. Burton instructed him what to do with his little capital, and he did it. He knew nothing about business, and was docile to the point of servility to his disinterested friend, who smiled at his two thousand pounds, and regarded it with amused condescension. Two thousand pounds! It meant comfort, ease of mind, moral strength, to Drummond. It made him feel that in the contingency of a bad year, or a long illness, or any of the perils to which men and artists are liable, he would still be safe, and that his wife and child would not suffer; but to the rich City man it was a bagatelle scarcely worth thinking of. When he really consented to employ his mind about it, he made such use of it as astonished and delighted the innocent painter. All that his simple imagination had ever dreamed seemed likely to be carried out. This was indeed money-making he felt—Trade spelt with a very big capital, and meaning something much more splendid than anything he had hitherto dreamt of. But then he could not have done it by himself or without instruction. Burton could not have been more at a loss in Drummond's studio than he would have felt in his friend's counting-house. Mr. Burton was "a merchant;" a vague term which nevertheless satisfied the painter's mind. He was understood to be one of the partners in Rivers's bank, but his own business was quite independent of that. Money was the material he dealt in—his stock-in-trade. He understood the Funds as a doctor understands the patient whose pulse he feels every day. He could divine when they were going to rise and when they were going to fall. And there were other ways in which his knowledge told still more wonder-

fully. He knew when a new invention, a new manufacture, was going to be popular, by some extraordinary magic which Drummond could not understand. He would catch a speculation of this sort at its tide, and take his profit from it, and bound off again uninjured before the current began to fall. In all these matters he was knowing beyond most men; and he lent to his cousin's husband all the benefit of his experience. For several years Drummond went on adding to his store in a manner so simple and delightful, that his old way of making money, the mode by which months of labour went to the acquisition of a few hundred pounds, looked almost laughable to him. He continued it because he was fond of his art, and loved her for herself alone; but he did it with a sort of banter, smiling at the folly of it, as an enlightened old lady might look at her spinning-wheel. The use of it? Well, as for that, the new ways of spinning were better and cheaper; but still not for the use, but for the pleasure of it!—So Drummond clung to his profession, and worked almost as hard at it as ever. And in the additional ease of his circumstances, not needing to hurry anything for an exhibition, or sacrifice any part of his design for the fancy of a buyer, he certainly painted better than usual, and was made an Associate, to the general satisfaction of his brethren. These were the happy days in which the studio was built. It was connected with the house, as I have said, by a conservatory, a warm, glass-covered, fragrant, balmy place, bright with flowers. "There must always be violets, and there must always be colour!" he had said to the nurseryman who supplied and kept his fairy palace in order, after the fashion of London. And if ever there was a flowery way contrived into the thorny haunts of Art it was this. It would perhaps be rash to say that this was the happy time of Drummond's married life, for they had always been happy, with only that one drawback of Helen's dissatisfaction with her husband's work. They had loved each other always, and their union had been most true and full. But the effect of wealth was mollifying, as it so often is. Prosperity has been railed at much, as dangerous and deadening to the higher being; but prosperity increases amiability and smooths down asperities as nothing else can. It did not remove that one undisclosed and untellable grievance which prevented Mrs. Drummond's life from attaining perfection, but it took away ever so many little points of irritation which aggravated that. She got, for one

thing, the dining-room she wanted—a prosaic matter, yet one which Helen considered important—and she got, what she had not bargained for, that pretty conservatory, and a bunch of violets every day—a lover-like gift which pleased her. Things, in short, went very well with them at this period of their existence. Her discontents were more lulled to sleep than they had ever been before. She still saw the absence of any divine meaning in her husband's pictures; but she saw it with gentler eyes. The pictures did not seem so entirely his sole standing-ground. If he could not grow absolutely illustrious by that or any personal means of acquiring fame, he might still hold his own in the world by other means. Helen sighed over her Titian-dream, but to a great extent she gave it up. Greatness was not to be; but comfort, and even luxury were probable. Her old conditions of life seemed to be coming back to her. It was not what she had dreamed of; but yet it was better to have mediocrity with ease and modest riches, and pleasant surroundings, than mediocrity without those alleviations. To do her justice, had her husband been a great unsuccessful genius, in whom she had thoroughly believed, she would have borne privation proudly and with a certain triumph. But that not being so, she returned to her old starting-ground with a sigh that was not altogether painful, saying to herself that she must learn to be content with what she had, and not long for what she could not have.

Thus they were happier, more hopeful, more at their ease. They went more into society, and received more frequent visits from their friends. The new studio made many social pleasures possible that had not been possible. Of itself it implied a certain rise in the world. It gave grace and completeness to their little house. Nobody could say any longer that it was half a house and half a workshop, as Helen, under her breath, in her impatience, had sometimes declared it to be. The workshop phase was over, the era of self-denial gone—and yet Robert was not driven from the art he loved, nor prevented from putting on his old coat and stealing away in the evenings to visit the mistress who was dearer to him than anything else except his wife.

This was the state of affairs when the painter one day entered Helen's drawing-room in a state of considerable excitement. He was full of a new scheme, greater than anything he had as yet been engaged in. Rivers's bank, which was half as old as London, which held as high repute as the Bank of

England, which was the favourite depository of everybody's money, from ministers of state down to dressmakers, was going to undergo a revolution. The Riverses themselves had all died out, except, indeed, the head of the house, who was now Lord Rivers, and had no more than a nominal connection with the establishment which had been the means of bringing him to his present high estate. The other partners had gradually got immersed in other business. Mr. Burton, for instance, confessed frankly that he had not time to attend to the affairs of the bank, and the others were in a similar condition:—they had come in as secondaries, and they found themselves principals, and it was too much for them.* They had accordingly decided to make Rivers's a joint-stock bank. This was the great news that Drummond brought home to his wife. "I will put everything we have into it," he said in his enthusiasm, "unless you object, Helen. We can never have such another chance. Most speculations have a doubtful element in them; but this is not at all doubtful. There is an enormous business ready made to our hands, and all the traditions of success, and the best names in the City to head our list—for of course the old partners hold shares, and will be made directors of the new company— And—you will laugh, Helen, but for you and the child I feel able to brave anything—I am to be a director too."

"You!" cried Helen, with a surprise which had some mixture of dismay. "But you don't know anything about business. You can't even——"

"Reckon up my own accounts," said the painter placidly—"quite true; but you see it is a great deal easier to calculate on a large scale than on a small scale. I assure you I understand the banking system—at least, I shall when I have given my mind to it. I shouldn't mind even," he said, laughing, "making an effort to learn the multiplication table. Norah might teach me. Besides, to speak seriously, it doesn't matter in the least: there are clerks and a manager to do all that, and other directors that know all about it, and I shall learn in time."

"But, then, why be a director at all?" said Helen. She said this more from a woman's natural hesitation at the thought of change, than from any dislike of the idea; for she belonged to the race from which directors come by nature. Poor Drummond could not give any very good reason why he desired this distinction; but he looked very wise, and set before her with gravity all the privileges involved.

"It brings something in," he said, "either in the way of salary, or special profits, or something. Ask your cousin. I don't pretend to know very much about it. But I assure you he is very great upon the advantages involved. He says it will be the making of me. It gives position and influence and all that——"

"To a painter!" said Helen: and in her heart she groaned. Her dream came back like a mist, and wove itself about her head. What distinction would it have given to Raphael or to Titian, or even to Gainsborough or Sir Joshua Reynolds, to be made directors of a bank? She groaned in her heart, and then she came back to herself, and caught her husband's eyes looking at her with that grieved and wondering look, half aware of the disappointment he had caused her, humbled, sorry, suspicious, yet almost indignant, the look with which he had sometimes regarded her from among his pictures in the day when art reigned alone over his life. Helen came abruptly to herself when she met that glance, and said hurriedly, "It cannot change your position much, Robert, in our world."

"No," he said, with a glance of sudden brightness in his eyes which she did not understand; "but, my darling, our world may expand. I should like you to be something more than a poor painter's wife, Helen—you who might be a princess! I should not have ventured to marry you if I had not hoped to make you a kind of princess; but you don't believe I can; do you?" Here he paused, and, she thought, regarded her with a wistful look, asking her to contradict him. But how could she contradict him? It was true. The wife of a pleasant mediocre painter, Associate, or in time Academician—that was all. Not a thorough lady of art such as—such as—— Such as whom? Poor Andrea's Lucrezia, who ruined him? That was the only painter's wife that occurred to Helen.

"Dear Robert," she said earnestly, "never mind me: so long as I have you and Norah, I care very little about princesses. We are very well and very happy as we are. I think you should be careful, and consider well before you make any change."

But by this time the brightness that had been hanging about him came back again like a gleam of sunshine. He kissed her with a joyous laugh. "You are only a woman," he said, "after all. You don't understand what it is to be a British director. Fancy marching into the bank with a lordly stride, and remembering the days when one was thankful to have a balance of five

pounds to one's credit! You don't see the fun of it, Helen; and the best of the whole is that an R.A. on the board of directors will be an advantage, Burton says. Why, heaven knows. I suppose he thinks it will conciliate the profession. We painters, you see, are known to have so much money floating about! But, any how, he thinks an R.A.—"

"But, Robert! you are not an R.A."

"Not yet. I forgot to tell you," he added, lowering his voice, and putting on a sudden look of gravity, which was half real, half innocently hypocritical. "Old Welby died last night."

Then there was a little pause. They were not glad that old Welby was dead. A serious shade came over both their faces for the moment—the homage, partly natural, partly conventional, that human nature pays to death. And then they clasped each other's hands in mutual congratulation. The vacant place would come to Drummond in the course of nature. He was known to be the first on the list of Associates. Thus he had obtained the highest honours of his profession, and it was this and not the bank directorship which had filled him with triumph. His wife's coldness, however, checked his delight. His profession and the public adjudged the honour to him; but Helen had not adjudged it. If the prize had been hers to bestow, she would not have given it to him. This made his heart contract even in the moment of his triumph. But yet he was triumphant. To him it was the highest honour in the world.

"Poor old Welby!" he said. "He was a great painter; and now that he is dead, he will be better understood. He was fifty before he entered the Academy," the painter continued, with half-conscious self-glorification. "He was a long time making his way."

"And you are more than ten years younger," said Helen. Surely that might have changed her opinion if anything could. "Robert, are you to be put upon this bank because you are an R.A.?"

"And for my business talents generally," he said, with a laugh. His spirits were too high to be subdued. He would not hear reason, nor, indeed, anything except the confused delightful chatter about his new elevation, in which the fumes of happiness get vent. He plunged into an immediate revelation of what he would do in his new capacity. "It will be odd if one can't make the Hanging Committee a little more reasonable," he said. "I shall set my face against that hideous habit of filling up 'the line' with dozens of

bad pictures because the men have R.A. at their names. Do you remember, Helen, that year when I was hung up at the ceiling? It nearly broke my heart. It was the year before we were married."

"They were your enemies then," said Helen, with some visionary remnant of the old indignation which she had felt about that base outrage before she was Robert Drummond's wife. She had not begun to criticise him then—to weigh his pictures and find them wanting; and she could still remember her disgust and hatred of the Hanging Committee of that year. Now no Hanging Committee could do any harm. It had changed its opinion and applauded the painter, but she—had changed her opinion too. Then this artist-pair did as many such people do. By way of celebrating the occasion they went away to the country, and spent the rest of the day like a pair of lovers. Little Norah, who was too small to be carried off on such short notice, was left at home with her governess, but the father and mother went away to enjoy the bright summer day, and each other, and the event which had crowned them with glory. Even Helen's heart was moved with a certain thrill of satisfaction when it occurred to her that some one was pointing her husband out as "Drummond the painter—the new R.A." He had won his blue ribbon, and won it honestly, and nobody in England, nobody in the world was above him in his own profession. He was as good as a Duke, or even superior, for a Duke (poor wretch!) cannot help himself, whereas a painter achieves his own distinction. Helen let this new softness steal into her soul. She even felt that when she looked at the pictures next time they would have a light in them which she had not yet been able to perceive. And the bank, though it was so much more important, sank altogether into the background, while the two rowed down the river in the summer evening, with a golden cloud of pleasure and glory around them. They had gone to Richmond, where so many happy people go to realise their gladness. And were the pair of lovers new betrothed, who crossed their path now and then without seeing them, more blessed than the elder pair? "I wonder if they will be as happy ten years hence?" Helen said, smiling at them with that mingling of sweet regret and superiority with which we gaze at the reflection of a happiness we have had in our day. "Yes," said the painter, "if she is as sweet to him as my wife has been to me." What more could a woman want to make her glad? If Helen had not

been very happy in his love, it would have made her heart sick to think of all her failures towards him; but she was very happy; and happiness is indulgent not only to its friends, but even to itself.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BURTON, however, was soon restored to pre-eminence in the affairs of the Drummonds. The very next day he dined with them, and entered on the whole question. The glory which the painter had

achieved was his own affair, and consequently its interest was soon exhausted to his friend, who, for his part, had a subject of his own, of which the interest was inexhaustible. Mr. Burton was very explanatory, in his genial, mercantile way. He made it clear even to Helen, who was not above the level of ordinary womankind in her understanding of business. He had no difficulty in convincing her that Robert Drummond, R.A., would be an addition to the list of directors; but it was harder to make the reasons apparent



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why "Rivers's" should change its character. If it was so firmly established, so profitable, and so popular, why should the partners desire to share their good fortune with others? Mrs. Drummond asked. Her husband laughed with the confidence of a man who knew all about it, at the simplicity of such a question, but Mr. Burton, on the contrary, took the greatest pains to explain all. He pointed out to her all the advantages of "new blood." The bank was doing well, and making enormous profits; but still it might do better with more energetic management. Mr. Burton described and deplored pathetically his

own over-burdened condition. Sometimes he was detained in the City while the guests at a state dinner-party awaited him at home. His carriage had waited for him for two hours together at the railway, while he was busy in town, toiling over the arrears of work at Rivers's. "We have a jewel of a manager," he said, "or we never could get on at all. You know Golden, Drummond? There never was such a fellow for work—and a head as clear as steel; never forgets anything; never lets an opportunity slip him. But for him, we never could have got on so long in this way. But every man's strength

has its limits. And we must have 'new blood.'

Thus Helen gradually came to an understanding of the whole, or at least thought she did. At all events, she understood about the "new blood." Her own Robert was new blood of the most valuable kind. His name would be important, for the business of "Rivers's" was to a considerable extent a private business. And his good sense and industry would be important too.

"Talk about business talent," Mr. Burton said; "business talent means good sense and prudence. It means the capacity to see what ought to be done, and the spirit to do it; and if you add to this discretion enough not to go too far, you have everything a man of business needs. Of course, all technical knowledge has to be acquired, but that is easily done."

"But is Robert so accomplished as all this?" Helen said, opening her eyes. She would not for all England, have disclosed to her cousin that Robert, in her eyes, was any thing less than perfect. She would not, for her life, have had him know that her husband was not the first of painters and of men; but yet an exclamation of wonder burst from her. She was not herself so sure of his clear-sightedness and discretion. And when Robert laughed with a mixture of vanity and amusement at the high character imagined for him, Helen flushed also with something between anger and shame.

"Your own profession is a different thing," she said hastily. "You have been trained for that. But to be an R.A. does not make you a man of business—and painting is your profession, Robert. More will be expected from you now, instead of less."

"But we are not going to interfere with his time, my dear Helen," said her cousin cheerfully. "A meeting of directors once a week or so—a consultation when we meet—his advice, which we can always come to ask. Bless my soul, we are not going to sweep up a great painter for our small concern. No, no; you may make yourself quite easy. In the meantime Drummond is not to give us much more than the benefit of his name."

"And all his money," Helen said to herself as she withdrew to the drawing-room, where her little Norah awaited her. His money had increased considerably since this new era in their lives began. It was something worth having now—something that would make the little girl a heiress in a humble way. And he was going to risk it

all. She went into the conservatory in the twilight and walked up and down and pondered—wondering if it was wise to do it; wondering if some new danger was about to swallow them up. Her reasonings, however, were wholly founded upon matters quite distinct from the real question. She discussed it with herself, just as her husband would discuss it with himself, in a way common to women, and painters, and other unbusiness-like persons, on every ground but the real one. First, he had followed Reginald Burton's advice in all his speculations, and had gained. Would it be honourable for him to give up following his advice now, especially in a matter which he had so much at heart? Secondly, by every means in his power, Reginald Burton took occasion to throw in *her* face (Helen's) the glories and splendour of his wife, and of the home he had given her, and all her high estate. Helen herself was conscious of having refused these glories and advantages. She had chosen to be Robert Drummond's wife, and thrown aside the other; but still the mention of Mrs. Burton and her luxuries had a certain stinging and stimulating effect upon her. She scorned, and yet would have been pleased to emulate that splendour. The account of it put her out of patience with her own humility, notwithstanding that she took pride in that humility, and felt it more consistent with the real dignity of her position than any splendour. And then, thirdly, the thought would come in that even the magic title of R.A. had not thrown any celestial light into Robert's pictures. That very morning she had stood for half an hour, while he was out, in front of the last, which still stood on his easel, and tried to reason herself into love of it. It was a picture which ought to have been great. It was Francesca and Paolo, in the story, reading together at the crisis of their fate. The glow and ardour of suppressed passion had somehow toned down in Drummond's hands to a gentle light. There was a sunset warmth of colour about the pair, which stood in place of that fiercer illumination; and all the maze of love and madness, all the passion and misery and delight, all the terror of fate involved, and shadow of the dark, awful world beyond, had sunk into a tender picture of a pair of lovers, innocent and sweet. Helen had stood before it with a mixture of discouragement and longing impossible to put into words. Oh, if she could but breathe upon it, and breathe in the lacking soul! Oh, if she could but reflect into Drummond's eyes the passion of

humiliation and impatience and love which was in her own! But she could not. As Helen paced up and down the pretty ornamented space, all sweet with flowers, which her husband's love had made for her, this picture rose before her like a ghost. He who painted it was an R.A. It was exquisitely painted—a very miracle of colour and manipulation. There was not a detail which could be improved, nor a line which was out of drawing. He would never do anything better, never, never! Then why should he go on trying, proving, over and over, how much he could, and how much he could not do? Better, far better, to throw it aside for ever, to grow rich, to make himself a name in another way.

Thus Helen reasoned in the vehemence of her thoughts. She was calm until she came to this point. She thought she was very calm, reasonable to the highest pitch, in everything; and yet the blood began to boil and course through her veins as she pursued the subject. Sometimes she walked as far as the door of the studio, and pausing to look in, saw that picture glimmering on the easel, and all the unframed canvases about upon the walls. Many of them were sketches of herself, made from memory, for she never would sit—studies of her in her different dresses, in different characters, according as her husband's fond fancy represented her to himself. She could not see them for the darkness, but she saw them all in her heart. Was that all he could do? Not glorify her by his greatness, but render her the feeble homage of this perpetual, ineffectual adoration. Why was not he like the other painters; like— Her memory failed her for an example; of all the great painters she could think of only Rubens' bacchanalian beauties, and that Lucrezia would come to her mind. It was about the time of Mr. Browning's poem, that revelation of Andrea del Sarto, which elucidates the man like a very ray from heaven. She was not very fond of poetry, nor anything of a critic; but the poem had seized upon her, partly because of her intense feeling on the subject. Sometimes she felt as if she herself was Andrea—not Robert, for Robert had none of that heart-rending sense of failure. Was she Lucrezia rather, the wife that goaded him into misery? No, no! she could not so condemn herself. When her thoughts reached this point she forsook the studio and the conservatory, and rushed back to the drawing-room, where little Norah, with her head pressed close against the window to take advantage of the last glimmer of light, was

reading a book of fairy tales. Great painters had not wives. Those others—Leonardo, and Angelo, and the young Urbinese—had none of them wives. Was that the reason? But not to be as great as Michel Angelo, not to win the highest honours of art, would Robert give up his wife and his child. Therefore was it not best that he should give up being a painter, and become a commercial man instead, and grow rich! Helen sat down in the gathering darkness and looked at the three windows glimmering with their mist of white curtains, and little Norah curled up on the carpet, with her white face and her brown curls relieved against the light. Some faint sounds came in, soft as summer and evening made them, through the long casement, which was open, and with it a scent of mignonette, and of the fresh earth in the flower-beds, refreshed by watering and dew. Sometimes the voices of her husband and cousin from the adjoining room, would reach her ear; but where she was all was silent, nothing to disturb her thoughts. No, he would never do better. He had won his crown. Helen was proud and glad that he had won it; but in her heart did not consent. He had won and he had not won. His victory was because he had caught the *banal* fancy of the public, and pleased his brethren by his beautiful work; but he had failed because—because— Why had he failed? Because he was not Raphael or Leonardo—nor even that poor Andrea—but only Robert Drummond, painting his pictures not out of any inspiration within him, but for money and fame. He had gained these as men who seek them frankly so often seem to do. But it was better, far better, that he should make money now, by legitimate means, without pursuing a profession in which he never could be great.

These were not like a wife's reasonings; but they were Helen's, though she was loyal to her husband as ever woman was. She would have liked so much better to worship his works and himself, as most women do; and that would have done him good more than anything else in earth or heaven. But she could not. It was her hard fate that made her eye so keen and so true. It felt like infidelity to him, to come to such a conclusion in his own house, with his kind voice sounding in her ear. But so it was, and she could not make it different, do what she would. He was so pleased when he found she did not oppose his desires, so grateful to her, so strongly convinced that she was yielding her own pleasure to his, that his

thanks were both lavish and tender. When their visitor had left them, and they were alone, he poured out his gratitude like a lover. "I know you are giving in to me," he said, "my love, my self-forgetting Helen! It is like you. You always have given up your pleasure to mine. Am I a brute to accept it, and take my own way?"

"I am not making any sacrifice, Robert. Don't thank me, please. It is because I think you have judged right, and this is best."

"And you think I am so blind and stupid not to see why you say that," he said in his enthusiasm. "Helen, I often wonder what providence was thinking of to give you only such a poor fellow as I am. I wish I was something better for your sake, something more like you; but I have not a wish or a hope in the world, my darling, except for you. If I want to be rich, Helen, it is only for you. You know that, at least."

"And for Norah," she said, smiling.

"For Norah, but most for Norah's mother, who trusted me when I was nobody, and gave me herself when I had little chance of being either rich or great," said Drummond. He said it, poor fellow, with a swelling of his heart. His new dignity had for the moment delivered him even from the chill of his wife's unexpressed indifference to his work. With a certain trustful simplicity, which it would have been impossible to call vanity, he accepted the verdict of his profession—even though he had doubts himself as to his own eminence, they must know. He had won the greatness he wanted most, he had acquired a distinction which could not but vanquish his own doubts and hers. And as he was now, he would not change positions with any man in England. He was great, and please God, for Helen's sake, he would be rich too. He put his arm round his wife and drew her into the open conservatory. The moon was up, and shone down upon them, lighting up with a wan and spiritual light the colourless silent flowers. It was curious to see them, with all their leaves silvered, and all their identity gone, yet pouring forth their sweet scents silently, no one noting them. "How sweet it is here," said the painter, drawing a long breath in his happiness. It was a moment that lived in his mind, and remained with him, as moments do which are specially happy, detaching themselves from the common tenor of life with all the more distinctness that they are so few.

"Yes, it is the place I love best," said

Helen, whose heart was touched too, "because you made it for me, Robert. The rest is ordinary and comfortable, but this is different. It is your sonnet to me, like that we were reading of—like Raphael's sonnet and Dante's angel." This she said with a little soft enthusiasm, which perhaps went beyond the magnitude of the fact. But then she was compunctious about her sins towards him; and his fondness, and the moonlight, and the breath of the flowers, moved her, and the celestial fumes of Mr. Browning's book of poetry had gone to Helen's head, as the other influences went to her heart.

"My darling! it will be hard upon me if I don't give you better yet," he said. And then with a change in his voice—cheerful, yet slightly deprecating, "Come and have a look at 'Francesca,'" he said.

It was taking an unfair advantage of her; but she could not refuse him at such a moment. He went back to the drawing-room for the lamp, and returned carrying it, drawing flecks of colour round him from all the flowers as he passed flashing the light on them. Helen felt her own portrait look at her reproachfully as she went in with reluctant steps following him, wondering what she could say. It made her heart sick to look at his pet picture, in its beauty and feebleness; but he approached it lovingly, with a heart full of satisfaction and content. He held up the lamp in his hand, though it was heavy, that the softened light might fall just where it ought, and indicated to her the very spot where she ought to stand to have the full advantage of all its beauties. "I don't think there is much to find fault with in the composition," he said, looking at it fondly. "Give me your honest opinion, Helen. Do you think it would be improved by a little heightening of those lights?"

Helen gazed at it with confused eyes and an aching heart. It was his diploma picture, the one by which most probably he would be known best to posterity, and she said to herself that he, a painter, ought to know better than she did. But that reflection did not affect her feelings. Her impulse was to snatch the lamp from his hand, and say, "Dear Robert, dearest husband, come and make money, come and be a banker, or sweep a crossing, and let Francesca alone for ever!" But she could not say that. What she did say faltering was—"You must know so much better than I do, Robert; but I think the light is very sweet. It is best not to be too bright."

"Do you think so?" he said anxiously.

"I am not quite sure. I think it would be more effective with a higher tone just here; and this line of drapery is a little stiff—just a little stiff. Could you hold the lamp for a moment, Helen? There! that is better. Now Paolo's foot is free, and the attitude more distinct. Follow the line of the chalk and tell me what you think. That comes better now?"

"Yes, it is better," said Helen; and then she paused and summoned all her courage. "Don't you think," she faltered, "that Francesca—is—almost too innocent and sweet?"

"Too innocent!" said poor Robert, opening his honest eyes. "But, dear, you forget! She was innocent. Why, surely you are not the one to go in for anything sensational, Helen! This is not Francesca in the Inferno, but Francesca in the garden, before any harm had come near her. I don't like your impassioned women." He had grown a little excited, feeling, perhaps, more in the suggestion than its mere words; but now he came to a stop, and his voice regained its easy tone. "The whole thing wants a great deal of working up," he said; "all this foreground is very imperfect—it is too like an English garden. I acknowledge my weakness; my ideal always smacks of home."

Helen said no more. How could she? He was ready laughingly to allow that England came gliding into his pencil and his thoughts when he meant to paint Italy: a venial, kindly error. But candid and kind as he was, he could not bear criticism on the more vital points. She held the lamp for him patiently, though it strained her arm, and tried to make what small suggestions she could about the foreground; and in her heart, as she stood trembling with pain and excitement, would have liked to thrust the flame through that canvas in very love for the painter. Perhaps some painter's wife who reads this page, some author's wife, some woman jealous and hungry for excellence in the productions of those she loves, will understand better than I can describe it how Helen felt.

When he had finished those fond scratches of chalk upon the picture, and had taken the lamp from her hand to relieve her, Drummond was shocked to find his wife so tremulous and pale. He made her sit down in his great chair, and called himself a brute for tiring her. "Now let us have a comfortable talk over the other matter," he said. The lamp, which he had placed on a table littered with portfolios and pigments, threw a dim light through the large studio.

There were two ghostly easels standing up tall and dim in the background, and the lay figure ghostliest of all, draped with a gleaming silvery stuff, pale green with lines of silver, shone eerily in the distance. Drummond sat down by his wife, and took her hand in his.

"You are quite chilly," he said tenderly; "are you ill, Helen? If it worries you like this, a hundred directorships would not tempt me. Tell me frankly, my darling—do you dislike it so much as this?"

"I don't dislike it at all," she said eagerly. "I am chilly because the night is cold. Listen how the wind is rising! That sound always makes me miserable. It is like a child crying, or some one waiting out of doors. It affects my nerves—I don't know why."

"It is nothing but the sound of rain," he said, "silly little woman! I wonder why it is that one likes a woman to be silly now and then? It restores the balance between us, I suppose; for generally, alas! Helen, you are wiser than I am, which is a dreadful confession for a man to make."

"No, no, it is not true," she said with indescribable remorse. But he only laughed and put his arm round her, seeing that she trembled still.

"It is quite true; but I like you to be silly now and then—like this. It gives one a glimmer of superiority. There! lean upon me and feel comfortable. You are only a woman after all. You want your husband's arm to keep you safe."

"What is that?" said Helen with a start. It was a simple sound enough; one of the many unframed, unfinished drawings which covered the walls had fallen down. Robert rose and picked it up, and brought it forward to the light.

"It is nothing," he said; and then with a laugh, looking at it, added, "*Absit omen!* It is my own portrait. And very lucky, too, that it was nothing more important. It is not hurt. Let us talk about the bank."

"Oh, Robert, your portrait!" she said with sudden unreasonable terror, clutching at it, and gazing anxiously into the serene painted face.

"My portrait does not mind in the least," he said, laughing; "and it might have been yours, Helen. I must have all those fastenings seen to to-morrow. Now, let us talk about the bank."

"Oh, Robert," she said, "let us have nothing to do with it. It is an omen, a warning. We are very well as we are. Give

up all these business things which you don't understand. How can you understand them? Give it up, and let us be as we are."

"Because a nail has come out of the wall?" he said. "Do you suppose the nail knew, Helen, or the bit of painted canvas? Nonsense, dear. I defy all omens for my part."

And just then the wind rose and gave a wailing cry, like a spirit in pain. Helen burst into tears which she could not keep back. No; it was quite true, the picture could not know, the wind could not know what was to come. And yet—

Drummond had never seen his wife suffer

from nerves or fancies, and it half-amused, half-affected him, and went to his heart. He was even pleased, the simple-minded soul, and flattered by the sense of protection and strength which he felt in himself. He liked nothing better than to caress and soothe her. He took her back to the drawing-room and placed her on a sofa, and read the new book of poetry to her which she had taken such a fancy to. Dear foolishness of womankind! He liked to feel her thus dependent upon his succour and sympathy; and smiled to think of any omen that could lie in the howling of a wind, or the rising of a summer storm.

WILL O' THE WISP.

A Ballad written for Elari, on a Stormy Night.

JUST an inch high,
With a body all yellow,
A bright crimson eye
And limbs all awry,
Wakes the queer little fellow—
Yes, awakes in the night,
Rubs his eyes in a fright,
Yawns, hearks to the thunder,
While the glowworms all set
Round his cradle so wet,
Stare at him in wonder.
How it blows! how it rains!
How the thunder refrains!
While the glowworms so wan
As they gather together
Hear the quaint little man
Squeak faintly "What weather!"
"Who is his father?
Who is his mother?"
They cry as they gather,
And puzzle, and pother—
Such a queer little chap,
Just new-born in a nap!
And such antics are his
As he springs on his bed,
Such a comical phiz,
Such a head,
Shining red!
Hark again,
Midst the rain
Roars the thunder—and crashes,

And the lightning
Is bright'ning
In wild blue flashes!
"Here's fun! here's a din!"
Cries Will with a grin—
"I'll join in the play—
It's darker than pitch
In this hole of a ditch,
What a place to be born in—I'm off and away."

Out on the heath
It rains with a will.
The Wind sets his teeth
And whistles right shrill.
All is darkness and sound,
All is blindness and splashing:
The pools on the ground
Glimmer wet in the flashing—
Up and down, round and round,
With a leap and a bound,
Goes the little one dashing.
"O what fun!" out he screams
At the wild blue beams
As they flicker and pass.
Then he squats down and seems
With his nose's red gleams
Like a lamp in the grass:—
Then, mid rain washing down, and the thunder still
busy
He flies spinning round, till he pauses, half dizzy.

How dark and how still,
 In the arm of the hill,
 Lies the hamlet asleep—
 While the wind is so shrill,
 And the darkness so deep !
 Down the street all is dark,
 And closed is each shutter ;
 And he pauses to mark
 His face like a spark
 In the black polish'd gutter.
 But see ! what a streak
 Gleams out from the inn !
 Over head with a creak,
 And a groan and a squeak,
 Shakes the sign ; while the din
 Comes harsh from within.
 Hark !—the jingling of glasses,
 The singers refrain !
 Will stops as he passes
 And peeps through the pane,
 Dripping, slippery with rain.
 There they sit and they joke
 In the gray cloud of smoke,
 While the jolly old host,
 With his back to the fire,
 Stands warm as a toast,
 And doth smile and perspire.
 Grave, thin, and pedantic,
 The schoolmaster sits,
 While, in argument frantic
 With riotous wits,
 The maker of boots
 Still in apron of leather,
 Thumps the board and disputes,
 Contradicts and confutes ;
 And like sparrows collected, all birds of a feather,
 All smoking long pipes, and all nodding together,
 The Wiseacres gather, screen'd snug from the weather.

Great, broad, and brown,
 Stands the jug on the board,
 And the ale is poured,
 And they quaff it down.
 How it froths, fresh and strong,
 Warm, sweet, full of spice !
 Will's beginning to long
 For a sip,—'tis so nice !
 So he whispers the Wind,
 Who runs round from the lane
 And they creep in behind,
 And the Wind tries to find
 An entrance in vain.
 Then "The chimney !" cries Will,
 And the Wind laughs out shrill,

And leaps at one bound
 To the roof up on high,
 While the chimneys all round
 Tremble and cry.
 One moment he pauses
 Up yonder, and draws his
 Breath deep and strong,
 Then dives like a snake,
 While the dwelling doth quake,
 To the room where they throng.
 Hoho ! with one blow
 Out the lights go,
 Dark and silent is all.
 But the fire burns low
 With its ghost on the wall.
 "What a night, ah here's weather !"
 All murmur together
 With voices sunk low,
 While softly slips Will
 In the jug, drinks his fill,
 And is turning to go,
 When a hand, while none mark,
 Lifts the jug in the dark ;
 'Tis the cobbler so dry
 Seeks to drink on the sly.
 Tarala ! pirouette !
 Will springs at his nose,
 The jug is upset,
 And the liquor o'erflows.
 "What's that ?" all exclaim,
 Leaping up with a shout,
 While the cobbler in shame,
 With nose all aflame,
 Cries "The *Devil* no doubt !"
 And as fresh lights are brought
 These birds of a feather,
 Think it quite a new thought
 To nod gravely together,
 Crying hot and distraught,
 "Well, indeed ! this is weather !"

Tarala ! pirouette !
 Out again in the wet !
 Like a small dancing spark,
 With his face flashing bright
 In the black dripping dark,
 Goes the elf of the night.
 Hark ! from the church-tower,
 Slowly chimeth the hour !
 Twelve times low and deep,
 Comes the chime through the shower
 On the village asleep ;—
 And where ivies enfold
 The belfry, doth sit,

Huddled up from the cold,
The owl gray and old,
With "Toowhoo" and "Toowhit!"
"Heigho!"—yawns poor Will—
"Time for bed, by the powers!"

And he lights on a sill,
Among flower-pots and flowers,
And just as he seems

To slumber inclined,
A white hand forth-gleams
From within, and the blind
Is drawn back, and O dear!

What a beautiful sight!
Clari's face doth appear

Looking out at the night,
And Clari doth stand,
With the lamp in her hand,
In her bedgown of white—

Her hair runs like gold on her shoulders, and fills
With gleams of gold-shadow her tucks and her frills,
And her face is as sweet as a star, and below
Her toes are like rose-buds that peep among snow.

Breathless with wonder,
Quiet and still,
He crouches under
The pots on the sill;
Then the blind closes slow,
And the vision doth fade,
But still to and fro

On the blind moves the shade—
There! out goes the light,
Will lifts up his head,
All is darker than night,
She is creeping to bed.

O light be her rest!
She steals into her nest,
Without a beholder,
And the bed, soft and warm,
Swells up round her form
To receive and enfold her!

[The wind is increasing,
But the rain is ceasing,
And blown up from the west
Comes the moon wan and high,
With a cloud on her crest,
And a tear in her eye.
Distraught and oppress,
She drifts wearily by!]

"Heigho!" yawns poor Will—
Still crouch'd down on the sill—
"How sleepy I feel!

There's a cranny up there
To let in the fresh air,—
Here goes! In I'll steal!"
So said and so done,

And he enters the room,
Where the dainty-limb'd one, like a lily in bloom,
Her face a dim brightness, her breath a perfume,
Sleeps softly. With noiseless invisible tread
The wanderer steals to the side of the bed
Where she lies, O how fair! so sweet and so warm,
While the white clothes sink round the soft mould of
her form;

One hand props her cheek, and one unespied
Lies rising and falling upon her soft side.
Will floats to and fro, and the light that he throws
Just lights this or that as she lies in repose,
Leaving all the rest dark. See! he hops 'mong her
hair,

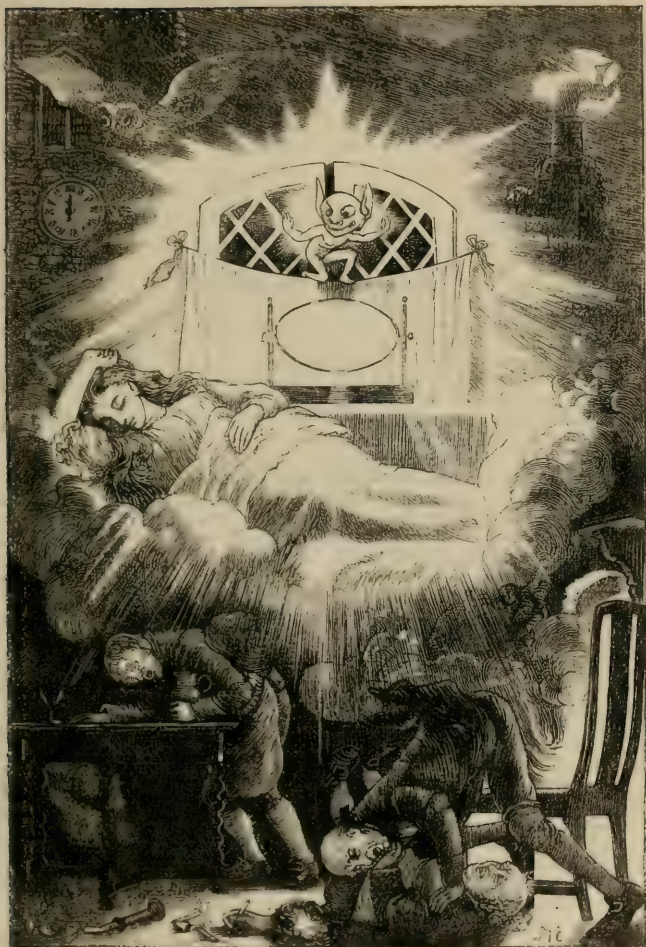
And shines like a jewel;—then leans down to stare
In her face,—and his ray as he trembles and spies
Just flashes against the white lids of her eyes;—
While her breath—O her breath is so sweet and so
fine,

Will drinks and turns dizzy—his joy is divine,
And his light flashing down shows the red lips
apart,
To free the deep fragrance that steals from her
heart.

Just an inch high,
With a body all yellow
A bright crimson eye,
And limbs all awry,
Stands the queer little fellow!
And Clari's sweet mouth
Just a little asunder,
Sweet with spice from the south,
Fills his spirit with wonder:
Such a warm little mouth!
Such a red little mouth!

The thin bud above, and the plump blossom under!
"Heigho, heart's alive!

Here's a door, here I'll rest!"
And he takes one quick dive,
And slips into her breast!
And there may he thrive
Like a bird in a nest!
And Clari turns over
And flushes and sighs,
Pushes back the warm cover,
Half opens her eyes,
Then sinking again
Warm, languid, and bright,



With new bliss in her brain,
 Dreams—such dreams—of delight !
 She tosses and turns
 In visions divine ;
 For within her Will burns
 Like the lamp in a shrine !

... And now you've the reason that Clari is gay,
 As a bird on the bough or a brooklet at play ;
 And now you've the reason why Clari is bright,

Why she smiles all the day and is glad all the night ;
 For the light having entered her bosom remains,
 Darts fire to her glances and warmth thro' her veins,
 Makes her tricksy and merry, yet full of the power
 Of the wind and the rain, and the storm and the
 shower ;

Half wise in the ways of the world, and half simple,
 As sly as a kiss is, as deep as a dimple,—
 A spirit that sings like a bird on a tree,—
 "I love my love, and my love loves me !"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

WHAT I DID WITH A SHILLING.

ONE foggy evening at the commencement of November, 1871, I was returning hurriedly home, when passing a flaring gin-shop I noticed coming out of it a labouring man and woman. From the few words of conversation I heard passing between them, it appeared that the man, after receiving his wages, instead of going directly homewards, had entered a public-house, and his wife, having found him in it, was scolding him severely for wasting his money in so useless a manner. The husband, who appeared half drunk, endeavoured to exculpate himself to his better-half. The last words I heard him utter before he and his wife were lost in the fog were, "Well, come now, I've only spent a shilling, so it's not much loss—what can a fellow do with a shilling?"

Possibly from the half-drunken, mock-dignified tone he made use of when he uttered the words, "What can a fellow do with a shilling?" they remained persistently on my mind during the evening, and when I awoke the next morning they were still fresh in my memory. On taking my seat at the breakfast-table the words again occurred to me, and on putting the question to myself, I replied—"I'll try."

I opened the teacaddy, and from it took, perhaps, half an ounce of tea, which I placed in the teapot, and, having poured on the boiling water, left it to draw, turning over the while in my mind the history and adventures of the half ounce of tea, from its first starting into life on the plantations of Assam till it came into my possession, and the cost it had incurred.

I began by watching an imaginary coolie plucking the leaf in a tea garden some twenty miles from Gowhaty, the capital of the province. It occupied the coolie but a few moments, and he placed it in a basket with some other leaves he had collected. When

the basket was filled it was taken by another coolie to the tea-house, where each separate petal was rolled up between the fingers of an Assamese woman, and then placed on an iron drying-stove. There it was kept till the drying process was over, and then it was put into a bag, carried to the elephant-cart, and taken to Gowhaty. There had been some heavy rain, and the journey occupied two days. My half-ounce of tea was then carried to the packing-house, where some Assamese carpenters had prepared a chest lined with lead for it, and some eighty pounds more of the same quality, and all was then carefully soldered down, so that its flavour and fragrance might not be lost during its journey to England.

The tea being packed, some other coolies took it to the river-side to await the steamer which was to carry it down the Bramapootra to Calcutta, where at length it arrived safely, having suffered no damage on the way.

At Calcutta the chest containing my tea was taken on shore, and placed in the charge of a merchant, and after having passed through different formalities and been handled by many men, it was placed on board a ship bound to England *via* Suez Canal. On landing in England other men were employed to unship the chest, and it was lodged in the dock warehouses. Afterwards it was sold at a public auction by a tea broker to a wholesale grocer, who, having employed one of his clerks to pay the duty at the Custom-house, sold it to a retail tradesman, who in his turn sold it to my servant. And thus my half-ounce of tea had assisted in procuring the means of existence and superfluities of life to the coolies and tea-packers in Assam, the sailors on the steamer on the Bramapootra, the different agencies and porters at Calcutta, the wages of the seamen on the ship which brought it to

England, the profits of the tea brokers, wholesale and retail grocers in London, besides many other individuals, and was at length placed in my teapot at the small cost to me of one penny—the tea having been purchased of the grocer at three shillings a pound.

As I considered the tea to be now fully drawn, I proceeded to put the sugar in the cup. How much sugar shall I use? As I have a sweet tooth in my head, say an ounce and a half for my breakfast. This sugar was grown in the West Indies. The cane was afterwards cut down, placed between rollers, the juice extracted from it and evaporated in boilers, and the evaporation being completed, the sugar deposited was placed in hogsheads and sent to Kingstown. A number of persons were there employed to place it in the hold of the ship, and the insurance was paid upon it. It was then landed in London and sent to the docks, many hands and much machinery being employed in doing so. From the docks it was taken to the sugar refiners, where it was made into loaf sugar, and afterwards sold to the retail tradesman, who, having cut it up into small pieces, it was bought by my servant, and placed on my breakfast-table ready for use. The sugar for my breakfast had contributed to pay the wages of the black workmen in Jamaica and the profits of the planter, the loss by wear of his machinery, and the wages of the men who placed it on board the vessel. Then there were the wages of the sailors on its journey home, the wages of the dock labourers, the profits of the sugar refiner, the profits of the retail grocer who sold it to me, and many other agencies, till at length it was placed on my breakfast-table at a cost of something less than a halfpenny, the retail price being sixpence a pound.

The milk is easily accounted for. Whatever the farmer's cost or trouble might have been, the milkmaid or boy or man who milked the cows at midnight or before daylight in the morning so that it might be ready for my breakfast, and the man who brought it to my house in the morning, certainly all did a vast amount of work for the small cost of one halfpenny. But, after all, it sunk into insignificance when compared with the wonders done by the pennies invested in the tea and sugar.

And now what else have I to account for in the expenditure of my shilling? There are two hot rolls on the table. I am somewhat undecided whether the flour they were made from was grown in England or the Western States of America, or whether it

came from Odessa or some port in the Baltic. Let us say Odessa, as that will form about an average distance. The corn must have been grown in the Russian empire, and sent from Odessa to England by steamer, where it passed through different formalities, and many merchants' and tradesmen's hands, till the flour reached my baker. During the night his journeymen were employed in preparing the dough, so that the rolls might be taken from the oven and placed hot upon my table for breakfast. The flour which composed them had thus in its due proportion given employment to the farmer, and his labourers in Russia, the merchants and their various staffs of officials and porters in Odessa, contributed to the shipowner's profits, the wages of the crew and many other persons in England, including the baker and his men, till at last it was placed on my table in the shape of two nice hot rolls for the sum of twopence.

And now I have to account for two pats of Brittany butter. I leave the reader to imagine the different processes they passed through from the time the cows were milked in France till the pats of butter were placed on my breakfast-table. The cost, perhaps, of the two pats of butter would be only twopence, and yet the labour and intelligence of many scores of individuals had been brought into action to procure it, each in his turn receiving some benefit from the small sum my servant had invested for me in that delicacy.

What else have I for my breakfast? There is a box of remarkably fine sardines open on the table, and a dish with a cover over it, from which escapes a certain odour, telling in the clearest manner that a Yarmouth bloater ready cooked is concealed there from my sight. I did not want more than one of the delicacies, but, as I had yet a considerable balance of my shilling to invest, I took from the tin box a very fine sardine. The fish had been caught in the Mediterranean, then taken on shore, prepared in oil, and placed in a neatly-made tin box, which was filled up with oil, and the lid soldered down. It was then sold to a merchant, who exported it to London, where again it passed through many hands prior to its being placed on the plate before me; while I, like a beneficent genii, had called into play no end of industries and trades for the small charge of one halfpenny; for on counting the contents of the box, for which I had paid one shilling, I found in it twenty-four fish.

I have now the herring to account for.

To describe the various processes it had gone through since the fisherman had extracted it from his net till it was cooked and placed on my table would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say, if the herring had not called into action so many agencies as the sardine, benefits had accrued from it to many persons—so many, in fact, as almost to make me believe that in eating my breakfast, surrounded by every comfort, and thus judiciously investing my shilling, I was playing the part of an amiable and benevolent philanthropist, well deserving the gratitude of my species. The idea how much humanity was indebted to me for my philanthropy occupied my thoughts during the whole of my breakfast, and when I rose from the table, and seated myself in an easy chair by the fire to enjoy my newspaper, I did so with that calm, placid feeling which we all experience after having done in secret a meritorious action. But a few moments afterwards I had reason to believe that I had vastly underrated my benevolent and wonder-working powers. In fact, the investment of another penny of my shilling had produced marvels a thousand times greater than all the other sums I had mentioned put together.

I had taken from my table my newspaper—the *Daily News*. Through its means I had obtained copies of the telegraphic despatches which arrived in the course of the night. They told me that the assassins of Generals Thomas and Lecomte had been condemned to the death which, in my opinion, they so well deserved, and that several others had been pardoned; also another telegraphic despatch from Lyons telling me the somewhat uninteresting fact that the Count de Chambord denies the rumour of his intention to abdicate. Several other despatches from Paris I also receive uninteresting to myself, and possibly so to the reader. From Berlin I receive a telegraphic despatch of the night before, informing me, among other matters, that the Imperial chancellor was about to lay a final coinage law before the government during next session. From Rome also I receive telegraphic despatches without anything particularly interesting in them. I have several also from Madrid which arrived the previous night, the most interesting among them notifying a proposal for the sale of Cuba. And then comes another despatch from Coblenz, informing me that late last night a powder magazine had been blown up, by which two or three persons were killed, and several wounded. From Washington also I had a copy of a telegraphic despatch telling me the cotton

crops were looking better, and also detailing the state of the New York money market. Then follow several admirably written notices and reviews of different books, both American and English; letters from correspondents, more or less interesting; and several cleverly written leading articles. The Court Circular, among other matters, gives me information that the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod preached yesterday before her Majesty at Balmoral. Then I have all Saturday's police and law news, and as much other well written literary matter as would suffice (in quantity) to fill a three-volume novel. And all this procured by the very judicious investment of another penny from my shilling.

Among other matters in the newspaper was the judgment in a lawsuit in which a favourite niece of mine, residing in Sydney, New South Wales, was interested. I immediately folded up the paper, and, having directed it to her, I invested another penny of my shilling in a postage-stamp, and then forwarded the paper to the post-office, from whence, through divers agencies, it will be carried fifteen thousand miles, and at length be placed safely in my niece's hands. Let me see now how my account stands:—Tea, 1*d.*; sugar, ½*d.*; milk, ½*d.*; sardine, ½*d.*; bloater, 1*d.*; bread, 2*d.*; butter, 2*d.*; paper, 1*d.*; postage, 1*d.*; total, 9½*d.*

The reader will perceive that I had still a balance of 2½*d.* in my favour. What shall I do with it? Shall I give it in charity, or save it, or put it to the cost of my next breakfast? At first I liked the idea of the charity investment, but then I remembered the persons to whom I might give it would be regular whining street mendicants, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of whom are impostors, and thus my alms might do more harm than good. The idea of carrying it over to the account of my next morning's breakfast rather pleased me at first, from an economical point of view. If I adopted the same course five mornings consecutively, on the sixth I might obtain my breakfast gratuitously. Still, I did not feel satisfied with the arrangement. It was selfish to throw over the charity portion of the question in so unceremonious a manner, even though I could not close my eyes to the fact that penny almsgiving was a very injudicious application of "that most excellent gift." And then the idea struck me whether it would not be possible to put the 2½*d.* to such a profitable use as should not only pay me a great deal more than the value of one breakfast, but return me sufficient surplus to

allow me to give a sovereign to the funds of the Scottish Hospital in London, where I knew it would be judiciously distributed. I determined to make the attempt. I invested another halfpenny of my shilling in a postal card, and sent by it a message to the Editor of this periodical, who, as the *Daily News* informed me, was then at Balmoral, asking if he would allow the narrative of "What I Did with a Shilling" to appear in the columns of GOOD WORDS. Having, by return of post, received a reply in the affirmative, I sent my servant with the 2*d.* balance still remaining in my hand to a stationer's, telling her to bring me back as many sheets of foolscap paper as she could get for the money. She returned with three, and I then occupied the next two hours in writing out clearly for the press the manner in which I had invested my shilling.

I now took the article to GOOD WORDS Office, and shall receive for it as much as will, in all probability, supply me for a hundred days with sufficient funds for similar breakfasts to the one I have partaken of this

morning, one hundred copies of the *Daily News*, giving me every morning the latest intelligence, including, when the House sits, voluminous parliamentary reports, collected by gentlemen of high education, brought to the printing office perhaps at one A.M. after each debate had taken place, then set up in type, printed, and placed on my breakfast table, still damp from the press. After having read each paper I shall forward it to my niece in Sydney, a distance of 15,000 miles, making a continuous distance for the whole hundred papers carried of not less than 1,500,000 miles, or in other words more than fifty times the circumference of the world, while the surplus expended in paper, and omitting the sardine at breakfast, will afford me a balance over equal to the sum I propose sending to the Scottish Hospital.

And now, gentle reader, tell me candidly: if truth is not often stranger than fiction? If you do not agree with me, then tell me any fairy tale you ever read which contained anything more wonderful than "What I Did with a Shilling."

WILLIAM GILBERT.

TENDRILS AND CLIMBING PLANTS.

Notes from Mr. Darwin.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

A SHORT paper upon Tendrils and Climbing Plants was published by Mr. Darwin some years ago in a scientific periodical which comes into the hands of few but scientific men, and is now out of print. It is a perfect model of accurate and delicate observation, and the help to be derived from it towards the enjoyment of what we ought to see around us is so great, that a sketch of its contents is here attempted, in order that a more general public may share the benefit of Mr. Darwin's teaching as to the manner in which nature should be watched and questioned.

It is a proof of how dull and unobservant we most of us are, that such beautiful contrivances should so long have passed unnoticed. The absence of intelligent perception among men in general must indeed be great when these simple observations of objects which are before us all were never made until a German botanist, M. Hugo Mohl, wrote a paper upon the revolving motion in tendril-bearing plants in 1827. This was followed by two memoirs in 1843 by a Frenchman, M. Dutrochet, while the great circle of cosmopolitan science is carried on by the American Mr. Asa Gray, and finally by the Englishman

who has thus methodised and interpreted the whole subject.

Plants mount and cling by four different methods. Firstly, those which twine their whole bodies round a support, like the Hop, the Honeysuckle, and Wistaria; next those which hang on by their leaves, like the Clematis; thirdly, the "real tendril-bearers," as the Passion-flower; and, lastly, the Hook and Root Climbers.

These all have the most determined likes and dislikes, and will only do exactly as they please, *when they please*. For instance, one particularly dainty Australian plant refused to cling to the thin or thick sticks, branched twigs, or stretched strings supplied to it by Mr. Darwin, but hung out its long arms helplessly in the air, until at length a pot with a second set of uprights having been placed alongside, it found what it wanted, *i.e.*, a number of little parallel posts, when it immediately travelled laterally backwards and forwards between them quite happily, with a sort of weaving process, sometimes embracing several supports at once, such as its parents had been accustomed to in the thick scrub at home.

Some of the Bignonias are wonderfully clever in their ways. One of them ascends an upright smooth stick by spirally twining round it, and "seizing it alternately by two tendrils, like a sailor pulling himself up by a rope hand over hand." Another of the family is "the most efficient climber" which Mr. Darwin knows, "and could probably ascend a polished stem incessantly tossed by heavy storms."

The tastes and distastes of the Virginian Creeper are especially strong. It does not approve of sticks or boughs, but when it meets with a flat wall, or even a smooth board, it turns all its tendrils, which bear a number of branches on each stem like fingers, towards it, and spreading them widely apart, brings their hooked tips into close contact with the surface. The curved ends then swell, become bright red, and form neat little cushions—like those of the feet of a fly—which adhere so tightly that even after the plant is dead they may be found still sticking fast to their places. A strain of two pounds has been borne by the single branchlet of a dead tendril estimated to have been nearly ten years exposed to the weather.

Tendrils have a curious tendency to turn away from the light. In one instance Mr. Darwin placed a plant of Bignonia—with six tendrils pointing different ways—in a box, with one side open to the light, set obliquely: in two days all six were turned, with unerring accuracy, to the darkest corner, though to do this each had to bend in a different manner. Their habit of inserting their tips into all the little dark holes and crevices they can find, by which they assist their chief to ascend, is perhaps owing to this taste for darkness. In some cases they have been seen to try a small fissure, and when for some reason it does not suit their taste, to withdraw their little noses again, and choose another more convenient, after a manner which in an animal would be called instinct. Indeed it is most difficult to define the limits either of intelligence or motion—both of which we are apt to confine to animals—when we find that the young shoots of Spiral Twiners, and indeed of many other climbers, have an extraordinary revolving motion in search of a support. Some of these move in a course *with* the sun, or the hands of a clock, *i.e.*, from left to right; but a still larger number revolve in an opposite direction. To take very common instances: the Hop turns *with* the sun's course, the garden Pea *against* it. In the case of one revolving tendril which Mr. Darwin watched attentively, he says, "it

travelled so rapidly that it could be distinctly seen moving, like the hands of a gigantic clock." The tip of the shoot, thirty-one inches long, upon another plant standing in a pot on the study table of this indefatigable observer, revolved in a course opposed to the sun, making a circle of above five feet in diameter, and sixteen in circumference, in a time varying from five hours and a quarter to six hours and three quarters, so that it travelled at the rate of thirty-two to thirty-three inches in the hour. "It was an interesting spectacle to watch this long shoot, sweeping night and day this grand circle in search of some object round which to twine."

If the tendrils can catch nothing they contract into a close spire, or sometimes turn round and hook themselves on to the stem behind, serving thus to strengthen it. A

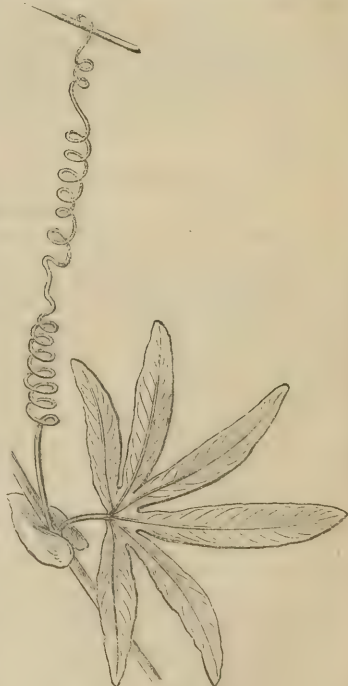


Fig. 1.

tendril begins by being long and straight, with an extremely sensitive end, which has a

tendency to curl round a support, like the tail of a monkey. As soon as it has secured its hold it begins to contract spirally, and the consequence of being tied at both ends (as may be seen by twisting a string thus fastened) is that the spires turn in contrary directions, with a short straight portion between. The two sets are the same in number (whether consisting of over thirty or only four turns), though often distributed differently. Here, for instance (fig. 1), in the caught tendril of a Passion-flower, are five in one direction, then seven on the opposite tack, and the addition made even by the remaining two required to complete the sum being added by themselves at the end where it has taken hold. There is an odd number only apparently while the plant is preparing to add a twist to the lacking account, which is done as soon it has the means.

The extreme elasticity of this species of support enables plants of a most delicate structure to brave a violent storm. "I have gone out," says Mr. Darwin, "to watch the Bryony on an exposed hedge, as the branches were tossed to and fro by the wind. Unless the tendrils had been excessively elastic they would have been torn off, and the plant thrown prostrate. As it was, the Bryony safely rode out the gale, like a ship with two anchors down, and with a long range of cable ahead to serve as a spring as she surges to the storm." He might even have added that it has the advantage of the new chain over the old hemp cables, the spires answering to the relief given by the links of the chain.

A very perfect specimen of tendril is that of the *Cobæa*; it is much branched, and each tiny finger is terminated by a minute hook, hard, transparent, sharp as a needle. "On an eleven-inch tendril I counted ninety-four of these beautifully constructed little hooks." Every part of every branch is highly sensitive, and the tendrils catch hold with peculiar readiness. All its operations, too, are conducted with unusual rapidity, and are therefore particularly well fitted for observation. A tendril, for instance, revolved only for thirty-six hours after the time when it first became sensitive, but during that period made at least twenty-seven revolutions. The "perfect manner in which the branches arrange themselves when they have caught a support, creeping like rootlets into crevices, is quite a pretty sight," and one which is the more easy to study as the upper surfaces of the branchlets are angular and green, and the lower sides are rounded and purple. The wind will often assist these extremely flexible tendrils to seize

a distant twig, which it could not have reached by its revolving movement.

The provident Vine puts forth a strong tendril just under its flower (fig. 2)—although this is of course quite light, and stands upright—in order to be ready to support the cluster of grapes when it comes, which it knows will

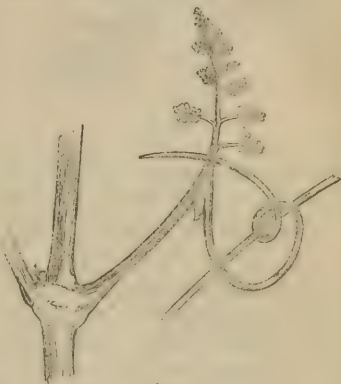


Fig. 2

hang down, and be too heavy for the stalk alone. This looking forward and making provision for future wants is very curious.

The Leaf Climber, such as that of the *Clematis* (fig. 3), is very pretty and efficient, the leaf stalk curling round its support and doing duty as tendril.

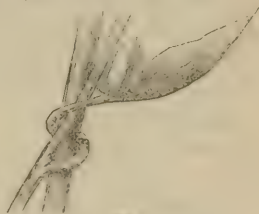


Fig. 3

A variety developed from the stalk of a composite leaf like the *Lathyrus*, or *Everlasting Pea*, seems to form a connecting link between the two classes of tendrils proper and leaf climbers. And the *Maurandea* (fig. 4) shows a curious variety where the footstalk of the flower has a twining grasping power.

Lastly come the Hook Climbers, such as the *Rose*, the least efficient of all, only fit to mount amongst tangled masses of vegetation, and the next lowest in dignity, the *Ivy*, which

cannot pass from branch to branch, and must creep along continuous surfaces, as its rootlets will only adhere by long-continued and



Fig. 4.

close contact with a steady support; but which has the intelligence to change the form of its leaves and shoots, and omit the rootlets upon them, when it has reached the top of the wall or tree, and there is no longer any use for these in climbing further.

The whole question of the power of motion in living things is extremely curious. It cannot be said to belong exclusively to animals, since, when it is necessary for the well-being of plants, they are capable of acquiring a certain amount of it. As, however, their food is brought to them by the wind and rain, and by the ground to which they are fastened, their wants, in the general way, are limited. The spontaneous revolving motion first described is the most interesting of all, because it is continuous, and seems to depend upon no outward stimulus, but is contingent upon the youth of the part and upon its vigorous health. There are other movements, however, such as that of the pistil and stamens at a particular period of plant life—and the periodical closing and opening of petals, which takes place with the presence and absence of light—as when

"A daisy whose leaves spread,
Shuts when Titan goes to bed."

The manner also in which tendrils can change their direction when this is found to be for the benefit of the plant to which they belong, is truly wonderful, turning sometimes upwards to grasp a support above, sometimes downwards to serve as grapnels, sometimes dividing their forces, and crawling as it were over a surface to fix their claws into the holes which are most likely to be of use in assisting the shoots to ascend. "Some of the most perfect tendril bearers rise high in the scale of organisation." They may be seen putting out their tendrils ready for action like the tentaculæ of a polypus—bending to and from the light, or not in the least attending to it, as is most advantageous to the welfare of the

plant, their master—during several days the internodes or tendrils, or both, spontaneously revolve with a steady motion till they strike an object, when the tendrils upon them grasp it firmly—in the course of some hours these contract into a spire, dragging up the stem, and forming an excellent spring. When the work required is done all movement ceases, the tissues of the tendrils become wonderfully strong and durable; they have finished their task in the most admirable, one might say intelligent, manner.

Indeed there is something almost ludicrously human in some of the descriptions. "A tendril which has not become attached to any body, shrinks to a fine thread, and drops off," or else hardens into "a useless self-involved spire." Such people, attached to no body or thing, and withering mentally and morally, or becoming "useless fine self-involved spires," are only too common in everybody's acquaintance. In another place it is said "that the gain in strength and durability in a tendril after its attachment is something wonderful," and there can be no doubt that the "increase in strength" and worth of a character which has become strongly "attached" to a proper "object" is astonishing.

One great charm of these investigations is that they may be carried out almost anywhere. There is no better specimen of the revolutions both of the internodes of stems and of tendrils than in the common Pea, which was, indeed, studied most accurately by Dutrochet, who gives an elaborate diagram of its elliptical motions.

In the most ordinary garden, where a row of Peas or of French Beans is to be found, and where the Ivy and Honey-suckle cover the walls—in the most uninteresting country walk, where, at least, the Bryony, Traveler's Joy, and Wild Rose may be found in the hedges—on the window-sill of a dark little town house, from which a Cobæa or Convolvulus may be trained, or in the backyard, where a few pots of Nasturtium, Cucumber, or Hop are kept, it will be found possible to observe and enjoy these exquisite contrivances towards an end. But how few of us trouble ourselves to see what is before our eyes, or to understand what is going on under our very noses!

To help the many, before whom these and similar delicate operations of nature are thus going on unnoticed—to look out for an interest so pleasant and so easily attainable—to teach us what to observe, and how to look at it, these observations of Mr. Darwin's are indeed invaluable.

THE OLD GARDEN.

I.

I STOOD in an ancient garden
 With high red walls around ;
 Over them gray and green lichens
 In shadowy arabesque wound.

The topmost climbing blossoms
 On fields kine-haunted looked out ;
 But within were shelter and shadow,
 And daintiest odours about.

There were alleys and lurking arbours—
 Deep glooms into which to dive ;
 The lawns were as soft as fleeces—
 Of daisies I counted but five.

The sun-dial was so aged
 It had gathered a thoughtful grace ;
 And the round about of the shadow
 Seemed to have furrowed its face.

The flowers were all of the oldest
 That ever in garden sprung ;
 Red, and blood-red, and dark purple,
 The rose-lamps flaming hung.

Along the borders fringed
 With broad thick edges of box,
 Stood foxgloves and gorgeous poppies,
 And great-eyed hollyhocks.

There were junipers trimmed into castles,
 And ash-trees bowed into tents ;
 For the garden, though ancient and pensive,
 Still wore quaint ornaments.

It was all so stately fantastic,
 Its old wind hardly would stir :
 Young Spring, when she merrily entered,
 Must feel it no place for her.

II.

I stood in the summer morning
 Under a cavernous yew ;
 The sun was gently climbing,
 And the scents rose after the dew.

I saw the wise old mansion,
 Like a cow in the noonday-heat,
 Stand in a lake of shadows
 That rippled about its feet.

Its windows were oriel and latticed,
 Lowly and wide and fair ;
 And its chimneys like clustered pillars
 Stood up in the thin blue air.

White doves, like the thoughts of a lady,
 Haunted it in and out ;
 With a train of green and blue comets,
 The peacock went marching about.

The birds in the trees were singing
 A song as old as the world,
 Of love and green leaves and sunshine,
 And winter folded and furled.

They sang that never was sadness
 But it melted and passed away ;
 They sang that never was darkness
 But in came the conquering day.

And I knew that a maiden somewhere,
 In a sober sunlit gloom,
 In a nimbus of shining garments,
 An aureole of white-browed bloom,

Looked out on the garden dreamy,
 And knew not that it was old ;
 Looked past the grey and the sombre,
 And saw but the green and the gold.

III.

I stood in the gathering twilight,
 In a gently blowing wind ;
 And the house looked half uneasy,
 Like one that was left behind.

The roses had lost their redness,
 And cold the grass had grown ;
 At roost were the pigeons and peacock,
 And the dial was dead gray stone.

The world by the gathering twilight
 In a gauzy dusk was clad ;
 It went in through my eyes to my spirit,
 And made me a little sad.

Grew and gathered the twilight,
 And filled my heart and brain ;
 The sadness grew more than sadness,
 And turned to a gentle pain.

Browned and brooded the twilight,
 And sank down through the calm,
 Till it seemed for some human sorrows
 There could not be any balm.

IV.

Then I knew that up a staircase,
 Which untrod will yet creak and shake,
 Deep in a distant chamber,
 A ghost was coming awake.

In the growing darkness growing—
 Growing till her eyes appear,
 Like spots of a deeper twilight,
 But more transparent clear—

Thin as hot air up-trembling,
 Thin as sun-molten crape,
 The deepening shadow of something
 Taketh a certain shape ;

A shape whose hands are unlifted
To throw back her blinding hair ;
A shape whose bosom is heaving,
But draws not in the air.
And I know, by what time the moonlight
On her nest of shadows will sit,
Out on the dim lawn gliding
That shadow of shadows will flit.

v.

The moon is dreaming upward
From a sea of cloud and gleam ;
She looks as if she had seen us
Never but in a dream.
Down that stair I know she is coming,
Bare-footed, lifting her train ;
It creaks not—she hears it creaking.
For the sound is in her brain.
Out at some side-door she's coming,
With a timid glance right and left ;
Her look is hopeless yet eager,
The look of a heart bereft.
Across the lawn she is flitting,
Her eddying robe in the wind,
Her fair feet bending the grasses,
Her hair half-lifted behind.

vi.

Shall I stay to look on her nearer ?
Would she start and vanish away ?
Oh, no ! she will never see me,
If I stand as near as I may.
It is not this wind she is feeling,
Not this cool grass below ;

'Tis the wind and the grass of an evening
A hundred years ago.

She sees no roses darkling,
No stately hollyhocks dim ;
She is only thinking and dreaming
Of the garden, the night, and him ;
Of the unlit windows behind her,
Of the timeless dial-stone,
Of the trees, and the moon, and the shadows,
A hundred years ago.

'Tis a night for all ghostly lovers
To haunt the best-loved spot :
Is he come in his dreams to this garden ?
I gaze, but I see him not.

vii.

I will not look on her nearer—
My heart would be torn in twain ;
From mine eyes the garden would vanish
In the falling of their rain.
I will not look on a sorrow
That darkens into despair ;
On the surge of a heart that cannot—
Yet cannot cease to bear.
My soul to hers would be calling—
She would hear no word it said ;
If I cried aloud in the stillness,
She would never turn her head.
She is dreaming the sky above her,
She is dreaming the earth below :
For this night she lost her lover
A hundred years ago.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

THE RATHA JATRA OF SERAMPORE.

AMID a multitude of minor holidays of more or less importance in the eyes of different sects, there are two great festivals that stand forth as the red-letter seasons of the Bengalee calendar. The first is the Doorga Poojah, or festival of the goddess Doorga, the daughter of Himalaya, who relieved Earth from the oppression of giants. This to the Bengalee is a season hallowed by the tenderest associations, for it is the time when the scattered members of a family meet under the parental roof and unite together in celebrating the stately rites of their ancient religion. The Englishman, too, is under greater obligations to Doorga than to any saint in the Christian catalogue so far as holidays are concerned ; for the man thinks his lines very hard indeed who cannot spare a fortnight for recreation when the Doorga

Poojah comes round in the end of September or the beginning of October. Second in importance to the festival of Doorga only, is the Ratha Jatra, held in honour of Jaganatha, "the Lord of the World," who, under the designation of "Juggernaut," has obtained an evil notoriety with the British public. How opposite are the ideas suggested to the two races by the name ! The mention of Jaganatha calls up in our minds a gloomy picture of myriads of victims that have been mangled beneath the huge wheels of his ponderous car ; of the corpse-strewn coast of Pooree, black with dogs, jackals, and vultures, preying upon the carcases of deluded devotees ; of the high roads to Jaganatha's temples, marked by the bodies of pilgrims who have succumbed to fatigue, disease, or famine ; and of the obscene and odious rites

that were wont to characterise his worship. To the Hindoo the feast of Jaganatha is an occasion of reckless jollity; and he looks forward to it with much the same mixture of devout and jocular feelings that the Irish peasant has for a "pattern" day, or the Italian contadino for a "festa" of the Church. It would not perhaps be far wrong to say that the Doorga Poojah and the Ratha Jatra are respectively to the mass of Hindoos what Christmas and Mayday were to our English forefathers two hundred years ago.

About the beginning of June, or to speak more strictly, at the full moon of the month *Jaishthg*, according to the Bengalee almanack, crowds of all sorts and conditions of Hindoos may be seen crossing from Calcutta to the railway station at Howrah, on the "Surrey side" of the Hooghly; while the river is crowded with boats, all beating their way up the stream, and all bound for the good town of Serampore. Inside the station terrible confusion reigns. One can hardly pass along the platform for the hundreds of natives that lie and squat upon the stone pavement. Many of them are asleep, for they may have come a three or four days' journey, from Dacca and the swampy villages of Eastern Bengal, from the scattered townships of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, and from Midnapore and the Orissa border. These pilgrims belong generally to the lower classes: they are small farmers, or artisans, or common labourers perhaps, who, having scraped together a few rupees, take a trip to Jaganatha's shrine for their soul's weal. They are lightly dressed, some having no other garment than the *dhoti*, or waist-cloth, fastened round their loins. Those of better condition sport a cloak, or *chaddar*, of fine cotton or muslin, thrown loosely over the shoulders; it had been white when they started from home, but the journey has now changed it to a dusty tint. They all have a *hookha*, or water-pipe, with perhaps a napkinful of parched rice, and their little stock of money knit into a corner of their waist-cloth. There is also a goodly sprinkling of female pilgrims, from the grey-haired grandmother to the little girl of seven or eight, who has never left her home before, and who looks round with a timid, curious stare at the busy world about her. The women generally keep well in the rear of their male protectors, and shroud themselves from public gaze within their *saris*, as the single loose garment of the Bengalee female is termed.

But the crowd is not wholly vulgar. Here comes a Calcutta Baboo, clad in a semi-

oriental, semi-European costume, jerking his patent leather boots as jauntily as an English cavalry officer would clank his spurs. At his heels follows a train of poor relations and dependents, showing every variety of dress, from the gold-embroidered gown to the scanty cotton waist-cloth. Like the Highland chieftain, the Bengalee Baboo never goes abroad upon an occasion of ceremony without a "tail," the dimensions of which announce the position that he claims to hold in society. It was Mr. Thackeray, I think, who said that there is no Irish gentleman so poor but that he has a still poorer friend to run his errands. So it is with the Bengalee: he never sets out to visit a superior without a companion a degree or two more ragged than himself to enhance his importance. Next there presses through the crowd a tall Brahmin, whose simple white garment and sacred cord procure him more worship than all the Baboo's braveries. It seems strange to our ideas that this spare old man, all whose belongings, except his cow and mud cabin, are on his back or in his hand, should trace an undoubted descent to a period before Hengist and Horsa had dreamed of invading Britain; but his fair complexion, regular features, and high forehead, mark the purity of his Aryan origin. There are a few specimens of "Young Bengal" from the Presidency College and Missionary Institutions, who, in spite of their enlightenment, cannot forego a day's fun at Jaganatha's festival. Ask them how it happens that men of their intelligence and culture countenance a barbarous and idolatrous ceremonial, and they will shrug their shoulders and look foolish, pleading perhaps the national custom, or telling you about the Greeks and the Eleusinian mysteries, or some other classical excuse for the toleration of superstition. They laugh at Jaganatha, and make merry over the idea of a divinity lurking in an old log of gilded nim-wood; but still they cannot disguise the fact that they look with a warmth and interest towards the rude worship of their fathers and countrymen. The old Brahmin gazes with a sad curiosity at the young men as they talk glibly in the tongue of the foreigner, and thinks perhaps it is little wonder though the old faiths are losing their hold, when the youth of the country are being trained in such new-fangled accomplishments. Yonder stands a Bachelor of Arts of the University, who could run over the history of philosophy from Thales to Comte almost as succinctly as Mr. Lewes himself, and who knows far

more of Bishop Berkeley's views than either you or I do. To see him as he looks about, indifferent and almost contemptuous to the animation of the masses around him, one would say that he at least must be above the influences of superstition, and would scarcely believe it possible that three hours hence the same man will be whooping and dancing like a Corybant round the grim idol. But so much stronger are the sympathetic affections than judgments of the intellect.

By-and-by the railway carriages are brought up, and a terrible struggle and confusion ensue. Pilgrims who have never before set their foot on a train, have to be informed that a third-class ticket does not entitle the holder to a seat in the luxuriously cushioned first-class *coupé*. Friends lose sight of friends, and add to the turmoil by rushing through the crowd vociferating the names of the lost ones. Women are left behind, and stand staring disconsolately about them, or weeping. The railway officials huddle the natives into the train as if they were so many sheep; and at last the bell rings, the door is slammed in the face of the last group of pilgrims, who come running up panting from the ferry, and the train is whirling away through the scattered suburbs of Howrah into the bright green country beyond. The scenery is tame. To swamp, rice-field, and thick jungle succeed jungle and rice-field and swamp. Away to the left we catch a glimpse of the vast marshes, beloved of Calcutta fowls for the snipe and wild ducks and teal that haunt the fens. On the right we pass a huge, smoking paper-mill, looking as if it had dropped down from the clouds among the green woods and rustic cottages of Uttarparah. It was hither that the Calcutta Brahmins fled when they felt that the sanctity of their order had been invaded by the execution of the notorious Nandkumar in Warren Hastings' satrapy. It is an interesting village, rife with Brahminical associations; and it is ruled over by a fine specimen of the self-made Hindoo, the venerable Jye Kishen Mookerjee, a man who, had he lived in Mogul days, would in all probability have been the governor of a province. There is scarcely a house in Uttarparah that does not contain a graduate of the Calcutta University. But the train is speeding on while we are talking; Konnagar, with its little hamlet and station, is behind us; and soon we can discern the tall tops of Jaganatha's chariots rising over the trees on our right as we draw up to the Serampore station.

Let us get out of the ruck of pilgrims, and take a rapid drive through the town before the

Jatra commences. Serampore, or Sirampura, as it ought to be written, "the town of the auspicious Rama," lies upon the south side of one of the finest reaches on the river Hooghly, sixteen miles above Calcutta. Though but a small town, no provincial city in Bengal can boast of more interesting associations. But we note that many of the houses are now crumbling into ruins, and infer that Serampore must have seen better days. And so it has; for the prosperity of the town departed with its Danish masters. As we turn on to the principal street, stretching for three-quarters of a mile along the river bank, we see decay and ruin everywhere around us. The Danish Government House, still bearing King Christian's crown over the entrance, is now the residence of the local magistrate. The old warehouses and factories of his Danish majesty are now a mass of ruins on the other side of the little square, and the tiny saluting battery, bereft of its guns, is a smooth green sward. Close by Government House is the old church, originally Lutheran, but belonging now to the Church of England. Here, for many years Dr. Carey and Dr. Marshman, though themselves Baptists, led the devotions of the little European community, until a chapel was erected for the use of Dissenters at the other end of the town. Bishop Wilson was greatly attached to the picturesque little church, not the less so perhaps because his antagonists of the High Church party shrugged their shoulders when they spoke of an edifice which had never been consecrated, and in which the altar stood at the western extremity. The houses of the European and East Indian residents are generally stately, pillared buildings, whose white verandahs, mingling with the green shrubbery, present a very pleasing effect when viewed from the water. As we come out to the river-side, at the further end of the station, we have a fine view of the noble Hooghly, here fully half a mile broad, with Barrackpore lying high upon the opposite bank. Conspicuous among its buildings are the Governor-General's country-house standing upon the skirts of a fine park of several hundred acres, beautifully laid out in gardens, walks, and drives; and the *Nishan*, or "Flag-staff" bungalow, belonging to the Commander-in-chief. Lord Wellesley had designed that the Government Houses at Calcutta and Barrackpore should be palaces worthy of an Eastern Viceroy; but Leadenhall Street became alarmed at the outlay, and orders were sent out to retrench the expenditure upon both. Lord Wellesley, however, anticipating the

arrival of the despatch, abandoned the Barrackpore building that he might push on the completion of Government House at Calcutta, and consequently the country-seat, though a noble edifice, falls far short of the projection of its great founder. Barrackpore is a favourite residence of the Calcutta citizens, as Serampore would also be, but for the want of a bridge across the Hooghly at Calcutta, and the consequent delay and inconvenience in crossing the river to the railway station at Howrah.

But to return to Serampore—we are now in the vicinity of the Baptist Mission quarter, and some reminiscence of its great founders, the pioneers of Protestant Christianity in India, is awakened wherever we turn ourselves. Here Carey and Marshman, driven like malefactors from British territory, began to propagate Christianity among the natives under the protection of the Danes; and to set an example for all ages and all classes of undaunted courage, of sturdy independence, and of a self-denial which has not been surpassed in the world's history. Here they toiled for upwards of a quarter of a century, building schools, a college, a chapel, and a printing press; issuing translations of the Scriptures in many Eastern tongues; founding a written literature for the people of Bengal; and living upon fare as scanty as that of any Bengalee ryot, while they were amassing a large fortune for the benefit of their Society. The Society pocketed the money and scarcely said "Thanks;" but these great men had a better reward. The old mission-house, where Carey and Marshman resided, still stands on the river bank, side by side with the Baptist chapel. Farther on are the Serampore paper mills, now converted into a thriving jute factory, that supplied the old missionaries with paper for their publications. It was here that the first steam engine was set up in India. The Serampore College is a large and handsome building, with a valuable library, possessing the status of a University, including the power of conferring degrees, under the great seal of Denmark. Its academical functions are never brought into requisition, although its privileges were strictly guarded in the deed of cession to the East India Company. It now ranks merely as an educational institution affiliated to the Calcutta University. Aldeen House, standing in a fine park at the eastern extremity of the town, was the residence of David Brown, one of the earliest and worthiest of the Company's chaplains. Henry Martyn was a frequent guest at Aldeen; and there is a deserted pagoda standing on a high bluff overhanging the

river, which sweeps round the point with a rapid swirl, where Martyn loved to spend the evening in solitary meditation upon his great schemes for delivering the Asiatic races from the bonds of superstition. The deserted chamber of the idol often served as Martyn's bed-room; and it must have been with a feeling of triumph that the missionary laid himself down to rest in the chamber of the falling Dagon, and with thoughts of the time when every idol temple should be as deserted as that one.

A loud tomtomming and a confused roar of voices warn us that the festival has begun, and we retrace our route in the direction of Mahesh, a suburb of Serampore, where the rites of Jaganatha have been for ages celebrated. But to reach this centre of idolatry we must pass through a little Christian colony where the first Bengalee converts were settled by the early Serampore missionaries, and where their descendants still continue to reside. Jonnagar, as the Christian hamlet is called, derives its name from the proprietor, Mr. Marshman, the historian of India, who allows his Christian tenants to sit rent free, so long as their conduct is consistent with their creed. A little chapel stands close to the village, where a Bengalee service is held weekly in the presence of an attentive and devout congregation. Many missionary authorities denounce the formation of Christian communities, and would have converts sent abroad to convert others in turn. Be this as it may, the Jonnagar converts have been taught the important lesson that Christian kindness concerns itself with the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of humanity.

In an open space by the road-side some eight or ten thousand people are crowded together, shouting, pushing, and struggling towards a raised masonry platform in the centre of the throng, upon which the day's pageant is being set forth. High above the heads of the crowd stand half-a-dozen Brahmins with chaplets round their necks, and their temples bound with fillets of coloured silk. They chant a monotonous strain, probably a Vedic hymn, which sometimes swells into a shrill refrain, when it is caught up by numbers of the people. The eyes of the Brahmins and of the crowd are constantly turning towards the adjacent pagoda, whence a deafening noise of tomtoms and gongs comes rolling forth. Presently the crowd bursts out into a hoarse roar of delight, as, preceded by a group of minstrels and dancers, a body of Brahmins emerges from the temple, bearing in its centre a shapeless mass,

enveloped in drapery. On they march to the platform; and another wild yell of exultation announces their arrival at its foot. The covered mass is lifted up reverently upon the platform: another shout; the priests tear off the drapery: a still louder burst of applause; and the Lord of the World sits revealed to his votaries.

An ugly unprepossessing idol he is. His head is many sizes too large for his body, and his eyes many sizes too large for his head; so that we are tempted to wonder whether the artists who illustrated the books dear to our boyhood, could have taken their conception of an ogre from this member of the Hindoo pantheon. The image generally consists of only a memberless trunk, but to-day, Jaganatha is adorned with golden hands; perhaps that he may be the better able to receive the offerings of his devotees. The image is formed out of the wood of the nim tree (*melia azadirata*); and no crow or unclean bird of prey must ever have defiled its boughs. When the carpenter has done his work, the image is given to the priests, who consecrate it by mysterious and unknown rites. At Pooree, a man was selected by the priests to take out of the old idol a box of quicksilver, which represented the divine essence, and place it in the bosom of the new god. The person selected for this honour invariably died or disappeared within a few months; by the favour of the god said the priests; by foul play said the sceptical public.

While some of the Brahmins repeat *muntras* or incantations in which the crowd partially joins, others are bringing forward large jars of Ganges water, which they pour upon the head of the idol. When they have finished the crowd breaks forth into another great shout of adoration, and many prostrate themselves before the god. The *Snana Jatra*, or bathing festival, is now over, and those who have no offerings to make to Jaganatha's shrine disperse to their home, or seek hospitality in the town of Serampore. The Brahmins wipe their idol and carry it back to the temple, where his altar is soon piled with heaps of silver and offerings of sweetmeats or flowers; the priests loudly assuring the pious donors that their liberality has freed them from transmigration and secured them Jaganatha's eternal favour.

But the *Snana Jatra* is only the prelude to a more important ceremony. About a fortnight later, or on the second day of the new moon in the month *Ashara*, the *Ratha Jatra*, or car festival, commences. All this time crowds of pilgrims lounge about Serampore

and the vicinity, and the village of Mahesh presents the appearance of a daily fair. Both sides of the road are lined with temporary booths, in which all sorts of wares are offered for sale. For a few pice one may purchase pictures of all the Hindoo divinities, to whose native deformities and hideousness full justice is done by the aid of flaring red and yellow paint. The little nicknacks of the English country fair are displayed in tempting array. Here a plump Bengalee belle stands fascinated by a scrap of looking-glass, which she conjures the merchant, by the gods and by all that he holds dear or sacred, to let her have for two annas less. Ryots purchase their small stock of clothing for the year, or buy bangles and other ornaments for the women of their families. There are, of course, crowds of religious mendicants, who squat by the wayside, howling the praises of Jaganatha, and swaying their bodies to and fro in religious ecstasy. A small earthen jar or a tray lies before each devotee, to hold the alms of the charitable. Other beggars attempt to excite compassion by exhibiting their sores or deformities, and the good-natured Bengalee is easily melted to charity by a tale of woe, provided he has anything in his pocket. Even Islam is represented by a fakir or two, who have strolled hither, partly to see the fun, partly perhaps in the hope of sharing in the largesses of their Hindoo brothers in trade.

To obtain a good sight of the car festival, one must be early on the spot. The crowds on this occasion are far larger than at the *Snana Jatra*. Sometimes as many as from twelve to twenty thousand are assembled; and a quarter of a century ago, the average attendance must have been at least double the latter number. It must not, however, be imagined that all these people are there for the purpose of adoring Jaganatha, or that they have any expectation of obtaining those blessings which the Brahmins promise to the followers of the god. Many have come to buy and sell; more still for the sake of seeing the pageant and of sharing in the frolics of the festival; and a very large number for no earthly reason other than that they have always done so, as had their fathers before them. But there is a goodly sprinkling of really devout worshippers, distinguishable rather at the outset by their grave and reverential demeanour, than afterwards, when the whole gathering has become more or less intoxicated by excitement.

Serampore boasts of two *rathas*, or cars, standing within a quarter of a mile of each other. They belong to rival temples, and

each numbers its own host of friends and dependants. The cars are huge towers, thirty or forty cubits high, tapering in tiers to a round turret, in which the god takes his seat when he goes for an airing. They are drawn by twenty or four-and-twenty clumsy wheels beneath the base. The sides of the car are decorated with rude paintings, generally illustrating the amatory exploits of Krishna, and neither delicate nor artistic in character. Long cables, thicker than a steamer's hawser, extend for three or four hundred yards in front, and the crowd presses round the ropes, eager to secure a chance of pulling. The car is crowded with Brahmins and musicians, all in holiday attire, and decorated with flowers. The topmost chamber is veiled, to conceal the idol, who has been hoisted up *sans cérémonie*, and whom the priests are preparing for his journey. Since he was bathed at the Snana Jatra, Jaganatha has been under the treatment of his physicians for a severe cold, say the priests; and to-day he will take carriage exercise, to aid his recovery. A visit is paid to his mistress, Radha, whose temple stands at Radha-ballabhore, a hamlet on the Hooghly about a mile from the cars. While the music and shouting of the crowd mark each stage of preparation for the start, fresh arrivals continue to swell the throng. The local magnates come in carriages and palanquins, and the neighbouring Bengalee squires attend mounted upon elephants and followed by a ragged array of retainers, who carry rusty spears and pikes, that might, from their look, have done service in the Mahabharata. The officious Brahmins hang chaplets round the necks of those great personages, and usher them to a place of honour close to the car. By-and-by, Jaganatha's golden arms are brought from the temple and hoisted up to the top of the car. Two clumsy wooden horses, with their legs outstretched as if in the act of galloping, next make their appearance, and are yoked by stout ropes to the front of the car. At last all is completed. Jaganatha is unveiled, and the ugly little god, accompanied by his brother and sister, Balarama and Subhadra, is ready to start. The officiating Brahmins take their places on the front of the car, a postillion bestrides each of the horses, a gong is loudly clashed, and the word given to pull. The car creaks and sways, but still remains rooted to the spot, although a thousand arms are strained to remove it. At last the soil, rather than the car, yields, and with a loud, hollow rumble the huge mass is set in motion. Men

pull for very life, as the Brahmins urge them to greater exertions. Before the car a band of young men are dancing and singing the praises of Jaganatha; behind, crowds are rushing to gather handfuls of the sacred soil upon which the car has stood for the preceding twelve months, which is regarded as a specific for all mortal ailments. The drawers soon halt to take breath, and a procession has meanwhile departed to meet the god Krishna, who comes forth from another temple to greet "the Lord of the World." Loud shouts of "Hurree bol, Hurree bol!" are heard as they advance; the repetition of the word *Hurree*, an epithet of Krishna, being esteemed by the Hindoos an act of high religious merit. The image of the black, flute-playing divinity with his mistress, Radha, by his side, is lifted up to the top of the car, and placed beside Jaganatha. The procession again moves on. But the way is too long for drawing the ponderous conveyance all the road to Ballabhore, and when the car has been dragged to a decent distance, the image is taken down and carried upon men's shoulders to its destination. For eight days Jaganatha tarries at Radha's shrine; at the end of that period the image is replaced in the car and driven back to the temple in the same state as the god quitted it, although the crowd is far less than upon the other two occasions. The last ceremony is known as the *Uta Ratha*. I do not know that there is an iota of difference between the sanctity of the two shrines; and yet I have no doubt that the guardians of each car piously thank the gods that they and their shrine are not as the others and their shrine. One cannot help feeling a sort of pity for the priests who are doomed to sit so glum and dour-like, listening to the applauding shouts of their rival's votaries, and compelled to wait until the other car has reached its destination, before they themselves can get out of the bit. But the Black Age has indeed begun for Brahminism.

But what of the disgusting and licentious rites which are generally said to be inseparable from the Ratha Jatra? License there does prevail to a certain extent, and even dissipation, but not in a greater degree than was to have been expected among so large and varied a gathering; and not more than we may see any day in an English or Scotch fair among a twentieth of the number. The orgies and excesses alluded to by older visitors do not in the present day exist; or if they do, public opinion compels them to be carried on apart from the gaze of the community.

A little gambling occasionally goes on, and the simple ryot often has his pocket cleaned out by some astute swindler from the Calcutta gambling houses. Mr. Ward, the colleague of Carey and Marshman, mentions an instance in the early part of the present century of a Bengalee selling his wife into slavery to supply him with money to gamble away at the Serampore Jatra; but the law now prevents gambling from being carried on in public. In former days wretched mortals used to seek relief from the evils of life by prostrating themselves before Jaganatha's car; and there can be little doubt that the Brahmins added to the number of victims by deluding the miserable with hopes of immediate and eternal bliss if they were crushed to death beneath its ponderous wheels. The police regulations now render self-murder in this form impossible, nor can any accident take place except by the merest chance. Of late years only two instances of death have occurred, in 1865 and in the present year; and in both cases a judicial inquiry showed that no suicide had been contemplated.

But is there not something disgusting in a gathering so essentially idolatrous? Upon this point a high authority, Mr. Routledge, the Indian correspondent of the *Times*, has spoken so well and so decisively, that I cannot do better than reproduce his testimony. Writing of the last Ratha Jatra he says:—

"Poor folk! would anybody grudge them the pleasure of their annual *Mela*? Perhaps it is not refined, perhaps not very enlightened; but they evidently enjoyed it, as they sat and laughed and chatted at their tent doors. For two miles it was one vast scene of—what shall we call it? Enjoyment? Yes, we do not doubt it in the least—enjoyment, too, of a kind that we have no right to interfere with, for it was as staid, and respectable, and decorous as an Exeter-Hall meeting. Nobody ran against anybody else intentionally, no rude boys jostled the women, as they do in the High Street, Islington, London. The women, tired as many of them seemed, carried big babies, some of whom could have walked as well as their mothers, and evidently carried them without a murmur. Low, debasing, brutalising? Very likely, but we saw nothing of the kind. A remarkable phase of human nature, resting on old traditions in the sacred books, extending back through the mists of ages, and yet containing about as little of the sacred and the solemn as it is easy to conceive of a festival. Of course, one ought to be shocked at the Juggernaut Car; it is proper and respectable, and we are really sorry that after trying our very best we could not be shocked. We tried hard, looked as gruff as possible, tried to feel sour; but the sight of those wee lads and lasses, growing up to something; of those men and women, happy in their way for a day or two, drove all the grimness and gravity away. One thing alone we missed of the attractions of an English fair, and we mention it as a hint to our Hindoo friends of the greatness and comfort that await them when they can

once arrive at this one point of perfection. We regret to say that over the long two miles of road, with quiet bye-roads here and there, striking off and peopled, there was not one grog-shop, not one tent licensed to sell foreign and British spirits, wholesale and retail. Strange to say, too, over the whole line of road we did not see one person 'the worse for liquor.'"

This is a very different picture from the lachrymose descriptions usually given of Jaganatha and his car, but it is not the less a true one. The man who can look with sourness upon an assembly of his fellow-men so bent upon enjoying themselves as the Hindoos at the Ratha Jatra, is not to be envied for his feelings. It is of course to be deeply regretted that a national festival should contribute to the support of idolatry and superstition among the masses; but because we deplore this, are the people to go without their holiday? Tell the Bengalee how absurd it is to believe that divinity resides in yonder misshapen log of nim-wood, and he at once admits it, or with a shrug of the shoulders declines to discuss the subject. But descant to him upon the impropriety or sinfulness of dragging Jaganatha's car, and his national and sentimental feelings are at once aroused, and argument with him becomes impossible. "The first Christian missionaries doubtless told your British forefathers how improper and wicked it was of them to hang the mistletoe in their houses at Yule tide," said a clever young Hindoo once to the writer; "for it was an idolatrous custom, and symbolical of the rites of a false religion. But the British gathered the mistletoe centuries after Druidism was dead and buried, and India may see Jaganatha's car pulled as heartily centuries after Hinduism has gone the same road."

However correct this may be, it is proper that some distinction between the principle and the practice of the Ratha Jatra should be observed, and that the growing tendency of the festival to become a harmless gathering, and the rites of Jaganatha a mere idle pageant, unconnected with religious and devotional belief, should meet with recognition. As a matter of fact the popularity of the festival has of late years declined, chiefly on account of the religious significance attached to its exercise, but as these feelings decay, there is every probability that the Ratha Jatra will again commend itself, as a great national holiday, to the educated classes who at present withhold their countenance from its celebration.

ALEX. ALLARDYCE.

A GREAT SOLAR ERUPTION.

WHATEVER success the observers of the eclipse of this month may have (I write on the 1st of December), it is not likely that they will have to announce any observation more surprising than one which has been recently made while the sun was shining in full splendour. From India and Ceylon, from Java and North Australia, we may receive the most interesting news respecting the aspect of those solar appendages—prominences, sierra, and corona—about which every one has lately talked; but we shall not hear, in all probability, of any energetic disturbance taking place amongst the solar surroundings, under the very eyes of the observers. The account which has recently reached Europe from one of the most skilful of the American spectroscopists relates to such a disturbance—undoubtedly to a solar eruption; and not only so, but to the most wonderful solar eruption which it has yet been man's fortune to witness. I believe, indeed, that every reader who will be at the pains to study the whole narrative which I am about to unfold, will consider the phenomenon I shall describe as, with one exception, the most amazing yet witnessed by man. The single exception—the one event which surpasses in real importance the strange solar disturbance I am about to record—was the outburst of blazing gas which caused a minute telescopic star in the Northern Crown to outshine all but a few of the leading stars of the firmament. This fiery outburst, indeed, must be regarded as a wholly exceptional event, constituting probably a catastrophe whereby millions of living creatures perished; whereas the solar eruption I am to describe, though the most wonderful yet witnessed, is probably rivalled many times in each year by eruptions unwitnessed by astronomers. The true interest of these solar outbursts consists in what they teach us respecting the economy of the great orb which rules the planetary system.

It may be well, before proceeding to the strange narrative I am presently to relate, to say a few words respecting the astronomer who witnessed the solar outburst. My readers might very fairly question the accuracy of the account if it came from an unknown observer. Very strange things have been related (in perfect good faith) by young astronomers, unskilled to distinguish between telescopic illusions and real phenomena. Only a few weeks since, for instance, a

strange story was told of a new spot within one of the so-called seas in the moon—a phenomena very much more marvellous than the imagined eruption two or three years ago in the lunar Sea of Serenity. Even skilful astronomers have been deceived; as, for example, when Short, Cassini, and others imagined they had detected a moon circling around Venus. Nay, Sir W. Herschel, the prince and chief of all telescopists, was so far misled by appearances as to suppose in one case that he had discovered a ring round the planet Uranus, and in another that he could see the fires of a lunar volcano.

However, in the present instance we have not to do with appearances which could possibly delude a practised observer; and that the observations to be described were really made by such an observer the reader shall at once be assured.

We owe to Professor Young, the American spectroscopist to whom the observations before us are due, two of the most important discoveries lately made in solar physics. It was he who, during the American eclipse of August, 1869, discovered that the light of the corona, when examined with the spectroscope, shows one bright line on a rainbow-tinted background. It will be in the remembrance of many of my readers that the accuracy of this observation was questioned by some European spectroscopists, but that it was confirmed in a manner there was no disputing, during the eclipse of December, 1870. Professor Young was one of the American astronomers who crossed the Atlantic to witness the latter eclipse; and not only did he succeed during the progress of the eclipse in determining with extraordinary accuracy the place of the bright coronal line, but at the moment when the totality began he made a discovery of the greatest possible interest. In the May number (1870) of *St. Pauls Magazine* the nature of this discovery will be found fully described in a paper entitled, "The Sun's Atmosphere at length Discovered." In this place it must suffice to mention, that, seizing the moment when the moon had just hidden the last fine sickle of direct sunlight, Professor Young examined the spectrum of the lowest stratum or atmospheric shell then (and for the next two or three seconds) disclosed between the advancing edge of the moon and the coloured range of matter called the sierra. He found that this spectrum consists of hundreds on hundreds of

bright lines of all the colours of the rainbow, or, in other words, that there is a comparatively shallow solar atmosphere (some three or four hundred miles deep perhaps) consisting of the vapours of our familiar metals, glowing with the intensity of the solar heat. This result was justly regarded, not only by American, but by European scientific bodies, as one of the most important results of the eclipse expedition of 1870.

I may add that Professor Young has even succeeded—so complete is the mastery he has obtained over the processes of solar spectroscopy—in obtaining a photographic record of a solar prominence, taken when the sun has been shining in full splendour. The difficulty of this as yet unrivalled feat will be understood when it is remembered that it was thought a noteworthy achievement when Janssen and Lockyer were able to see the bright lines of the prominences without the aid of an eclipse, and a yet more surprising feat when Dr. Huggins showed how the prominences themselves could be seen while the sun was unclipped. To take a photographic record of objects which can only be *discerned* by one of the most surprising of all known applications of the spectroscope (the most wonderful of all known scientific instruments), must be regarded as evidence beyond dispute of Professor Young's mastery of the practice and theory of solar spectroscopy.

Let us next inquire into the evidence already obtained respecting solar outbursts or eruptions.

It will be in the knowledge of most of my readers that although the coloured prominences of the sun were discovered so far back as 1842, and had been observed during many total eclipses since that date, no evidence had been obtained, until quite recent times, which seemed to point to them as moving objects. A total eclipse observed at any given station lasts but a few minutes—six or seven at the utmost—and it would be exceedingly difficult for even the most skilful observer to assure himself that a prominence had changed in shape during so short an interval. And although a much longer interval elapses between the moment when totality is observed at one place and that at which it is observed at another, yet inasmuch as different observers are concerned in this case, it would be very unsafe to judge from slight differences in their drawings that a real change had taken place in the shape of the sun's coloured prominences. Nay, even photography would not avail for this purpose.

During the eclipse of 1860 Mr. De la Rue, in the west of Spain, obtained photographs of prominences, which appear also in Father Secchi's photographs taken in the east of Spain, and slight differences can be discerned between the several views. But it would be impossible to assert that these differences were really due to a change in the shape of the prominences. They might have been caused by slight tremors in the telescopic stand, by differences in the photographic appliances, in the optical qualities of the telescopes, and so on. In the great Indian eclipse, again, although photographs were taken at stations so far apart as Aden and Guntoor (the moon's shadow having been fully two hours in sweeping from one station to the other) there is the same uncertainty. It was, indeed, hoped at one time that decided evidence had then been obtained of motion in a great spiral prominence. From a comparison of Colonel Tennant's splendid photographs with an engraving purporting to be an exact copy of one of the Aden photographs, it seemed as though the mighty spiral flame had uncurled at its upper extremity by nearly half a fold. But when the photographic copies of the Aden negative came to be examined, it was found that this grand solar movement, this unwinding of a solar flame 80,000 miles in height, had been the work of the engraver, no perceptible difference being discernible between the Aden and the Indian pictures.

It was not until Janssen, Lockyer, and Huggins achieved that notable series of successes by which it became possible to study the prominences while the sun is shining in full splendour, that astronomers began to recognise the strange fact that these mighty flames are subject to strange disturbances. Nay, in many cases the astronomer is now able to trace the growth of the solar flames (to use a convenient though not strictly exact description) from their first formation until they disappear. Lockyer in England, Secchi and Respighi in Italy, Zöllner in Germany, and Young in America, have specially distinguished themselves by their work in this strange branch of inquiry. I could readily occupy two or three numbers of this magazine with the description of their researches; but (apart from the objections which might be urged against such a proceeding) it will be sufficient for my present purpose to describe the conclusions to which these inquiries have led.

It seems placed beyond question that all the prominences are phenomena of eruption.

The nature of the eruption may admit of doubt. Zöllner, for instance, considers that the solar eruptions are due to sudden outbursts of compressed gas, while Respighi thinks that the repulsive power of electricity is concerned in their production. And again, though I have nowhere seen the question raised, it seems very doubtful whether the matter of a prominence is itself erupted, or whether it may not rather indicate the eruption of some other matter which in its upward flight carries with it vast quantities of the glowing hydrogen which as we know forms a luminous layer outside the true solar atmosphere. Certainly this last view corresponds far better with the behaviour of the prominences, and especially with the comparatively slow subsidence of the prominence matter after being carried to enormous heights by one of these tremendous outbursts. But, be this as it may, the general statement that the solar prominences are phenomena of eruption must be regarded as established beyond dispute.

So that the observation by Professor Young, which I am about to describe, is not to be regarded as relating to something wholly new in solar physics. It does not tell us of a form of action which had been hitherto unsuspected; but it does afford altogether new, and perhaps unexpected, evidence respecting the energy of those eruptive forces to which the solar prominences owe their birth. Hitherto the uttermost range of these amazing objects, as to height, had been supposed to be about 160,000 miles; and it had not been by any means certain that this enormous height had been due to the direct energy of solar expulsion. In the single instance in which a solar prominence at that height had been observed, there was nothing to show that some of the erupted gas had not floated to a higher level after the eruptive action had ceased. Precisely as the steam of a stationary engine, after being thrown vertically upwards from a blast-pipe, may be carried still higher by air currents, so it might well be that the glowing hydrogen of a solar prominence, after being carried by some violent outburst to a vast height, might pass to a yet more enormous distance from the sun's surface through the action of those mighty disturbances which take place (as has been clearly demonstrated) in the solar atmosphere.

It will be seen that what Professor Young observed, besides being far more surprising as respects the height to which prominence matter was carried, is not open to any such doubts as I have just considered.

He was watching on September 7th last a mass of cloudlike form, which seemed as though suspended in the solar atmosphere upon five bright stems or stalks. I know no better way of describing the appearance of this object than by comparing it to what may be seen at night in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, and elsewhere in the midland regions, when enormous chimneys pour forth masses of smoke into the air, the issuing smoke being intensely illuminated by the glowing fires beneath, while there hangs a vast mass of smoke over the whole district, illuminated (but far less brilliantly) by the fiery columns which seem to stand above the furnaces. Speaking of this cloud Professor Young remarks, "It had remained, with very little change, since the preceding noon—a long, low, quiet-looking cloud, not very dense or brilliant, nor in any way remarkable except for its size. It was made up mostly of filaments nearly horizontal, and floated above the chromosphere" (I employ my own spelling of this much-abused word) "with its lower surface at a height of some 15,000 miles, but was connected with it, as is usually the case, by three or four vertical columns brighter and more active than the rest. Lockyer compares such masses to a banyan grove." The dimensions of this cloud were not extraordinary compared with those of other objects of the class, though by comparison with all our terrestrial measurements they appear simply stupendous. "It was about 100,000 miles long," says Professor Young, "and about 54,000 miles high." In other words, twelve globes, such as this earth on which we live, might be set in a row without exceeding the length of this monstrous cloud; while six such globes, standing one upon the other, would not have equalled it in height.

At half-past twelve—let the reader carefully note the hour—Professor Young was called away from the telescope, or telespectroscope, as the compound instrument used in such observations is pleasingly called. At this time there were some indications of an approaching change. They were but slight, however. One of the stems of the "banyan grove," or one of the smoke-columns of my illustration, had become exceedingly bright, "and was curiously bent to one side; and near the base of another a little brilliant lump had developed itself, shaped much like a summer 'thunderhead.'" Perhaps the English reader may pause for a moment at this word, which does not appear in our dictionaries. The object depicted in Professor

Young's illustration resembles those white masses of cloud which are sometimes called woolpacks (but technically termed *cumulus* clouds), very commonly seen on summer mornings.

"What was my surprise," says Professor Young, "on returning at five minutes to one (or in less than half an hour) to find that in the meantime the whole thing had been literally blown to shreds by some inconceivable uprush from beneath. In place of the quiet cloud I had left, the air (if I may use the expression) was filled with flying *débris*—a mass of detached vertical fusiform" (that is, extended) "filaments, brighter and closer together where the 'pillars' had formerly stood, and rapidly ascending."

Let us pause for a moment, however, to explain what these filaments were. In the first place they consisted of glowing hydrogen. But the chief point to be noticed is their size. They looked like mere filaments, but they were from four or five thousand to thirteen or fourteen thousand miles long, and from nine hundred to fourteen hundred miles wide—threads, therefore, of goodly dimensions.

These monstrous filaments were rapidly ascending. Now very rapid motions taking place at the sun's distance might be quite imperceptible even in the most powerful telescope. Every one who has seen pictures of the eclipsed sun knows that the coloured prominences look quite small by comparison with the black disc of the moon. They were compared by those who first observed them to garnets set round a brooch of jet. If a prominence of ordinary dimensions (say 60,000 miles high) doubled its height during a total eclipse (say in five minutes), its growth would be quite imperceptible as motion, though the effects of the complete change would no doubt be recognised. Yet the velocity of growth would be 200 miles in every second of time. We must not wonder, then, if Professor Young, after telling us that the filaments were rapidly ascending, explains that "while he watched them they rose with a motion *almost* perceptible to the eye." We have only to read the results of his actual measurement of their motion, to learn how thoroughly his description was justified. "When I first saw them," he says, "some of them had already reached a height of nearly 100,000 miles; in ten minutes the uppermost were more than 200,000 miles above the solar surface. This was ascertained by careful measurement; the mean of three closely accordant determinations gave 210,000 miles

as the extreme altitude attained, and I am particular in the statement, because, so far as I know, chromatospheric matter (*red hydrogen*, in this case) has never before been observed at an altitude exceeding 135,000 miles.* The velocity of ascent, 166 miles per second, is considerably greater than anything hitherto recorded."

But, wonderful as a velocity of 166 miles per second must appear, the velocity indicated by this upward motion is enormously greater. To begin with, matter flung forth from the sun could not reach a height of 200,000 miles, unless it crossed the sun's surface (or what appears to us as such) with a velocity of upwards of 210 miles per second. Here is at once an increase of 50 miles per second. But even this is not all. Although matter flung from the sun at this enormous rate would reach a height of 200,000 miles (not taking into account the resistance of the solar atmosphere), it would by no means traverse the last 100,000 miles of such an upward flight at an average rate of 166 miles per second. I need not here enter into the proof of this, although there is reasoning by which it might be shown without any abstruse mathematical details. It will be better simply to state the result of a careful calculation which I have gone through, and which will have been submitted to the consideration of the Royal Astronomical Society before this paper appears. I find that if matter were flung from the sun to a height of 200,000 miles, the flight taking place *in vacuo* (an altogether imaginary conception, it will be understood), the last half of the upward course would not be traversed in less than 25 minutes 56 seconds. The average speed in passing over this distance would therefore be less than 65 miles per second, instead of 166 miles per second, as in the observed case.

Now two explanations will at once suggest themselves here. The glowing hydrogen might in reality have been flung to a much greater height than 200,000 miles, becoming invisible at that height, because by cooling the hydrogen lost its brilliancy. Or else, we may suppose that the uprush of the hydrogen was retarded by the resistance of the solar atmosphere. Retardation may seem at first sight a strange explanation of an excess of velocity; but a very little consideration will show that it is a sufficient one. An illustrative case will explain this better than

* Respighi, however, mentions an instance in which he had seen such matter at a height of 160,000 miles, as mentioned above.

abstract reasoning. If a ball is thrown across a river so as to strike the opposite bank with a certain velocity, and if a float is propelled with one stroke across the river to strike the opposite bank with the same velocity, the float will take the shorter time in crossing—for the simple reason that it must have a much greater starting velocity than the ball, while it never has a smaller velocity than the ball in any part of its progress.

Now as respects these two explanations, it is to be noticed that *both* are in a sense forced upon us—one by the facts which Professor Young observed, the other by a consideration of the nature of the case.

Professor Young thus describes the behaviour of the rising hydrogen wisps. "As the filaments rose they gradually faded away like a dissolving cloud, and at a quarter past one only a few filmy wisps, with some brighter streamers low down near the chromosphere, remained to mark the place." Thus we seem precluded from regarding the range of 200,000 miles, enormous though it is, as the extreme limit reached by the filaments.

If for a moment we take this as the sole explanation, we can determine what the explanation requires from us. I have gone through the calculation, and I find that if the hydrogen had been flung to a height of 350,000 miles (in a vacuum) it would have traversed the observed distance in ten minutes—the observed time. In order to reach that enormous height it would have to be propelled from the sun at the rate of 255 miles per second.

Now the second explanation is by no means so easily treated. The mathematician can deal securely with the hypothetical case of a body propelled from the sun in a vacuum; but he finds immense difficulty in dealing with the real case of a mass of vapour propelled through an atmosphere. It is, indeed, the misfortune of the mathematician that hypothetical cases are, as a rule, much more readily treated than real ones. A mathematician will deal very satisfactorily with problems like that famous mechanical one respecting a fly and an elephant, "where the weight of the elephant may be neglected." But the mathematician does not live who can calculate the law according to which a tossed halfpenny moves through the resisting air. Our tossed hydrogen is equally beyond the range of mathematical inquiry.* We do

not know the law of resistance. We cannot be sure that any of our experimental researches can illustrate a case in which the velocity so enormously exceeds any with which we are acquainted. We cannot tell what is the density of the solar atmosphere. In fact a variety of difficulties present themselves which we have no means of removing.

But although we cannot hope to obtain any exact solution, there are certain considerations which lead to sufficiently trustworthy general results. We know that even a solid body like a cannon ball is enormously retarded by the air when travelling with a great velocity. A ball flung from the hand through the air travels nearly as far as though it were flung through empty space; but Hutton in his treatise on gunnery tells us that the range of a cannon ball is so reduced by atmospheric resistance as to be a mere fraction of the range calculated for the case of a vacuum. We know also that if the cannon ball were replaced by a ball of lighter material, as wood or paper, the effect of atmospheric resistance would be much greater. And we can form some idea of the effect of atmospheric resistance on gases, by noticing what becomes of the so-called "smoke" propelled from the cannon's mouth along with the ball. This smoke, as we know, though propelled as swiftly as the ball, and though sheltered as it were behind the advancing ball, yet is almost immediately brought to rest by atmospheric resistance.

Now the velocity with which a cannon ball is propelled from the cannon's mouth varies from 800 or 900 to 2,000 feet per second. No cannon ball has ever yet travelled at a rate of half a mile per second. What then would be the effect of atmospheric resistance if a cannon ball could be propelled at the rate of 200 miles per second? So great, I believe, that an ordinary spherical ball would rebound from the air, as under

fun" of some of the expressions they make use of. It does not seem to be recognised that, as a rule, mathematicians are humorous men, and do not always intend to be understood seriously when they say strange things. As an instance, I may cite the well-known story of a senior wrangler who being in Wales, was asked if he had yet climbed Snowdon, and made answer, "I have not; but there is a hill close by my lodgings which is quite high enough for trigonometrical purposes." This story is true; the remark was made, and made gravely (as gravely as Sidney Smith's celebrated explanation that he only wished to burn *one* Quaker), but with a thorough appreciation of its absurdity. Yet in a book which used to be much read some years ago at the universities, this piece of humour was quoted to prove the utter absence of imagination among mathematicians; and unfortunately the story was so told that no one could fail to know who was meant. Some who have read that book may be interested to learn that the amiable and reverend gentleman who made the remark about Snowdon very thoroughly appreciates a joke, and that he has never known a better joke than the solemnity with which he has been taken to task for a humorous saying.

* It need hardly be mentioned, perhaps, that these remarks are not intended to disparage the labours of mathematicians; still less are they made by way of insulting mathematical modes of expression. Jokes are often passed at the expense of mathematicians, as though they were themselves unable to "see the

actual circumstances a cannon ball rebounds from water.* Only a long pointed and heavy projectile would pass through air at that rate, and even such a projectile would be turned into vapour as it flew. It will be conceived that a gas travelling through an atmosphere at such a rate would be subjected to a much greater resisting force, even though the gas were denser than any that we know of, and the atmosphere a hundred times rarer than our own.

So far as we can judge, then, from known terrestrial analogies, it would seem safe to conclude that the hydrogen propelled from the sun during the amazing outburst witnessed by Professor Young, must have had at starting a velocity exceeding—not much, only, but—many times the rate of 250 miles per second, which would be sufficient to carry a projectile in the observed time over the distance actually traversed by the glowing hydrogen. A velocity of 1,000 miles per second would certainly seem to fall far short of what would be required under the circumstances.

Now it has not been without a purpose that I have paused to inquire into the subject of these enormous velocities. A rate of 1,000 miles per second may appear scarcely more striking than a rate of 200 or 300 miles per second. The mind is as utterly unable to compass one conception as to compass the other. But there is an important circumstance in which a velocity of the latter sort differs from a velocity exceeding 400 or 500 miles per second. If matter projected from the sun retains, after passing beyond the solar atmosphere, a velocity of 380 miles per second, it will travel farther and farther for ever from the sun; if it has a less velocity his attraction will in the long-run bring the projected matter to rest and thereafter draw it back, with continually increasing speed, to his globe again. Now, the above reasoning renders it probable that denser matter projected along with the hydrogen, retaining a much greater share of the velocity of eruption, would travel with a speed exceeding that critical value. So that we have the

startling conclusion that in eruptions such as the one witnessed by Professor Young, the sun actually vomits forth a portion of his substance, in such sort that it will never be restored to him. That other matter than glowing hydrogen is erupted at these times can scarcely be questioned; indeed, Fr. Secchi tells us that the spectrum of the eruption-prominences indicates the presence of several metallic elements. And it can scarcely be doubted that the vapours of the metals are very much denser (under similar conditions) than hydrogen, the lightest of all the gases. So that the startling theory just referred to seems almost forced upon us by facts of which we are certain.

But let us return to Professor Young's narrative.

It will be remembered that close by the "stems of the banyan grove" there was a small rounded cloud or "thunderhead." Professor Young thus speaks of the appearance and behaviour of this object during the eruption which took place in its neighbourhood. "In the meanwhile the little 'thunderhead' had grown and developed wonderfully, into a mass of rolling and ever-changing flame, to speak according to appearances. First it was crowded down, as it were, along the solar surface; later it rose almost pyramidally 50,000 miles in height; then its summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads, which were most curiously rolled backwards and downwards, like the volutes of an Ionic capital; and finally, it faded away, and by half-past two had vanished like the other."

"The whole phenomenon," adds Professor Young, "suggested most forcibly the idea of an explosion under the great prominence, acting mainly upwards, but also in all directions outwards, and then after an interval followed by a corresponding inrush; and it seems far from impossible that the mysterious coronal streamers, if they turn out to be truly solar, as now seems likely, may find their origin and explanation in such events."

Another circumstance remains to be mentioned. It relates to one of the most interesting, but at the same time one of the most perplexing results of recent solar research.

It will be in the knowledge of many of my readers that the phenomena known as magnetic storms—intimately associated with the occurrence of auroras—have in certain instances been found to occur simultaneously with solar disturbances. The most marked instance of the kind took place in September, 1859, when two observers of the sun, at

* This well-known fact seems incredible to many. It is, of course, quite commonly witnessed in artillery practice at the seaside; and one cause of danger in such practice is the effect of a rough sea on the deflection of cannon balls. When the sea is smooth the ball makes long hops on a straight course; but this is not the case when the sea is rough; and frequently the deflection is startlingly great. In Cooper's "Pilot" there is a passage which is read with surprise by those who have not witnessed artillery practice. The Pilot, speaking of a broadside fired by a ninety gun ship, says, "Had it not been for a lucky wave on which so many of her shot struck and glanced upward, we would have had nothing left to boast of." In artillery practice, there is sometimes an unlucky wave on which a shot strikes and glances sideways.

stations far apart, saw two bright spots of light, which travelled at the rate of about 120 miles per second across a part of the sun's face and then vanished. At the very instant when this appearance was seen, the Kew magnetograph indicated the commencement of a magnetic storm, and this storm continued for more than a day. During the night which followed the solar outburst, auroras occurred in both hemispheres, telegraphic communication was disturbed, and other marked signs were afforded that the earth's magnetism was affected by the outburst in the sun.

Other instances might be recorded, but I shall content myself with citing one which was mentioned to me by Sir John Herschel, in a letter written but a few weeks before his lamented decease. I need make no apologies for quoting a letter so full of scientific interest, and affording such striking evidence of the activity of the great astronomer's mind to the very close of his life. I give more of the letter than relates to terrestrial magnetic disturbance, for a reason that will be recognised by all who have read the preceding lines:—

"I can very well conceive great outbursts of vaporous matter from below the photosphere, and can admit at least the possibility of such vapours being tossed up to very great heights; but I am hardly yet exalted to such a point as to conceive a positive ejection of erupted particles with a velocity of two or three hundred miles per second. But now the great question of all arises. What is the photosphere? What are those intensely radiant things—scales, flakes, or whatever else they be—which really *do* give out all (or at least ninety-nine-hundredths of) the total light and heat of the sun? And if the prominences *be* eruptions, why does not the eruptive force scatter upwards and outwards this luminous matter? . . . Through the kindness of the Kew observers I have had heliographs of the two great outbursting spots which I think I mentioned to you as having been non-existent on the 9th and in full development on the 10th" (the letter bears date March 1, 1871; February is here referred to), "both large and conspicuous, and including an area of disturbance at least two minutes (54,000 miles) across. They were both nearly absorbed or in rapid process of absorption on the 11th. In my own mind, I had set it down as pretty certain that the outbreak must have taken place very suddenly at somewhere about the intervening midnight. Well now; the magneto-declina-

tion curves* at Kew have been sent me; and lo! while all had been going on as smoothly as possible on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, and up to 11½ P.M. on the latter day (9th), suddenly a great downward jerk in the curve, forming a gap as far as 3½ A.M. on the 10th. Then comparative tranquillity till 11 A.M., and then (corresponding to the absorption of the spots) a furious and convulsive state of disturbance extending over the 11th and the greater part of the 12th. I wonder whether anything was shot out of those holes on that occasion! and, if so, what is going on in the inside of the sun?"

It might fairly be expected, perhaps, that the amazing outburst witnessed by Professor Young would have been accompanied or followed by signs of magnetic disturbance. That he himself so viewed the matter is evident from the closing words of his account. A fine aurora borealis was witnessed on the evening of September 7, and he makes the following remarks respecting this phenomenon:—"Whether the fine aurora borealis which succeeded in the evening was really the earth's response to the magnificent outburst of the sun, is perhaps uncertain; but the coincidence is at least suggestive, and may easily become something more, if, as I somewhat confidently expect to learn, the Greenwich magnetic record indicates a disturbance precisely simultaneous with the solar explosion."

This, however, was not the case. The Astronomer Royal informs me that at the hour of Professor Young's observation there was a slight magnetic disturbance, but nothing which could be associated with the remarkable solar outburst. From the Kew Observatory we have the following intelligence, agreeing with the news from Greenwich, but containing some other facts which seem to me to have a very important bearing on the subject. I extract the letter from the correspondence columns of the *English Mechanic*:—"I have carefully examined the records of the magnetographs for the date given by Professor Young, and find, after having made the necessary correction for difference of longitude between Kew and Boston, that during the period when the sun was exhibiting such a magnificent display, the magnets were almost still, the only variation being that of the daily range for the time. About five hours after the explosion was observed, a small disturbance

* That is, the curves registered by the magnetic needle its deflection, showing the amount of the needle's deflection from the true north, throughout the day.

commenced abruptly, which lasted through the next day; but I should hesitate before assuming the one to be the consequence of the other. Professor Young does not give the exact position of the locality on the sun's surface where the phenomenon took place; but I see from the heliograph pictures for the 7th, that a large spot was just making its appearance on the eastern limb, and probably the telespectroscope was pointed to the vicinity of the spot at the time of observation."

Now, it appears to me, that if we carefully consider the circumstances under which the outburst took place, we need not be surprised that no disturbance took place at the moment when the outburst was witnessed, or that the disturbance which did take place a few hours after was not very marked in its character.

The outburst undoubtedly took place close to the edge of the sun's visible disc, for otherwise it would not have been visible. The direction of outburst was therefore not towards the earth, but very nearly square to a line from the earth towards the sun. Now, although the communication of magnetic disturbance is not a process which is to be regarded as in any sense resembling the direct emission of matter, yet there can be no question that direction does count for something in such communication. On this account alone, therefore, we might expect only a comparatively small disturbance of terrestrial magnets from an outburst not directed towards the earth.

But this is not all. It is somewhat difficult to form an opinion as to the special circumstances on which the communication of the effects of solar disturbances earthwards depends; but there is excellent reason for believing that it is some change in the condition of the sun's visible surface (or light-surface) which causes the magnetic needles to vibrate in sympathy with the disturbance of our ruling luminary. The formation of a sun-spot and the closing up of a spot seem to be potent causes of magnetic disturbance; while, so far as the evidence yet obtained extends, the formation of a solar prominence, its changes of form, and finally its dissolution, have no influence whatever on the most

delicately poised magnetic needle. Now the region of surface disturbance corresponding to the place of the eruption was probably not in view from the earth when the eruption occurred. Professor Young mentions that the eruption took place on the eastern side of the sun, which is the region where his rotation is bringing parts of his surface into view. (If we were stationed at those places on the sun we should see the earth *rising*.) The scene of the eruption may therefore have been, if I may so express myself, somewhat "round the corner" at the time of Young's observation—not as yet in view from the earth, and therefore not exercising a disturbing action upon the earth until a few hours after. Now, need we wonder that the disturbance, when it did occur, was not as remarkable as the outburst with which (on this assumption) it is to be associated; since the disturbed region of the sun's surface must have been extremely foreshortened, as seen from the earth, throughout the whole continuance of the magnetic storm.

These, however, are questions on which we shall be able to form a better opinion a few years hence. The chief point to be at present considered is the strange fact that mighty eruptions occur, during which matter is propelled with inconceivable energy from the solar globe. We are thus led to form ideas respecting the sun such as a few years ago we should have been ready to dismiss as altogether too fanciful to receive a moment's attention. We see his mighty frame convulsed by internal throes, compared with which the agencies which produce the earthquake and the volcano are punier than the efforts of children beside the labours of the Titans. All our experiences of chemical processes, all our conceptions respecting temperature and its effects, seem to have no meaning in the presence of the processes at work within the solar globe. To theorise as to the cause of the eruptive action whose effects we partly recognise, seems altogether useless in the present condition of our knowledge; and yet after so much has been achieved it cannot but be regarded as unreasonable to despair of attaining to the secret of the sun's internal forces—nay, even to the knowledge of the source whence those forces are derived.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.





"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER III.



THE old-fashioned inn at Colmar, at which George Voss was acting as assistant and chief manager to his father's distant cousin Madame Faragon, was a house very different in all its belongings from the Lion d'Or at Granpere. It was very much larger, and had much

higher pretensions. It assumed to itself the character of a first-class hotel;—and when Colmar was without a railway and was a great posting station on the high road from Strasbourg to Lyons, there was some real business at the Hôtel de la Poste in that town. At present, though Colmar may probably have been benefited by the railway, the inn has faded, and is in its yellow leaf. Travellers who desire to see the statue which a grateful city has erected to the memory of its most illustrious citizen, General Rapp, are not sufficient in number to keep a first-class hotel in the glories of fresh paint and smart waiters; and when you have done with General Rapp, there is not much to interest you in Colmar. But there is the hotel; and poor, fat, unwieldy Madame Faragon, though she grumbles much and declares that there is not a sou to be made, still keeps it up, and bears with as much bravery as she can the buffets of a world which seems to her to be becoming less prosperous and less comfortable and more exacting every day. In her younger years a posting house in such a town was a posting house; and when M. Faragon married her, the heiress of the then owner of the business, he was supposed to have done uncommonly well for himself. Madame Faragon is now a childless widow, and sometimes declares that she will shut the house up and have done with it. Why maintain a business without a profit, simply that there may be an

Hôtel de la Poste at Colmar? But there are old servants whom she has not the heart to send away; and she has at any rate a roof of her own over her head; and, though she herself is unconscious that it is so, she has many ties to the old business; and now, since her young cousin George Voss has been with her, things go a little better. She is not robbed so much, and the people of the town, finding that they can get a fair bottle of wine and a good supper, come to the inn; and at length an omnibus has been established, and there is a little glimmer of returning prosperity.

It is a large old rambling house, built round an irregularly shaped court, with another court behind it; and in both courts the stables and coach-houses seem to be so mixed with the kitchens and entrances, that one hardly knows what part of the building is equine and what part human. Judging from the smell which pervades the lower quarters, and, alas! also too frequently the upper rooms, one would be inclined to say that the horses had the best of it. The defect had been pointed out to Madame Faragon more than once; but that lady, though in most of the affairs of life her temper is gentle and kindly, cannot hear with equanimity an insinuation that any portion of her house is either dirty or unsweet. Complaints have reached her that the beds were,—well, inhabited,—but no servant now dares to hint at anything wrong in this particular. If this traveller or that says a word to her personally in complaint, she looks as sour as death and declines to open her mouth in reply; but when that traveller's back is turned the things that Madame Faragon can say about the upstart coxcombry of the wretch, and as to the want of all real comforts which she is sure prevails in the home quarters of that ill-starred complaining traveller, are proof to those who hear them that the old landlady has not as yet lost all her energy. It need not be doubted that she herself religiously believes that no foul perfume has ever pervaded the sanctity of her chambers, and that no living thing has ever been seen inside the sheets of her beds except those guests whom she has allocated to the different rooms.

Matters had not gone very easily with George Voss in all the changes he had made during the last year. Some things he was obliged to do without consulting Madame Faragon at all. Then she would discover

what was going on, and there would be a "few words." At other times he would consult her, and carry his purpose only after much perseverance. Twice or thrice he had told her that he must go away, and then with many groans she had acceded to his propositions. It had been necessary to expend two thousand francs in establishing the omnibus, and in that affair the appearance of things had been at one time quite hopeless. And then when George had declared that the altered habits of the people required that the hour of the morning *table d'hôte* should be changed from noon to one, she had sworn that she would not give way. She would never lend her assent to such vile idleness. It was already robbing the business portion of the day of an hour. She would wrap her colours round her and die upon the ground sooner than yield. "Then they won't come," said George, "and it's no use you having the table then. They will all go to the Hôtel de l'Imperatrice." This was a new house, the very mention of which was a dagger thrust into the bosom of Madame Faragon. "Then they will be poisoned," she said. "And let them! It is what they are fit for." But the change was made, and for the three first days she would not come out of her room. When the bell was rung at the obnoxious hour, she stopped her ears with her two hands.

But though there had been these contests, Madame Faragon had made more than one effort to induce George Voss to become her partner and successor in the house. If he would only bring in a small sum of money,—a sum which must be easily within his father's reach,—he should have half the business now, and all of it when Madame Faragon had gone to her rest. Or if he would prefer to give Madame Faragon a pension,—a moderate pension,—she would give up the house at once. At these tender moments she used to say that he probably would not begrudge her a room in which to die. But George Voss would always say that he had no money, that he could not ask his father for money, and that he had not made up his mind to settle at Colmar. Madame Faragon, who was naturally much interested in the matter, and was moreover not without curiosity, could never quite learn how matters stood at Granpere. A word or two she had heard in a circuitous way of Marie Bromar, but from George himself she could never learn anything of his affairs at home. She had asked him once or twice whether it would not be well that he should marry, but he had always replied that he did not think of such a thing,—at any

rate as yet. He was a steady young man, given more to work than to play, and apparently not inclined to amuse himself with the girls of the neighbourhood.

One day Edmond Greisse was over at Colmar—Edmond Greisse, the lad whose untidy appearance at the supper-table at the Lion d'Or had called down the rebuke of Marie Bromar. He had been sent over on some business by his employer, and had come to get his supper and bed at Madame Faragon's hotel. He was a modest, unassuming lad, and had been hardly more than a boy when George Voss had left Granpere. From time to time George had seen some friend from the village, and had thus heard tidings from home. Once, as has been said, Madame Voss had made a pilgrimage to Madame Faragon's establishment to visit him; but letters between the houses had not been frequent. Though postage in France—or shall we say Germany?—is now almost as low as in England, these people of Alsace have not yet fallen into the way of writing to each other when it occurs to any of them that a word may be said. Young Greisse had seen the landlady, who now never went upstairs among her guests, and had had his chamber allotted to him, and was seated at the supper-table, before he met George Voss. It was from Madame Faragon that George heard of his arrival.

"There is a neighbour of yours from Granpere in the house," said she.

"From Granpere? And who is he?"

"I forget the lad's name; but he says that your father is well, and Madame Voss. He goes back early to-morrow with the roulage and some goods that his people have bought. I think he is at supper now."

The place of honour at the top of the table at the Colmar inn was not in these days assumed by Madame Faragon. She had, alas! become too stout to do so with either grace or comfort, and always took her meals, as she always lived, in the little room downstairs, from which she could see, through the apertures of two doors, all who came in and all who went out by the chief entrance of the hotel. Nor had George usurped the place. It had now happened at Colmar, as it has come to pass at most hotels, that the public table is no longer the *table d'hôte*. The end chair was occupied by a stout, dark man, with a bald head and black beard, who was proudly filling a place different from that of his neighbours, and who would probably have gone over to the Hôtel de l'Imperatrice had anybody disturbed him. On the present

occasion George seated himself next to the lad, and they were soon discussing all the news from Granpere.

"And how is Marie Bromar?" George asked at last.

"You have heard about her, of course," said Edmond Greisse.

"Heard what?"

"She is going to be married."

"Minnie Bromar to be married? And to whom?"

Edmond at once understood that his news was regarded as being important, and made the most of it.

"Oh, dear yes. It was settled last week when he was there."

"But who is he?"

"Adrian Urmand, the linen-buyer from Dasle."

"Marie to be married to Adrian Urmand!"

Urmand's journeys to Granpere had been commenced before George Voss had left the place, and therefore the two young men had known each other.

"They say he's very rich," said Edmond.

"I thought he cared for nobody but himself. And are you sure? Who told you?"

"I am quite sure, but I do not know who told me. They are all talking about it."

"Did my father ever tell you?"

"No, he never told me."

"Or Marie herself?"

"No, she did not tell me. Girls never tell those sort of things of themselves."

"Nor Madame Voss?" asked George.

"She never talks much about anything. But you may be sure it's true. I'll tell you who told me first, and he is sure to know, because he lives in the house. It was Peter Veque."

"Peter Veque, indeed! And who do you think would tell him?"

"But isn't it quite likely? She has grown to be such a beauty! Everybody gives it to her that she is the prettiest girl round Granpere. And why shouldn't he marry her? If I had a lot of money, I'd only look to get the prettiest girl I could find anywhere."

After this George said nothing further to the young man as to the marriage. If it was talked about as Edmond said, it was probably true. And why should it not be true? Even though it were true, no one would have cared to tell him. She might have been married twice over, and no one in Granpere would have sent him word. So he declared to himself. And yet Marie Bromar had once sworn to him that she loved him, and would be his for ever and ever; and, though he had

left her in dudgeon, with black looks, without a kind word of farewell, yet he had believed her. Through all his sojourn at Colmar he had told himself that she would be true to him. He believed it, though he was hardly sure of himself—had hardly resolved that he would ever go back to Granpere to seek her. His father had turned him out of the house, and Marie had told him as he went that she would never marry him if her uncle disapproved it. Slight as her word had been on that morning of his departure, it had rankled in his bosom, and made him angry with her through a whole twelvemonth. And yet he had believed that she would be true to him!

He went out in the evening when it was dusk and walked round and round the public garden of Colmar, thinking of the news which he had heard—the public garden, in which stands the statue of General Rapp. It was a terrible blow to him. Though he had remained a whole year in Colmar without seeing Marie, or hearing of her, without hardly ever having had her name upon his lips, without even having once assured himself during the whole time that the happiness of his life would depend on the girl's constancy to him—now that he heard that she was to be married to another man, he was torn to pieces by anger and regret. He had sworn to love her, and had never even spoken a word of tenderness to another girl. She had given him her plighted troth, and now she was prepared to break it with the first man who asked her! As he thought of this, his brow became black with anger. But his regrets were as violent. What a fool he had been to leave her there, open to persuasion from any man who came in the way, open to persuasion from his father, who would, of course, be his enemy. How, indeed, could he expect that she should be true to him? The year had been long enough to him, but it must have been doubly long to her. He had expected that his father would send for him, would write to him, would at least transmit to him some word that would make him know that his presence was again desired at Granpere. But his father had been as proud, as he was, and had not sent any such message. Or rather, perhaps, the father being older and less impatient, had thought that a temporary absence from Granpere might be good for his son.

It was late at night when George Voss went to bed, but he was up in the morning early to see Edmond Greisse before the roulage should start for Münster on its road to Granpere. Early times in that part of the

world are very early, and the roulage was ready in the back court of the inn at half-past four in the morning.

"What? you up at this hour?" said Edmond.

"Why not? It is not every day we have a friend here from Granpere, so I thought I would see you off."

"That is kind of you."

"Give my love to them at the old house, Edmond."

"Of course I will."

"To father, and Madame Voss, and the children, and to Marie."

"All right."

"Tell Marie that you have told me of her marriage."

"I don't know whether she'll like to talk about that to me."

"Never mind; you tell her. She won't bite you. Tell her also that I shall be over at Granpere soon to see her and the rest of them. I'll be over—as soon as ever I can get away."

"Shall I tell your father that?"

"No. Tell Marie, and let her tell my father."

"And when will you come? We shall all be so glad to see you."

"Never you mind that. You just give my message. Come in for a moment to the kitchen. There's a cup of coffee for you and a slice of ham. We are not going to let an old friend like you go away without breaking his fast."

As Greisse had already paid his modest bill, amounting altogether to little more than three francs, this was kind of the young landlord, and while he was eating his bread and ham he promised faithfully that he would give the message just as George had given it to him.

It was on the third day after the departure of Edmond Greisse that George told Madame Faragon that he was going home. "Going where, George?" said Madame Faragon, leaning forward on the table before her, and looking like a picture of despair.

"To Granpere, Madame Faragon."

"To Granpere! and why? and when? and how? Oh dear! Why did you not tell me before, child?"

"I told you as soon as I knew."

"But you are not going yet?"

"On Monday."

"Oh dear. So soon as that! Lord bless me. We can't do anything before Monday. And when will you be back?"

"I cannot say with certainty. I shall not be long, I dare say."

"And have they sent for you?"

"No, they have not sent for me, but I want to see them once again. And I must make up my mind what to do for the future."

"Don't leave me, George; pray do not leave me!" exclaimed Madame Faragon. "You shall have the business now if you choose to take it—only pray don't leave me!" George explained that at any rate he would not desert her now at once; and on the Monday named he started for Granpere. He had not been very quick in his action, for a week had passed since he had given Edmond Greisse his breakfast in the hotel kitchen.

CHAPTER IV.

ADRIAN URMAND had been three days gone from Granpere before Michel Voss found a fitting opportunity for talking to his niece. It was not a matter, as he thought, in which there was need for any great hurry, but there was need for much consideration. Once again he spoke on the subject to his wife. "If she's thinking about George, she has kept it very much to herself," he remarked.

"Girls do keep it to themselves," said Madame Voss.

"I'm not so sure of that. They generally show it somehow. Marie never looks love-lorn. I don't believe a bit of it; and as for him, all the time he has been away he has never so much as sent a word of a message to one of us."

"He sent his love to you, when I saw him, quite dutifully," said Madame Voss.

"Why don't he come and see us if he cares for us? It isn't of him that Marie is thinking."

"It isn't of anybody else then," said Madame Voss. "I never see her speak a word to any of the young men, nor one of them ever speaking a word to her." Pondering over all this, Michael Voss resolved that he would have it all out with his niece on the following Sunday.

On the Sunday he engaged Marie to start with him after dinner to the place on the hill-side where they were cutting wood. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, in that pleasantest of all months in the year, when the sun is not too hot, and the air is fresh and balmy, and one is still able to linger abroad, loitering either in or out of the shade, when the midges cease to bite, and the sun no longer scorches and glares; but the sweet vestiges of summer remain, and everything without doors is pleasant and friendly, and there is the gentle unrecognised regret for the departing year, the unconscious feeling that its glory is going from us, to add the inner charm

of a soft melancholy to the outer luxury of the atmosphere. I doubt whether Michel Voss had ever realised the fact that September is the kindest of all the months, but he felt it, and enjoyed the leisure of his Sunday afternoon when he could get his niece to take a stretch with him on the mountain-side. On these occasions Madame Voss was left at home with M. le Curé, who liked to linger over his little cup of coffee. Madame Voss, indeed, seldom cared to walk very far from the door of her own house; and on Sundays to go to the church and back again was certainly sufficient exercise.

Michel Voss said no word about Adrian Urmand as they were ascending the hill. He was too wise for that. He could not have given effect to his experience with sufficient eloquence had he attempted the task while the burthen of the rising ground was upon his lungs and chest. They turned into a saw-mill as they went up, and counted the scantlings of timber that had been cut, and Michel looked at the cradle to see that it worked well, and to the wheels to see that they were in good order, and observed that the channel for the water required repairs, and said a word as to the injury that had come to him because George had left him. "Perhaps he may come back soon," said Marie. To this he made no answer, but continued his path up the mountain-side. "There will be plenty of feed for the cows this autumn," said Marie Bromar. "That is a great comfort."

"Plenty," said Michel; "plenty." But Marie knew from the tone of his voice that he was not thinking about the grass, and so she held her peace. But the want or plenty of the pasture was generally a subject of the greatest interest to the people of Granpere at that special time of the year, and one on which Michel Voss was ever ready to speak. Marie therefore knew that there was something on her uncle's mind. Nevertheless he inspected the timber that was cut, and made some remarks about the work of the men. They were not so careful in barking the logs as they used to be, and upon the whole he thought that the wood itself was of a worse quality. What is there that we do not find to be deteriorating around us when we consider the things in detail, though we are willing enough to admit a general improvement? "Yes," said he, in answer to some remarks from Marie, "we must take it, no doubt, as God gives it to us, but we need not spoil it in the handling. Sit down, my dear, I want to speak to you for a few minutes." Then they sat down together on a large prostrate pine,

which was being prepared to be sent down to the saw-mill. "My dear," said he, "I want to speak to you about Adrian Urmand." She blushed and trembled as she placed herself beside him, but he hardly noticed it. He was not quite at his ease himself, and was a little afraid of the task he had undertaken. "Adrian tells me that he asked you to take him as your lover, and that you refused."

"Yes, Uncle Michel."

"But why, my dear? How are you to do better? Perhaps I, or your aunt, should have spoken to you first, and told you that we thought well of the match."

"It wasn't that, uncle. I knew you thought well of it; or, at least, I believed that you did."

"And what is your objection, Marie?"

"I don't object to M. Urmand, uncle;—at least, not particularly."

"But he says you do object. You would not accept him when he offered himself."

"No; I did not accept him."

"But you will, my dear,—if he comes again?"

"No, uncle."

"And why not? Is he not a good young man?"

"Oh, yes,—that is, I dare say."

"And he has a good business. I do not know what more you could expect."

"I expect nothing, uncle,—except not to go away from you."

"Ah,—but you must go away from me. I should be very wrong and so would your aunt, to let you remain here till you lose your good looks, and become an old woman on our hands. You are a pretty girl, Marie, and fit to be any man's wife, and you ought to take a husband. I am quite in earnest now, my dear; and I speak altogether for your own welfare."

"I know you are in earnest, and I know that you speak for my welfare."

"Well;—well;—what then? Of course, it is only reasonable that you should be married some day. Here is a young man in a better way of business than any man, old or young, that comes into Granpere. He has a house in Basle, and money to put in it whatever you want. And for the matter of that, Marie, my niece shall not go away from me empty-handed."

She drew herself closer to him and took hold of his arm and pressed it, and looked up into his face. "I brought nothing with me," she said, "and I want to take nothing away."

"Is that it?" he said, speaking rapidly.

"Let me tell you then, my girl, that you shall have nothing but your earnings,—your fair earnings. Don't you take trouble about that. Urmand and I will settle that between us, and I will go bail there shall be no unpleasant words. As I said before, my girl shan't leave my house empty-handed; but, Lord bless you, he would only be too happy to take you in your petticoat,—just as you are. I never saw a fellow more in love with a girl. Come, Marie, you need not mind saying the word to me, though you could not bring yourself to say it to him."

"I can't say that word, uncle, either to you or to him."

"And why the devil not?" said Michel Voss, who was beginning to be tired of being eloquent.

"I would rather stay at home with you and my aunt."

"Oh, bother!"

"Some girls stay at home always. All girls do not get married. I don't want to be taken to Basle."

"This is all nonsense," said Michel, getting up. "If you're a good girl, you will do as you are told."

"It would not be good to be married to a man if I do not love him."

"But why shouldn't you love him? He's just the man that all the girls always love. Why don't you love him?" As Michel Voss asked this last question, there was a tone of anger in his voice. He had allowed his niece considerable liberty, and now she was unreasonable. Marie, who, in spite of her devotion to her uncle, was beginning to think that she was ill-used by this tone, made no reply. "I hope you haven't been falling in love with any one else," continued Michel.

"No," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"I do hope you're not still thinking of George, who has left us without casting a thought upon you. I do hope that you are not such a fool as that." Marie sat perfectly silent, not moving; but there was a frown on her brow and a look of sorrow mixed with anger on her face. But Michel Voss did not see her face. He looked straight before him as he spoke, and was flinging chips of wood to a distance in his energy. "If it's that, Marie, I tell you you had better get quit of it at once. It can come to no good. Here is an excellent husband for you. Be a good girl, and say that you will accept him."

"I should not be a good girl to accept a man whom I do not love."

"Is it any thought about George that makes you say so, child?" Michel paused a

moment for an answer. "Tell me," he continued, with almost angry energy, "is it because of George that you refuse yourself to this young man?"

Marie paused again for a moment, and then she replied, "No, it is not."

"It is not?"

"No, uncle."

"Then why will you not marry Adrian Urmand?"

"Because I do not care for him. Why won't you let me remain with you, uncle?"

She was very close to him now, and leaning against him; and her throat was half choked with sobs, and her eyes were full of tears. Michel Voss was a soft-hearted man, and inclined to be very soft of heart where Marie Bromar was concerned. On the other hand he was thoroughly convinced that it would be for his niece's benefit that she should marry this young trader; and he thought also that it was his duty as her uncle and guardian to be round with her, and make her understand, that as her friends wished it, and as the young trader himself wished it, it was her duty to do as she was desired. Another uncle and guardian in his place would hardly have consulted the girl at all. Between his desire to have his own way and reduce her to obedience, and the temptation to put his arm round her waist and kiss away her tears, he was uneasy and vacillating. She gently put her hand within his arm, and pressed it very close.

"Won't you let me remain with you, uncle? I love you and Aunt Josey" (Madame Voss was named Josephine, and was generally called Aunt Josey) "and the children. I could not go away from the children. And I like the house. I am sure I am of use in the house."

"Of course you are of use in the house. It is not that."

"Why then should you want to send me away?"

"What nonsense you talk, Marie! Don't you know that a young woman like you ought to be married some day—that is if she can get a fitting man to take her? What would the neighbours say of me if we kept you at home to drudge for us, instead of settling you out in the world properly? You forget, Marie, that I have a duty to perform, and you should not make it so difficult."

"But if I don't want to be settled?" said Marie. "Who cares for the neighbours? If you and I understand each other, is not that enough?"

"I care for the neighbours," said Michel Voss with energy.

"And must I marry a man I don't care a bit for because of the neighbours, Uncle Michel?" asked Marie, with something approaching indignation in her voice.

Michel Voss perceived that it was of no use for him to carry on the argument. He entertained a half-formed idea that he did not quite understand the objections so strongly urged by his niece; that there was something on her mind that she would not tell him, and that there might be cruelty in urging the matter upon her; but, in opposition to this, there was his assured conviction that it was his duty to provide well and comfortably for his niece, and that it was her duty to obey him in acceding to such provision as he might make. And then this marriage was undoubtedly a good marriage—a match that would make all the world declare how well Michel Voss had done for the girl whom he had taken under his protection. It was a marriage that he could not bear to see go out of the family. It was not probable that the young linen merchant, who was so well to do in the world, and who, no doubt, might have his choice in larger places than Granpere; it was not probable, Michel thought, that he would put up with many refusals. The girl would lose her chance, unless he, by his firmness, could drive this folly out of her. And yet how could he be firm, when he was tempted to throw his great arms about her, and swear that she should eat of his bread and drink of his cup and be unto him as a daughter till the last day of their joint existence. When she crept so close to him and pressed his arm, he was almost overcome by the sweetness of her love and by the tenderness of his own heart.

"It seems to me that you don't understand," he said at last. "I didn't think that such a girl as you would be so silly."

To this she made no reply, and then they began to walk down the hill together.

They had walked half way home, he stepping a little in advance,—because he was still angry with her, or angry rather with himself in that he could not bring himself to scold her properly,—and she following close behind his shoulder, when he stopped suddenly and asked her a question which came from the direction his thoughts were taking at the moment. "You are sure," he said, "that you are not doing this because you expect George to come back to you?"

"Quite sure," she said, bearing forward a

moment, and answering him in a whisper when she spoke.

"By my word, then, I can't understand it. I can't indeed. Has Urmand done anything to offend you?"

"Nothing, uncle."

"Nor said anything?"

"Not a word, uncle. I am not offended. Of course I am much obliged to him. Only I don't love him."

"By my faith I don't understand it. I don't indeed. It is sheer nonsense, and you must get over it. I shouldn't be doing my duty if I didn't tell you that you must get over it. He will be here again in another ten days, and you must have thought better of it by that time. You must indeed, Marie."

Then they walked down the hill in silence together, each thinking intently on the purpose of the other, but each altogether misunderstanding the other. Michel Voss was assured that she had twice declared that she was altogether indifferent to his son George. What he might have said or done had she declared her affection for her absent lover, he did not himself know. He had not questioned himself on that point. Though his wife had told him that Marie was ever thinking of George, he had not believed that it was so. He had no reason for disliking a marriage between his son and his wife's niece. When he had first thought that they were going to be lovers, under his nose, without his permission,—going to commence a new kind of life between themselves without so much as a word spoken to him or by him,—he had found himself compelled to interfere, compelled as a father and an uncle. That kind of thing could never be allowed to take place in a well-ordered house without the expressed sanction of the head of the household. He had interfered,—rather roughly; and his son had taken him at his word. He was sore now at his son's coldness to him, and was disposed to believe that his son cared not at all for any one at Granpere. His niece was almost as dear to him as son, and much more dutiful. Therefore he would do the best he could for his niece. Marie's declaration that George was nothing to her,—that she did not think of him,—was in accordance with his own ideas. His wife had been wrong. His wife was usually wrong when any headwork was required. There could be no good reason why Marie Bromar should not marry Adrian Urmand.

But Marie, as she knew very well, had never declared that George Voss was nothing to her,—he was forgotten, or that her heart

was free. He had gone from her and had forgotten her. She was quite sure of that. And should she ever hear that he was married to some one else,—as it was probable that she would hear some day,—then she would be free again. Then she might take this man or that, if her friends wished it—and if she could bring herself to endure the proposed marriage. But at present her troth was plighted to George Voss; and where her troth was given, there was her heart also. She could understand that such a circumstance, affecting one of so little importance as herself, should be nothing to a man like her uncle; but it was everything to her. George had forgotten her, and she had wept sorely over his want of constancy. But though telling herself that this certainly was so, she had declared to herself that she would never be untrue till her want of truth had been put beyond the reach of doubt. Who does not know how hope remains, when reason has declared that there is no longer ground for hoping?

Such had been the state of her mind hitherto; but what would be the good of entertaining hope, even if there were ground for hoping, when, as was so evident, her uncle would never permit George and her to be man and wife? And did she not owe everything to her uncle? And was it not the duty of a girl to obey her guardian? Would not all the world be against her if she refused this man? Her mind was tormented by a thousand doubts, when her uncle said another word to her, just as they were entering the village.

"You will try and think better of it;—will you not, my dear?" She was silent. "Come, Marie, you can say that you will try. Will you not try?"

"Yes, uncle,—I will try."

Michel Voss went home in a good humour, for he felt that he had triumphed; and poor Marie returned broken-hearted, for she was aware that she had half-yielded. She knew that her uncle was triumphant.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Edmond Greisse was back at Grampere he well remembered his message, but he had some doubt as to the expediency of delivering it. He had to reflect in the first place whether he was quite sure that matters were arranged between Marie and Adrian Urmand. The story had been told to him as being certainly true by Peter, the waiter. And he had discussed the matter with other young men, his associates in the place, among

all of whom it was believed that Urmand was certainly about to carry away the young woman with whom they were all more or less in love. But when, on his return to Grampere, he had asked a few more questions, and had found that even Peter was now in doubt on a point as to which he had before been so sure, he began to think that there would be some difficulty in giving his message. He was not without some little fear of Marie, and hesitated to tell her that he had spread the report about her marriage. So he contented himself with simply announcing to her that George Voss intended to visit his old home.

"Does my uncle know?" Marie asked.

"No;—you are to tell him," said Greisse.

"I am to tell him! Why should I tell him? You can tell him."

"But George said that I was to let you know, and that you would tell your uncle." This was quite unintelligible to Marie; but it was clear to her that she could make no such announcement, after the conversation which she had had with her uncle. It was quite out of the question that she should be the first to announce George's return, when she had been twice warned on that Sunday afternoon not to think of him. "You had better let my uncle know yourself," she said, as she walked away. But young Greisse, knowing that he was already in trouble, and feeling that he might very probably make it worse, held his peace. When therefore one morning George Voss showed himself at the door of the inn, neither his father nor Madame Voss expected him.

But his father was kind to him, and his mother-in-law hovered round him with demonstrations of love and gratitude, as though much were due to him for coming back at all. "But you expected me," said George.

"No, indeed," said his father. "We did not expect you now any more than on any other day since you left us."

"I sent word by Edmond Greisse," said George. Edmond was interrogated, and declared that he had forgotten to give the message. George was too clever to pursue the matter any further, and when he first met Marie Bromar, there was not a word said between them beyond what might have been said between any young persons so related, after an absence of twelve months. George Voss was very careful to make no demonstration of affection for a girl who had forgotten him, and who was now, as he believed, betrothed to another man; and Marie was determined that certainly no sign of the old

love should first be shown by her. He had come back,—perhaps just in time. He had returned just at the moment in which something must be decided. She had felt how much there was in the little word which she had spoken to her uncle. When a girl says that she will try to reconcile herself to a man's overtures, she has almost yielded. The word had escaped her without any such meaning on her part,—had been spoken because she had feared to continue to contradict her uncle in the full completeness of a positive

refusal. She had regretted it as soon as it had been spoken, but she could not recall it. She had seen in her uncle's eye and had heard in the tone of his voice for how much that word had been taken ;—but it had gone forth from her mouth, and she could not now rob it of its meaning. Adrian Urmand was to be back at Granpere in a few days—in ten days Michel Voss had said ; and there were those ten days for her in which to resolve what she would do. Now, as though sent from heaven, George had returned, in



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this very interval of time. Might it not be that he would help her out of her difficulty ? If he would only tell her to remain single for his sake, she would certainly turn her back upon her Swiss lover, let her uncle say what he might. She would make no engagement with George unless with her uncle's sanction ; but a word, a look of love, would fortify her against that other marriage.

George, she thought, had come back a man more to be worshipped than ever, as far as appearance went. What woman could doubt for a moment between two such men ? Adrian Urmand was no doubt a pretty man,

with black hair, of which he was very careful, with white hands, with bright small dark eyes which were very close together, with a thin regular nose, a small mouth, and a black moustache which he was always pointing with his fingers. It was impossible to deny that he was good-looking after a fashion ; but Marie despised him in her heart. She was almost bigger than he was, certainly stronger, and had no aptitude for the city niceness and *point-device* fastidiousness of such a lover. George Voss had come back, not taller than when he had left them, but broader in the shoulders, and more of a man. And then

he had in his eye, and in his beaked nose, and his large mouth, and well-developed chin, that look of command, which was the peculiar character of his father's face, and which women, who judge of men by their feelings rather than their thoughts, always love to see. Marie, if she would consent to marry Adrian Urmand, might probably have her own way in the house in everything; whereas it was certain enough that George Voss, wherever he might be, would desire to have his way. But yet there needed not a moment, in Marie's estimation, to choose between the two. George Voss was a real man; whereas Adrian Urmand, tried by such a comparison, was in her estimation simply a rich trader in want of a wife.

In a day or two the fatted calf was killed, and all went happily between George and his father. They walked together up into the mountains, and looked after the wood-cutting, and discussed the prospects of the inn at Colmar. Michel was disposed to think that George had better remain at Colmar, and accept Madame Faragon's offer. "If you think that the house is worth anything, I will give you a few thousand francs to set it in order; and then you had better agree to allow her so much a year for her life." He probably felt himself to be nearly as young a man as his son, and then remember too that he had other sons coming up who would be able to carry on the house at Granpere when he should be past his work. Michel was a loving, generous-hearted man, and all feeling of anger with his son was over before they had been together two days. "You can't do better, George," he said. "You need not always stay away from us for twelve months, and I might take a turn over the mountain, and get a lesson as to how you do things at Colmar. If ten thousand francs will help you, you shall have them. Will that make things go straight with you?" George Voss thought the sum named would make things go very straight; but as the reader knows, he had another matter near to his heart. He thanked his father; but not in the joyous, thoroughly contented tone that Michel had expected. "Is there anything wrong about it?" Michel said in that sharp tone which he used when something had suddenly displeased him.

"There is nothing wrong; nothing wrong at all," said George slowly. "The money is much more than I could have expected. Indeed I did not expect any."

"What is it then?"

"I was thinking of something else. Tell

me, father; is it true that Marie is going to be married to Adrian Urmand?"

"What makes you ask?"

"I heard a report of it," said George. "Is it true?"

The father reflected a moment what answer he should give. It did not seem to him that George spoke of such a marriage as though the rumour of it had made him unhappy. The question had been asked almost with indifference. And then the young man's manner to Marie, and Marie's manner to him, during the last two days had made him certain that he had been right in supposing that they had both forgotten the little tenderness of a year ago. And Michel had thoroughly made up his mind that it would be well that Marie should marry Adrian. He believed that he had already vanquished Marie's scruples. She had promised "to try to think better of it," before George's return; and therefore was he not justified in regarding the matter as almost settled? "I think that they will be married," said he to his son.

"Then there is something in it?"

"Oh yes; there is a great deal in it. Urmand is very eager for it, and has asked me and her aunt, and we have consented."

"But has he asked her?"

"Yes; he has done that too," said Michel.

"And what answer did he get?"

"Well;—I don't know that it would be fair to tell that. Marie is not a girl likely to jump into a man's arms at the first word. But I think there is no doubt that they will be betrothed before Sunday week. He is to be here again on Wednesday."

"She likes him, then?"

"Oh, yes; of course she likes him." Michel Voss had not intended to say a word that was false. He was anxious to do the best in his power for both his son and his niece. He thoroughly understood that it was his duty as a father and a guardian to start them well in the world, to do all that he could for their prosperity, to feed their wants with his money, as a pelican feeds her young with blood from her bosom. Had he known the hearts of each of them, could he have understood Marie's constancy, or the obstinate silent strength of his son's disposition, he would have let Adrian Urmand, with his business and his house at Basle, have sought a wife in any other quarter when he listed, and would have joined together the hands of these two whom he loved, with a paternal blessing. But he did not under-

stand. He thought that he saw everything when he saw nothing ;—and now he was deceiving his son ; for it was untrue that Marie had any such "liking" for Adrian Urmand, as that of which George had spoken.

"It is as good as settled, then?" said George, not showing by any tone of his voice the anxiety with which the question was asked.

"I think it is as good as settled," Michel answered. Before they got back to the inn, George had thanked his father for his liberal offer, had declared that he would accede to Madame Faragon's proposition, and had made his father understand that he must return to Colmar on the next Monday,—two days before that on which Urmand was expected at Granpere.

The Monday came, and hitherto there had been no word of explanation between George and Marie. Every one in the house knew that he was about to return to Colmar, and every one in the house knew that he had been entirely reconciled to his father. Madame Voss had asked some question about him and Marie, and had been assured by her husband that there was nothing in that suspicion. "I told you from the beginning," said he, "that there was nothing of that sort. I only wish that George would think of marrying some one, now that he is to have a large house of his own over his head."

George had determined a dozen times that he would, and a dozen times that he would not, speak to Marie about her coming marriage, changing his mind as often as it was formed. Of what use was it to speak to her, he would say to himself? Then again he would resolve that he would scorch her false heart by one withering word before he went. Chance at last arranged it for him. Before he started he found himself alone with her for a moment, and it was almost impossible that he should not say something. Then he did speak. "They tell me you are going to be married, Marie. I hope you will be happy and prosperous."

"Who tells you so?"

"It is true at any rate, I suppose."

"Not that I know of. If my uncle and

aunt chose to dispose of me, I cannot help it."

"It is well for girls to be disposed of sometimes. It saves them a world of trouble."

"I don't know what you mean by that, George ;—whether it is intended to be ill-natured."

"No, indeed. Why should I be ill-natured to you? I heartily wish you to be well and happy. I dare say M. Urmand will make you a good husband. Good-bye, Marie. I shall be off in a few minutes. Will you not say farewell to me?"

"Farewell, George."

"We used to be friends, Marie."

"Yes ;—we used to be friends."

"And I have never forgotten the old days. I will not promise to come to your marriage, because it would not make either of us happy, but I shall wish you well. God bless you, Marie." Then he put his arm round her and kissed her, as he might have done to a sister,—as it was natural that he should do to Marie Bromar, regarding her as a cousin. She did not speak a word more, and then he was gone!

She had been quite unable to tell him the truth. The manner in which he had first addressed her made it impossible for her to tell him that she was not engaged to marry Adrian Urmand,—that she was determined if possible to avoid the marriage, and that she had no love for Adrian Urmand. Had she done so, she would in so doing have asked him to come back to her. That she should do this was impossible. And yet as he left her, some suspicion of the truth, some half-formed idea of the real state of the man's mind in reference to her, flashed across her own. She seemed to feel that she was specially unfortunate, but she felt at the same time that there was no means within her reach of setting things right. And she was as convinced as ever she had been, that her uncle would never give his consent to a marriage between her and George Voss. As for George himself, he left her with an assured conviction that she was the promised bride of Adrian Urmand.



COMMUNISM.

A Parish Lecture.

IN this lecture on Communism I propose to give some brief illustration, (1) of the ideal commonwealths of philosophers, (2) of guilds and trades' unions, (3) of the voluntary Socialism of the present century, and (4) of plans now put forward for the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes. It will be seen, therefore, that I use the word Communism in the wide sense in which it is current in the journalism of the day. According to its strictest definition, it means the possession of everything in common and of nothing in private ownership. But Communism of that absolute degree is entirely a matter of the logical imagination. If there is to be any practical discussion of possible—even of conceivably possible—Communism, we must consider it as a thing of degrees. The general principle running through all degrees of Communism is this, that the property of men living in society should be regarded as belonging *in some sense* to the whole body. "Then," some one will say, "we are all Communists." So we are, of some degree or kind. It is an important fact, of which we must not lose sight, that the principle of Communism can hardly be stated in any general form which shall not demand universal acquiescence. Differences arise in considering how that principle should be carried into effect. The differences are endless. Questions of such difficulty present themselves in dealing with the subject of public claims and private rights, that I very much doubt whether any one here knows precisely where his Communism begins and where it ends.

There are those who think that there is irreverence and danger in discussing these questions at all. They would have property treated with the respect due to a divine mystery, as a thing not to be approached even in thought without delicacy and caution. They speak often of the *sacredness* of private property. Now various objects have been sacred in various religions. But it is not the Christian religion that has ever consecrated private property. To a Christian trained in the authoritative writings of our faith the notion of treating private property as something sacred ought to seem utterly strange. The *common* interest is invariably exalted over the *private* in the Bible. The principle of private property receives contumelious rather than reverent handling in the New

Testament. The common interest, on the other hand, is associated with all that we are taught to hallow most reverently and to seek most devotedly. It is enough for me to remind you of the history of the Day of Pentecost. The Christian Church, which began to exist on that day, finds in the events of it the germs and the laws of its whole subsequent existence. An impulse, we believe, then came fresh from heaven to create a brotherhood of those who had acknowledged Jesus as Lord. Three thousand souls were moved to repentance and faith. And of these it is recorded, "All that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." This was Communism, almost of the absolute degree. The first impetuous fervour of Christian feeling gave its consecrating sanction, not to the principle of private ownership, but to the principle of surrendering private ownership for the sake of the common happiness.

Private ownership has its strength, not in religion or reflection, but in the spontaneous impulses of human nature. Put religion and reflection aside, and there is no fear of the principle of private property being called in question. A man naturally likes to have his own things, and to do what he likes with his own. He may go further, and like to have his neighbour's things also; and that inclination has sometimes been erroneously described as communistic. But it is not Communism if I take anything from anybody in order that I may appropriate it to myself. The thief, even more than the honest citizen, is a votary of the private-property principle. Religion and reflection, though they may recognise individual ownership as an indestructible condition of human life, and may see many advantages resulting from it, find that their work lies, not in asserting the principle or stimulating the instinct of such ownership, but rather in proclaiming an opposite principle, that of united interest, as higher and worthier, and as having a divine right to rule over the other.

It is true that the weaker may discern that it is to their personal advantage that many things should be possessed in common; and a great deal of the actual Communism that has prevailed in social arrangements has been due to this perception. The weaker have held together, and by so doing have been

able to procure arrangements favourable to their condition. But the same fact has induced thoughtful and benevolent persons, with no view to their own interest, to advocate the same policy. If you draw back in thought to a mental position from which you can contemplate society as it is, and speculate how it might be improved, the sufferings of the poor and the follies of the unthinking and unstable will be sure to engage your attention. You may think yourself incompetent to form any theory at all about the improvement of society. It is just possible you may persuade yourself that nothing better can be devised than the competitive struggle for existence in which the helpless go to the wall. But if you have imaginative enterprise enough to construct an ideal scheme of social constitution, your scheme will almost inevitably be more communistic than the existing arrangements of society. Thoughtful speculations about society may be said to incline all but universally towards a more developed Communism.

There are some famous examples of philosophical speculations of this kind. By far the most important of them is the "Republic" of Plato, a work in which the Greek philosopher, living some time before Christ came, attempts to design a well-ordered and ideally perfect state. He finds absolute Communism to be an indispensable condition of such a state. But there is another work of the same class, immeasurably inferior, indeed, in interest and value to Plato's, but which it will suit our present purpose better to use as an illustration. I mean the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More.

This work is at least a very singular one to be written by its author. Sir Thomas More was the son of a judge, and himself a lawyer. He was employed by Henry VIII., who made him first a Privy Councillor, and afterwards, in succession to Cardinal Wolsey, Lord High Chancellor. "Utopia" appeared in 1516, the year in which More was admitted into the Privy Council. It is the account of a happy island, described by a traveller who had lighted upon it, which enjoyed representative government, vote by ballot, and annual magistrates. But the basis of the Utopian institutions was Communism. The writer grows enthusiastic in his denunciation of the mischiefs resulting from property. I must mention that the original work was in Latin, and that the translation from which I am about to quote was made by Bishop Burnet, a distinguished political prelate. It is curious to think of the following passage as coming

from such an author and translator—not from some penniless agitator, but say from a Sir William Page Wood, and an Archbishop Tait:—

"Thus have I described to you as particularly as I could the constitution of that commonwealth which I do not only think to be the best in the world, but to be indeed the only commonwealth that truly deserves that name. In all other places it is visible that whereas people talk of a *commonwealth*, every man only seeks his own wealth; but there, where no man has any property, all men do zealously pursue the good of the public; and, indeed, it is no wonder to see men act so differently, for in other commonwealths every man knows that, unless he provides for himself, how flourishing soever the commonwealth may be, he must die of hunger; so that he sees the necessity of preferring his own concerns to the public. But in Utopia, where every man has a right to everything, they do all know that if care is taken to keep the public stores full, no private man can want anything; for among them there is no unequal distribution, so that no man is poor, nor in any necessity; and though no man has anything, yet they are all rich; for what can make a man so rich, as to lead a serene and cheerful life, free from anxieties, neither apprehending want himself, nor vexed with the endless complaints of his wife? He is not afraid of the misery of his children, nor is he contriving how to raise a portion for his daughters, but is secure in this, that both he and his wife, his children and grandchildren, to as many generations as he can fancy, will all live both plentifully and happily, since among them there is no less care taken of those who were once engaged in labour, but grew afterwards unable to follow it, than there is elsewhere for these that continue still at it. I would gladly hear any man compare the justice that is among them, with that which is among all other nations; among whom may I perish if I see anything that looks either like justice or equity. For what justice is there in this, that a nobleman, a goldsmith, or a banker, or any other man that either does nothing at all, or at best is employed in things that are of no use to the public, should live in great luxury and splendour upon that which is so ill-acquired, and a mean man, a carter, a smith, or a ploughman, that works harder than even the beasts themselves, and is employed in labours that are so necessary that no commonwealth can hold out a year to an end without them, can yet be able to earn so poor a livelihood out of it, and must lead so miserable a life in it, that the beasts' condition is much better than theirs?

"Is not that government both unjust and ungrateful that is so prodigal of its favours to those that are called gentlemen, or goldsmiths, or such others that are idle, or live either by flattery, or by contriving the arts of vain pleasure; and, on the other hand, takes no care of those of a meaner sort, such as ploughmen, colliers, and smiths, without whom it could not subsist; but, after the public has been served by them, and that they come to be oppressed with age, sickness, and want, all their labours and the good that they have done are forgotten, and all the recompense given them is, that they are left to die in great misery; and the richer sort are often endeavouring to bring the hire of labourers lower, not only by their fraudulent practices, but by the laws which they procure to be made to that effect; so that, though it is a thing most unjust in itself to give such small rewards to those who deserve so well of the public, yet they have given these hardships the name and colour of justice, by procuring laws to be made for regulating it?

"Therefore I must say that as I hope for mercy, I

can have no other notion of all the other governments that I see or know, than that they are a conspiracy of the richer sort, who on pretence of managing the public, do only pursue their private ends, and devise all the ways and acts that they can find out; first, that they may, without danger, preserve all that they have so ill acquired, and then, that they may engage the poorer sort to toil and labour for them at as low rates as is possible, and oppress them as much as they please; and if they can but prevail to get these contrivances established by the show of public authority, which is considered as the representative of the whole people, then they are accounted laws; and yet these wicked men, after they have by a most insatiable covetousness divided that amongst themselves with which all the rest might have been well supplied, are far from that happiness that is enjoyed among the Utopians; for the use, as well as the desire, of money being extinguished, there is much anxiety and great occasion of mischief cut off with it. . . . I cannot think but the sense of every man's interest, and the authority of Christ's commands, who, as He was infinitely wise, and so knew what was best, so was no less good in discovering it to us, would have drawn all the world over to the laws of the Utopians, if pride, that plague of human nature, that is the source of so much misery, did not hinder it; which does not measure happiness so much by its own conveniences as by the miseries of others; and would not be satisfied with being thought a goddess, if none were left that were miserable, over whom she might insult; and thinks its own happiness shines the brighter by comparing it with the misfortunes of other persons; that so, by displaying its own wealth, they may feel their poverty the more sensibly."

On two points of modern interest, Sir T. More is very advanced. With reference to the customary hours of labour, he speaks as follows: "They do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is the common course of life of all tradesmen everywhere, except among the Utopians; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint *six* of these for work." He anticipates the objection, that this allotment of time would not be sufficient for the work necessary to be done, and meets it by replying that the Utopians allowed no class of men to be idle, nor any time to be wasted on frivolous work. These rules being enforced, "a small proportion of time," he says, "would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind." As to the studies and employments of women, he reports that in Utopia all the women learn some trade; that men and women of all ranks go in large numbers to hear lectures of one sort or another, according to the variety of their inclinations; and even that "the women are sometimes made priests, though that falls out but seldom, nor are any but ancient widows chosen into that order."

I cannot explain, for I confess I do not understand, how such speculations as those

of the Utopia could have been given to the public without offence by Sir T. More in the reign of Henry VIII., or by Bishop Burnet in the reign of Queen Anne. What I have quoted will at least show you that Communism of the most extreme degree has had charms for others besides the poor and the ignorant. And there is this further significance in such speculations: what was thus worked into shape and written out and published by one man, a benevolent and thoughtful Christian, may be assumed to represent a very general undeveloped feeling in others who meditate on the same facts and occupy themselves with the same problems. Misery and degradation in the lowest class, luxury and insolence in the highest, cannot be thought about without generating a persuasion that society as a whole ought to have some remedy or other for such violations of its idea.

From the speculations of philosophers I pass to actual forms of social life which grew up amongst men who did not reason about what was desirable, but felt what they wanted. The Guilds of the Middle Ages were organisations in which common people united themselves together from the simple motives which at all times have prompted men to voluntary association. They are divided into three classes: the first consists of religious guilds; the second of town or merchant guilds; the third of craft or trade guilds. Confining our attention to this country, we may regard these three classes as standing chronologically in the same order. The religious or social guilds were the earliest; then, as towns grew by degrees into organised existence, the town guilds, otherwise called merchant guilds, came into being as the original form of municipal corporations; and, later than these, grew up the craft guilds, in which men of the same trades associated themselves together.

The religious guilds were formed of men and women who came into voluntary association in order to carry out purposes of piety and mutual aid. They were benefit societies, burial clubs, and religious associations, all in one. These were very numerous in England from the Saxon times onward. They commonly bear the name of some saint or festival, and a portion of their income is spent on the appropriate devotions, the rest being applied to the relief of members and of the poor. They were formed, as I said, of men and *women*. For both wives and single women were admitted as members. The ordinances or rules of a large number of

guilds have been printed in a recently published volume from returns made in the reign of Richard II., and now preserved in the Public Record Office. From this volume I select some illustrative ordinances.

A guild of the commonest type was that of St. Katherine, Aldersgate. I quote from its rules:—

"The first point is this, that when a brother or sister shall be received, they shall be sworn upon a book to the brotherhood, for to hold up and maintain the points and articles following; . . . and that every brother and sister, in token of love, charity, and peace, at receiving shall kiss every other of those that be there. Also, if it so befall that any of the brotherhood fall in poverty, or be anientised * through eld, that he may not help himself, or through any other chance, through fire or water, thieves or sickness, or any other haps, so it be not on himself along, through his own wretchedness (misdoing), that he shall have in the week 14d."

Then follow rules as to entrance money, subscriptions, attendance at St. Botolph's Church, burials, election of new members, &c.

The following extract is from the ordinances of the guild of St. Michael-on-the-Hill, Lincoln, founded in the year 1350. The original of this is in Latin.

"Whereas this guild was founded by folks of common and middling rank, it is ordained that no one of the rank of mayor or bailiff shall become a brother of the guild, unless he is found to be of humble, good, and honest conversation, and is admitted by the choice and common consent of the brethren and sistren of the guild. And none such shall meddle in any matter, unless specially summoned; nor shall such a one take on himself any office in the guild. He shall, on his admission, be sworn before the brethren and sistren, to maintain and to keep the ordinances of the guild. And no one shall have any claim to office in this guild on account of the honour and dignity of his personal rank. If any brother or sister of the guild has fallen into such an ill state that he is unable to earn his living, and has not the means of supporting himself, he shall have, day by day, a penny from the brethren and sistren of the guild, in the order in which their names stand on the register of their admission to the guild; each brother or sister giving the penny in turn out of his own means."

Another guild, with a special interest attaching to it, is that of the Lord's Prayer at York. It is thus described in the Latin return:—

"Once on a time a play, setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer, was played in the city of York, in wh ch play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise. This play met with so much favour, that many said, 'Would that this play could be kept up in this city, for the health of souls and for the comfort of the citizens and neighbours.' Hence the keeping up of that play became the whole cause of the beginning of this brotherhood. And so the main charge of the guild is, to keep up this play, to the glory of God the maker of the said Prayer, and for the holding up of

sins and vices to scorn. And because those who remain in their sins are unable to call God their Father, therefore the bretheren of the guild are, first of all, bound to shun company and businesses that are unworthy, and to keep themselves to good and worthy businesses. And they are bound to pray for the bretheren and sistren of the guild, both alive and dead, that the living shall be able so to keep the guild that they may deserve to win God's fatherhood, and that the dead may have their torments lightened."

The account goes on to give the rules of the guild. They are to keep a table showing the meaning and use of the Lord's Prayer hanging against a pillar in York Cathedral, and a candle-bearer with seven lights near this pillar. And whenever the play of the Lord's Prayer is played in York, the brethren of the guild are to ride, clad in one suit, with the players through the streets, to do honour to it, and to insure that order shall be kept. As in every guild, the brothers or sisters are to be helped in time of need, and to be honoured at their burial.

The guild-merchant of a town was, in its strictest form, the union of all persons having land or any share in land within the town boundaries. It was called guild-merchant, or trading-guild, because these burghers or citizens were thus associated with a view to the regulating of their common or various trades. It is this union of citizens as such that is called on the Continent the *Commune*. The guildhall in any town is the place where the citizens meet in their guild-merchant.

The guilds-merchant seem to have grown, historically speaking, out of the ordinary or voluntary guilds. Three stages may be remarked in the following examples. The guild of the Blessed Mary, at Chesterfield, begun A.D. 1218, has all the usual provisions as to devotions and as to help to be given to the brethren, but it is said to have been founded to hold certain services, and the better to assure the liberties of the town. All shall swear, say the rules, to guard all their liberties, within town and without town, and to give trusty help thereto whenever it may be needed. This is not called a *gilda mercatoria* or guild-merchant, but it comes near one. The next case is that of a guild at Coventry. The merchants of Coventry, being far from the sea, found themselves much troubled about their merchandise, and applied to Edward III. for a charter for the foundation of a guild-merchant. The charter (A.D. 1340) states that King Edward, "so far as in us lies," enables the men of Coventry to establish their guild-merchant, and to make ordinances. The ordinances given in the return make no mention of any matters except those which are common to

* From the French *anienter*.

guilds in general; and, unless there were supplementary ordinances, it does not appear that this guild-merchant differed from other guilds. It was a rich corporation, however, and it maintained a lodging-house with thirteen beds to lodge poor travellers, with a governor of the house and a woman to wash their feet. But there is a very elaborate set of ordinances of the city of Worcester, dating 1467, of which the title is as follows:—"Ordinances, constitutions, and articles, made by the king's commandment, and by whole assent of the citizens inhabitants in the city of Worcester, at their *yeld marchaunt* (guild-merchant), holden the Sunday in the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, the year of the reign of King Edward IV. after the Conquest, the sixth." These regulations settle a multitude of details as to the municipal government and trade of the city. I select a few points of interest. It is required that the commons may have knowledge from year to year how the common ground is occupied, and by whom, and if that it be not rented, the commons to seize it into their hands, to the end that they may be remembered of their right, and to have profit and avail thereby. There is a provision that if any man's wife become a debtor in buying or selling, or hire any house for her life, she may be proceeded against as a woman sole merchant; and that an action for debt be maintained against her, to be conceived after the custom of the said city, without naming her husband in the said action. Here is an early prohibition of the truck system of wage-paying. A custom had grown up that the masters and makers of cloth should pay their labourers in mercery, victual, and by other means, and not in silver, to the great hurt of the said artificers, labourers, and of the poor commonalty. Therefore "it is ordained from henceforth, by this present guild, that none artificers, labourer, or any other person of the said city, against his assent, will, or agreement, be not compelled or charged to receive nothing in chaffer, but in gold or silver, of any makers, chapmen, or sellers of cloth." Any one presuming to do the contrary was to be fined each time, half the fine to go to the commons of the city, to be put in their common coffer, there to be kept to the profit of the said commonalty. And this was not to be evaded by the employment of work-people outside the town to the hurt of the poor commonalty of the city. Another article refers to the election of Members of Parliament. "They shall be chosen openly

in the guildhall, by such as dwell within the franchise, and by the most voice, and not privily. And the said persons so chosen for the parliament, that they be at it to the end of the parliament, and that they be *served of their wages accustomed*, after their coming home, within a quarter of a year next following."

As industrial life grew and expanded, guilds of the third class were naturally evolved. These were the associations of persons engaged in particular trades. Trades being commonly called crafts, these are designated *craft-guilds*. It appears that there was considerable jealousy and antagonism between the town guilds, or communes, and these trades' unions. The jealousy was on the side of the older, or municipal, organism, which sought to keep down and control the new developments of industrial power. The conflict between them, which ended in the conquest of freedom and independence by the trades' unions, may be illustrated by a struggle between the municipality of Exeter and a craft-guild of tailors in the fifteenth century.

Edward IV., by letters patent, in 1466, empowered the tailors of Exeter to form themselves into a guild, and to assume control over all persons of that trade in Exeter. This incorporation was thought to infringe upon the liberties of the town or the privileges of the municipality. Accordingly, about ten years later, we find records of great troubles at Exeter. The tailors' guild sought to enforce payment of fees to the guild by tailors of the town; and being resisted, they went, arrayed in warlike fashion (*modo guerrino arraiati*), with force and arms, that is to say, with jacks and doublets of defence, with swords, bucklers, glaives, and staves, into the houses of offenders, and beat and threatened them. The mayor and commonalty, with great trouble and expense, got up a case against the tailors, and brought it before the king in council; who thereupon made a formal award, defining in disputed points the respective jurisdictions of the corporation and the guild. But the discussion did not end here. In the twenty-second year of Edward IV. (1481) the corporation present a petition to Parliament in which they enumerate their grievances, and pray that the tailors' letters patent and the said guild and fraternity, and all things pertaining to the same guild and fraternity, be irrite, cassed, adnulled, void, and of no force nor effect; and by the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, and with the assent of the com-

mons of the realm, the prayer is granted. Notwithstanding which act of Parliament, we find the guild going on and prospering. The living social force prevailed. Probably the tailors became strong in the municipal council, or they were backed up by other crafts having the same interests. At all events, the guild is not dissolved, but flourishes; it makes new ordinances in 1500, exhibits an inventory of goods in 1504, and adds new ordinances again under Henry VIII., in 1516 and 1531.

These craft-guilds were in the strictest sense of the term *trades' unions*, and their ordinances are far more comprehensive and interfere far more with individual liberty than the laws of any modern trades' union have attempted to do. But there is, nevertheless, a fundamental difference between the craft-guild of the fifteenth century, and the trade union of the nineteenth, which I will endeavour briefly to explain.

The craft-guild was an incorporation of masters, the trade union is a combination of workmen.

But this distinction will be misleading unless we take into account a mighty change in the form of industry, to which manifold new conditions are owing. The change is from *small* industry to *great* industry. Originally, every master in a trade was a working man. This is the natural commencement of manufacturing industry. It begins in a small way. And in a primitive condition of society, when little capital has been accumulated, and populations are scanty, and means of locomotion excessively restricted, industry will remain small. But as towns flourish and trade increases, the craftsmen save money and become comparatively rich, and are able to employ assistants, and so are developed into small capitalists. Capital, once securely realised, tends to grow with rapidity, and manufacturers become to a considerable extent employers of labour. This was the history of the craft-guilds of the Middle Ages. They became companies, such as those which still retain names and possessions and give splendid dinners in the City of London. These guilds were very close and exclusive, and became such hinderers of the general prosperity that Lord Bacon called them in his day "fraternities in evil." But still the most important manufacturing industries remained "small," or comparatively small; they were carried on to a great extent in cottages; until they were revolutionised by the application of steam to manufactures and the accompanying development of capital.

The modern form of industry has without

doubt added immensely to the wages of the working classes, and in most points improved their condition. But it disorganised them. It made the "hands" into mobile parts of a vast machine, liable to be left idle or thrown aside, whenever it became the interest of capital to change its point of application. The employers became relatively powerful to an almost unparalleled degree. There was hardly ever any section of society, perhaps, more unorganised, more destitute of the mutual attachments by which men hold together, than the working classes of this country would be without trades' unions.

It appears that for some two centuries the interests of the working people were chiefly protected by the Statute of Apprentices, of the 5th Elizabeth, and by customs which had grown into authority under that statute. According to this act, no one could lawfully exercise, either as master or as journeyman, any art, mystery, or manual occupation, except he had been brought up therein seven years, at least, as an apprentice. Rules were laid down as to the taking and keeping of apprentices, and it was enacted that journey-men must be kept in a certain proportion to apprentices. As to journeymen, it was enacted that in most trades, no person should retain a servant under one whole year, and no servant was to depart or be put away but upon a quarter's warning. The hours of work were fixed to about twelve hours in summer, and from the day dawn till night in winter. Wages were to be assessed yearly by the justices of the peace or the town-magistrates, at every general sessions first to be holden after Easter. The same authorities were to settle all disputes between masters and apprentices, and to protect the latter. They were to assess the wages so as to "yield unto the hired person, both in the time of scarcity and in the time of plenty, a convenient proportion of wages." Now this act, when steam and machinery had been introduced together, became unsuited to modern conditions of industry. It was finally repealed in A.D. 1809. But when you bear in mind that such a statute had been removed, and that it was not replaced by any analogous legislation, and that the new conditions of industry tended of themselves to put the work-people in crowds into the hands of capitalists, you will not wonder that the working classes felt their way to some combinations by which they might protect themselves against injury and secure some regularity and stability of life.

Trades' unions composed of working men

are accordingly a characteristic growth of the present century. I observe an extremely interesting illustration of their history in a recent report of our consul in Saxony. You will see all that I have described occurring in a narrower compass, and with more marked features. I abridge from Mr. Crowe's report in a Blue Book of this year.

"The Saxons, frugal, hard-working, and abstemious, were more generally engaged as artisans and mechanics in proportion to the population than any people in Germany. It was calculated that every thirteenth man was master, journeyman, or apprentice to some corporate trade. In Saxony the domestic, as distinguished from the factory system, was longest preserved; and improvements in steam and machinery were slowest in making way. In no country was the corporate spirit of the earlier times more instinct with life, and nowhere was it found more difficult to compass the abolition of guilds. Till ten years ago, with the exception of country masons, carpenters, sweeps, and bakers of rye bread, there was not a man of any craft who did not necessarily belong to a guild. The number of masters—frequently the number of journeymen—was strictly limited. Wages were regulated by custom, being the same for the good, the middling, or the still less skilful hand. Mastery was dependent on a long course of travel, years of apprenticeship, and examination. . . . The measures which really undermined the guilds were passed to facilitate the establishment of factories; the causes which precipitated their fall were the construction of railways, the consequent extension of markets, and the demand for cheaper and better wares. As the factory system expanded the guilds shrank, and the population outgrew the old and stationary corporations. From 1840 to 1850 the factory system arose. From 1850 to 1860 the guilds languished. In 1861 they were abolished by law."

Mr. Crowe goes on to describe various results of this change, which, he says, are still only in their beginnings. But the only observation I shall quote is the following:—

"Nothing is more remarkable in the meanwhile than that, parallel with the efforts made to free labour from all artificial interference, we have to notice the agitation of a class of men who, under the guise of reformers, seek to re-establish in a new shape the old constraint of the guilds. That the State has to protect the working classes against the despotism of capital, that it is the duty of trades' unions to establish tariffs of prices which shall exclude piece-work, ignore skill, and place the bad and the middling hand on the same level as the good, is the creed of a party which now wields a certain power in Saxony."

It is remarkable, I admit, but it is also most natural and reasonable. Men who had matured such a character as the Saxons had by the aid of trade-organisation were not likely to acquiesce in being transformed into drifting aggregations of unorganised units,

Trades' unions must seem extremely moderate and practical forms of association when we compare them with other developments of the same principle which also belong to the present century, and of which I now go on to speak. The theories and experiments to

which I refer are commonly classed under the general title of Socialism. This term is used with nearly the same looseness or comprehensiveness as Communism. Those who discriminate between them would in most cases understand by Socialism some variety of association which does not involve the abolition of private property, and by Communism the system of having all things in common.

The many changes which came together in the latter part of the last century and the earlier part of the present, amongst other results, had the effect of setting speculative minds at work on schemes of social reconstruction. And the schemes of recent social theorists, unlike those of Plato and Sir Thomas More, were intended by their originators to be carried out into immediate practical effect, and have actually been put to the test of experiment by enthusiastic disciples. The names of leading importance in the tentative socialism of the nineteenth century are those of Owen, St. Simon, and Fourier; the chief scene of the experiments has been the United States of America. The necessary element for these schemes is enthusiasm, disengaged from old beliefs. Without the enthusiasm no one could go heartily into the reconstruction of society; and where the old beliefs remain, enthusiasm would devote itself to other tasks than a revolutionary reorganisation of the world.

It is difficult for us English people to do justice to the motives and characters of these rebuilders of society. They for the most part differ much from us in creed; they are excessively fanciful and sanguine; and their failures are ludicrous. What more can be wanted to alienate an Englishman? Nevertheless, it is important to bear in mind that a man would hardly be a socialist or communist without being moved by an interest in the welfare of his fellow-men, and that it is almost always pity for the suffering and the degraded that feeds the socialist fire. The more genuine socialists are men of honourable enthusiasm for the elevation of the lower classes, willing to make sacrifices in their cause. Socialism has been promoted, not *by* the poor, but *for* the poor; and it is altogether a mistake to connect it with personal greediness. It is a remarkable fact, which would hardly have been expected beforehand, that voluntary or experimental socialism should have attracted more adherents in the United States than anywhere else. This is surprising, because the most powerful argument for social reconstruction in the Old World is found in the miseries which are so much less prevalent in

the New. It is difficult to see what commonplace advantages Americans can look for in socialist life, which they have not at command already. But the truth is that Socialism is a product of hope and enterprise, much more than of decay and despair.

The three men whom I have named were all contemporaries. In 1825, when St. Simon died at the age of sixty-five, Owen was fifty-four and Fourier fifty-three. St. Simon and Fourier were authors. Owen was a successful man of business. They were equally fanatical believers in their own doctrines.

St. Simon was as ambitiously comprehensive in his system as other Frenchmen are apt to be. I can only mention here his leading social maxims, which are these:—

All social institutions ought to aim at the amelioration, moral, intellectual, and physical, of the greatest and poorest class.

All the privileges of birth, without exception, are to be abolished.

To every man according to his capacity; to every capacity according to its works.

In order to carry out the first principle, society was to be organised under the heads of religion, science, and industry. The leaders in each department were to constitute the government. Science and industry were alike holy; all property was church property; every vocation was a religious function.

The second principle involved the abolition of inheritance. The state was to be the ultimate owner of all land and realised property, and was to assign or distribute it to individuals according to capacity and merits.

There was, therefore, to be no community of goods. The St. Simonians believed in the natural inequality of men, and regarded it as the very basis of association, and the indispensable condition of social order.

Marriage was not to be abolished. Christianity, they said, has lifted women out of servitude, but it has condemned them to subordination. The St. Simonians announce their definitive enfranchisement, but without pretending to abolish the holy law of marriage proclaimed by Christianity.

After the death of St. Simon, a number of his disciples formed a kind of sect or church in his name at Paris, and also carried on for a while some industrial speculations in accordance with his principles. St. Simon exercised a very important influence on some able and distinguished men, but the St. Simonian organisation in a very few years came to an end.

Robert Owen first became known as the

head of a great manufacturing business at New Lanark, in Scotland. In that capacity he produced admirable and much-admired results, by deliberately making the moral and physical well-being of his work-people his primary consideration. Being seduced into speculative philosophy, he adopted as his main principle the conclusion, which is certainly not a bad rule for educators and managers to be guided by, that every man is what his circumstances make him, and that in order to improve men you must improve their circumstances. It was natural that a preacher of this principle should desire to create model circumstances; and turning his thoughts to America, as furnishing the most favourable conditions for a new community, he went over in 1824, and bought an estate upon which a small religious community, founded by a German named Rapp, had already been planted. The estate, having been named Harmony by the Rappites, was called New Harmony by Owen. Here a society of nine hundred members came together, and endeavoured to form perfect circumstances, that the circumstances in turn might form perfect men. Owen not only established this community himself, but he preached his doctrine very earnestly by lectures and appeals to kings and congresses, and the result of it was that about 1826 some eleven Owenite associations were founded in America. They were mostly small, and none of them lasted more than three years.

Fourier's doctrine is difficult to describe in a few words, but it took a strong hold of a number of able and good men, especially in the United States. His great idea was to make labour attractive. He thought that by grouping people together, and planning their hours and ways of work, he could contrive such arrangements that all the natural instincts and passions should fall into harmony and be utilised, and all mankind should be made perfectly happy. He occupied himself especially with organising the labours of cultivation, and undertook to secure that they should be equally productive and delightful. His system also, like St. Simon's, was based on inequalities. He held that in an order prudently arranged, the natural and social inequalities that follow will be the surest pledges of concord and harmony. By skilful arrangement and grouping all faculties would be exercised, all instincts satisfied, all organisations would mutually support and complete each other.

It was a difficulty in the way of trying Fourierist experiments, that to do justice to

the system it was necessary to try them on a very large and costly scale. The only attempt made in France broke down before it came into action through lack of funds. But Fourier's system, having fascinated one or two ardent American minds, was preached and expounded by them in the year 1842 with considerable effect. Thoughtful and religious men believed that Fourier had at least pointed out the direction in which attempts should be made to realise a perfect social life. It has been said that "a yearning towards social reconstruction has become a part of the continuous, permanent, inner experience of the American people." As many as thirty-four communities are named as having owed their origin to the Fourierist movement of 1842. The most considerable of them, called the North American Phalanx, founded by Albert Brisbane and Horace Greeley, continued to exist for twelve years, from 1843 to 1855. But most of the communities, being in general very small, fell to pieces very rapidly. The promoters lay the blame in general on the faults of the members. Greeley, the well-known journalist, and one of the early disciples of Fourier, speaks thus of those who joined the communities:—

"A serious obstacle to the success of any socialistic experiment must always be confronted. I allude to the kind of persons who are naturally attracted to it. Along with many noble and lofty souls, whose impulses are purely philanthropic, and who are willing to labour and suffer reproach for any cause that promises to benefit mankind, there throng scores of whom the world is quite worthy—the conceited, the crotchety, the selfish, the headstrong, the pugnacious, the unappreciated, the played-out, the idle, and the good-for-nothing generally; who, finding themselves utterly out of place and at a discount in the world as it is, rashly conclude that they are exactly fitted for the world as it ought to be."

So we can easily imagine. But then this question presents itself. What particular advantage would there be, either to the world or to themselves, in drawing out the noble and lofty souls and setting them to live together in an agricultural phalanx? Life, we know, even to those of us who have means, and who are fit to be members of Fourierist communities, has its troubles and discouragements; but they are mostly of the sort that could not be cured, and would not have any promise of being cured, by a system of farming in groups. The only real attraction of Socialistic schemes is their promise to strengthen the feeble and to make the poor comfortable. If they are to succeed by excluding the poor and the weak, what is the good of them?

There is, however, another hindrance to

the success of such communities besides this which made Mr. Greeley so bitter. Family life and community life do not agree well together. We should have thought so beforehand, and so it has proved. There is a sort of parody on Socialism in the success and long continuance of two grotesque associations in the United States, that of the Shakers and that of Oneida, which get rid of the domestic difficulty in two opposite ways. The Shakers maintain absolute celibacy, the Oneida people have wives and children in common. Both these bodies sustain themselves, like the Mormons, by very peculiar religious pretensions which must be accepted by all who join them.

The common English mind, we may safely assume, is not likely to be fascinated, either by the reconstructive schemes of philosophers, or by the experiences of those who have tried to carry such schemes into effect. We are not, however—how could we be?—content with our present social condition, nor without aspirations after the improvement of it. It is scarcely possible to be religious or thoughtful at all without revolving plans of some kind by which social miseries may be cured or social happiness increased. A portion of such plans may be described as communistic, whilst others belong rather to the individualistic class. It remains for me to complete my rapid sketch of Communism by speaking very briefly of projects now entertained which have for their purpose to make realised wealth more serviceable to the poorest class.

And at this point it will be most convenient for me to describe an attitude of mind towards such proposals, in which I think I could almost compel you—even if it were against your will—to go with me. I speak to humane and Christian persons. I recall to your minds the teaching of the New Testament and the instincts of humanity. Now if certain plans were proposed to you by which it could be shown to your satisfaction that, at the cost of some of the wealth of the rich, the condition of the poor could be made permanently more easy and more secure against degradation, would you not joyfully accept them? You cannot say no. Well then, when attempts are made to devise such plans, what have you to say to them? If you refuse to listen to them, you may say that you know beforehand that all such plans must be delusive—that they will fail to attain their end, or that the end is not worth the disturbance and apparent injustice by which it would have to be sought. But overwhelming proof can be given that *all* such

plans are *not* delusive. Who objects, for example, to the providing of parks open to the common people at the public cost or by the gift of the rich? Who disapproves of the support of national education out of the taxes? or of the compelling of landowners to sell their land for railways, and of railway companies to carry passengers at one penny a mile? Some of the plans in question are, however, manifestly delusive. If they are, no one ought to favour them. Therefore, I conclude, we all sympathise with the object of such plans; but we think it necessary to consider carefully whether they are calculated to attain their end or not.

It is possible, also, to disapprove of the *temper* in which schemes are advocated. And in this light, the International Working Men's Association, which is now the object of many ardent hopes and grave fears, may justly incur censure. Its original design was that of uniting together the artisan and labouring classes in the different countries of the world, so that mutual aid might be given in the common effort to raise the working class. But the society has apparently fallen into the hands of eloquent foreign leaders, trained to revolutionary movements, who delight in invectives against capital, and who substitute vague but exciting phrases for practical measures. The aim of the society, we are told, is nothing less than the expropriation of the expropriators. It is a fine phrase, but who is to say what it means? Such language is as little congenial to the English atmosphere as the proposal that Citizen Dilke should be the first president of the English republic. As regards, however, the violent and minatory language of continental democrats, I venture to say that we are hardly in a position to judge it reasonably. It is the habit of foreigners to speak excitedly. And then there is the language and policy of their opponents to be considered. If we see two persons fighting and abusing one another, we do not disapprove of one party only. Thus we can hardly judge the people of Paris and what they did fairly, without comparing them with the provincials and what they did. At the same time it has an unreal effect, and is in every way to be regretted, that English workmen should speak to the public through the mouths of un-English revolutionists.

One of the most ambitious schemes which has been put forward by the International Society is that of the acquisition of the land by the State. On the great scale, it seems impossible to imagine how this could be done. But there is no *a priori* reason why more of

the land should not belong to the public than is at present the case amongst ourselves. In Switzerland, the Communes hold a great deal of land, which they either keep for common use, or let to tenants at a rent. It seems to be simply a question of good policy whether it would be well for us to adopt the same custom, or rather to spread it more widely, amongst ourselves.

Another project, admitted by the International Society into its programme, but too moderate to satisfy its more ardent spirits, is the promotion of co-operative industry. We shall probably all agree in holding that every hindrance ought to be removed out of the way of co-operation. But if it is proposed that the State should advance capital for this purpose, all sorts of objections arise, which the working people themselves are perfectly able to appreciate.

I pass on to the recent proposals of a new social movement, introduced with a moderation of tone which conciliated even Conservative peers. These proposals were seven in number.

The first two, I must say, appear to me to be chimerical upon the face of them. It was proposed that working men and their families should be housed in cottages with gardens at a moderate rent; and that food should be sold retail at wholesale prices. As to the latter, it would be simpler to enact that any one who would call at a certain office at a certain hour of the week should receive a shilling or so out of the public funds. The provision and regulation of public markets is another matter; what I understand to have been proposed is the selling of food at a reduced rate. This, I think, will not bear consideration. In seeking the other object, pleasing homes for all, we find ourselves grappling with the difficulties of space and time. We cannot live both in London and out of it. We could all get houses at a lower rent, and with gardens, in the country; but then we should lose the advantages of living near our work in London. The working people know very well that their housing is simply a matter of wages. Increase a man's wages, and he will be able to get into a better house. The distressing cases are those of people with the lowest wages and the largest families. For such persons everything is a difficulty,—food and clothing at least as much as house-room. If you are to give to them out of the public funds, you may as well give them one necessary as another.

Whenever the State undertakes to provide for the maintenance of any class, it will have

to do it at some sacrifice of their liberty. This is a consideration which disposes of all the invidious comparisons between poor people's houses and the fine stables and kennels of the rich. The rich might keep the poor in the luxury of the lower animals, if at the same time they controlled their liberties as they do those of the lower animals. In a paper advocating the first proposal, Mr. George Potter quotes from another writer a ludicrously imaginative account of the way in which a Swiss municipality would place its working people in agreeable homes. There would be other criticisms to make on this account; but I restrict myself to observing that the author quietly slips in the remark that the municipality would *flog the idle, the drunken, and the dissolute*. This condition surely deserves attention. Would the poorest people in this parish desire to be housed at somewhat lower rents by the Marylebone Vestry with the understanding that the Vestry would flog the idle, the drunken, and the dissolute? As a member of the Vestry, I should wish to decline this unpleasant responsibility.

The third proposal is that the hours of labour be shortened. On this point it might be enough to say that the working men in many employments throughout the country have just gained, through the determined combination of a portion of them, a definite reduction. But I will add an interesting quotation:—

"When Cromwell had abolished the feasts at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and other festivals commonly called holidays, as tending towards superstition, and had introduced the strict observance of Sunday, the apprentices who by this 'were deprived not only of the benefit of visiting their friends and kindred, but also of all set times of pleasure and lawful recreations,' petitioned Parliament for the appointment by law of one day in every month for these purposes, and Parliament thereupon set apart for them the second Tuesday in every month. The masters, it appears, were in no way pleased at this, and curtailed their apprentices in the enjoyment of their 'play days;' whereupon Parliament, on a further petition from the apprentices, ordered that on these fixed play days all shops should remain closed." (English Guilds, p. clix.)

The remaining four points are as follows: (1) A further organisation of local government; (2) Technical instruction for skilled workmen; (3) Public parks, buildings, and institutions for innocent and improving recreation; and (4) The adequate organisation of the public service for the common good. There is nothing revolutionary in any of these demands. They are matters for administrative zeal and ability, and not for any struggle between classes, or conflict of parties. I should have supposed that there were subjects of greater importance, and of more

interest to the working classes now engaging public attention, such as the regulation of the sale of liquors, the abolition of the truck system, or the management of mines. But any judicious practical suggestions for promoting the above-mentioned objects of the Social Movement would, I think, be generally acceptable.

There is one inference to be drawn from this list of proposals, put forth by Mr. Scott Russell, on behalf of some active representatives of the working people; I mean, that it was not found possible to unite working-class opinion in favour of certain projects which do not appear in the list; such, *e.g.*, as that of aiding emigration largely with State funds, or that of multiplying in some way or other very small holdings of land. Both these projects are tempting; the former especially has excited a great deal of desire and hope. But it has been shown that one of the chief advantages looked for from emigration on a large scale, the thinning of the labour market at home, would be neutralised immediately by the immigration of cheap Irish and foreign labour. There is no country in Europe, I believe, not the most prosperous, in which the wages are not considerably lower than they are in England, and in which the working people do not live, in respect of food and clothing at least, somewhat more hardly. As regards the cultivation of land in small holdings, not only is there the primary difficulty of obtaining possession of the land and settling the cultivators on it, but the same causes which have changed the small industry to the great in manufactures seem to make it certain that the large cultivation must supersede the small in agriculture also.

Similarly, most projects which have in view the direct promotion of the economical interests of the working classes prove to be on examination either delusive or impracticable. For the raising of wages, the direct specifics are freedom of trade and of locomotion, and the accumulation of capital. Whatever tends to make men rich, tends also to increase employment and to raise the rate of wages for the poor. But whatever can be done to improve the social condition of the common people—to make their life more comfortable, more healthy, and more civilised—is of high value to the working classes in general; and if more can be done to this effect at the cost of those who are better off, that is a kind of Communism with which I have tried to persuade you that we all ought to sympathise.

The improvement of education, the creation of parks and gardens and fountains, the opening out of streets, the best sanitary arrangements, the provision of medical aid, the building of markets, and the like, may partially be promoted, as they have been, by the voluntary gifts of the rich. If they are to be made independent of the casual goodwill of the benevolent rich, the cost of them must be provided out of the rates. All such benefits involve a proportionate raising of our rates. And that places an obstacle in their way, which is apt in this country to be a difficult one to get over. If you read accounts of America or of Switzerland, which are the two model countries as regards the working people, and see with admiration and envy how much is done for education and in the general interest of the most numerous class of the citizens, you cannot help wishing that we should in some such respects imitate them. But if you also inquire what rates are paid in those countries, you will be amazed. The rates are not only what we should call high, but they are several times as heavy as ours are. We cannot hope to have great public improvements without paying for them. But then we are met by the appeal in behalf of "the poor rate-payer." It is common to speak as if the rate-payer were already burdened as heavily as he could possibly bear. That is only a way of talking; but could we not do something to meet the case of the poor rate-payer, without giving up the hope of more ambitious public improvements? I wish we could have the question of *graduated rating* taken into serious consideration. I have sometimes thought that a special rate for improvements above the necessary class might be laid, like the income-tax, on the more affluent. But it would be a simpler and more thorough plan to rate according to an ascending scale; and I do not see what better use the rich could make of their money than to pay liberally, under compulsion, towards all improvements which would tend to civilise the general life of the population. Only travellers know how much we, in wealthy England, are in such respects behind many poorer countries.

Now—to bring this rapid survey to a conclusion—let me ask what duty or policy it seems to suggest to the rich and to the poor respectively. It urges the rich to remember the old truth, that they are not owners but trustees of what they possess, and that it is the law of God the Creator that the capital held by any member of the community should be made serviceable to the community as a

whole. The rich are bound to be on their guard against doing harm by their riches—against demoralising the poorer classes, as they do so largely, by profligate expenditure, by careless almsgiving, by the temptations of their domestic service, and in other ways. Where riches abound, there will be employment and high wages, diffusing much general prosperity; but it is almost certain that there will be at the same time a pauperised residuum, the dregs of a wealthy nation, ruined by the fluctuations of employment and by the corruption of their self-respect. Whilst they should very earnestly consider how not to do harm, the rich are bound also to consider how they may do good. We want amongst our rich people, hardly more good-nature or kindness, but much more of the *communis sensus*, more patriotic ambition, more enterprise in promoting public benefits. Why should they not be more emulous of the Athenians of old, of the Americans of to-day, in public liberality?

To the working people our review suggests that they should strive to make themselves independent by combination. Let them combine—not in benefit clubs that are sure to break, nor in strikes that are sure to fail, but judiciously; let them try to *insure* themselves against the fluctuations of employment, against sickness, against old age, against the over-eagerness of capitalists, by wholesome combinations in as many forms as they find expedient. In policy, let them press for, not State grants that might bring windfalls to some, but such public improvements as might benefit all equally, and such as might reasonably be provided by a wealthy State for the mass of its citizens. Let them cherish the practical spirit of Englishmen, with its suspicion of wild schemes and extravagant promises.

Many of us are neither rich nor poor; we have no power to make imposing gifts, and no inducement to join co-operative societies or trades' unions or benefit clubs. But we have great influence on opinion and policy, peculiar opportunities of binding classes together. Let us use our opportunities for humane and Christian ends. We are subject to a double magnetism, and are drawn on the one hand towards the rich, on the other hand towards the poor. We may yield ourselves to either attraction; but let us remember that it is the spirit of the world that tempts us to make up to the rich, whilst the spirit of Christ bids us sympathise with the humble and the poor.

J. LEWELLYN DAVIES.

THE CARPENTER.

O LORD, at Joseph's humble bench,
Thy hands did handle saw and plane;
Thy hammer nails did drive and clench,—
Avoiding knot and humouring grain.

That thou didst seem, thou wast indeed;
In sport thy tools thou didst not use
Nor, helping hind's or fisher's need,
The labourer's hire, too nice, refuse.

Lord, might I be but as a saw,
A plane, a chisel, in thy hand!—
No, Lord! I take it back in awe—
Such prayer for me is far too grand.

I pray, O Master, let me lie,
As on thy bench the favoured wood
Thy saw, thy plane, thy chisel ply,
And work me into something good.

No, no: ambition, holy-high,
Urges for more than both to pray:
Come in, O gracious Force, I cry—
O workman, share my shed of clay.

Then I, at bench, or desk, or oar,
With last or needle, net or pen,
As thou in Nazareth of yore,
Shall do the Father's will again.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.



A GIANT SUN.

TO those who are acquainted with the teachings of astronomy respecting the mighty ruler of our planetary scheme, the title of this paper may appear strange. For assuredly our sun must himself be considered as a giant orb—giant in size, as Sir John Herschel says in his charming “Familiar Lectures,” and giant in strength, but withal a benevolent giant, being “the almoner of the Almighty, the delegated dispenser to us of light and warmth, the immediate source of all our comforts, and indeed of the very possibility of our existence.” How, then, it may be asked, can any other orb be called by way of distinction a giant sun, as though the sun which rules our day were but a dwarf? It seemed fitting that, in speaking of Jupiter a year ago, I should describe his mighty orb as a miniature sun; for vast as is the bulk of Jupiter, he seems dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the sun’s inconceivably magnificent globe. A thousand Jupiters would not make up the volume of the sun, nor would the mass of a thousand Jupiters outweigh his, if masses so mighty could be balanced against each other. But to speak of any other orb as a giant sun, would seem to imply that there exists in the universe a globe bearing some such relation to the sun as the sun bears to Jupiter, or Jupiter to the relatively minute orb on which we live.

Incredible as the idea of such a globe may be however, it is with precisely such a globe that I propose now to deal.

If the reader of these lines will turn his eyes towards the south at about nine o’clock on a clear evening, in the beginning of this month of February, he will see two orbs which far outshine all others in the heavens. High up in the sky, and not far from the twin stars Castor and Pollux, the planet Jupiter—the “miniature sun” of a former essay—is shining with a steadfast lustre which distinguishes him almost as markedly as his superior brilliancy from all the stars in his vicinity. Low down and almost vertically beneath the kingly planet, a star will be seen which though not matching Jupiter in actual brilliancy surpasses him in beauty. For this star—the famous Dog-star of the ancients—glows with a light which continually changes in apparent colour. At one moment it appears unmistakably red, at another a pure green, at another a sapphire blue—though these colours last but for an instant, while,

during somewhat longer intervals, the light of the star is white. Poets in all ages have noticed this peculiarity of the light of Sirius, from Homer who compared the fiery lustre of the arms of Diomedes with the splendour of the autumn star “when new-risen from the waves of ocean,”* to our Poet-Laureate, who sings of Arac and his brothers, that

“As the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, wash’d with morning, as they came.”

It is difficult to conceive that this orb, brightly as it shines, so far surpasses in volume the magnificent planet at present outshining it in the higher heavens, that the very drawing by which astronomers are in the habit of indicating the insignificance of our earth compared with the sun, might be employed to indicate the inferiority of Jupiter as compared with Sirius. Yet even this fact (for such it is), amazing as it must appear, sinks into insignificance beside the fact that Sirius is a sun many times more splendid than our own. That beautiful star, which even in the most powerful telescope man can construct appears as a mere point of light, is in reality a globe emitting so enormous a quantity of light and heat, that if it were to take the place of our sun every creature on this earth would be destroyed by its fiery rays.

Before proceeding to consider the discoveries relating to Sirius which have rewarded the labours of modern astronomers, it may be interesting to inquire briefly into the ideas of the ancients respecting this splendid orb—the more so that, if we are to accept the descriptions given by ancient writers as literally exact, we must conceive that the star has during the last two thousand years undergone a change of the most marvellous kind.

It is remarkable that the ancients should have regarded Sirius as comparable with the sun in regard to the influence which it exerts upon the earth. For instance, Sirius was supposed to produce the unhealthy weather

* In the lines referred to Homer seems to describe Sirius as shining more brightly when newly risen than at any other time; and a commentator remarks unhesitatingly, and as though recording some well-attested astronomical fact, that Sirius “shone brightest at its rising.” I am not sure that the words of Homer will bear this interpretation, since the word translated “brightly” may equally bear the meaning “splendidly,”—that is, may not relate to the quantity of light actually received from the star, but to the beauty of the star’s appearance. It is, of course, not the case that Sirius (either as seen here or in any country) shines most brightly when newly risen; though certainly the star appears more beautiful when near the horizon, its changes of colour being then better marked and succeeding each other more rapidly. A similar remark applies to Arcturus, Vega, and Capella, the three stars which come next to Sirius in brilliancy. Indeed, the remark applies to all stars bright enough to show well through the denser air close by the horizon.

prevalent in many parts of Italy during the autumnal months. Yet the influence of the star was not in all countries regarded as baneful; for the Egyptians ascribed the inundations of the Nile to Sirius, and were thus led to worship the star as a deity. The *dog-days* began at the part of the year when the star rose just as the sky was beginning to grow too bright for any stars to be seen. So that the mischievous effects assigned to these canicular days were associated, not with the time when the star shone most conspicuously at night, but with the season when it was known that Sirius was above the horizon in the day-time.

But if it is perplexing to understand how the ancients came to regard the rays of Sirius as thus potent, either for evil or for good, it is even more difficult to understand how Manilius was led to anticipate the results of modern astronomical research by boldly suggesting that Sirius is a sun comparable with our own in splendour. Sherburne thus translates the words of Manilius about Sirius:—

"'Tis strongly credited this owns a light
And runs a course not than the sun's less bright,
But that removed from sight so great a way
It seems to cast a dim and weaker ray."

The question whether, as some suppose, Sirius has changed in colour since the days of these ancient astronomers, is of extreme interest and importance.

At present Sirius, when high above the horizon (as seen, therefore, in southern latitudes), is unmistakably white. But Aratus and Ptolemy, Seneca and Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, agree in using terms which, as ordinarily understood, imply redness or even a ruddy purple tint. Nay, Ptolemy says distinctly that Sirius was of the same colour as the star Antares (the Scorpion's Heart), now sometimes described as a *red* Sirius; and Seneca said that the redness of Sirius was more marked than that of Mars. If we accept the conclusion that Sirius was a red star two thousand years ago, we cannot but look with some misgiving on the question whether our own sun may not one day change likewise in colour—a question of grave importance to the human race. For the colour of a sun is closely related to the quality of the rays which it emits. We receive at present from our sun, in certain proportions, rays which produce the effects of heat, and light, and chemical action; and these several effects correspond with the parts of the solar spectrum coloured respectively, red, and yellow, and indigo. Or rather, the rays from the red and orange

part of the solar spectrum are more heating than light-giving, and produce scarcely any chemical action whatever;* the rays from the orange-yellow, yellow, and yellow-green part excite more light than heat or chemical action; and the rays from the blue, indigo, and violet portion excite more chemical action than light, and scarcely any heat whatever. Hence, if our sun changed in colour, his rays would supply more heat or else produce a more intense chemical action than at present; and it is by no means clear that such a change would be advantageous to the inhabitants of this earth.

Before leaving this part of our subject, it may be mentioned, as bearing on the probability whether Sirius has changed in colour or not, that certain variable stars do change systematically in colour—though in a period so short, that they are somewhat removed from comparison with Sirius and his supposed change during the past two thousand years. The Wonderful Star (Mira) in the Whale becomes yellowish as it loses brightness, and as its lustre returns gradually resumes its whiteness.

Let us now turn, however, to the researches of modern astronomers into the nature and physical condition of this magnificent orb.

Owing to the superior brilliancy of Sirius, it was natural that astronomers should be led to regard this star as nearer than any other in the heavens. But Sirius is not well placed for observation from European stations, and accordingly when astronomers first attempted to estimate the distance of a fixed star, they did not select Sirius for the experiment. One notices in their remarks respecting Sirius, however, a sort of tacit assumption, that at whatever distance they might find any actually observed star to lie, Sirius must be regarded as at a less distance.

But as the great problem (the most difficult observational problem ever attacked by astronomers) began to be mastered, it was recognised that Sirius is by no means the nearest of the fixed stars. Nay, this general conclusion began to be recognised, that the brightness of a star is no sufficient criterion of relative proximity. The first star whose distance was actually determined was one which can only be taken seen on clear moon-

* The photographer takes advantage of this circumstance to obtain chemical darkness, so to speak, without the means of optical darkness. For by means of orange-coloured glass he can exclude all light which would produce the least change in his chemicals. Orange yellow hangings are as well suited as black hangings would be for a photographic dark-room. It is owing to the same peculiarity that we are not always quite satisfied with the photographs of our ruddy cheeked children.

less nights by persons having ordinary powers of eyesight. And though the star next dealt with (the nearest of all so far as is known) is a very brilliant orb, yet its lustre falls far short of that of Sirius. In fact, according to the first published estimate of the distance of Sirius, there are three stars so minute as to be actually invisible to the unaided eye, which yet lie nearer to us than this brightest of all the fixed stars.

It would appear, however, from the careful researches applied to the matter in recent times, that the distance of Sirius had been over-estimated, and that as a matter of fact this star must be set third in order of distance,—among those stars at least whose distances astronomers have attempted to determine. According to these later estimates, while the distance of the nearest of all stars (so far as is known) must be set at some twenty-two millions of millions of miles, the distance of Sirius is about eighty millions of millions of miles.

I have spoken of the erroneous estimate of the distance of Sirius. It may be well, in passing, to consider the nature and extent of the probable error. We have heard no little astonishment expressed because astronomers have detected an error of some three millions of miles in their estimate of the sun's distance. It appears inexplicable to many that such an error as this is in reality altogether trivial, the real wonder being that astronomers should have come within several millions of miles of the truth. But if the error in the estimate of the sun's distance appear startling, what will be thought of an error which must be estimated by millions of millions of miles? Such, however, is the case as respects Sirius. If the estimate of the star's distance which formerly was accepted (and even now appears in many of the best astronomical treatises extant) were correct, the distance of Sirius would amount to about 130 millions of millions of miles; the corrected estimate is as above mentioned eighty millions of millions. The difference is some half a million times larger than the sun's distance from the earth.

It may be asked, then, by the reader, whether there must not have been some gross blundering on the part of astronomers. Nay, if unfamiliar with the actual nature of the problem which astronomers have had to deal with, he may even be disposed to believe that there is something after all in the outcry of those loud-voiced persons who denounce the Astronomer Royal and the Royal Observatory, and who assert that every

shilling devoted by Government to the support of observational astronomy is thrown away. A few words of explanation, however, will probably remove this impression.

What the astronomer has to do in order to determine the distance of a star is to notice whether in the course of the year the star seems to shift its apparent place on the celestial sphere. The earth circuits her wide path round the sun once in each year, and therefore the astronomer really sees each star from a shifting point of view. So that each star must be really seen in different directions at different seasons of the year, only most of the stars are so far off that this change of direction is altogether inappreciable. In the case of Sirius the change is just appreciable, and that is all that can be said. As Sir John Herschel has said, "Sirius and Arcturus, the two brightest stars visible in our hemisphere, stand barely within the limits of any estimation approaching to certainty." The annual displacement of Sirius may be thus illustrated:—On a clear moonlit night let the reader notice the apparent diameter of the moon. Next let him try to conceive that diameter divided into about 3,800 equal parts. Then the greatest displacement of Sirius is equal to one of those minute portions. Sirius in fact appears to circle round a minute oval path on the heavens, having for its longest diameter a space equal to about the 3,800th part of the moon's apparent diameter. Now the error of the earlier estimate (supposing that estimate erroneous) consisted in setting the displacement of Sirius at about the 6,300th part of the moon's diameter,—the difference between the two estimates corresponding to about the 9,500th part, of the moon's apparent diameter. If the reader will but conceive the moon's apparent diameter divided into about 100 parts, and one of these parts again into 100 parts, he will be able to form an idea of the exceeding minuteness of the quantity by which astronomers suppose that their first estimate was erroneous. But most probably the truth lies between the two estimates, so that the actual error of each is only about half this exceedingly minute quantity.*

* It must be stated clearly, however, that though no discredit whatever can attach to astronomers for failing to determine exactly quantities which are in reality all but evanescent, yet no more reliance must be placed on the estimates of star-distances than shall appear to be justified by the accordance of different and independent determinations. In the present instance the results not being accordant, we cannot possibly admit that the distance of Sirius has been satisfactorily determined. A similar remark applies to the case of that star barely visible to the unaided eye, which I have mentioned as the nearest of all the stars in the northern heavens. The mean of the best recent observations differs markedly from the value which had been judged so trust

Let us assume as the probable distance of Sirius, a value between those which have been mentioned above,—to wit, 100 millions of millions of miles.

If astronomers could measure the disc of Sirius, their knowledge of the star's distance would of course enable them at once to calculate the real diameter of the star. But in the most powerful telescope Sirius appears as little more than a mere point of light; and it is well known to astronomers that even the almost evanescent dimensions of the disc are not real, but merely optical. In fact, the more powerful and perfect the telescope the smaller does Sirius appear, though its light is ineffably increased. Sir William Herschel tells us that "when Sirius was about to enter the field of view of his forty feet reflector, the light resembled that which announces the approach of sunrise," and when the field of view was fairly entered "the star appeared in all the splendour of the rising sun, so that it was impossible to behold it without pain to the eye." In the great Rosse telescope Sirius blazes with an even greater splendour. Yet neither of these instruments could "raise a disc" on the star.

Nor need we wonder at this, if we consider the circumstances of the case. We have already seen that the wide sweep of the earth on her path causes Sirius to shift but by about the 5,000th part of the moon's apparent diameter (taking a quantity intermediate between the two values mentioned above). Now this signifies that, as seen from Sirius, the whole span of the earth's orbit—though upwards of 180,000,000 miles in extent—would be reduced to about the 5,000th part of the moon's apparent diameter. It follows of course that, as seen from the earth, a globe 180,000,000 miles in diameter, at the distance of Sirius, would be so reduced as to have an apparent diameter equal to about the 5,000th part of the moon's. Now enormous as is the bulk of Sirius, no astronomer supposes for an instant that the star is comparable to such a globe as I have here mentioned. Such a globe would have a diameter exceeding our sun's some 210 times, and therefore a volume exceeding his some 9,500,000 times, which is utterly incredible.

worthy that Sir John Herschel quoted it with confidence in his "Outlines of Astronomy." The star has, in fact, been set at two-thirds of the distance formerly assigned to it. So long as such discrepancies exist we cannot speak with any confidence of a star's distance. But this very star is the nearest *one* of all the stars astronomers have dealt with. So that the startling, but inevitable conclusion is deduced that there is *but one* star in the heavens of whose distance astronomers have any definite ideas. This star is the one known as Alpha Centauri; and hitherto all observations agree in placing it at about twenty-two millions of millions of miles from the earth.

Assigning to Sirius a diameter exceeding our sun's 10 times (and therefore a volume exceeding his 1,000 times), it would result that, as seen from the earth, Sirius has an apparent diameter equal to less than the 100,000th part of the moon's; and no telescope in existence could show so minute a diameter as a real measureable quantity. The nominally available power of the great Rosse telescope (6,000) would, indeed, show Sirius with a diameter equal to about the 16th part of the moon's—a quantity which a good eye could appreciate in the case of a globe shining no more brightly than the moon does. But the intrinsic lustre of Sirius resembles that of the sun when shining in full splendour, and there is no man living who could recognise as a *disc* an orb shining as the sun does, but with an apparent diameter equal only to the 16th part of his.

How, then, it may be asked, can astronomers claim to know that Sirius is an orb exceeding our sun in magnitude?

Practically it is impossible for astronomers to determine the dimensions of Sirius; but by comparing the amount of light received from him with that received from our own sun, they can form tolerably safe conclusions as to the probable dimensions of the star. They have only to inquire how far from us our own sun should be placed in order to shine just as brightly as Sirius, and to compare that distance with the actual distance of Sirius, in order to infer whether the sun or Sirius is the larger orb, and by how much one exceeds the other.

The only estimate which need be here considered is that which results from combining together the best modern estimate of the light of the full moon as compared with the sun's, and the best modern estimate of the light of Sirius as compared with that of the full moon. The former estimate is due to the indefatigable German light-student, Dr. Zöllner; the latter we owe to Sir John Herschel, the estimate having been made during his stay at the Cape of Good Hope. According to these estimates the light of Sirius is such that some 4,200,000,000 of stars, each as bright as Sirius, would be required to supply as much light as we receive from the sun. Now the distance of the sun is about 91,500,000 of miles; and we have assigned as the most probable distance of Sirius 100 millions of millions: 100,000,000 contain 91½ nearly 1,100,000 times, and Sirius is 50 many times farther from us than the sun. So that the sun's light at the distance of Sirius would be reduced in the proportion of

this number multiplied into itself, or about 1,200,000 millions of times; and so many orbs as large and bright as the sun would be wanted at the distance of Sirius to supply the same amount of light as the sun actually supplies to us. We have seen, however, that only 4,200,000,000 orbs as large and bright as Sirius would be needed to that end. Hence the light of Sirius must exceed the light of the sun (at equal distances) in the same degree that 1,200,000 exceeds 4,200, or about 286 times. Assuming an equal degree of intrinsic brightness—so that a square mile of the surface of Sirius is supposed to give out as much light as a square mile of the sun's surface—it follows that at equal distances the disc of Sirius exceeds the disc of the sun 286 times in size, and that therefore the diameter of Sirius exceeds that of the sun 17 times. If this be the case—and this relation must be regarded as more probable than any other—the bulk of Sirius exceeds that of the sun 4,860 times.

If I had adopted the earlier estimate of the distance of Sirius, I should have obtained the result that Sirius gives out 400 times as much light as the sun, and has a volume exceeding his 8,000 times. These are the values adopted by Sir John Herschel in his "Familiar Essays." On the other hand, by adopting the latest estimate of the distance of Sirius, I should have obtained (as in my "Other Worlds") the result that Sirius gives out 192 times as much light as the sun, and exceeds him 2,688 times in volume. It will be admitted that even this, the least of our estimates, is sufficiently stupendous to justify the title of the present paper.

The only circumstance which could excite doubt as to the justice of the inference that Sirius is a giant sun, would be the possibility that the star is not composed of the same materials—the same elements—as our sun. Were no evidence obtainable on this point, it might be questioned whether Sirius is not a brilliant light rather than a glowing body. Unphilosophical as the idea of light without a body in which the light is manifested may appear at the present day, yet not very many years ago it would have been held that the idea is admissible. Indeed, Dr. Whewell in his "Plurality of Worlds" definitely lays down the proposition that the size and mass of a star cannot safely be inferred from the quantity of light it emits. Now, however, apart from the known fact that light cannot exist or be sustained without the motion of material particles (so that the continuance of a mighty light implies the existence of a vast

mass) we have distinct evidence respecting the constitution of many stars, Sirius being among the number. The spectrum of Sirius (that rainbow-tinted streak into which its light is spread out, so to speak, by means of the spectroscope) resembles that of our own sun in all essential respects, a circumstance showing that Sirius, like our sun, is a glowing mass, whose light before reaching us has passed through the vapours of many elements. Dr. Huggins, our chief authority in such matters, speaks thus respecting Sirius:—"The spectrum of this brilliant white star is very intense; but owing to the star's low altitude, even when most favourably situated, the observation of the finer lines is rendered very difficult by the movements of the earth's atmosphere." Three if not four known elements can be recognised as existing in the atmosphere of Sirius, viz., hydrogen, iron, magnesium, and sodium. But doubtless many others could be identified but for the unfavourable circumstances mentioned by Dr. Huggins, for he adds that "the whole spectrum is crossed by a very large number of faint and fine lines."

The study of Sirius by means of the spectroscope has led to a very remarkable discovery respecting the motion of this mighty orb. It has been already known that Sirius is in rapid motion through space; simply because astronomers could see that year by year the star is changing its position on the celestial sphere. I have spoken above of the minute change of place noted in the course of each year as the earth circuits round the sun; but the reader is not to infer that the star does not show any signs of a real motion of its own. It chanced, indeed, that the accounts left by ancient astronomers, rough though those accounts were, sufficed in the very infancy of the modern exact astronomy to show that Sirius is in motion; for Halley announced so far back as 1718 that Sirius must be held to be moving slowly southwards on the heavens, if the observations of the Alexandrian astronomers are to be accepted. The rate of this motion has since been determined with extreme exactness. It is such that in the course of about 1,433 years Sirius traverses a space equal to the apparent diameter of the moon, moving southwards and westwards on the heavens, the southwardly exceeding the westwardly motion in the proportion of about five to two. Now, since we know something about the star's distance, this result enables us to infer something as to the star's real rate of motion. The dis-

placement is a reality, the star *must* be moving athwart the line of sight—either directly or on a slant course. The smallest velocity capable of explaining the displacement is that estimated on the supposition that the star is moving squarely across the line of sight. Now, it can easily be calculated that if this is the case, and the distance of the star equal to the greatest of the values mentioned above, then the star must be moving athwart the line of sight at the rate of nearly twenty-six miles in every second of time. On the other hand, supposing the true distance of the star to correspond to the later and smaller estimate above mentioned, the rate of motion is about fifteen miles in every second of time. Taking the mean value of the distance, we infer for the rate of motion athwart the line of sight, a velocity of no less than twenty miles per second.*

So far all is simple enough. Direct observations of the plainest nature, applied on the most obvious principles, have told us all we require to know as to the displacement of Sirius on the heavens. But I have said that the spectroscope has given information respecting the motion of Sirius; and the account of this portion of the work relates to one of the most remarkable achievements of modern science.

We have seen that the actual displacement of Sirius on the heavens supplies no information whatever as to the direction in which he is crossing the line of sight. The case may be compared to that of a train bearing a light in the night-time. An observer of such a train can readily detect any motion which causes the light to be seen in a changing direction; but that part of the motion which brings the light nearer to him or removes it farther from him he cannot detect, except in so far as it causes the light to appear larger or smaller than at first. Now no conceivable velocity of approach or recess in the case of Sirius would cause the star to appear appreciably brighter or fainter even in the course of hundreds of years. We can readily infer from the seeming displacement of the star how utterly ineffective any corresponding motion of ap-

proach or recess would be in affecting the star's light. We have seen that in 1,433 years the star shifts on the heavens by a space equal to the moon's apparent diameter. Now it follows from this that if the motion of recess or approach be as great as what may be termed the thwart motion, the distance of the star would change in 1,433 years in the proportion in which the distance of the farthest point of the moon's globe exceeds that of the nearest point, or about as 60 exceeds 59; the corresponding change of lustre, therefore, in that long interval of forty-three generations would be altogether insensible.

It is this apparently intractable problem, however—the problem of measuring the rate at which a star is approaching or receding—which the spectroscope has enabled men to solve. The actual principles on which the method of observation depends need not here be explained, because they have already been considered at some length in a paper entitled the “Gamut of Light,” which appeared in the *St. Pauls Magazine* a year ago. But I may so far recapitulate what I have there said, as to note that if we are approaching Sirius or receding from him, either through his motion or the sun's, or through the combined effects of both motions, the waves of light which travel to us from Sirius must appear shortened or lengthened, precisely as sea waves would seem narrower or broader according as a swimmer travelled against or with their onward course. Now the light from a star contains all degrees of wave-length from the longest light-waves (which correspond to the red end of the spectrum) down to the shortest (which correspond to the violet end); so that amidst all these wave-lengths the observer could no more recognise such a change as would result from approach or recess than the swimmer of our illustrative case could recognise the apparent shortening or lengthening of waves in a storm-tost sea where waves of all dimensions were abroad. But if light-waves of any specified length can be in any way distinguished from the rest, the case (as respects them) corresponds to that of a swimmer crossing a long and uniform succession of rollers. Now the dark lines in the spectrum of a star, when they can be certainly identified with the lines belonging to the spectrum of some known element, supply this very knowledge of the true wave-lengths. Dr. Huggins had identified certain very well marked lines in the spectrum of Sirius with the well-known lines of hydrogen. If he could find that these lines in the star's spectrum are measurably

* Should any astronomical reader compare this paragraph with Dr. Huggins's remarks on the same subject in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1863 (p. 550), he will recognise some considerable discrepancies. These arise from the circumstance that Dr. Huggins who treats of this matter only in passing, has by inadvertence taken the westwardly motion of Sirius at a fifteenth of its true value. This causes the value twenty-four miles per second to result where the above paragraph mentions twenty-six miles per second. Then this value is increased to forty miles per second instead of being reduced to 33½ miles per second, to correspond to the later or reduced estimate of the distance of Sirius. I mention these points, not to call attention to slips such as will continually occur in stating relations of the sort, but to prevent the reader from being in doubt as to where the truth lies.

displaced either towards the red or the violet end of the spectrum, he could infer that the wave-lengths of the star's light are measurably lengthened or shortened through a recession or approach on the part of the star. This he actually effected. He found that one of the hydrogen lines of the star was displaced in such a way as to indicate a lengthening of the light-waves corresponding to a recession at the rate of forty-one miles per second. But a part of this recession was due to the earth's orbital motion at the time of observation, and another part is due to the sun's own motion through space. There remains, after these portions have been deducted, a motion of recession in space amounting to about twenty-six miles per second. This rate of motion—or rather a recession from the sun at the rate of twenty-nine miles per second—is absolute, not being affected in any way by our estimate of the distance of Sirius. Combining the recession in space with the estimated *thwart* motion of twenty miles per second, we deduce a real motion in space amounting to about thirty-three miles per second.*

But the circumstance which remains to be mentioned respecting Sirius before this paper is drawn to a conclusion, is perhaps more remarkable than any yet referred to.

When astronomers compared together the places of Sirius as recorded in a long series of observations, they found what appeared like a periodic displacement of the star. In the first instance, they had examined only the recorded positions of the star as respects east and west; and the observed displacement in this direction suggested that in reality Sirius is circling around another orb, or rather that Sirius and some other orb are circling around a common centre, in a period of fifty years. When it was found that the star appears to shift to north and south of its mean place in a manner according very closely with this hypothesis, astronomers naturally began to regard the theory as rendered highly probable by a coincidence which could scarcely be regarded as accidental.

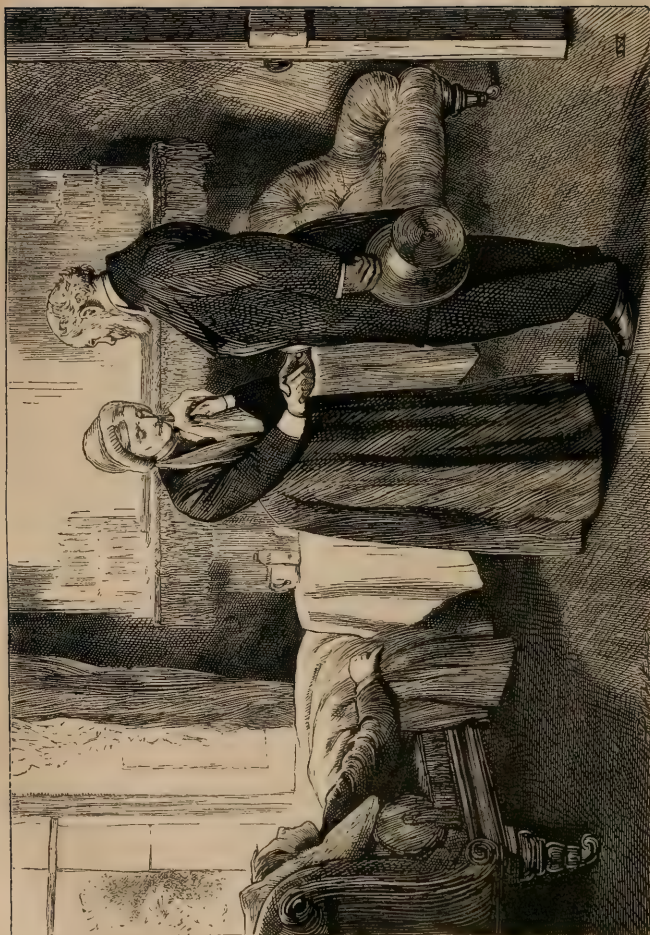
But no star had been seen where this theory required that a star should be; and moreover the theory required an orb whose bulk should be about two-thirds of the enormous bulk of Sirius, and it was to be inferred that so large an orb would shine with a lustre comparable with that of Sirius himself. On

this last point, however, it was well remarked that we have no sufficient reason for believing that all the orbs which people space are luminous. However, a search was instituted for the star which the theory seemed to require. Nor was the search unsuccessful. With a telescope 18½ inches in aperture, made by himself, the eminent American optician, Alvan Clark, detected a faint star close by Sirius. The movements of this star have been held by some astronomers to accord fairly with the requirements of the theory just mentioned; though I must admit that I fail to find a very close resemblance between the actual motion of the faint companion and those which the theory requires. But we now have a choice of disturbing companions, since the late Mr. Goldsmidt (who far surpassed even our own "eagle-eyed Dawes" in keenness of vision) not only saw Clark's star with a telescope only four inches in aperture, but actually succeeded in detecting five other companion stars.

We can best explain the faintness of these stars by supposing that they are opaque bodies which shine only by reflecting the light which they receive from their sun Sirius. But if so, they must be globes of enormous real dimensions; the least of them probably exceeding our own sun many times in volume, while the greatest (so we may conclude from the disturbance Sirius himself undergoes) must be so large and massive that a thousand such orbs as our sun would not equal it either in bulk or mass. We have here, then, a system differing altogether in character from our solar system, the largest member of which is but equal in mass to about the 1,300th part of the sun. The complete Sirian system may even outweigh Sirius himself, and its mass added to his must exert an attractive influence throughout an enormous portion of the stellar system. It would seem, indeed, not wholly impossible that Sirius holds a higher rank in the scale of creation than our sun and other similar orbs—that compared with him these are as secondary orbs compared with primaries. Without insisting on this, however, we may assert with confidence that whether we consider his volume, his bulk, or the mighty energy evidenced by his brightness, Sirius well merits the title under which he has been here described. Of all the orbs with which astronomers have to deal, he seems worthiest to be called *par excellence* the giant sun.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

* Of course the two motions must not be simply added together, since they are not in the same direction. The actual motion is represented by the diagonal of an oblong whose sides represent the motion of recession and the thwart motion.



"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.



It is needless to say that Helen's superstition about the fall of the picture and the sighing of the wind vanished with the night, and that in the morning her nervousness was gone, and her mind had returned to its previous train of thought. Her passing weakness, however, had

left one trace behind. While he was soothing her fanciful terrors, Robert had said, in a burst of candour and magnanimity, "I will tell you what I will do, Helen. I will not act on my own judgment. I'll ask Haldane and Maurice for their advice." "But I do not care for their advice," she had said, with a certain pathos. "Yes, to be sure," Robert had answered; for, good as he was, he liked his own way, and sometimes was perverse. "They are my oldest friends; they are the most sensible fellows I know. I will tell them all the circumstances, and they will give me their advice."

This was a result which probably would have come whether Helen had been nervous or not; for Haldane and Maurice were the two authorities whom the painter held highest after his wife. But Helen had never been able to receive them with her husband's faith, or to agree to them as sharers of her influence over him. It said much for her that she had so tolerated them and schooled herself in their presence that poor Drummond had no idea of the rebellion which existed against them in her heart. But both of them were instinctively aware of it, and felt that they were not loved by their friend's wife. He made the same announcement to her next morning with cheerful confidence, and a sense that he deserved nothing but applause for his prudence. "I am going to keep my pro-

mise," he said. "You must not think I say anything to please you which I don't mean to carry out. I am going to speak to Haldane and Maurice. Maurice is very knowing about business, and as for Stephen, his father was in an office all his life."

"But, Robert, I don't want you to ask their advice. I have no faith in them. I would rather a hundred times you judged for yourself."

"Yes, my darling," said Robert; "they are the greatest helps to a man in making such a decision. I know my own opinion, and I know yours; and our two good friends, who have no bias, will put everything right."

And he went out with his hat brushed and a new pair of gloves, cheerful and respectable as if he were already a bank director, cleansed of the velvet coats and brigand hats and all the weaknesses of his youth. And his wife sat down with an impatient sigh to hear Norah play her scales, which was not exhilarating, for Norah's notions of time and harmony were as yet but weakly developed. While the child made direful havoc among the black notes, Helen was sounding a great many notes quite as black in her inmost mind. What could they know about it? What were they to him in comparison with herself? Why should he so wear his heart upon his sleeve? It raised a kind of silent exasperation within her, so good as he was, so kind, and tender, and loving; and yet this was a matter in which she had nothing to do but submit.

These two cherished friends of Robert's were not men after Helen's heart. The first, Stephen Haldane, was a Dissenting minister, a member of a class which all her prejudices were in arms against. It was not that she cared for his religious opinions or views, which differed from her own. She was not theological nor ecclesiastical in her turn of mind, and, to tell the truth, was not given to judging her acquaintances by an intellectual standard, much less a doctrinal one. But she shrank from his intimacy because he was a Dissenter—a man belonging to a class not acknowledged in society, and of whom she understood vaguely that they were very careless about their h's, and were not gentlemen. The fact that Stephen Haldane was a gentleman as much as good manners, and good looks, and a tolerable education could

make him, did not change her sentiments. She was too much of an idealist (without knowing it) to let proof invalidate theory. Accordingly, she doubted his good manners, mistrusted his opinions, and behaved towards him with studied civility, and a protest, carefully veiled but never forgotten, against his admission to her society. He had no right to be there; he was an intruder, an inferior. Such was her conclusion in a social point of view; and her husband's inclination to consult him on most important matters in their history was very galling to her. The two had come to know each other in their youth, when Haldane was going through the curious incoherent education which often leads a young man temporarily to the position of dissenting minister. He had started in life as a Bluecoat boy, and had shown what people call "great talent," but not in the academical way. As a young man he had loved modern literature better than ancient. Had he been born to an estate of ten thousand a year, or had he been born in a rank which would have secured him diplomatic or official work, he would have had a high character for accomplishments and ability; but he was born only of a poor dissenting family, without a sixpence, and when his school career was over he did not know what to do with himself. He took to writing, as such men do, by nature, and worked his way into the newspapers. Thus he began to earn a little money, while vaguely playing with a variety of careers. Once he thought he would be a doctor, and it was while in attendance at an anatomical class that he met Drummond. But Haldane was soon sick of doctoring. Then he became a lecturer, getting engagements from mechanics' institutions and literary societies, chiefly in the country. It was at one of these lectures that he fell under the notice of a certain Mr. Baldwin, a kind of lay bishop in a great dissenting community. Mr. Baldwin was much "struck" by the young lecturer. He agreed with his views, and applauded his eloquence; and when the lecture was over had himself introduced to the speaker. This good man had a great many peculiarities, and was rich enough to be permitted to indulge them. One of these peculiarities was an inclination to find out and encourage "rising talent." And he told everybody he had seldom been so much impressed as by the talents of this young man, who was living (innocently) by his wits, and did not know what to do with himself. It is not necessary to describe the steps by which young Haldane

ripened from a lecturer upon miscellaneous subjects, literary and philosophical, into a most esteemed preacher. He pursued his studies for a year or two at Mr. Baldwin's cost, and at the end of that time was promoted, not of course nominally, but very really, by Mr. Baldwin's influence, to the pulpit of the flourishing and wealthy congregation of which that potentate was the head.

This was Stephen Haldane's history; but he was not the sort of man to be produced naturally by such a training. He was full of natural refinement, strangely blended with a contented adherence to all the homely habits of his early life. He had not attempted, had not even thought of, "bettering" himself. He lived with his mother and sister, two homely dissenting women, narrow as the little house they lived in, who kept him, his table, and surroundings, on exactly the same model as his father's house had been kept. All the luxuries of the wealthy chapel folks never tempted him to imitation. He did not even claim to himself the luxury of a private study in which to write his sermons, but had his writing-table in the common sitting-room, in order that his womankind might preserve the cold fiction of a "best room" in which to receive visitors. To be sure, he might have been able to afford a larger house; but then Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane would have been out of place in a larger house. They lived in Victoria Villas, one of those smaller streets which copy and vulgarize the better ones in all London suburbs. It was close to St. Mary's Road, in which Drummond's house was situated, and the one set of houses was a copy of the other in little. The arrangement of the rooms, the shape of the garden, the outside aspect was the same, only so many degrees smaller. And this, it must be allowed, was one of the reasons why the Haldanes were unpalatable neighbours to Mrs. Drummond; for, as a general rule, the people who lived in St. Mary's Road did not know the inferior persons who inhabited Victoria Villas. The smaller copied the greater, and were despised by them in consequence. It was "a different class," everybody said. And it may be supposed that it was very hard upon poor Helen to have it known that her husband's closest friend, the man whose opinion he asked about most things, and whom he believed in entirely, was one who combined in himself almost all the objectionable qualities possible. He was a Dissenter—a dissenting minister—sprung of a poor family, and ad-

hering to all their shabby habits—and lived in Victoria Villas. The very address of itself was enough to condemn a man; no one who had any respect for his friends would have retained it for an hour. Yet it was this man whom Robert had gone to consult at the greatest crisis of his life.

The other friend upon whom poor Drummond relied was less objectionable in a social point of view. He was a physician, and not in very great practice, being a crotchety man given to inventions and investigations, but emphatically "a gentleman" according to Helen's own sense of the word. This was so far satisfactory; but if he was less objectionable, he was also much less interesting than Stephen Haldane. He was a shy man, knowing little about women and caring less. He lived all by himself in a great house in one of the streets near Berkeley Square, a house twice as big as the Drummonds', which he inhabited in solitary state, in what seemed to Helen the coldest, dreariest loneliness. She was half sorry for, half contemptuous of him in his big, solemn, doubly-respectable hermitage. He was rich, and had nothing to do with his money. He had few friends and no relations. He was as unlike the painter as could be conceived; and yet in him too Robert believed. Their acquaintance dated back to the same anatomical lectures which had brought Haldane and Drummond together, but Dr. Maurice was a lover of art, and had bought Robert's first picture, and thus occupied a different ground with him. Perhaps the irritating influence he had upon Helen was greater than that exercised by Haldane, because it was an irritation produced by his character, not by his circumstances. Haldane paid her a certain shy homage, feeling her to be different from all the women who surrounded himself; but Maurice treated her with formal civility and that kind of conventional deference which old-fashioned people show to the wishes and tastes of an inferior, that he may be set at his ease among them. There were times when she all but hated the doctor, with his courtesy and his silent air of criticism—but the minister she could not hate.

At the same time it must be allowed that to see her husband set out with his new gloves to ask the opinion of these two men, after all the profound thought she had herself given to the subject, and the passionate feeling it had roused within her, was hard upon Helen. To them it would be nothing more than a wise or unwise investment of money, but to her it was a measure affecting life and honour. Perhaps she exaggerated, she was will-

ing to allow—but they would not fail to underrate its importance; they could not—Heaven forbid they ever should!—feel as she did, that Robert, though an R.A., had failed in his profession. They would advise him to hold fast by that profession and leave business alone, which was as much as condemning him to a constant repetition of the despairs and discontents of the past; or they would advise him to accept the new opening held out to him and sever himself from art, which would be as good as a confession of failure. Thus it is evident, whatever his friends might happen to advise, Helen was prepared to resent.

At this moment Mrs. Drummond's character was the strangest mixture of two kinds of being. She was, though a mature woman, like a flower bursting out of a rough husk. The old conventional nature, the habits and prejudices of the rich *bourgeois* existence to which she had been born, had survived all that had as yet happened to her in life. The want of a dining-room, which has been already noted, had been not a trivial accident but a real humiliation to her. She sighed when she thought of the great dinner-parties with mountains of silver on table and sideboard, and many men in black or more gorgeous beings in livery to wait, which she had been accustomed to in her youth; and when she was obliged to furnish a supper for a group of painters who had been smoking half the night in the studio, and who were not in evening dress, she felt almost disgraced. Robert enjoyed that impromptu festivity more than all the dinner-parties; but Helen felt that if any of her old friends or even the higher class of her present acquaintances were to look in and see her, seated at the head of the table, where half a dozen bearded men in morning coats were devouring cold beef and salad, she must have sunk through the floor in shame and dismay. Robert was strangely, sadly without feeling in such matters. It never occurred to him that they could be a criterion of what his wife called "position;" and he would only laugh in the most hearty way when Helen insisted upon the habits proper to "people of our class." But her pride, such as it was, was terribly wounded by all such irregular proceedings. The middle-class custom of dining early and making a meal of "tea," a custom in full and undisturbed operation round the corner in Victoria Villas, affected her with a certain horror as if it had been a crime. Had she yielded to it she would have felt that she had "given in," and voluntarily descended in the social scale. "Late dinners" were to her as a bulwark

against that social downfall which in her early married life had seemed always imminent. This curious raising up of details into the place of principles had given Helen many an unnecessary prick. It had made her put up with much really inferior society in the shape of people of gentility whose minds were all absorbed in the hard struggle to keep up appearances, and live as people lived with ten times their income, while it cut her off from a great many to whom appearances were less important, and who lived as happened to be most convenient to them, without asking at what hour dukes dined or millionaires. The dukes probably would have been as indifferent, but not the millionaires, and it was from the latter class that Helen came. But in the midst of all these all-important details and the trouble they caused her, had risen up, she knew not how, a passionate, obstinately ideal soul. Perhaps at first her thirst for fame had been but another word for social advancement and distinction in the world, but that feeling had changed by means of the silent anguish which had crept on her as bit by bit she understood her husband's real weakness. Love in her opened, it did not blind, her eyes. Her heart cried out for excellence, for power, for genius in the man she loved; and with this longing there came a hundred subtle sentiments which she did not understand, and which worked and fermented in her without any will of hers. Along with the sense that he was no genius, there rose an unspeakable remorse and hatred of herself who had found it out; and along with her discontent came a sense of her own weakness—a growing humility which was a pain to her, and against which her pride fought stoutly, keeping, up to this time, the upper hand—and a regretful, self-reproachful, half-adoration of her husband and his goodness, produced by the very consciousness that he was not so strong nor so great as she had hoped. These mingled elements of the old and the new in Helen's mind made it hard to understand her, hard to realise and follow her motives; yet they explained the irritability which possessed her, her impatience of any suggestion from outside, along with her longing for something new, some change which might bring a new tide into the life which had fallen into such dreary, stagnant, unreal ways.

While she waited at home with all these thoughts whirling about her, Robert went out cheerfully seeking advice. He did it in the spirit which is habitual to men who consult their friends on any important matter. He

made up his mind first. As he turned lightly round the corner, swinging his cane, instead of wondering what his friend would say to him, he was making up his mind what he himself would do with all the unusual power and wealth which would come to him through the bank. For instance, at once, there was poor Chance, the sculptor, whose son he could find a place for without more ado. Poor Chance had ten children, and was no genius, but an honest, good fellow, who would have made quite a superior stonemason had he understood his own gifts. Here was one immediate advantage of that bank-directorship. He went in cheerful and confident in this thought to the little house in Victoria Villas. Haldane had been ill; he had spent the previous winter in Italy, and his friends had been in some anxiety about his health; but he had improved again, and Robert went in without any apprehensions into the sitting-room at the back, which looked into the little garden. He had scarcely opened the door before he saw that something had happened. The writing-table was deserted, and a large sofa drawn near the window had become, it was easy to perceive, the centre of the room and of all the interests of its inhabitants. Mrs. Haldane, a homely old woman in a black dress and a widow's cap, rose hastily as he came in, with her hand extended, as if to forbid his approach. She was very pale and tremulous; the arm which she raised shook as she held it out, and fell down feebly by her side when she saw who it was. "Oh, come in, Mr. Drummond, he will like to see *you*," she said in a whisper. Robert went forward with a pang of alarm. His friend was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed, with an ashy paleness on his face, and the features slightly, very slightly distorted. He was not moved by the sound of Robert's welcome nor by his mother's movements. His eyes were closed, and yet he did not seem to be asleep. His chest heaved regularly and faintly, or the terrified bystander would have thought he was dead.

Robert clutched at the hand which the old lady stretched out to him again. "Has he fainted?" he cried in a whisper. "Have you had the doctor? Let me go for the doctor. Do you know what it is?"

Poor Mrs. Haldane looked down silently and cried. Two tears fell out of her old eyes as if they were full and had overflowed. "I thought he would notice you," she said. "He always was so fond of you. Oh, Mr. Drummond, my boy's had a stroke!"

"A stroke!" said Drummond, under his breath. All his own visions flitted out of his mind like a shadow. His friend lay before him like a fallen tower, motionless, speechless. "Good God!" he said, as men do unawares, with involuntary appeal to Him who (surely) has to do with those wild contradictions of nature. "When did it happen? Who has seen him?" he asked, growing almost as pale as was the sufferer, and feeling faint and ill in the sense of his own powerlessness to help.

"It was last night, late," said the mother. "Oh, Mr. Drummond, this has been what was working on him. I knew it was never the lungs. Not one of us, either his father's family or mine, was ever touched in the lungs. Dr. Mixwell saw him directly. He said not to disturb him, or I would have had him in bed. I know he ought to be in bed."

"I'll go and fetch Maurice," cried Robert. "I shall be back directly," and he rushed out of the room which he had entered so jauntily. As he flew along the street, and jumped into the first cab he could find, the bank and his directorship went as completely out of his mind as if they had been a hundred years off. He dashed at the great solemn door of Dr. Maurice's house when he reached it and rushed in, upsetting the decorous servant. He seized the doctor by the shoulder, who was seated calmly at breakfast. "Come along with me directly," he said. "I have a cab at the door."

"What is the matter?" said Dr. Maurice. He had no idea of being disturbed so unceremoniously. "Is Mrs. Drummond ill? Sit down and tell me what is wrong."

"I can't sit down. I want you to come with me. There is a cab at the door," said Robert panting. "It is poor Haldane. He has had a fit—come at once."

"A fit! I knew that was what it was," said Dr. Maurice calmly. He waved his hand to the importunate petitioner, and swallowed the rest of his breakfast in great mouthfuls. "I'm coming; hold your tongue, Drummond. I knew the lungs was all nonsense—of course that is what it was."

"Come then," cried Robert. "Good heavens, come! don't let him lie there and die."

"He will not die. More's the pity, poor fellow!" said the doctor. "I said so from the beginning. John, my hat. Lungs, nonsense! He was as sound in the lungs as either you or I."

"For God's sake, come then," said the impatient painter, and he rushed to the door

and pushed the calm physician into his cab. He had come to consult him about something? Yes, to be sure, about poor Haldane—not to consult him—to carry him off, to compel, to drag that other back from the verge of the grave. If there was anything more in his mind when he started Drummond had clean forgotten it. He did not remember it again till two hours later when, having helped to carry poor Haldane up-stairs, and rushed here and there for medicines and conveniences, he at last went home, weary with excitement and sympathetic pain. "I have surely forgotten something," he said, when he had given an account of all his doings to his wife. "Good heavens! I forgot altogether that I went to ask somebody's advice."

CHAPTER V.

MR. BURTON called next morning to ascertain Drummond's decision, and found that he had been sitting up half the night with Stephen Haldane, and was wholly occupied by his friend's illness. The merchant suffered a little vexation to be visible in his smooth and genial aspect. He was a middle-aged man, with a bland aspect and full development, not fat but ample. He wore his whiskers long, and had an air that was always jovial and comfortable. The cleanness of the man was almost aggressive. He impressed upon you the fact that he not only had his bath every morning, but that his bath was constructed on the newest principles, with water-pipes which wandered through all the house. He wore buff waistcoats and light trousers, and the easiest of overcoats. His watch-chain was worthy of him, and so were the heavy gold buttons at his sleeves. He looked and moved and spoke like wealth, with a roll in his voice, which is only attainable in business, and when business goes very well with you. Consequently the shade of vexation which came over him was very perceptible. He found the Drummonds only at breakfast, though he had breakfasted two hours before, and this mingled in his seriousness a certain tone of virtuous reproof.

"My dear fellow, I don't want to disturb you," he said; "but how you can make this sort of thing pay I can't tell. I breakfasted at eight; but then, to be sure, I am only a City man, and can't expect my example to be much thought of at the West-end."

"Is this the West-end?" said Robert, laughing. "But if you breakfasted at eight, you must want something more by this time. Sit down and have some coffee. We are

late because we have been up half the night." And he told his new visitor the story of poor Stephen and his sudden illness. Mr. Burton was moderately concerned, for he had married Mr. Baldwin's only daughter, and was bound to take a certain interest in his father-in-law's *protégé*. He heard the story to an end with admirable patience, and shook his head, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very sorry for him," with due gravity. But he was soon tired of Stephen's story. He took out his watch, and consulted it seriously, muttering something about his appointments.

"My dear, good people," he said, "it may be all very well for you to spend your time and your emotions on your friends, but a man of business cannot so indulge himself. I thought I should have had a definite answer from you, Drummond, yes or no."

"Yes," said Robert with professional calmness. "I am very sorry. So I intended myself; but this business about poor Haldane put everything else out of my head."

"Well," said Mr. Burton, rising and walking to the fire-place, according to British habit, though there was no fire, "you know best what you can do. I, for my part, should not be able to neglect my business if my best friend was on his death-bed. Of course you understand Rivers's is not likely to go begging for partners. Such an offer is not made to every one. I am certain that you should accept it for your own sake; but if you do not think it of importance, there is not another word to say."

"My dear fellow," cried Robert, "of course I think it of importance; and I know I owe it to your consideration. Don't think me ungrateful, pray."

"As for gratitude, that is neither here nor there," said the merchant; "there is nothing to be grateful about. But we have a meeting to-day to arrange the preliminaries, and probably everything will be settled then. I should have liked to place your name at once on the list. To leave such things over, unless you mean simply to abandon them, is a great mistake."

"I am sure I don't see any particular reason why we should leave it over," Robert said, faltering a little; and then he looked at his wife. Helen's face was clouded and very pale. She was watching him with a certain furtive eagerness, but she did not meet his eye. There was a tremulous pause, which seemed like an hour to both of them, during the passing of which the air seemed to rustle and beat about Helen's ears. Her husband gazed at her, eagerly questioning her; but

she could not raise her eyes—something prevented her, she could not tell what; her eyelids seemed heavy and weighed them down. It was not weakness or fear or a desire to avoid the responsibility of immediate action, but positive physical inability. He looked at her for, perhaps, a full minute by the clock, and then he said slowly, "I see no reason to delay. I think Helen and I are agreed. This matter put the other out of my head; but it is natural you should be impatient. I think I will accept your kind offer, Burton, without any more delay."

How easy it is to say such words! The moment they were spoken Robert felt them so simple, so inevitable, and knew that all along he had meant to say them. But still he was somewhat excited; a curious feeling came into his mind, such as a king may feel when he has crossed his neighbour's frontier with an invading army. Half a dozen steps were enough to do it; but how to get back again? and what might pass before the going back! The thought caught at his breath, and gave him a tremendous thrill through all his frame.

"Very well," said Burton, withdrawing his hands from under his coat-tails, and drawing a slightly long breath, which the other in his excitement did not observe. Mr. Burton did not show any excitement, except that long breath, which, after all, might have been accidental; no sign or indication of feeling had been visible in him. It was a great, a very great matter to the Drummonds; but it was a small matter to one who had been for years a partner in Rivers's. "Very well. I will submit your name to the directors to-day. I don't think you need fear that the result will be doubtful. And I am very glad you have come to such a wise decision. Helen, when your husband is rich, as I trust he soon will be, I hope you will fancy a little house at Dura, and be our neighbour. It would be like old times. I should like it more than I can say."

"I never was fond of Dura," said Helen, with some abruptness. This reference to his greatness irritated her, as it always did; for whatever newcomer might take a little house at Dura, he was the lord of the place, supreme in the great house, and master of everything. Such an allusion always stirred up what was worst in her, and gave to her natural pride a certain tone of spitefulness and envy, which disgusted and wounded herself. But it did not wound her cousin, it pleased him. He laughed with a suppressed enjoyment and triumph.

"Well," he said, "Dura is my home, and

a very happy one, therefore, of course, I am fond of it. And it has a great many associations too, some of them, perhaps, not so agreeable. But it is always pleasant to feel, as I do, that everything that has happened to one has been for the best."

"The conversation has taken a highly edifying tone," said Robert with some surprise. He saw there was more meant than met the eye, but he did not know what it was. "We shall all be thanking Providence next, as people do chiefly, I observe, in celebration of the sufferings of others. Well, since you think I am on the fair way to be rich, perhaps I had better thank Providence by anticipation. Must I go with you to-day?"

"Not to-day. You will have full intimation when your presence is wanted. You forget—nothing is settled yet," said Mr. Burton; "the whole arrangement may come to nothing yet, for what I know. But I must be going; remember me to poor Haldane when he is able to receive good wishes. I hope he'll soon be better. Some of these days I'll call and see him. Good morning, Helen. Good-bye, Drummond. I'm glad you've made up your mind. My conviction is, it will turn out the best day's work you ever did in your life."

"Is he true, I wonder?" Helen said to herself as the two men left the room, and stood talking in the hall. It was the first time the idea had crossed her mind, and now it took its origin more from the malicious shaft her cousin had shot at herself than from any indication of double-dealing she had seen in him. It was against all the traditions of the Burtons to imagine that he could be anything but true. They had been business people as long as they had been anything, and commercial honour had been their god. It went against her to imagine that "a relation of mine!" could be other than perfect in this particular; and she sighed, and dismissed the idea from her mind, blaming herself, as she often did now, for ill-temper and suspiciousness. "It was mean to make that allusion to the past, but it is meaner of me to doubt him on that account," she said to herself, with a painful sigh. It was so hard in her to overcome nature, and subdue those rebellious feelings that rose in her unawares. "Why should I care?" she thought, "it is my vanity. I suppose if the man had never got over my rejection of him I should have been pleased. I should have thought better of him! Such a man as that! After all, we women must be fools indeed." This was the

edifying sentiment in her mind when Robert came back.

"Well, Helen, the die is cast," he said, half cheerfully, half sadly. "However, we come to shore, the ship has set out. If it were not for poor Stephen I should make to-day a holiday and take you somewhere. This day ought to be distinguished from the rest."

"I hope he is true. I wonder if he is true?" Helen repeated to herself, half unconsciously, beneath her breath.

"Whom? Your cousin!?" said Robert, with quite two notes of admiration in his tone. "Why, Helen, what a cynic you are growing. You will suspect me next."

"Am I a cynic?" she said, looking up at him with a sudden tear in her eye. "It is because I am beginning to be so wretchedly doubtful about myself."

This admission burst from her she could not tell how. She had no intention of making it. And she was sorry the moment the words were said. But as for Robert, he gazed at her first in consternation, then laughed, then took her in his kind arms with those laughing accusations of love which are more sweet than any eulogy. "Yes," he said, "you are a very suspicious character altogether, you know so much harm of yourself that it is evident you must think badly of others. What a terrible business for me to have such a wife!"

Thus ended the episode in their lives which was to colour them to their very end, and decide everything else. They had been very solemn about it at the beginning, and had made up their minds to proceed very warily, and ask everybody's advice; but, as so often happens in human affairs, the decision which was intended to be done so seriously had been accomplished in a moment, without consideration, almost without thought. And, being done, it was a weight off the minds of both. They had no longer this disturbing matter between them to be discussed and thought over. Robert dismissed it out of simple light-heartedness, and that delightful economy of sensation which is fortunately so common among the artist class: "It is done, and all the thinking in the world will not make any difference. Why should I bother myself about it?" If this *insouciance* sometimes does harm, heaven knows it does a great deal of good sometimes, and gives the artist power to work where a man who felt his anxieties more heavily would fail. Helen had not this happy temper; but she was a woman, more occupied with personal feelings than with any fact, however impor-

tant. The fact was outside, and never, she thought, could vanquish her—her enemies were within.

Time passed very quietly after this great decision. There was a lull, during which Stephen Haldane grew better, and Mrs. Drummond learned to feel a certain friendliness and sympathy for the lonely mother and sister, who were flattered by her inquiries after him. She came even to understand her husband's jokes about Miss Jane, the grim and practical person who ruled the little house in Victoria Villas—whom she sometimes laughed at, but whom little Norah took a violent fancy for, which much mollified her mother. And then, in the matter of Rivers's bank, there began to rise a certain agreeable excitement and importance in their life. "Drummond among the list of bank directors! *Drummond!* What does it mean?" This question ran through all the studios, and came back in amusing colours to the two who knew all about it. "His wife belongs to that sort of people, and has hosts of business connections," said one. "The fellow is rich," said another: "don't you know what a favourite he is with all the dealers, and has been for ever so long?" "His wife has money," was the judgment of a third; "take my word for it, that is the way to get on in this world. A rich wife keeps you going till you've made a hit—if you are ever going to make a hit—and helps you on." "It is all that cousin of hers," another would say, "that fellow Burton whom one meets there. He bought my last picture, so I have reason to know, and has a palace in the country, like the rest of those City fellows." "What luck some men have!" sighed the oldest of all. "I am older than Drummond, but none of these good things ever came my way." And this man was a better painter than Drummond, and knew it, but somehow had never caught the tide. Drummond's importance rose with every new report. When he secured that clerkship for Bob Chance, Chance the sculptor's son, he made one family happy, and roused a certain excitement in many others; for poor artists, like poor clergymen and other needy persons, insist upon having large families. Two or three of the men who were Robert's contemporaries, who had studied with him in the schools, or had guided his early labours, went to see him—while others wrote—describing promising boys who would soon be ready for business, and for whom they would gladly secure something less precarious than the life of art. These applications were from the second class of artists, the men who are

never very successful, yet who "keep on," as they themselves would say, rambling from exhibition to exhibition, painting as well as a man can be taught to paint who has no natural impulse, or turning out in conscientious marble fair limbs of nymphs that ought, as the only reason for their being, to have sprung ethereal from the stone. And these poor painters and sculptors were often so good, so kindly, and unblamable as men; fond of their families, ready to do anything to push on the sons and daughters who showed "talent," or had any means offered of bettering themselves. How gladly Robert would have given away a dozen clerkships! how happy it would have made him to scatter upon them all some share of his prosperity! but he could not do this, and it was the first disagreeable accompaniment of his new position. He had other applications, however, of a different kind. Those in the profession who had some money to invest came and asked for his advice, feeling that they could have confidence in him. "Rivers's has a name like the Bank of England," they said; and he had the privilege of some preference shares to allot to them. All this advanced him in his own opinion, in his wife's, in that of all the world. He was no longer a man subject to utter demolition at the hands of an ill-natured critic; but a man endowed with large powers in addition to his genius, whom nobody could demolish or even seriously harm.

Perhaps, however, the greatest height of Drummond's triumph was reached when, the year having crept round from summer to autumn, his friend Dr. Maurice came to call one evening after a visit to Haldane. It was that moment between the two lights which is dear to all busy people. The first fire of the year was lit in Helen's drawing-room, which of itself was a little family event. Robert had strayed in from the studio in his painting coat, which he concealed by sitting in the shade by the side of the chimney. The autumn evenings had been growing wistful and eerie for some time back, the days shortening, yet the season still too mild for fires—so that the warm interior, all lit by the kindly, fitful flame, was a novelty and a pleasure. The central figure in the picture was Norah, in a thick white piqué frock, with her brown hair falling on her shoulders, reading by the firelight. The little white figure rose from the warm carpet into the rosy firelight, herself less vividly tinted, a curious little abstract thing, the centre of the life around her, yet taking no

note of it. She had shielded her cheek with one of her hands, and was bending her brows over the open book, trying to shade the light which flickered and danced, and made the words dance too before her. The book was too big for her, filling her lap and one crimsoned arm which held its least heavy side. The newcomer saw nothing but Norah against the light as he came in. He stopped, in reality because he was fond of Norah, with a disapproving word.

"At it again!" he said. "That child will

ruin her eyesight and her complexion, and I don't know what besides."

"Never fear," said Drummond, with a laugh, out of the corner, revealing himself, and Helen rose from the other side. She had been invisible too in a shady corner. A certain curious sensation came over the man who was older, richer, and felt himself wiser, than the painter. All this Drummond had for his share, though he had not done much to deserve it—whereas in the big library near Berkeley Square there was no fire, no



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child pushing a round shoulder out of her frock, and roasting her cheeks, no gracious woman rising softly out of the shadows. Of course, Dr. Maurice might have been married too, and had not chosen; but nevertheless it was hard to keep from a momentary envy of the painter who could come home to enjoy himself between the lights, and for whom every night a new pose arranged itself of that child reading before the fire. Dr. Maurice was a determined old bachelor, and thought more of the child than of the wife.

"Haldane is better to-day," he said, seat-

ing himself behind Norah, who looked up dreamily, with hungry eyes possessed by her tale, to greet him, at her mother's bidding. "Nearly as well as he will ever be. We must amuse him with hopes of restoration, I suppose; but he will never budge out of that house as long as he lives."

"But he will live?" said Robert.

"Yes, if you can call it living. Fancy, Drummond! a man about your own age, a year or two younger than I am—a man fond of wandering, fond of movement; and yet shut up in that dreary prison—for life!"

A silence fell upon them all as he spoke.

They were too much awed to make any response, the solemnity being beyond words. Norah woke up at the pause. Their voices did not disturb her; but the silence did.

"Who is to be in the dreary prison?" she said, looking round upon them with her big brown wondering eyes.

"Hush! Poor Mr. Haldane, dear," said the mother, under her breath.

Then Norah burst into a great cry. "Oh, who has done it—who has done it? It is a shame—it is a sin! He is so good!"

"My child," said the doctor, with something like a sob, "it is God who has done it. If it had been a man, we would have throttled him before he touched poor Stephen. Now, heaven help us! what can we do? I suppose it is God."

"Maurice, don't speak so before the child," said Robert from a corner.

"How can I help it?" he cried. "If it was a man's doing, what could we say bad enough? Norah, little one, you don't know what I mean. Go back to your book."

"Norah, go up-stairs and get dressed for dinner," said Helen. "But you cannot, you must not be right, doctor. Oh, say you are sometimes deceived! Things happen that you don't reckon on. It is not for his life?"

Dr. Maurice shook his head. He looked after Norah regretfully as she went out of the room with the big book clasped in her arms.

"You might have let the child stay," he said reproachfully. "There was nothing that could have disturbed her in what I said."

And then for a moment or two the sound of the fire flickering its light about, making sudden leaps and sudden downfalls like a living thing, was the only sound heard; and it was in this pensive silence, weighted and subdued by the neighbourhood of suffering, that the visitor suddenly introduced a subject so different. He said abruptly—

"I have to congratulate you on becoming a great man, Drummond. I don't know how you have done it. But this bank, I suppose, will make your fortune. I want to venture a little in it on my own account."

"You, Maurice? My dear fellow!" said Robert, getting up with sudden enthusiasm, and seizing his friend by both his hands, "you going in for Rivers's! I never was so glad in my life!"

"You need not be violent," said the doctor. "Have I said anything very clever, Mrs. Drummond? I am going in for Rivers's, because it seems such a capital investment. I can't expect, of course, to get put on the

board of directors, or to sit at the receipt of custom, like such a great man as you are. Don't shake my hands off, my good fellow. What is there wonderful in this?"

"Nothing wonderful," said Robert; "but the best joke I ever heard in my life. Fancy, Helen, I was going to him humbly, hat in hand, to ask his advice; thinking perhaps he would put his veto on it, and prevent me from making my fortune. And now he is a shareholder like the rest. You may not see it: but it is the best joke! You must stay to dinner, old fellow, and we will talk business all the evening. Helen, we cannot let him go to-night."

And Helen smiled too as she repeated her husband's invitation. Robert had been wiser than his friends, though he had asked nobody's advice but hers. It was a salve to her often-wounded pride. The doctor did not like it half so much. His friend had stolen a march upon him, reversed their usual positions, gone first, and left the other to follow. He stayed to dinner, however, all the same, and pared apples for Norah, and talked over Rivers's afterwards over his wine. But when he left the door to go home, he shrugged his shoulders with a half-satisfied prophecy. "He will never paint another good picture," Maurice said, with a certain tone of friendly vengeance. "When wealth comes in, good-bye to art."

CHAPTER VI.

It was on an October day, mellow and bright, when Robert Drummond, with a smile on his face, and a heavy heart in his breast, reached the house in Victoria Villas, to superintend poor Stephen's return to the sitting-room, as he had superintended his removal to his bed. The sitting-room was larger, airier, and less isolated, than the mournful chamber up-stairs, in which he had spent half the summer. It was a heart-rending office, and yet it was one from which his friend could not shrink. Before he went up-stairs the painter paused, and took hold of Miss Jane's hand, and wept, as people say, "like a child;" but a child's hot thunder-shower of easily-dried tears are little like those few heavy drops that come to the eyes of older people, concentrating in themselves so much that words could not express. Miss Jane, for her part, did not weep. Her gray countenance, which was grayer than ever, was for a moment convulsed, and then she pushed her brother's friend away. "Don't you see I daren't cry?" she said, almost angrily, with one hard sob. Her brother

Stephen was the one object of her life. All the romance of which she was capable, and a devotion deeper than that of twenty lovers, was in her worship of him. And this was what it was coming to! She hurried into the room which she had been preparing for him, which was henceforward to be his dwelling day and night, and shut the door upon the too sympathetic face. As for Robert, he went into his friend's little chamber with cheery salutations: "Well, old fellow, so you are coming back to the world!" he said. Poor Haldane was seated in his dressing-gown in an easy-chair. To look at him, no chance spectator would have known that he was incapable of moving out of it as if he had been bound with iron, and everybody about him had been loud in their congratulations on the progress he was making. They thought they deceived him, as people so often think who flatter the incurable with hopes of recovery. He smiled as Robert spoke, and shook his head.

"I am changing my prison," he said; "nothing more. I know that as well as the wisest of you, Drummond. You kind, dear souls, do you think those cheery looks you have made such work to keep up, deceive me?"

"What cheery looks? I am as sulky as a bear," said Robert. "And as for your prison, Maurice doesn't think so. You heard what he said?"

"Maurice doesn't say so," said poor Haldane. "But never mind, it can't last for ever; and we need not be doleful for that."

The painter groaned within himself as they moved the helpless man down-stairs. "It will last for ever," he thought. He was so full of life and consolation himself that he could not realise the end which his friend was thinking of—the "for ever" which would release him and every prisoner. When they carried the invalid into the room below he gave a wistful look round him. For life—that was what he was thinking. He looked at the poor walls and commonplace surroundings, and a sigh burst from his lips. But he said immediately, to obliterate the impression of the sigh, "What a cheerful room it is, and the sun shining! I could not have had a more hopeful day for my first coming down-stairs."

And then they all looked at each other, heart-struck by what seemed to them the success of their deception. Old Mrs. Haldane fell into a sudden outburst of weeping: "Oh, my poor boy! my poor boy!" she said; and again a quick convulsion passed over

Miss Jane's face. Even Dr. Maurice, the arch-deceiver, felt his voice choked in his throat. They did not know that their patient was smiling at them and their transparent devices, in the sadness and patience of his heart. The room had been altered in many particulars for his reception; and fitted with contrivances, every one of which contradicted the promises of restoration which were held out to him. He had known it was so, but yet the sight of all the provisions made for his captivity gave him a new pang. He could have cried out, too, to earth and heaven. But what would have been the good? At the end all must submit.

"Now that you are comfortable, Stephen," said his sister, with a harsh rattle in her voice, which made her appear less amiable than ever, and in reality came out of the deep anguish of her heart, "there is some one waiting to see you. The chapel people have been very kind. Besides the deputation that came with the purse for you, there are always private members asking how you are, and if they can see you, and how they miss you—till you are able to go back."

"That will be never, Jane."

"How do you know? How can any one tell? It is impious to limit God's mercies," cried Miss Jane harshly; then, suddenly calming down, "It is Mr. Baldwin's son-in-law who has called to-day. They are in the country, and this Mr. Burton has come to carry them news of you. May he come in?"

"That is your cousin—your director?" said the invalid with some eagerness. "I should like to see him. I want you to invest my money for me, Drummond. There is not much; but you must have it, and make something of it in your new bank."

Mr. Burton came in before Drummond could answer. He came in on tiptoe, with an amount of caution which exasperated all the bystanders who loved Stephen. He looked stronger, richer, more prosperous than ever as he sat down, sympathetically, close to Stephen's chair. There he sat and talked, as it were, smoothing the sick man down. "We must have patience," he said soothingly. "After such an illness it will take so long to get up your strength. The sea-side would have been the best thing, but, unfortunately, it is a little late. I am so glad to hear your people are showing you how much they prize such a man as you among them; and I hope, with one thing and another—the pension, and so forth—you will be very comfortable? I would not venture to ask such a question, if it were not for Mr. Baldwin. He

takes so much interest in all your concerns."

"I am very glad you have spoken of it," said Haldane, "for I want to invest what little money I have in this bank I hear so much of—yours and Drummond's. I feel so much like a dying man—"

"No, no," said Mr. Burton, in a deprecating tone, "nothing half so bad. Providence, you may be sure, has something different in store for you. We must not think of that."

"At all events, I want to make the best of the money, for my mother and sister," said Stephen. And then he entered into business, telling them what he had, and how it was invested. His mind had been very full of this subject for some time past. The money was not much, but if he died, it would be all his mother and sister would have to depend upon, and the purse which his congregation had collected for him would increase his little, very little capital. Dr. Maurice had gone away, and the two women, though they heard everything, were withdrawn together into a corner. Mrs. Haldane had attempted several times to interrupt the conversation. "What do we care for money!" she had said, with tears in her eyes. "Let him alone, mother, it will make him happier," Miss Jane had said in the voice that was so harsh with restrained emotion. And Stephen, with his two visitors beside him, and a flush upon his wan face, expounded all his affairs, and put his fortune into their hands. "Between you, you will keep my poor little nest-egg warm," he said, smiling upon them. His illness had refined his face, and gave him a certain pathetic dignity, and there was something that affected both in this appeal.

"I will sit on it myself sooner than let it cool," Drummond had said with a laugh, yet with the tears in his eyes, with an attempt to lighten the seriousness of the moment. "Dear old fellow, don't be afraid. Your sacred money will bring a blessing on the rest."

"That is all very pretty and poetical," said Mr. Burton, with a curious shade passing over his face; "but if Haldane has the slightest doubt on the subject, he should not make the venture. Of course, we are all prepared in the way of business to win or to lose. If we lose, we must bear it as well as we can. Of course, I think the investment as safe as the Bank of England—but at the same time, Drummond, it would be a very different thing to you or me from what it would be to him."

"Very different," said Drummond; but

the mere suggestion of loss had made him pale. "These are uncomfortable words," he went on with a momentary laugh. "For my part, I go in to win, without allowing the possibility of loss. Loss! Why I have been doing a great deal in ways less sure than Rivers's, and I have not lost a penny yet, thanks to you."

"I am not infallible," said Burton. "Of course, in everything there is a risk. I cannot make myself responsible. If Haldane has the least doubt or hesitation——"

"If I had, your caution would have reassured me," said the invalid. "People who feel their responsibility so much don't throw away their neighbour's money. It is all my mother has, and all I have! When you are tempted to speculate, think what a helpless set of people are involved—and no doubt there will be many more just as helpless. I think perhaps it would exercise a good influence on mercantile men," he added, with perhaps a reminiscence of his profession, "if they knew something personally of the people whose lives are, so to speak, in their hands."

"Haldane," said Mr. Burton hastily, "I don't think we ought to take your money. It is too great a risk. Trade has no heart and no bowels. We can't work in this way, you know, it would paralyse any man. Money is money, and has to be dealt with on business principles. God bless me! If I were to reflect about the people whose lives, &c.—I could never do anything! We can't afford to take anything but the market into account."

"I don't see that," said the painter, who knew as much about business as Mr. Burton's umbrella. "I agree with Haldane. We should be less ready to gamble and run foolish risks, if we remembered always what trusts we have in our hands: the honour of honest men, and the happiness of families—"

He was still a little pale, and spoke with a certain emotion, having suddenly realised, with a mixture of nervous boldness and terror, the other side of the question. Mr. Burton turned away with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It suits you two to talk sentiment instead of business," he said, "but that is not in my line. So long as my own credit is concerned, I find that a much greater stimulant than anybody else's. Self-interest is the root of everything—in business; and if you succeed for yourself, which of course is your first motive, you succeed for your neighbours as well. I don't take credit for any fine sentiments. That is my commercial creed. Num-

ber one includes all the other numbers, and the best a man can do for his friends is to take care of himself."

He got up with a slight show of impatience as he spoke. His face was overcast, and he had the half-contemptuous air which a practical man naturally assumes when he listens to anything high-flown. He, for his part, professed to be nothing but a man of business, and had confidence enough in his friends' knowledge of him to be able to express the most truculent sentiments. So, at least, Haldane thought, who smiled at this transparent cynicism. "I suppose, then, we are justified in thinking anything that is bad of you, and ought not to trust you with a penny?" he said.

"If you trust anything to me personally, of course I shall take care of it," answered the merchant. "But what we were talking of was Rivers's—business, not personal friendship. And business cannot afford such risks. You must examine into it, and judge of its claims for yourself. Come, let us dismiss the subject. I will tell Mr. Baldwin I found you looking a great deal better than I hoped."

"But I don't want to dismiss the subject," said Haldane. "I am satisfied. I am anxious——"

"Think it over once more, at least," said the other hastily; and he went away with but scant leave-taking. Mrs. Haldane, who was a wise woman, and, without knowing it, a physiognomist, shook her head.

"That man means what he says," she said with some emphasis. "He is telling you his real principles. If I were you, Stephen, I would take him at his word."

"My dear mother, he is one of the men who take pleasure in putting the worst face on human nature, and attributing everything to selfish motives," said the sick man. "I very seldom believe those who put such sentiments so boldly forth."

"But I do," said his mother, shaking her head with that obstinate conviction which takes up its position at once and defies all reason. Her son made no answer. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. The momentary excitement was over, the friends gone, and the new and terrible Life settled down upon him. He did not say a word to indicate what was passing through his mind, but he thought of the ship which drifted between the sunset and the mariner, and the nightmare Life-in-Death casting her dice with the less appalling skeleton. It was she who had won.

In the meantime the two directors of

Rivers's bank walked out together; one of them recovering all his self-confidence the moment he left the house, the other possessed by a certain tremulous excitement. The idea of risk was new to the painter. He felt a certain half-delightful, half-alarming agitation when he made his first ventures, but that had soon yielded to his absolute confidence in the man who now, with his own lips, had named the fatal word. Robert's imagination, the temperament of the artist, which is so often fantastically moved by trifles, while strong to resist the presence of fact and certainty, had sustained a shock. He did not say anything while they walked up the road under the faded autumnal leaves which kept dropping through the still air upon their heads. In this interval he had gone over within himself all the solid guarantees, all the prestige, all the infallibility (for had it not attained that point?) of Rivers's. Sure as the Bank of England! Such were the words that rose continually to everybody's lips on hearing of it. Robert propped himself up as he went along with one support and another, till he felt ashamed that he could be capable of entertaining a shadow of doubt. But the impression made upon his nerves was not to be overcome by simple self-argument. Time was wanted to calm it down. He felt a certain thrill and jar communicated through all the lines of life. The sensation ran to his very finger-points, and gave a sharp electric shock about the roots of his hair. And it set his heart and his pulse beating, more likely organs to be affected. Loss! That was to say Helen and the child deprived of the surroundings that made their life so fair; driven back to the poor little lodgings, perhaps, in which his career began, or to something poorer still. Perhaps to want, perhaps to—— "What a fool I am!" he said to himself.

"Do you really object to Haldane as one of our shareholders?" he said, with a certain hesitation, at last.

"Object—the idiot!" said Mr. Burton. "I beg your pardon, Drummond, I know he's a great friend of yours; but all that nonsense exasperates me. Why, God bless me, his body is sick, but his mind is as clear as yours or mine. Why can't he judge for himself? I am quite ready to give him, or you or any one that interests me, the benefit of my experience; but to take you on my shoulders, Drummond, you know, would be silly. I am ready to run the risk myself. I think the best guarantee I can give, don't you

but I won't run any sentimental risks. You may, if you like; they are out of my line."

"I don't know what you mean by sentimental risks."

"Oh, as for that, it is easy to explain. The man is very ill: he will never be of any use in life again, and loss would be destruction to him. Therefore I won't take the responsibility. Why, there may be a revolution in England next year for anything I can tell. There may be an invasion. Our funds may be down to zero, and our business paralysed. How can I tell? All these things are within the bounds of possibility, and if they happened, and we went to smash, as we should infallibly, what would Haldane do?"

"If there is nothing to alarm us closer at hand than a revolution or an invasion——" said Drummond with a smile.

"How can we tell? If I were asked to insure England, I should only do it on a very heavy premium, I can tell you. And look here, Drummond, take my advice, always let a man judge for himself, never take the responsibility. If you do, you'll be sorry after. I never knew a good man of business yet who went in, as I said, for sentimental risks."

"I fear I shall never be a good man of business," said the painter, with a certain sickness at his heart. "But tell me now, suppose you were guardian to orphans, what should you do with their money? I suppose that is what you would call a very sentimental risk."

"Not so bad as Haldane," said Burton. "They would be young and able to make their way if the worst came to the worst. If they were entirely in my own hands I should invest the money as I thought best; but if there were other guardians or relations to make a fuss, I should put it in the Three per Cents."

"I really—don't—quite see what—difference that would make——" Robert commenced, but his companion stopped him almost roughly.

"The question won't bear discussing, Drummond. If I go in with you, will your wife give me some lunch? I have lost my whole morning to please my father-in-law. Don't you bother yourself about Haldane. He is a clear-headed fellow, and perfectly able to judge for himself."

Then no more was said. If a passing cloud had come over the rich man, it fled at sight of the table spread for luncheon, and the sherry, upon which poor Robert (knowing almost as little about that as he did about business) prided himself vastly. Mr. Burton applauded the sherry. He was more conversational even than usual, and very anxious that Drummond should look at a country-house in his neighbourhood.

"If you can't afford it now you very soon will," he said, and without referring to Rivers's kept up such a continued strain of allusions to the good fortune which was about to pour upon the house, that Robert's nerves were comforted, he could scarcely have told how. But he went and worked all the afternoon in the studio when the City man went off to his business. He laboured hard at Francesca, fixing his whole mind upon her, not even whistling in his profound preoccupation. He had been absent from the studio for some time, and the *feel* of the old beloved tools was delightful to him. But when the early twilight came and interrupted his work, he went out and took a long walk by himself, endeavouring to shake off the tremor which still lingered about him. It was in his veins and in his nerves, tingling all over him. He reasoned with himself, shook himself up roughly, took himself to task, but yet did not get over it. "Bah! it is simple sensation!" he said at last, and with a violent effort turned his thoughts in another direction. But the shock had left a tremor about him which was not quite dissipated for days after; for a man who is made of fanciful artist-stuff, is not like a business man with nerves of steel.



TOWN GEOLOGY.

II.—THE PEBBLES IN THE STREET.

IF you, dear reader, dwell in any northern town, you will almost certainly see, paving courts and alleys, and sometimes—to the discomfort of your feet—whole streets, or set up as bournestones at corners, or laid in heaps to be broken up for road-metal, certain round pebbles, usually dark brown or speckled grey, and exceedingly tough and hard. Some of them will be very large—boulders of several feet in diameter. If you move from town to town, from the north of Scotland as far down as Essex on the east, or as far down as Shrewsbury and Wolverhampton (at least) on the west, you will still find these pebbles, but fewer and smaller as you go south. It matters not what the rocks and soils of the country round may be. However much they may differ, these pebbles will be, on the whole, the same everywhere.

But if your town be south of the valley of the Thames, you will find, as far as I am aware, no such pebbles there. The gravels round you will be made up entirely of rolled chalk layers, and bits of beds immediately above or below the chalk. The blocks of "Sarsden" sandstone—those of which Stonehenge is built—and the "plum-pudding stones" which are sometimes found with them, have no kindred with the northern pebbles. They belong to beds above the chalk.

Now if, seeing such pebbles about your town, you inquire, like a sensible person who wishes to understand something of the spot on which he lives, whence they come, you will be shown either a gravel-pit or a clay-pit. In the gravel the pebbles and boulders lie mixed with sand, as they do in the railway cutting just south of Shrewsbury; or in huge mounds of fine sweet earth, as they do in the gorge of the Tay about Dunkeld, and all the way up Strathmore, where they form long grassy mounds—*fomauns* as they call them in some parts of Scotland—*askers* as they call them in Ireland. These mounds, with their sweet fresh turf rising out of heather and bog, were tenanted—so Scottish children used to believe—by fairies. He that was lucky might hear inside them fairy music, and the jingling of the fairy horses' trappings. But woe to him if he fell asleep upon the mound, for he would be spirited away into fairyland for seven years, which would seem to him but one day. A strange fancy: yet not so strange as the actual truth as to what

these mounds are, and how they came into their places.

Or again, you might find that your town's pebbles and boulders came out of a pit of clay, in which they were stuck, without any order or bedding, like plums and raisins in a pudding. This clay goes usually by the name of boulder-clay. You would see such near any town in Cheshire and Lancashire; or along Leith shore, near Edinburgh; or, to give one more instance out of hundreds, along the coast at Scarborough. If you walk—holding, of course, your nose if the wind be in the north and the tide low—along the shore southward of that now notorious town, you will see, in the gullies of the cliff, great beds of sticky clay, stuffed full of bits of every rock between the Lake Mountains and Scarborough, from rounded pebbles of most ancient rock down to great angular fragments of ironstone and coal. There then, as elsewhere, the great majority of the pebbles have nothing to do with the rock on which the clay happens to lie, but have come, some of them, from places many miles away.

Now if we find spread over a low land pebbles composed of rocks which are only found in certain high lands, is it not an act of mere common sense to say—These pebbles have come from the highlands? And if the pebbles are rounded, while the rocks like them in the highlands always break off in angular shapes, is it not, again, an act of mere common sense to say—These pebbles were once angular, and have been rubbed round, either in getting hither or before they started hither?

Does all this seem to you mere truism, my dear reader? If so, I am sincerely glad to hear it. It was not so very long ago that such arguments would have been considered, not only no truisms, but not even common sense.

But to return, let us take, as an example, a sample of these boulder clay pebbles from the neighbourhood of Liverpool and Birkenhead, made by Mr. De Rance, the government geological surveyor:—

Granite, greenstone, felspar porphyry, feldspar, quartz rock (all igneous rocks, that is, either formed by, or altered by volcanic heat, and almost all found in the Lake mountains), 37 per cent.

Silurian grits (the common stones of the

Lake mountains deposited by water), 43 per cent.

Ironstone, 1 per cent.

Carboniferous limestone, 5 per cent.

Permian or Triassic sandstones, *i.e.*, rocks immediately round Liverpool, 12 per cent.

Now, does not this sample show, as far as human common sense can be depended on, that the great majority of these stones come from the Lake mountains, sixty or seventy miles north of Liverpool? I think your common sense will tell you that these pebbles are not mere concretions; that is, formed out of the substance of the clay after it was deposited. The least knowledge of mineralogy would prove that. But, even if you are no mineralogist, common sense will tell you that if they were all concreted out of the same clay, it is most likely that they would be all of the same kind, and not of a dozen or more different kinds. Common sense will tell you, also, that if they were all concreted out of the same clay, it is a most extraordinary coincidence, indeed one too strange to be believed, if any less strange explanation can be found—that they should have taken the composition of different rocks which are found all together in one group of mountains to the northward. You will surely say—If this be granite, it has most probably come from a granite mountain; if this be grit, from a grit-stone mountain, and so on with the whole list. Why are we to go out of our way to seek improbable explanations, when there is a probable one staring us in the face?

Next—and this is well worth your notice—if you will examine the pebbles carefully, especially the larger ones, you will find that they are not only more or less rounded, but often scratched; and often, too, in more than one direction, two or even three sets of scratches crossing each other; marked, as a cat marks an elder stem when she sharpens her claws upon it; and that these scratches have not been made by the quarrymen's tools, but are old marks which exist—as you may easily prove for yourself—while the stone is still lying in its bed of clay. Would it not be an act of mere common sense to say—These scratches have been made by the sharp points of other stones which have rubbed against the pebbles somewhere, and somewhere, with great force?

So far so good. The next question is—How did these stones get into the clay? If we can discover that, we may also discover how they were rounded and scratched. We must find a theory which will answer our question, and one which, as Professor

Huxley would say, “will go on all fours,” that is, will explain all the facts of the case, and not only a few of them.

What, then, brought the stones?

We cannot, I think, answer that question, as some have tried to answer it, by saying that they were brought by Noah's flood. For it is clear, that very violent currents of water would be needed to carry boulders, some of them weighing many tons, for many miles. Now Scripture says nothing of any such violent currents; and we have no right to put currents, or any other imagined facts, into Scripture out of our own heads, and then argue from them as if not we, but the text of Scripture, had asserted their existence.

But still, they may have been rolled hither by water. That theory certainly would explain their being rounded; though not their being scratched. But it will not explain their being found in the clay.

Recollect what I said in my first paper: that water drops its pebbles and coarser particles first, while it carries the fine clayey mud onward in solution, and only drops it when the water becomes still. Now currents of such tremendous violence as to carry these boulder stones onward, would have carried the mud for many miles farther still; and we should find the boulders, not in clay, but lying loose together, probably on a hard rock bottom, scoured clean by the current. That is what we find in the beds of streams; that is just what we do not find in this case.

But the boulders may have been brought by a current, and then the water may have become still, and the clay settled quietly round them. What? Under them as well as over them? On that theory also we should find them only at the bottom of the clay. As it is, we find them scattered anywhere and everywhere through it, from top to bottom. So that theory will not do. Indeed, no theory will do which supposes them to have been brought by water alone.

Try yourself, dear reader, and make experiments, with running water, pebbles, and mud. If you try for seven years, I believe, you will never contrive to make your pebbles lie about in your mud, as they lie about in every pit in the boulder clay.

Well then, there we are at fault, it seems. We have no explanation drawn from known facts which will do—unless we are to suppose, which I don't think you will do, that stones, clay, and all were blown hither along the surface of the ground, by primeval hurricanes, ten times worse than those of the West Indies, which certainly will roll a cannon a

few yards, but cannot, surely, roll a boulder stone a hundred miles.

Now, suppose that there was a force, an agent, known—luckily for you, not to you—but known but too well to sailors and travellers; a force which is at work over the vast sheets of land at both the north and south poles; at work, too, on every high mountain range in the world, and therefore a very common natural force; and suppose that this force would explain all the facts, namely—

How the stones got here;

How they were scratched and rounded;

How they were imbedded in clay;

because it is notoriously, and before men's eyes now, carrying great stones hundreds of miles, and scratching and rounding them also; carrying vast deposits of mud, too, and mixing up mud and stones just as we see them in the brick pits,—Would not our common sense have a right to try that explanation?—to suspect that this force, which we do not see at work in Britain now, may have been at work here ages since? That would at least be reasoning from the known to the unknown. What state of things, then, do we find among the highest mountains; and on whole countries which, though not lofty, lie far enough north or south to be permanently covered with ice?

We find, first, an ice-cap, or ice-sheet, fed by the winter's snows, stretching over the higher land, and crawling downward and outward by its own weight, along the valleys, as glaciers.

We find underneath the glaciers, first a *moraine profonde*, consisting of the boulders and gravel, and earth, which the glacier has ground off the hillsides, and is carrying down with it.

These stones, of course, grind, scratch, and polish each other; and in like wise grind, scratch, and polish the rock over which they pass, under the enormous weight of the superincumbent ice.

We find also, issuing from under each glacier a stream, carrying the finest mud, the result of the grinding of the boulders against each other and the glacier.

We find, moreover, on the surface of the glaciers, *moraines supérieures*—long lines of stones and dirt which have fallen from neighbouring cliffs, and are now travelling downward with the glaciers.

Their fate, if the glacier ends on land, is what was to be expected. The stones from above the glacier fall over the ice-cliff at its end, to mingle with those thrown out from

underneath the glacier, and form huge banks of boulders, called terminal moraines, while the mud runs off, as all who have seen glaciers know, in a turbid torrent.

Their fate, again, is what was to be expected if the glacier ends, as it commonly does in Arctic regions, in the sea. The ice grows out to sea-ward "for more than a mile" sometimes, about one-eighth of it being above water, and seven-eighths below, so that an ice-cliff one hundred feet high may project into water eight hundred feet deep. At last, when it gets out of its depth, the buoyancy of the water breaks it off in icebergs, which float away, at the mercy of tides and currents, often grounding again in shallower water, and ploughing the sea-bottom as they drag along it. These bergs carry stones and dirt, often in large quantities; so that, whenever a berg melts or capsizes, it strews its burden confusedly about the sea-floor.

Meanwhile the fine mud which is flowing out from under the ice goes out to sea likewise, colouring the water far out, and then subsiding as a soft tenacious ooze, in which the stones brought out by the ice are imbedded. And this ooze—so those who have examined it assert—cannot be distinguished from the brick-clay, or fossiliferous boulder-clay, so common in the North. A very illustrious Scandinavian explorer, visiting Edinburgh, declared, as soon as he saw the sections of boulder-clay exhibited near that city, that this was the very substance which he saw forming in the Spitzbergen ice-fiords.*

I have put these facts as simply and baldly as I can, in order that the reader may look steadily at them, without having his attention drawn off, or his fancy excited, by their real poetry and grandeur. Indeed, it would have been an impertinence to have done otherwise; for I have never seen a live glacier, by land or sea, though I have seen many a dead one. And the public has had the opportunity, lately, of reading so many delightful books about "peaks, passes, and glaciers," that I am bound to suppose that many of my readers know as much, or more, about them than I do.

But let us go a step further; and, bearing in our minds what live glaciers are like, let us imagine what a dead glacier would be like; a glacier, that is, which had melted, and left nothing but its skeleton of stones and dirt.

* See a most charming paper on "The Physics of Arctic Ice," by Dr. Robert Brown of Campster, published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, June, 1870. This article is so remarkable, not only for its sound scientific matter, but for the vividness and poetic beauty of its descriptions, that I must express a hope that the learned author will some day enlarge it, and publish it in a separate form.

We should find the faces of the rock scored and polished, generally in lines pointing down the valleys, or at least outward from the centre of the highlands, and polished and scored most in their upland, or weather sides. We should find blocks of rock left behind, and perched about on other rocks of a different kind. We should find in the valleys the old moraines left as vast deposits of boulder and shingle, which would be in time sawn through and sorted over by the rivers. And if the sea-bottom outside were upheaved, and became dry land, we should find on it the remains of the mud from under the glacier, stuck full of stones and boulders, iceberg-dropped. This mud would be often very irregularly bedded; for it would have been disturbed by the ploughing of the icebergs, and mixed here and there with dirt which had fallen from them. Moreover, as the sea became shallower and the mud-beds got awash one after the other, they would be torn about, resifted, and reshaped by currents and by tides, and mixed with shore-sand ground out of shingle-beach, thus making confusion worse confounded. A few shells, of an Arctic or northern type, would be found in it here and there. Some would have lived near those later beaches, some in deeper water in the ancient ooze, wherever the iceberg had left it in peace long enough for sea-animals to colonise and breed in it. But the general appearance of the dried sea-bottom would be a dreary and lifeless waste of sands, gravels, loose boulders, and boulder-bearing clays; and wherever a boss of bare rock still stood up it would be found ground down, and probably polished and scored by the ponderous icebergs which had lumbered over it in their passage out to sea.

In a word, it would look exactly as vast tracts of the English, Scotch, and Irish lowlands must have looked before returning vegetation coated their dreary sands and clays with a layer of brown vegetable soil.

Thus, and I believe thus only, can we explain the facts connected with these boulder-pebbles. No agent known on earth can have stuck them in the clay, save ice, which is known to do so still elsewhere.

No known agent can have scratched them as they are scratched, save ice, which is known to do so still elsewhere.

No known agent—certainly not, in my opinion, the existing rivers—can have accumulated these vast beds of boulders which lie along the course of certain northern rivers; notably along the Dee about Aboyne—save

ice, bearing them slowly down from the distant summits of the Grampians.

No known agent, save ice, can have produced those rounded, and polished, and scored, and fluted *rochers moutonnés*—"sheep-backed rocks"—so common in the Lake district; so common, too, in Snowdon, especially between the two lakes of Llanberis; common in Kerry; to be seen anywhere, as far as I have ascertained, around the Scotch Highlands, where the turf is cleared away from an unweathered surface of rock, in the direction in which a glacier would have pressed against it had one been there. Where these polishings and scorings are found in narrow glens, it is, no doubt, an open question whether some of them may not be the work of water. But nothing but the action of ice can have produced what I have seen in land-locked and quiet fiords in Kerry—ice-flutings in polished rocks below high-water mark, so large that I could lie down in one of them. Nothing but the action of ice could produce what may be seen in any of our mountains—whole sheets of rock ground down into rounded flats, irrespective of the lie of the beds, not in valleys, but on the brows and summits of mountains, often ending abruptly at the edge of some sudden cliff, where the true work of water, in the shape of rain and frost, is actually destroying the previous work of ice, and fulfilling the rule laid down (I think by Professor Geikie in his delightful book on Scotch scenery as influenced by its geology), that ice planes down into flats, while water saws out into crags and gullies; and that the rain and frost are even now restoring Scotch scenery to something of that ruggedness and picturesqueness which it must have lost when it lay, like Greenland, under the indiscriminating grinding of a heavy sheet of ice.

Lastly; no known agent, save ice, will explain those perched boulders, composed of ancient hard rocks, which may be seen in so many parts of these islands and of the Continent. No water-power could have lifted those stones, and tossed them up high and dry on mountain ridges and promontories, upon rocks of a totally different kind. Some of my readers surely recollect Wordsworth's noble lines about these mysterious wanderers, of which he had seen many a one about his native hills:—

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Crouched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espie
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense.
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shell
Of rock or sand reposed, there to sun itself."

Yes: but the next time you see such a stone, believe that the wonder has been solved, and found to be, like most wonders in Nature, more wonderful than we guessed it to be. It is not a sea-beast which has crawled forth, but an ice-beast which has been left behind; lifted up thither by the ice, as surely as the famous *Pierre-à-bot*, forty feet in diameter, and hundreds of boulders more, almost as large as cottages, have been carried by ice from the distant Alps right across the lake of Neuchâtel, and stranded on the slopes of the Jura, nine hundred feet above the lake.*

Thus, I think, we have accounted for facts enough to make it probable that Britain was once covered partly by an ice-sheet, as Greenland is now, and partly, perhaps, by an icy sea. But, to make assurance more sure, let us look for new facts, and try whether our ice-dream will account for them also. Let us investigate our case as a good medical man does, by "verifying his first induction."

He says—At the first glance, I can see symptoms *a, b, c*. It is therefore probable that my patient has got complaint A. But if he has he ought to have symptom *d* also. If I find that, my guess will be yet more probable. He ought also to have symptom *e*, and so forth; and as I find successively each of these symptoms which are proper to A, my first guess will become more and more probable, till it reaches practical certainty.

Now let us do the same, and say—If this strange dream be true, and the lowlands of the North were once under an icy sea, ought we not to find sea-shells in their sands and clays? Not abundantly, of course. We can understand that the sea animals would be too rapidly covered up in mud, and too much disturbed by icebergs and boulders, to be very abundant. But still, some should surely be found here and there.

Doubtless; and if my northern-town readers will search the boulder-clay pits near them, they will most probably find a few shells, if not in the clay itself, yet in sand-beds mixed with them, and probably underlying them. And this is a notable fact, that the more species of shells they find, the more they will find—if they work out their names from any good book of conchology—of a northern type; of shells which notoriously, at this day, inhabit the colder seas.

It is impossible for me here to enter at length on a subject on which a whole literature has been already written. Those who wish to study it may find all that they need know, and more, in Lyell's "Student's Ele-

ments of Geology," and in chapter xii. of his "Antiquity of Man." They will find that if the evidence of scientific conchologists be worth anything, the period can be pointed out, in the strata, though not of course in time, at which these seas began to grow colder, and southern and Mediterranean shells to disappear, their places being taken by shells of a temperate, and at last of an Arctic climate; which last have since retreated either toward their native North, or into cold water at great depths. From Essex across to Wales, from Wales to the estuary of the Clyde, this fact has been verified again and again. And in the search for these shells, a fresh fact, and a most startling one, was discovered. They are to be found not only in the clay of the lowlands, but at considerable heights up the hills, showing that, at some time or other, these hills have been submerged beneath the sea.

Let me give one example, which any tourist into Wales may see for himself. Moel Tryfaen is a mountain over Carnarvon. Now perched on the side of that mountain, fourteen hundred feet above the present sea-level, is an ancient sea-beach, five-and-thirty feet thick, lying on great ice-scratched boulders, which again lie on the mountain slates. It was discovered by the late Mr. Trimmer, now, alas! lost to Geology. Out of that beach fifty-seven different species of shells have been taken; eleven of them are now exclusively Arctic, and not found in our seas; four of them are still common to the Arctic seas and to our own; and almost all the rest are northern shells.

Fourteen hundred feet above the present sea: and that, it must be understood, is not the greatest height at which such shells may be found hereafter. For, according to Professor Ramsay, drift of the same kind as that on Moel Tryfaen is found at a height of two thousand three hundred feet.

Now I ask my readers to use their common sense over this astounding fact—which, after all, is only one among hundreds; to let (as Mr. Matthew Arnold would well say) their "thought play freely" about it; and consider for themselves what those shells must mean. I say not may, but must, unless we are to believe in a "*Deus quidam deceptor*," in a God who puts shells upon mountain-sides only to befool honest human beings, and gives men intellects which are worthless for even the simplest work. Those shells must mean that that mountain, and therefore the mountains round it, must have been once fourteen hundred feet at least lower than they are now.

* See Lyell, "Antiquity of Man," p. 204 et seqq.

That the sea in which they were sunk was far colder than now. That icebergs brought and dropped boulders round their flanks. That upon those boulders a sea-beach formed, and that dead shells were beaten into it from a sea-bottom close by. That, and no less, Moel Tryfaen must mean.

But it must mean, also, a length of time which has been well called "appalling"—length of time sufficient to let the mountain sink into the sea. Then length of time enough to enable those Arctic shells to crawl down from the northward, settle, and propagate themselves generation after generation; then length of time enough to uplift their dead remains, and the beach, and the boulders, and all Snowdonia, fourteen hundred feet into the air. And if any one should object that the last upheaval may have been effected suddenly by a few tremendous earthquakes, we must answer—We have no proof of it. Earthquakes, upheave lands now only by slight and intermittent upward pulses; nay, some lands we know to rise without any earthquake pulses, but by simple, slow, upward swelling of a few feet in a century; and we have no reason, and therefore no right, to suppose that Snowdonia was upheaved by any means or at any rate which we do not witness now; and therefore we are bound to allow, not only that there was a past "age of ice," but that that age was one of altogether enormous duration.

But meanwhile some of you, I presume, will be ready to cry—Stop. It may be our own weakness; but you are really going on too fast and too far for our small imaginations. Have you not played with us, as well as argued with us, till you have inveigled us step by step into a conclusion which we cannot and will not believe? That all this land should have been sunk beneath an icy sea? That Britain should have been as Greenland is now? We can't believe it, and we won't.

If you say so, like stout common-sense Britons, who have a wholesome dread of being taken in with fine words and wild speculations, I assure you I shall not laugh at you, even in private. On the contrary, I shall say—what I am sure every scientific man will say—So much the better. That is the sort of audience which we want, if we are teaching natural science. We do not want haste, enthusiasm, *gobe-moucherie*, as the French call it, which is agape to snap up any new and vast fancy, just because it is new and vast. We want our readers to be slow, suspicious, conservative, ready to "gib," as we say of a horse, and refuse the collar up a steep place, saying—I must stop

and think. I don't like the look of the path ahead of me. It seems an ugly place to get up. I don't know this road, and I shall not hurry over it. I must go back a few steps, and make sure. I must see whether it is the right road; whether there are not other roads, a dozen of them perhaps, which would do as well or better than this.

That is the temper which finds out truth, slowly, but once and for all; and I shall be glad, not sorry, to see it in my readers.

And I am bound to say that it has been by that temper that this theory has been worked out, and the existence of this past age of ice, or glacial epoch, has been discovered, through many mistakes, many corrections, and many changes of opinion about details, for nearly forty years of head work, by many men, in many lands.

As a very humble student of this subject, I may say that I have been looking these facts in the face earnestly enough for more than twenty years, and that I am about as certain that they can only be explained by ice, as I am that my having got home by rail can only be explained by steam.

But I think I know what startles you. It is the being asked to believe in such an enormous change in climate, and in the height of the land above the sea. Well—it is very astonishing, appalling—all but incredible, if we had not the facts to prove it. But of the facts there can be no doubt. There can be no doubt that the climate of this northern hemisphere has changed enormously more than once. There can be no doubt that the distribution of land and water, the shape and size of its continents and seas, have changed again and again. There can be no doubt that, for instance, long before the age of ice, the whole North of Europe was much warmer than it is now.

Take Greenland, for instance. Disco Island lies in Baffin's Bay, off the west coast of Greenland, in latitude 70°, far within the Arctic circle. Now there certain strata of rock, older than the ice, have not been destroyed by the grinding of the ice-cap; and they are full of fossil plants. But of what kind of plants? Of the same families as now grow in the warmer parts of the United States. Even a tulip-tree has been found among them. Now how is this to be explained?

Either we must say that the climate of Greenland was then so much warmer than now, that it had summers probably as hot as those of New York; or we must say that

there leaves and stems were floated thither from the United States. But if we say the latter, we must allow a change in the shape of the land which is enormous. For nothing now can float northward from the United States into Baffin's Bay. The polar current sets out of Baffin's Bay southward, bringing icebergs down, not leaves up, through Davis's Straits. And in any case, we must allow that the hills of Disco Island were then the bottom of a sea: or how would the leaves have been deposited in them at all?

So much for the change of climate and land which can be proved to have gone on in Greenland. It has become colder. Why should it not some day become warmer again?

Now for England. It can be proved, as far as common sense can prove anything, that England was, before the age of ice, much warmer than it is now, and grew gradually cooler and cooler, just as, while the age of ice was dying out, it grew warmer again.

Now what proof is there of that?

This. Underneath London—as, I dare say, many of you know—there lies four or five hundred feet of clay. But not ice-clay. Anything but that, as you will see. It belongs to a formation late (geologically speaking), but somewhat older than those Disco Island beds.

And what sort of fossils do we find in it?

In the first place, the shells, which are abundant, are tropical—Nautili, Cones, and such like. And more, fruits and seeds are found in it, especially at the Isle of Sheppey. And what are they? Fruits of Nipa palms, a form only found now at river-mouths in Eastern India and the Indian islands; Anona-seeds; gourd-seeds; Acacia fruits—all tropical again; and Proteaceous plants too—of an Australian type. Surely your common sense would hint to you, that this London clay must be mud laid down off the mouth of a tropical river. But your common sense would be all but certain of that, when you found, as you would find, the teeth and bones of crocodiles and turtles, who come to land, remember, to lay their eggs; the bones, too, of large mammals, allied to the tapir of India and South America, and the water-hog of the Cape. If all this does not mean that there was once a tropic climate and a tropic river running into some sea or other where London now stands, I must give up common sense and reason as deceitful and useless faculties; and believe nothing, not even the evidence of my own senses.

And now, have I, or have I not, fulfilled the promise which I made—rashly, I dare say some of you thought—in my first paper? Have I, or have I not, made you prove to yourself, by your own common sense, that the lowlands of Britain were underneath the sea in the days in which these pebbles and boulders were laid down over your plains? Nay, have we not proved more? Have we not found that that old sea was an icy sea? Have we not wandered on, step by step, into a whole true fairy-land of wonders? to a time when all England, Scotland, and Ireland were as Greenland is now? when mud streams have rushed down from under glaciers on to a cold sea-bottom, when “ice, mast high, came floating by, as green as emerald?” when Snowdon was sunk for at least fourteen hundred feet of its height? when (as I could prove to you, had I time) the peaks of the highest Cumberland and Scotch mountains alone stood out, as islets in a frozen sea?

We want to get an answer to one strange question, and we have found a group of questions stranger still, and got them answered too. But so it is always in science. We know not what we shall discover. But this, at least, we know, that it will be far more wonderful than we had dreamed. The scientific explorer is always like Saul of old, who set out simply to find his father's asses, and found them—and a kingdom besides.

I should have liked to have told you more about this bygone age of ice. I should have liked to say something to you on the curious question—which is still an open one—whether there were not two ages of ice; whether the climate here did not, after perhaps thousands of years of Arctic cold, soften somewhat for a while—a few thousand years, perhaps—and then harden again into a second age of ice, somewhat less severe, probably, than the first. I should have liked to have hinted at the probable causes of this change—indeed, of the age of ice altogether—whether it was caused by a change in the distribution of land and water, or by change in the height and size of these islands, which made them large enough, and high enough, to carry a sheet of eternal snow inland; or whether, finally, the age of ice was caused by an actual change in the position of the whole planet with regard to its orbit round the sun—shifting at once the poles and the tropics: a deep question that latter, on which astronomers, whose business it is, are still at work, and on which, ere young folk are old, they will have dis-

covered, I expect, some startling facts. On that last question, I, as no astronomer, cannot speak. But I should have liked to have said somewhat on matters on which I have knowledge enough, at least, to teach you how much there is to be learnt. I should have liked to tell the student of sea-animals—how the ice-age helps to explain, and is again explained by, the remarkable discoveries which Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Wyville Thompson have just made, in the deep-sea dredgings in the North Atlantic. I should have liked to tell the botanist somewhat of the pre-glacial flora—the plants which lived here before the ice, and lasted, some of them at least, through all those ages of fearful cold, and linger still on the summits of Snowdon, and the highest peaks of Cumberland and Scotland. I should have liked to have told the lovers of zoology about the animals which lived before the ice—of the mammoth, or woolly elephant; the woolly rhinoceros, the cave lion and bear, the reindeer, the musk oxen, the lemmings, and the marmots which inhabited Britain till the ice drove them out southward, even into the South of France; and how as the ice retreated,

and the climate became tolerable once more, some of them—the mammoth and rhinoceros, the bison, the lion, and many another mighty beast reoccupied our lowlands, at a time when the hippopotamus, at least in summer, ranged freely from Africa and Spain across what was then dry land between France and England, and fed by the side of animals which have long since retreated to Norway and to Canada. I should have liked to tell the archæologist of the human beings—probably from their weapons and their habits—of the same race as the present Laplanders, who passed northward as the ice went back, following the wild reindeer herds from the South of France into our islands, which were no islands then, to be in their turn driven northward by stronger races from the east and south. But space presses, and I fear that I have written too much already.

At least, I have turned over for you a few grand and strange pages in the book of nature, and taught you, I hope, a key by which to decipher their hieroglyphics. At least, I have, I trust, taught you to look, as I do, with something of interest, even of awe, upon the pebbles in the street.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

VANITY FAIR.

HERE'S a babble

In Vanity Fair!

Here's a rabble

Of folk on the stare!

Here's a crying,

Selling and buying,

Groaning and grumbling,

Pushing and stumbling!

Tootle-te-toot!

Rum-ti-tum-tum!

They blow the flute,

And they beat the drum.

And yonder in rows

Are the painted shows,

Where zany and clown

With "Walk in, walk in!"

Stalk up and down

While the people grin.

Hold me tighter, my pretty one,

We'll elbow our way and see the fun.

In we go, with a scramble and scream—

What a rabble! it's like a dream!

Here is old

Aunt Sal in a corner—

Crimson and gold

Rags adorn her.

How droll looks she,

With her rusty Key!

In spite of all shying

There's Mitre and Crown,

And none are trying

To knock them down.

The game was hearty

In days gone by,

But now no party

Cares for a shy.

Don't be downcast, my grey-hair'd lad—

Here's a copper since trade is bad.

Try, my man of melancholy,

To pocket pence by some other folly.

Carry the poor old Pope elsewhere,

She only spoils the fun of the Fair.

On we go,

Through the rabble straying. . .

Here's a show

Where things seem paying!

See the creature

Painted there—

Wild of feature

Covered with hair:—

The Missing Link

Between Monkey and Mortal!

Chink-a-clink

Go the pence at the portal;

But look at the folk

Who out are stumbling—

Some full of a joke,

Some audibly grumbling.

Here's a fellow—

We'll speak to *him*:

His face looks yellow

And dark and grim:

Clari, you hear him? a swindle, is it?

A hocus-pocus! not worth a visit!

This is a Yankee, and in he went,

And recognised, to his wonderment,

In the "Missing Link to be seen for a Cent"

The last—American President!

Trip it merrily,

Pretty one,

On we stray cheerily

Full of the fun:

Punch and Judy;

Fiddlestring;

Acrobats moody

Making a ring;

Clowns cutting capers

At every show;

Bucolic gapers

Grinning below;

Quiet conjurors quick and sly

Making the public halfpence fly;

Quacks with boluses, nostrums, and pills,

Vending cures for the flesh and its ills;

Everywhere bawling—(O the din!)

Every voice calling—"Walk in, walk in."

"*Stop the thief!*"—how they carry the shout!

How the crowd eddies in and out!

Lean and thin with quivering lip

The rascal writhes in that fat man's grip:

He looks all round with a hungry stare;

The mob groans round him and longs to tear—

Off to the gaol the scarecrow bear!

We're virtuous people in Vanity Fair!

All together,

Christian and Jew,

Birds of fine feather

And ragged too,

Dukes and earls,

And ballet girls,

Philosophers,

And patterers;

The poor from the city,

The wild sea-rover,

The beggar witty

Half-seas over,

The gipsy pretty

Red from a romp in the clover.

Right foot, light foot, we trip it and toe it,

You the pretty girl, I your poet,

Rubbing sleeves with great and small,

Jostling along through the heart of them all.

Our hearts are leaping, our heads are dizzy,

The trade's so merry, the mirth so busy,

We squeeze along and we gasp for air,

In the hurry and flurry of Vanity Fair.

Stop, my dear!

How the trumpets blow!

What have we here?

Why, the great French show!

O paint and padding!

With what an air

They are promenading

Outside, up there—

Zany and hero

(Birds of a feather),

Scapin and Nero

Grinning together;

Spanish gipsy

With tambourine;

Gaoler tipsy,

And proud-faced Queen,—

And overhead,

Painted blood-red,

The jolly old Guillotine!

See that fellow in tatters and rags—

His cry to the people never flags;

Poor though he is, and dirty, and low,

He seems the master of the show.

"O yes," he cries, with a voice of power,

"Drama and pantomime every half hour,

And at each performance, trust to me,

A change of the total, *Companie!*"

* * *

Clari, my sweetest,

Trimmiest and neatest,

Why this alarm?

Why are you sighing,

Fluttering and crying,

And gripping my arm?

"Come away! come away!

'Tis so sad! 'tis so loud!

My heart aches, my head aches

To look at the crowd.

The mad folk, the bad folk,

The poor folk, the sad folk,

Like waters that call,

Their sadness and badness

Are strange, but their gladness

Is strangest of all.

O hear how they cry—

I am sick, let us fly!"

O Clari, sweet blending of fire and of air,

Come along, come along, out of Vanity Fair.

Out yonder are fields and the sky and the trees—

And the only sounds there are the birds and the breeze,

And the water that beats in its green woodland nest
Like the heart that is beating so loud in your breast.

. . . Breathless, flushing,

Faint with the crushing,



Here we are—
Night is coming,
Droning and humming
Sounds Vanity Fair all;
And its light, as the night
Cometh down, is cast bright
On the sky far away
How strange feels this stillness!
Grey and more grey
Comes the night with its chillness.

Clari, where are we? Outside the Fair,
In the great black earth and the sky and the air,
All alone—Hold me tighter! The noise of the
rout
Was dreadful within, but more dreadful without
Seems the stillness. O God! see the pale moon
arise,
And the hills black as ink in the shade, and the
eyes
Of the stars fix'd on ours from the terrible skies.

What is this glooming
Against the light,
Silent and looming
In the chilly night?
And what are these clinging,
Three in a row,
O'erhead and swinging
When the wind doth blow?

Three black figures against the light,
Their faces white and their legs strapt tight,
Having a swing in the wind this night!
O hold me faster, who is *he*
That stands at the foot of the gallows tree?
Cowl'd, barefooted, with hooded face,
What doth he in the ghostly place?
Silent he stands, a sad beholder!
Stop, let me touch him on the shoulder.

The moon shines cold
On the silent place—
O God, I behold
The Eyes! the Face!
He turns unto me
Calm and white,
His eyes thrill through me
With piteous light.
Ah, how cold yet how sweet
In the night-wind He stands!
See, the nail-pierced feet!
See, the nail-pierced hands!

Is it He? Kneel and pray! O my love, have no
care,
Clasp me close—Hath He fled? Did I dream?
Was He there?
O cold is the night, and the earth lieth bare,
And distant and deep, a dull sound fills the air—
The wash of the waters of Vanity Fair.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

II.—GOD CLAIMS NOT OURS BUT US.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee; but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—MICAH vi. 6-8.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment."—MATT. xxii. 37, 38.

IT is very often in the simplest things that the greatest errors are committed. It is so in religion. The truths which need to be repeated and pressed on the attention of men, and made plain, are not those which rise above their ordinary understanding, but rather those truths which lie on the surface and at our hand.

As it was said to an ancient people some thousands of years ago, "This commandment which I command thee this day it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off; it is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us that we may hear it and do it? . . . but the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."

So it may be said yet; we are ever asking, "In what does the kingdom of God consist, and where are we to find it?" and when a cry is raised, "Lo! Christ is here," or "Lo! He is there," we are ready to go forth to see; we are looking into the skies for what is growing up at our feet; we are missing the reality of religion when we are watching its shadow. We have heard the truth often, and we need to hear it again, that the substance of religion is, in its nature, very near our own hearts; and we may be losing it, looking for that which is difficult, and forgetting that which is easily comprehended.

It is quite true that in religion there are many difficulties. It cannot be otherwise; for it is associated with all that is deepest and most mysterious in human life, and as long as we are in our own nature a mystery to ourselves, we may expect to find difficulties in religion. And, moreover, religion has to do not only with us, but with what is infinitely above us: it has to do with God, with the unknown future, with the dim forgotten past, with the invisible present, and it cannot but be that amid the endless relationship between us and what is unseen, there should be difficulties which no skill can solve.

We cannot help putting questions; and as little can we sit down contented without trying to answer them. So long as men think and investigate, they will think and investigate about religion, and they will form theories and opinions about it, and differ about questions which spring out of it.

These differences are manifold, but the differences which exist on questions which may be reckoned simple and practical are much wider, and of far more importance, because they affect the question of what religion is, and what it is intended to do. The passages of Scripture which I have read bear on this question. They agree in this, that they correct the false notions which prevailed in religion and teach the true; and they show us how in all ages it was the same false notion which grew up, though it had been often cut down, and that it is to be met in all ages by the same truth. Christ and all the prophets had in their day virtually to declare the same truth about God, which was ever becoming dark in the imaginations of men.

I. The false notion of religion which comes out in the questions put to the prophet and to Jesus Christ, and in so many other places, is that it consists in *some obligation or debt which God claims*. It is looked on as something which we owe to God, because He is so great, and because He demands something at our hands.

This is a very common mistake, and a very fatal one. We do indeed owe something to God, we owe Him everything but the essence of religion; that is, the relation between God and man rises above the notion of mere obligation and debt.

This idea, however, that the chief and almost only thought in a religious service or life is that God claims something, and man owes it, runs through all forms and ages of religion. In one age the pagan worshipper imagines that God demands sacrifices for his altars and temples for his worship; his idea is that God is the owner of some great estate, who cares for nothing except the

returns which it yields; and religion becomes a pure matter of debt, and the worshippers pay it as they would pay any other debt, desiring to make it as light and easy as they can, and to put it off as long as possible.

In Christian countries and ages this false root appears, no less than in countries and ages which are not Christian, and in a shape corresponding to the general character of their religion. The Christian religion is more spiritual, and men do not suppose that God cares for victims and offerings such as can be laid upon the altar and consumed; but they imagine that what God demands is a certain amount of other services, bodily or mental: some suppose that what God seeks is the surrender of a certain amount of time, the belief of certain truths, or the discharge of certain religious offices; and that when these duties are performed, God has received what He asked, and there religion begins and ends—God makes some demand on their time or reason or money, and it is for them to meet the demand. In all cases the root of the error is the same: one man thinks that the services are of a grosser and more material sort; another, that they are of a more refined or intellectual order. This makes no difference as to the *nature* of the error. If I think that religion consists in paying something to God, whether it be money or victims or self-imposed suffering, my notions may be of a lower degree, but they are not different in kind from the belief that religion consists in paying to God prayers or devotional seasons, or any other fruit of human life or labour.

I believe there are many persons who read Scripture and say prayers under the impression that God demands these duties simply *as a right*, and claims the time and spirit which these duties require, simply from his supreme power; and if, on any occasion, they omit to turn their hearts and thoughts to God in such methods, the feeling which arises in their minds is very much that which rises in the mind of a pagan worshipper who has come to the temple without his offering, and who has failed to perform his service without due forms. It is not the feeling which a man has who has missed an interview with a friend; it is not the feeling which springs from a sense of loss in the inner life of the soul, just because religion is regarded simply as a debt, the payment of which is claimed by God as a creditor.

It is of small consequence what this debt is believed to be, if we suppose that all which God demands is, that *some obligation be paid*,

gifts, penance, sacrifice, worship, and that when it is *paid*, we have performed an act of religion. If this is our idea of it, we are missing the very end and object of all religion.

The natural result of all such thoughts about God and about religion is to ask the question which is asked at the prophet Micah, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" For if the essence of religion is supposed to consist in sacrifice, then, in order to make it more acceptable to God, and more valuable, all that is needed is to add to the sacrifice; or if religion is supposed to consist in offering prayers and devotional acts, then all that is wanting to raise the merit of such acts is to enlarge the time which they demand. The inevitable course of thought in the minds of men who think that religion means a debt to God, is, "We have presented the sacrifices which were prescribed, and they are not deemed sufficient: will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams? Shall we give the fruit of our body for the sin of our soul? We have rendered all that we can think of—what more does God require at our hands?"

This is the very obvious question which a man who looks on religion as a simple debt or obligation would put.

Side by side with this false notion of religion, or rather, involved in it, is the belief that religion is something outside human nature and imposed on it. If religion consists in performing certain acts, or aiming at certain feelings, under the impression that we are simply discharging an obligation laid upon us, and that but for this obligation man could be happy enough without religion, it ceases to be a part of man's nature, and its existence or its suppression has no real bearing on man's destiny.

Of what use in such a case is it to diffuse religious teaching? If the heart of man gives no response to the great truths of revelation, what gain is made when you bring men under its power? None. If a man regards religion as something laid on him by the mere will of a Being who is above him, and if he says in his heart, "I could do without it," he is deprived of all the strength and comfort which religion can bring, he is left to live and labour, and suffer and die, in the sad conviction that whatever religion can do for his case, it cannot really help him, it cannot show him how his own nature can be exalted and purified by its power; for until we rid ourselves of the idea that the essence of religion consists in merely yielding obedience to a demand made upon us by

one who has us in his grasp, we must surrender all hope of finding in it what the good and holy men of every age have found in it, life and sustenance to their souls.

II. The true thoughts of God and of religion have in all ages been the same. Moses, and David, and Isaiah, and Micah, and Paul taught what was substantially the same truth concerning God. Christ's teaching cleared away traditionary and false notions which had gathered round the truth, and the line in which this reformation and renewal of spiritual truth advanced was this: "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not." The relation of man to God was brought out in its true form, a form long ago known, but ever and again obscured and hid. The substance of all religious teaching is *that its grand end is to raise men to fellowship and sympathy with God*. Fellowship with God, holding communion with Him, not in prayer only, not in the way of asking what we wish, but in the far more full and complete sense of rejoicing with Him in his works and plans, this is the high end of all religion, and this is the perfect realisation of all that can exalt and purify human nature.

God's purpose in man is not to make a bondman of him, not to use him for a purpose which man himself shall not share and enjoy; God's divine purpose in man is to exalt him to the place of fellowship with Himself in his Son, so that man shall look on all things with God's eye, shall enter into all events and tasks with God's spirit of freedom, shall identify himself with God's government and God's kingdom, shall be satisfied when righteousness, and truth, and mercy, and peace are promoted, shall be grieved when that kingdom is thwarted, and shall be so united to God in heart and affection, that like Christ, his meat and drink will be to do the will of his Father in heaven. This is religion in Micah's view of it, this is religion in the aspect of it presented by Christ, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;" in form a commandment, but really a power which raises man above all commandments, and helps him to understand how it is neither in heaven nor in the depths, but very nigh to him, in his mouth and in his heart.

According to this aspect of it, religion is something which is natural to man, that is, it is in perfect accordance with man's nature, and essential to his character and life.

To some, perhaps, this statement appears very doubtful, inasmuch as religion, they say, does not come to every one naturally.

But on looking into one's life one finds that what is called his own nature is in itself a con-

tradictory and paradoxical thing. One finds a hundred things in his own nature which he condemns as unnatural, and he misses many things in his own nature which he knows to belong to him. There is in every man what may be called a double nature: what St. Paul calls a law of the flesh and a law of the spirit. The one is antagonistic to the other, the one seems to be inconsistent with the other; and one would say that they could not both belong to the same individual. Which is the truer nature? Which is the nature nearest to man's true self? It is surely the better one. The true nature is often borne down, led captive by the other, but it is man's true nature still, and when I speak of the right notion of religion as something which is in accordance with man's nature, and as natural to man, I mean that it is a power which appeals to this higher, this truer nature, and that it finds in the depths of man's heart a response to its own high character and claims.

There is an aspect of religion in which it may be contemplated as a law; but if there were nothing more in it than a binding and law-constraining force, it would leave man imperfect and incomplete.

It is true that man is surrounded on all sides by law; he finds himself cast as it were on a wide sea where every atom and element is under the guidance of an all-pervading law; and in his study of Nature man is constrained to yield to its supremacy, to bend before it in deep reverence, and to accept the great facts which are unquestioned and irresistible. But after all, when man has bowed down before the mighty system which girds him round, and when he has in word and act assented to the stern truth that he is as nothing in the presence of the great universe; he is conscious that there is another part of his nature equally real, and still more essential to him, which this outward framework of dread law and force has not embraced; he is conscious that he is not made for law alone, he is made for something else; his affections, his sympathies, are of such a sort as that it is absolutely needful for him to have more than law and commandment to walk by; for, deep as may be your reverence for law and its all-mastering strength, you feel that you never can commune with a law, never can give it sympathy and get sympathy back from it. You never can cling to it in the confidence of trust and love, as a child clings to his mother; you never can let your heart go out towards anything that is lifeless. In all creation, in heaven above and earth beneath, in the wonders of science and

nature, you find nothing of the nature of companionship. All the beauty and order of the world around you fail to meet and satisfy your being: you must go behind the visible machinery and organisation of the universe for such a resting-place; only when you have reached the great Source and living Origin of all things can you obtain what the heart of man requires. Man himself, in his own inner nature, is a witness to his own wants and his own necessities, and it is idle to tell him that he needs nothing more than to see the order and development of life. It is idle to tell him that he must be content to remain in ignorance of the origin and Lord of the world, or be content to indulge in guesses about Him. His heart craves something more, feels that something more is required than law and commandment, and, just as his intellect will not be satisfied with the reasons which silence a child in regard to the great questions which come under his observation, so he has other powers and faculties as essential to him as the intellect; and it is contrary to his nature to depart in peace with the assurance that this deep spiritual nature is the only part of humanity that must remain for ever ungratified and unanswered.

Man finds that which he needs and craves in a religion whose foremost commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." This is a law, but it is the law of the spirit of life, a law which gives life, casts light upon himself and upon everything else besides, raising him from fear and doubt, and teaching him that he is made for the friendship and fellowship of God.

If we were always under the right influence of our own true nature, and if we always realised the place to which we are called in our relationship to God, there would be no need of making love to God the subject of a commandment. And one may ask how a

man can be commanded to love at all, for the affections and sympathies of our nature are not under the guidance of will, and we cannot love or hate at the bidding of another. True, but there is in our own hearts a witness for God, something which tells us that when we fail to rise to the high end of our life we are not only losing life's best enjoyment, but are running against life's highest duty; and there is a witness in us against ourselves if we do not cling with affection to what is supremely worthy and good. Indeed, the problem and perplexity of all our life lies in this struggle between the old and new, the spirit and the flesh. Out of this difficulty we find it impossible to rise, and yet in it we find it as impossible to rest; and we look out of ourselves for a deliverer—for one who shall enable us to follow the divine law of our own being—who shall save us from ourselves, and in saving us restore us to our truer selves—who shall at once preserve to us the right estimate in which to hold our own place and purpose in life, and give us strength to keep it. The commandment to love revives within us the old, old antagonism, constraining us to look at our position anew, and to choose the service of love and freedom, the service of purity and divine obedience, to the putting down of those earthborn and selfish propensities which are ever usurping the throne of the spirit.

But, after all, the very fact that there is such a commandment lies at the root of our hope, and supplies us with fresh courage. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." Religion is not a mere debt we owe to God; it is a spirit of fellowship and sympathy with Him; it is the highest proof that God has made us for Himself and redeemed us to Himself, and called us to be renewed in his image once more, and to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect.

ARCH. WATSON.

EDWARD DENISON,

The Friend of the Poor.

THOUGH Philpot Street, Commercial Road, is far from being one of the worst streets in the East-end of London, it is not exactly the place to which a man of position and culture would naturally retire to spend his summer holidays. It lies right between Mile-End Road and the Commercial Road, and narrow streets of dim, dingy little houses run off it on either side. You cannot escape from Philpot Street in any direction, without

passing through places that savour of East-end squalor, and remind you of the vice and poverty that everywhere abound. At night, and especially on Saturday nights, from whatever quarter the wind may chance to blow, gusts of stale odours—from fish-stalls and cook-shops—are wafted into it from the great thoroughfares, which are then at their liveliest; flaring with lights, and crowded with people of the most motley character, with

here and there a group of sauntering negroes, Chinamen, or Malays. Chaffering and bargaining are carried on in voices so loud that the sound is almost deafening. If you want to walk by the shortest way from Philpot Street to the City, you pass through such places as Petticoat Lane and Rag Fair.

The other evening I went down to have a look at Philpot Street; because one day in the month of July, 1867, a young gentleman took it into his head to engage lodgings there, and for the greater part of a year went out and in as regularly as though he had fallen into reduced circumstances, and, compelled to catch at whatever chance first offered, in desperation, and spite of a weakly constitution, had become a clerk at one of the neighbouring yards or factories. He had not, however, gone to Philpot Street out of any such necessity, though clearly he had chosen it as a place of residence because it occupied so central a position in the East-end. The son of a bishop, with high University honours, and the prospect before him of a great political career, he had hardly reached manhood, when he was so deeply moved by what he had heard and read of the condition of the poor, that he resolved to devote his life to the study of the question and to the amelioration of their condition. His reading and his reflections soon led him to the conclusion that there was something fatally defective in the administration of the Poor-Law, while yet indiscriminate charity was the parent of pauperism; that little was to be hoped for from the vaunted outlet of emigration, which, as he conceived, for the most part only carried away the sinew of our labouring population, who were all wanted at home, leaving behind the vicious residuum still to be dealt with; and that those who would help the poor must devote themselves chiefly to the rising generation, and teach them the best way to help themselves. He was desirous to see with his own eyes how matters stood—to come into daily contact with the people, and learn their feelings and prejudices, to watch the doings of the guardians and others, and, if possible, to suggest practical means of meeting the great difficulty of the day. And so, turning his back for a time on Chesham Place, W., Edward Denison, then only twenty-seven years of age, "went into residence" at Philpot Street, Commercial Road, to visit the hovels, to teach the children through the day and the adults at night, and to play the part generally of a volunteer poor-inspector.

One would be almost inclined to fancy that a man trained as he had been would

very soon tire of this kind of thing. He had a great love for field-sports—was a good shot, and an enthusiastic horseman. When a lad at Eton, he had been famous among the oarsmen, and, as one of the "Eight," had so over-exerted himself in training for a boat-race, that he had an attack of congestion of the lungs in consequence. Skating, too, he confesses was a great delight to him, and was only rivalled in his affections by a ride across country on a *very* good horse. "A clear frost," he declares, "is a real pleasure to me. I like the bright sunshine that generally accompanies it, the silver landscape, and the ringing distinctness of sounds in the frozen air." But he can make very "practical application" to all such confessions as these: "So I am on such occasions in a much less favourable frame of mind for sympathising with misery than you are. Still, I am so far conscious of it, that I think I would rather give up all the pleasures of frost than indulge them, poisoned as they are by the misery of so many of our brothers."

What may be remarked as a noticeable element in this young man's composition is the utter absence of anything like sentimental pity or benevolence. Of such he is utterly innocent. He has the clearest eye for facts, and permits himself to be moved by scarcely aught else. He never commits himself to any position without having first cautiously viewed the matter in all its most practical bearings. And yet he has a self-controlled and inspiring enthusiasm of a very rare kind, and this it was mainly that kept him from speedily being tired out, notwithstanding that he wrought without intermission. He did not rush into the onerous experiment of residence in the East-end without calculating all that it would cost him. He had ere this served a fair apprenticeship, and went forward to his journeyman-work with no fear, but with no fuss or demonstration. It seemed as though all his life had been but a preparation for this, and that it lay so completely in the ordinary course of things that it did not need to excite any remark. Already, between 1862 and 1866, when he had travelled in Italy, in the south of France, in Madeira, and in Switzerland, he had not failed to observe closely, and to take note of the habits and condition of the lower classes. He had then collected valuable material, which afforded him food for much reflection; so that, it must be said, he came to the work well prepared, when, on the breaking out of the great distress in the East of London in 1866, he entered as one of the visitors or

almoners of the Society for the Relief of Distress in the district of Stepney. He was thus brought directly face to face with the miserable condition of the London poor.

One of the first things that struck Edward Denison, as doubtless it has struck many others, after having made real acquaintance with the East-end, was the terrible gulf there is between rich London and poor London—the almost impassable barrier between metropolitan affluence and indigence. He thus writes :—

“Stepney is in the Whitechapel Road, and the Whitechapel Road is at the east end of Leadenhall Street, and Leadenhall Street is east of Cornhill, so it is a good way from fashionable and even from business London. I imagine that the evil condition of the population is rather owing to the total absence of residents of a better class—to the dead level of labour which prevails over that wide region, than to anything else. There is, I fancy, less of absolute destitution than in the Newport Market region; but there is no one to give a push to struggling energy, to guide aspiring intelligence, or to break the fall of unavoidable misfortune. . . . It is this unbroken level of poverty which is the blight over East London; which makes any temporary distress so severely felt, and any sustained effort to better its condition so difficult to bring to a successful issue. The lever has to be applied from a distance, and sympathy is not strong enough to bear the strain. It was as a visitor for the Society for the Relief of Distress that I first began my connection with this spot, which I shall not sever till some visible change is effected in its condition. What a monstrous thing it is that in the richest country in the world, large masses of the population should be condemned by an ordinary operation of nature annually to starvation and death! It is all very well to say, How can it be helped? Why, it was not so in our grandfathers' time. Behind us as they were in many ways, they were not met every winter with the spectacle of starving thousands. The fact is, we have accepted the marvellous prosperity which has in the last twenty years been granted us, without reflecting on the conditions attached to it, and without nerving ourselves to the exertion and the sacrifices which their fulfilment demands.”

Against this attitude Edward Denison's short but active and benevolent career affords one of the best possible protests; while at the same time it can only be regarded as a high encouragement to all who in the most indirect way can embark earnestly in the work. The people create their own destitution and disease, he urges. You must instruct them how to live, so as to disarm these. But you can only instruct them effectually in one way. You must bring to bear upon the young practically and sympathetically the living idea of Christianity. All his efforts, guided by large discretion and administrative tact, were directed to this end. He never faltered; apparent failure only nerved him to fresh effort, quiet and steady application to

perfecting the means which were clearly open to him. He himself says :—

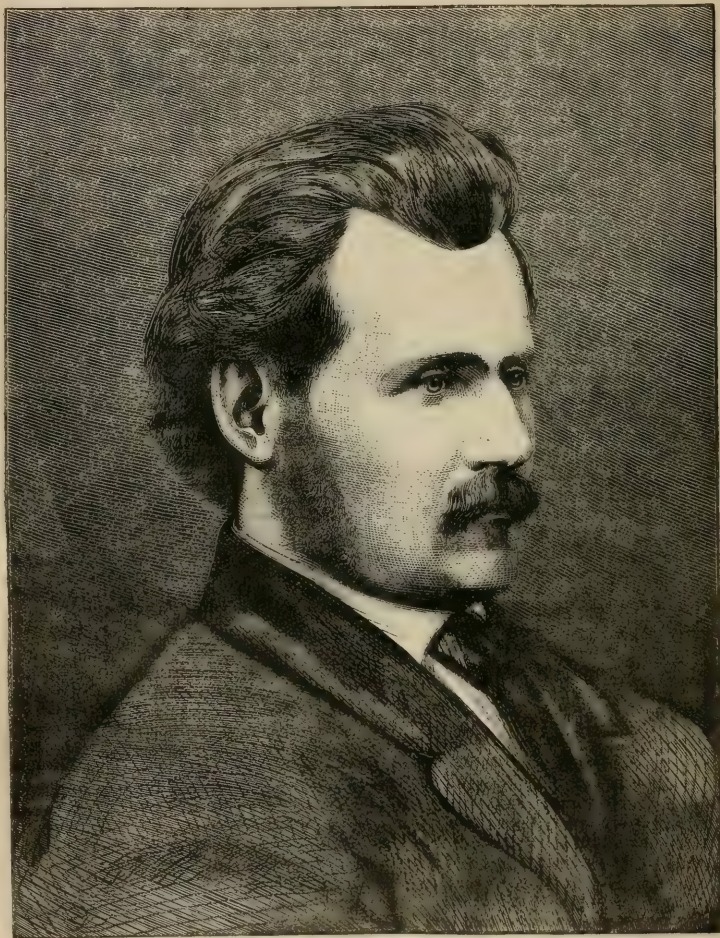
“Not one person in a thousand would be able to decide what to do from day to day, if they felt a boundless latitude of choice. But the fact is, that in ‘circumstances,’ as they are called, indicating the advantage, perhaps the necessity, of some one single act, or succession of acts, and the consequent exclusion and impossibility of others, most people find a governing principle, by which, through a natural and beneficent chain of cause and effect, their lives are led on from day to day, and from year to year. For myself, I do not recognise a perfect liberty to do anything that comes into my head. I thank God that from day to day it is becoming more and more impossible to allow any whims to lead aside my life from the road whose track constantly becomes more distinct and clear, and whose bounds on either side more impassable.”

But he has a high ground of hope. First, he holds that education will teach providence and economy, and next, that Christianity must prevail with the class amongst whom he wrought.

“I have no fears for the spread of Christianity among these men: these are they for whom it was sent; these are they of whom it is declared that ‘theirs is the kingdom of heaven.’ A Christianity taught by Pharisees and illustrated by Sadducees, in purple and fine linen, has failed to reach their hearts. No wonder. And then men say, forsooth, Christianity won't do now—it does not satisfy the instincts of humanity. It is not Christianity, but Christians who are wanting. I suppose Baal satisfied the instincts of the humanity that clustered round Carmel, while the solitary prophet vindicated his creed before an apostate nation! But, somehow, Baal could not hold his ground. I am convinced that the days are pregnant with as much spiritual as temporal good for these down-trodden brothers of ours, whom we have elbowed out of our churches, as well as ignored in our laws.”

The first condition of successful working in this kind—complete sympathy with the people—was powerfully present in Edward Denison's case. This is well seen in the way he speaks of the evening class for working men, “which, if it should succeed, would be the crown and glory of his labours.” With the Bible in his hand, he proposed to take them through a complete course of elementary religious instruction—to develop the whole scheme of religion, following the Bible narrative, and bringing in all possible aid from his knowledge of human nature, natural religion, and secular history. And in justification of his plan he says :—

“Why don't the clergy go to the people as I propose to go? What is the use of telling people to come to church, when they know of no rational reason why they should; when, if they go, they find themselves among people using a form of words which has never been explained to them; ceremonies performed which, to them, are entirely without meaning; sermons preached which, as often as not, have no meaning, or, when they have, a meaning intelligible only to those who have studied theology all their lives?”



EDWARD DENISON.

Visiting fever-stricken streets, organising schools, one of which he kept up entirely at his own cost, teaching the children, and lecturing to working-men at night, whilst for a little relief he read law in his spare time—this was the order of the day while Edward Denison dwelt in Philpot Street. That his efforts were largely appreciated is proved by the numbers which he drew to these meetings, and the interest in them, sustained to the end. He has the true teacher's tact in taking advantage of resources which might seem trivial. He indulges the evening meeting with large quotations from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and even Pope—not flattering himself that his hearers understood them wholly, but under the conviction that the rhythm and cadence pleased and attracted them, just as the old woman was pleased with "that blessed word, 'Mesopotamia.'" And he can stiffly apply discipline. By "turning the Lord of Misrule (a clever, carrot-headed little demon of mischief) out of the school," he secures comparative peace, with proportionate profit to the cause of progress through the Second Reading-book. And on this incident hangs a somewhat weighty reflection:—

"One would think that these boys, as they come voluntarily, and even pay a penny a week for the privilege, would desire to learn. But that is as absurd an assumption as the other one, that a man who is ready to bawl and even fight for the franchise, will care a straw for it when in his possession. I am troubled with doubts as to the utility of any laws at all in what is called a free state."

And this, although Mr. Denison was a Liberal, and indeed on one side a sort of Democrat, as this passage might go to prove:—

"There is no good putting one's head behind a stone. Martial power has had its turn—money power has had its turn—labour power is now about to have its turn. The transfer of power from the noble lord in Rotten Row to the bald-headed man on the top of the 'bus has not ruined the country, nor deprived the august equestrian of any power which he has shown himself worthy of possessing and capable of wielding. The transfer of power from the bald-headed man on the top of the 'bus to the man in fustian on the pavement will not be attended with more disastrous consequences. And whether or no, the transfer is about to be effected, and it must therefore be for the good of the country that its rulers should be as well informed as possible. And the working-men can't learn in a better way than by mixing with their equals of foreign countries. The working-man of France, of Germany, of Switzerland, is the superior of his British brother in education, in knowledge of the world, and in administrative matters—in short, in civic as apart from domestic virtues. They are not all either so bitter against capital as the English—perhaps because they have not been so oppressed by it—and so their influence on our fustian flesh and blood may very likely be calming and moderating."

XIII—10

One thing which Mr. Denison thoroughly learned during this residence in the East was the utterly evil results of promiscuous-charity.

"If we could but get one honest newspaper," he cries, "to write down this promiscuous charity and write up sweeping changes, not so much in our Poor-Law theory as in our Poor-Law practice, something might be done. . . . Things are so bad down here, and that giving of money only makes them worse. I am beginning seriously to believe that all bodily aid to the poor is a mistake, and that the real thing is to let things work themselves straight; whereas by giving alms you keep them permanently crooked. Build school-houses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains; but give them no money except what you sink in such undertakings as these. . . . The remedy is to bring the Poor-Law back to the spirit of its institution, to organise a sufficiently elastic labour test, without which no out-door relief can be given. Make the few alterations which altered times demand, and impose every possible discouragement on private benevolence. Universal administration of Poor Law on these principles for one generation would almost extirpate pauperism."

Like Mr. Fawcett and others of the same school, Mr. Denison, the more experience that he gained, only became the more firmly set against the system of out-door relief. The East-end-guardians, in order to keep down the number of inmates in the workhouses and so reduce the expenditure, had resorted to giving small doles in cases where the only true policy was to enforce residence in the house, and this plan, he declares, was simply "like taking the lock off the door." They had no means of discriminating applicants; and of course the demands became more and more numerous and pressing. As in Le Sage's story, in their desire for power, they let loose a spirit which they could not conjure back and again imprison. One of Mr. Denison's great ideas, from which he almost hoped more than from aught else, was the bringing of the various labour-markets of the country *en rapport* with each other, so that, when trade was depressed at one point from local causes, the labourers might be easily transported to other places, where the depressing causes were not operative—points which have since then received much consideration and partial practical application.

The desire to test these opinions by more extensive observation led Mr. Denison to visit France and Scotland to examine into their respective methods of dealing with the poor. The result of careful and lengthened inquiry was a conviction that a body of volunteer workers under official sanction and control was the most efficient system. He advocated the establishment of a plan by which there might be secured official superintendence, audit, and administration for

the funds supplied by voluntary charity, and in great measure distributed by volunteer visitors. He fancied that this plan combined the zeal of voluntarism with the order and steadfastness of establishment. Clearly, he had been much influenced by the effort which Dr. Chalmers had made in Glasgow to secure some system by which he might get rid of rates and yet take advantage of the parochial machinery. "If it could be contrived to set up—say in each Poor-Law division of London—a charity board which should have the absolute control of all the eleemosynary resources of the district, some vigorous effort might perhaps be made to utilise *or to export* (not necessarily beyond seas) some sensible portion of the semi-pauper class. Some such organisation as this seems to me an absolutely indispensable preliminary to any effectual dealing with the existing distress."

But, as has been already hinted, he had no great hope of emigration; and, indeed, never allowed himself to look to it as a genuine escape from the difficulty at all. His opinions on this point are expressed over and over again with peculiar emphasis. He speaks of the views of Mr. Jenkins and others as the purest sentimentalism, and produces figures that, as he believes, substantiate his assertions. Perhaps his judgment on this matter is gathered up into smaller space in this passage than anywhere else:—

"While I should always encourage a working-man possessed of the means and inclination to emigrate, as the surest method of raising himself in the social scale, I have but little hopes of general good to the mother-country from the proceeding, because those who would be most benefited by moving are just those who cannot possibly be moved with any other prospect than that of starvation beyond seas, instead of starvation at home: an advantage which it would cost the country millions to confer on them, and for which the conferees would not feel much gratitude. . . . I think most amelioration in the labourer's condition is to be looked for from greater mutual interpenetration of the various labour-markets within the country itself, and freer interchange of the labourers. The fluctuations in the value of labour in a given district would thus be reduced, and the labourer spared those periods of stagnation, during which his standard of necessities becomes lowered, and after which much time is lost in regaining the position from which he had fallen. This reduction of the whole country into one open unfenced labour-market would be of little use unless the labourer could be made more versatile than he is at present. But this is just what a really sound education ought to make him—less the creature of habit, less the slave of place and circumstance."

In one place, as if moved to reactionary utterance, he declares:—"I have come to the conclusion that it will be well to help all our best workmen to get away, in order that Dives may be left alone face to face with

Lazarus, and may get some of the sores on to his own bloated carcass." This, however, is but the utterance of a momentary feeling; his work proves that his faith in education and Christianity lifted him generally above the level of reflections like these.

His great object in education had thus two sides. First he sought by it to render the workman a more movable commodity—to make him, in fact, once for all alive to the imperative laws of political economy, so that he would no longer regard himself as fatefully fixed to one spot as at present; and, next, to make him more conscious of his real dignity as a moral and religious creature. Systematic religious and Bible instruction, by whatever means it might be communicated, was thus declared necessary; it being assumed that this would react in ways that would make the subject of it all the better a citizen—more able and more inclined to help his fellows. Education of this kind once obtained for the semi-pauperised classes, they would soon become the most effective missionaries and helpers to each other.

The divided state of opinion in this country as to the propriety of state secular education makes it very difficult to speak with decision, without seeming to do something like injustice to opinions that are entitled to the utmost respect. But Edward Denison's views on this subject are the more worthy of being stated, inasmuch as it was his practical experience that compelled him to adopt them.

"One great change of opinion," he says, "I owe to Switzerland—at least, I have nearly made up my mind on the subject. Two months ago I was an enemy of the conscience clause; not that I wished to make Dissenters forcibly into Churchmen, but I thought making religion an open question in a school would discredit it, and prevent the teaching effectually, not of one creed, but of any at all. Now every commune in Switzerland is bound to maintain a secular school in which Protestants and Catholics are taught together, each getting their religious instruction from their respective pastors. Protestants and Catholics are nearly half and half in many of the cantons; but I do not hear that the Catholics complain of a falling off in their communion. Of course, its result even here, where the system has long been at work, cannot be settled off-hand, and I shall inquire further; but the only priest I have spoken to seems to have no objection to the 'godless' school."

His work in the East-end only served to confirm him in this opinion.

"The general effect on me of my present experience," he writes to a friend during his stay in Philpot Street, "is a conviction of the complete inadequacy of, and even evil of, the present system of voluntarism, as much on account of the badness of the teaching . . . as from its actual want of extent. I comfort myself with the confident hope that we are even at the threshold of State secular education. Elementary mental training is but making the jar:

it is no argument against the jar that you don't know what may get into it, unless you are allowed also to fill and solder it up. People must have a very queer notion of human nature who fancy that a mind which has been taught to think will be a less fit receptacle of Divine Truth than one which is incapable of thinking. I am inclined to say with the Roman Emperor, when he was told the Christians were about to destroy a temple, 'Let the gods defend themselves.' I feel it a blasphemy even to think that God's truth can suffer by the extension of man's truth."

While he was in the midst of all these experiments and inquiries, he was urged by his friends, especially his uncle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, to stand for the representation of Newark in Parliament. Recognising that his actual residence in the East-end could not be other than temporary, and that a place in Parliament might greatly aid him in carrying out schemes to which he had given his heart, he consented to do so, and was returned. Although a man of quick intellect, and, from all that appears, a very ready speaker, he scarcely made the figure in Parliament that might have been expected. The truth is, his mind was not political. He approached every political question directly from the social side; and, however much men of his cast may be needed to temper the political atmosphere, they can neither be interested in party dodges, nor be got to run smoothly in any of the ordinary parliamentary grooves, even although it should be demonstrated that "submissions" of this sort would finally win the influence that would at length make their "ideas" triumphant. The habit of regarding themselves as being called on to act directly, in some form or other, on human misery, disqualifies them for the balance and calculation and suspense of personal impulse which is so essential to successful political action. They dislike indirect or roundabout ways even to open up avenues of influence. They find little or no joy in the refinements and the *finesse* of debate. They are impatient of that kind of subterfuge which forms so large an element in the political mind, and which leads some men, even of the highest type, to make feint to put conscience somewhat in the background, even when they have no interests save those of conscience. Mr. Denison was not a man of one idea; but he was too strictly a philanthropist to be a great politician in the ordinary sense. The following is a characteristic utterance, and may be very fitly quoted in this connection: "The problems of the time are social, and to social problems must the mind of the Legislature be bent for some time to come. We are feeling the sort of discomfort which

may afflict the crab whose shell has got too tight for him, and which he is about to split and cast off preparatory to clothing himself with a new one."

Mr. Denison made but one speech in the House of Commons, and it could hardly be called a great one, though it very well expressed his character. It was on pauperism. The gist of it was that relief to the able-bodied should be confined to the workhouse; that the able-bodied should be sharply distinguished from the sick and infirm, and lodged in a different part of the building; and that vagrancy had been far too leniently dealt with, and ought to be treated, as the Vagrant Act meant it should be treated, "as a crime of a very bad description."

That Mr. Denison was a far-sighted, independent thinker, many pages of the volume from which we have mainly drawn our materials,* and in which Sir Baldwin Leighton has raised a worthy memorial to his friend, amply suffice to prove. His sympathies never overbore his intellect. He did not shake hands and bid Adam Smith good-bye when he went to do good in the Commercial Road. He was an economist, not in spite of his being a philanthropist, but because of it. This, however, only made the more difficult for him the problems he sought to solve. An economic basis was necessary, and this rendered it impossible that he should rest satisfied with temporary resources, or easy make-believe expedients. And he was as far from any morbid narrowness as he was earnest in his own special line of work. He loved innocent amusements, enjoyed an evening at the theatre, or the reading of a work of light literature. Here and there we come on glimpses of rare insight into matters that might be conceived to lie outside his range. He saw clearly in 1867 that the condition of France was such—her frivolity so patent, her vanity so irrational and inordinate, and so fed by the "paternal government" of Napoleon—whom he described as a "crowned impersonation of all the basest elements of society"—that no way was open to the Emperor but to seek escape from difficulties by the pathway of war, and that defeat for France was inevitable. "I am sure they will fight—I am ready to lay any amount on the war, and on ultimate German success." And later he writes:—

"There may be the appearance of pedantry in carrying back to Rousseau the reader who is desirous simply of inspecting the method of dealing with the

* Letters and other Writings of the late Edward Denison, M.P. for Newark. Edited by Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart. Richard Bentley and Sons. 1872.

destitute adopted by the French Government of to-day; but we are persuaded that no less comprehensive a survey would bring within the field of vision all the elements of the picture. Rousseau was the creator of the Revolution, and the true sons of '89 have always in every generation laboured to give effect to the ideal communism which is the beginning, the middle, and the end of Rousseau's earlier works."

And scarce anything could better exhibit his combined shrewdness, breadth of liberality, and practical judgment, than this :—

"I didn't read Seebohm's 'Oxford Reformers,' but I am sure I should sympathise with his views of Erasmus. Erasmus was a trimmer, and I have a natural affinity to trimmers. At the same time Froude is quite right—no trimmer ever did any great work in the world. A good screaming bigot with his sling and his stone will always floor the greatest giants of reason, armed with all the newest devices of controversy. Look at Chillingworth—Tulloch's notice of him in the *March Contemporary*: look at Defoe in his last *Spectator*; but in fact every generation supplies a plentiful crop of illustrations."

His grasp of principles is clear, while he holds facts fast, as is proved by the three masterly letters on pauperism addressed to the editor of the *East London Observer*; and his opinion on "Ecce Homo" attests his fine critical sagacity, no less than his remarks on some newspaper writing prove his force of character and fearlessness.

A great work clearly was before such a man in these days; and he had given ample evi-

dence of his power to do it worthily. But he had never completely got over that early overstraining, and was sometimes threatened with renewed attacks of congestion of the lungs. In the autumn of 1869 his friends were concerned by a recurrence of alarming symptoms; and the alternative of a winter at Cannes, or a voyage in a sailing-ship to the Antipodes, was offered to him. With the restless desire to pursue the purpose of his life, into which naturally colonisation and emigration largely entered, he preferred the Melbourne voyage to the tamer existence of a French invalid town, and left England in October, never to return. The alternation of weather and the diet of a sailing-ship were unfavourable to his state of health. Instead of improving, he became gradually worse, and during the last weeks of this fatal voyage he was nearly confined to his cabin. On January 26, 1870, within a fortnight of the time he landed, Edward Denison died at Melbourne, in his thirtieth year. And, taking into consideration his great talents, his beautiful character, his steady affection, his capacity of self-denial, and his unwearied devotion in the cause he had taken up, we may well say, with the editor of his Letters :—

"Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."

B. ORME.

THY KINGDOM COME.

THY kingdom come. Great need I have, Thou knowest,
Good Lord, that Thy strong kingdom come to me;
Lest I should sink still nearer to the lowest,
And lose the few faint stars that now I see.

My kingdom, Lord,—its glory is departed,
Its palaces are low, its skies are grey;
And I have lost my way—am listless-hearted.
"Thy kingdom come" is all that I can say.

Thy kingdom, in its purity and beauty—
Free-blowing airs of heaven—come to me!
"Nay, thou shalt rather seek it in thy Duty,
'Mid the dull waters of life's restless sea!"

HINTS FOR ESSAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE great labour of life, that which tends more to exhaust men than anything else, is deciding. There are people who will suffer any other pain readily, but shrink from the pain of coming to a decision. Now this is supposed to be wholly an evil and disadvantageous thing for the world; but, like most other tendencies of the human mind, it is a very beneficent arrangement. There would be no stability in the world if the making of decisions were not a very difficult thing. What was decided yesterday would be upset to-day; and there would be no long and fair experience of anything. Whereas, in the present state of human affairs, even if a great evil exists, and many people have recognised this evil, it requires an immense amount of decision and decisiveness before the evil can be uprooted. This brings into play many high qualities of human nature, such as long-suffering, patience with opponents, and the exhaustion of reasoning powers brought to bear upon the evil which is sought to be destroyed.

I have added the word decisiveness to that of decision. It implies a continuance of decision. One of the reasons why responsibility is avoided, is because responsibility requires decisiveness as well as decision. If a man has resolved to take his just responsibility in any matter, he must continue to show decisiveness; and it is comparatively easy for him to come to the one decision to have nothing whatever to do with it.

It is supposed that decision has become much more difficult as civilisation has advanced. There is some truth in this, but not so much as is imagined. It will be found, I think, upon observation, that to decide is an inherent difficulty in the human mind; and both amongst savages, and young children, it may be observed that there is a normal amount of suffering in coming to any decision, upon any matter, however serious or trifling.

Favouritism is often nothing more than an exercise of faith. The favourite does not exhibit the qualities or character which we especially approve of; but, somehow or other, he calls out our faith, and makes us believe that there is latent in him the nature which we should most admire. And we are rather proud of our supposed discovery, and of the vigour of our faith.

In studying the sayings or the writings of remarkable men, one of the principal things to observe is their repetition of the same idea. There is often an impatience of this repetition. "How often he says the same thing" is the exclamation of unthoughtful people, whereas what he repeats is what is best worth noting. It is not a notion taken up at first from fancifulness, or the love of novelty; but it is what experience, as interpreted by his nature, has engrained upon him. If he is worth studying at all, he is chiefly worth studying in order to ascertain what he *continues* to think. How valuable are the repetitions of the same idea which are to be found in such a writer as Goethe!

There is so vast an effluence of thought and observation in Shakespeare's works that it is difficult to infer with any certainty from his repetitions what were his continuous ideas and impressions. If one may venture to have an opinion in this matter, I would say that tolerance is one of the principal ideas expressed by Shakespeare in a thousand forms. I cannot imagine a man remaining intolerant, or even censorious, who had thoroughly studied, and so become imbued with the spirit of, his Shakespeare.

They talk about happiness being meted out to men in equal portions! But think of the difference between the man who has the gift of always hearing pleasant things said about himself behind his back, and the man who has the disease of always listening to ill-natured things said about himself in his absence. In neither case do I mean that these are real utterances; but, by the aid of fancy, we hear a great deal about ourselves that has never been spoken by mortal tongue.

If imagination, by some divine addition to its power, could do the work of experience, the whole world would be at once revived. For instance, no one, who has not had large experience, seems to be able to conceive or appreciate the enormous amount of misery in the world. The young read about the sad lives of great men; but, somehow or other,

they fancy that these lives represent the past—that there is nothing quite analogous to them in the present day. Whereas the world is full of misery at all times; and perhaps the amount of it is nearly a constant quantity, or varies only according to the number of people on the earth, in all ages. If the fact of this large extent of suffering and misfortune were fully recognised by all of us, each one would feel that there was no occasion to add to it by his own doings, and the social relations would inevitably become more tender and forbearing. It is, therefore, a great mistake to omit initiating the young into this great mystery of evil and suffering. Instead of keeping them away from the observation and the knowledge of suffering of all kinds, they should be taught to observe it, and, if possible, to comprehend it; for there is not any knowledge which may be turned into so much usefulness for their fellows, and so much improvement of their own characters. The greatest men that have ever lived have been those in whom the sentiment of pity for their fellow-men has been most developed. On the other hand, the distinguishing characteristic of brutes is the unconsciousness of, or indifference to, all suffering but that which touches themselves.

There is nothing which requires more generosity, and in which men are often less generous, than in pronouncing upon the conduct of their agents, when these have to settle some difficult matter without reference to their employers. For, consider the problem which the agent has to solve. He has to consider not only what is right in itself to be said or done, but he has to consider what another man, his chief, will consider to be right. And this complicates the problem amazingly. Moreover, he has generally to speak, or to act, on the spur of the moment, for if there were time he would but too readily seek to have the instructions of his chief. The greatest forbearance should be shown to any one who is obliged to take responsibility of such a difficult character upon him, when afterwards comment has to be made upon the course that he has fearfully resolved to pursue.

Responsibility is one of the heaviest burdens laid upon mankind, and the weight is often more than doubled when responsibility has to be taken on behalf of another—a third party being thus introduced; for there are not only the responsibilities affecting the

persons concerned in the decision and the decider himself, but also those affecting the chief for whom this vicarious responsibility is undertaken.

The responsibility in question is of the most general character, and is often put not merely on official persons, and on men in command in distant regions, but upon the humblest domestic servants; and most persons in the course of their lives have opportunities of showing a generous forbearance in disapproving, or a just heartiness in approving of decisions made for them by representatives.

It will always be a nice and difficult question to decide who are the most disagreeable people to live with. Our first thoughts, in framing an answer to this question, will be directed to the more ugly and venomous passions—such as hatred, envy, jealousy, and the like. It will probably be found, however, that those qualities which come under the head of foibles rather than of vices, render people most intolerable as companions and coadjutors. For example, it may be observed that those persons have a more worn, jaded, and dispirited look than any others, who have to live with people who make difficulties on every occasion, great or small. It is astonishing to see how this practice of making difficulties grows into a confirmed habit of mind, and what disenchantment it occasions. The savour of life is taken out of it when you know that nothing you propose, or do, or suggest—hope for or endeavour—will meet with any response but an enumeration of the difficulties that will lie in the path you wish to travel. The difficulty-monger is to be met with not only in domestic and social life, but also in business. It not unfrequently occurs in business relations that the chief will never by any chance receive, without many objections and much bringing forward of possible difficulties, anything that is brought to him by his subordinates. They at last cease to take pains, knowing that no amount of pains will prevent their work being dealt with in a spirit of ingenious objectiveness. At last they say to themselves, "The better the thing we present, the more opportunity he will have for developing his unpleasant talent of objectiveness and his imaginative power of inventing difficulties."

It is a curious reflection to make, but probably a just one, that scandal flourishes all the more because scandal-mongers receive no gain from their proceedings. Many other crimes are attended by personal gain; and what is gained often furnishes the means of detection and of punishment. If, by a merciful provision of nature, it was arranged that a portion of the character taken away by scandal should attach itself to those who invent or propagate the scandal, the world, like the birds in the fable, would be very ready to fly upon the scandal-mongers and deprive those daws of the plumes thus gained. But in the present state of affairs, these lovers and propagators of scandal do not gain the smallest shred of honour or reputation by their scandal-mongering, and consequently they feel much less shame and meet with much less reproof, as their evil sayings are attended by no personal advantage. It is only very nice and sensitive consciences that enable their owners to suffer remorse when they have heedlessly invented or furthered scandal.

It is very curious to observe the way in which anger is wont to make use of the plural. No sooner is any man injured, or thinks himself injured, by some one person belonging to a body, than the injured man attaches the blame to the whole of the body. He is injured, we will admit, by one person belonging to a family, or a government, or any section of mankind. Forthwith he goes about saying, "*They* are abominable people;" "*They* used me shamefully." This practice seems at first sight only ludicrous, but it often leads to most serious consequences. The injured man puts himself into an attitude of hostility to the whole body. They hear of it, and are prompt to take up the quarrel; and so, in the end, he really has to contend against the injustice, if it be injustice, not only of one man, but of many men; and thereby has not furthered his cause.

Rules are the inventions and the safeguards of mediocrity.

Strength of resolve is often the result of poverty of imagination, or rather perhaps of fixedness of imagination. A man allows himself to dwell upon one train of thought, to magnify the merits of the advantages of a certain course; and he insists upon keeping his mind closed against all other contending trains of thought. Hence he appears to be very firm; but the firmness is that of blind favouritism, like that of the ape-mother in the fable, who at a moment of danger, instead of letting all her little ones climb up her back, seized one favourite ape-child, and, running straight on, intent alone on that one's preservation, dashed herself and the child against the wall.

It is not a subtle conceit, but is consistent with observed fact, that men who are prone to praise and commend others are mostly men of a melancholy character. At any rate, they are men who take a very high view of the difficulties and troubles of life. Hence they think much of small successes. Considering the faultiness of education, the strength of passion, the hardness of the world, the difficulty of making any impression upon it, and the many embarrassments which beset a man's progress in life, persons of the character I have described are rather surprised at anybody's behaving well, or doing anything rightly. That laudation which, when uttered by other men, is merely praise of an ordinary kind, is, when uttered by these men, a large appreciation of trials and difficulties overcome—perhaps an exaggerated appreciation, by reason of an excess in the sad and desponding view they take of human life.

Following up somewhat of the same train of thought, we may observe that the censure which men pronounce upon the conduct of others is mostly a censure proceeding from lofty expectations. The young especially abound in censure of this kind. They blame severely, because they look forward so hopefully both for themselves and others; and have as yet so little apprehension of the trials, struggles, and difficulties in this confused and troubled world.



A PSALM OF LIFE

AFTER PSALM CVII.

GATHER'D out of every region,
 North and south, and east and west,
 Came the nations up like legion,
 Looking for the land of rest :
 Wand'ring through the world and weary,
 In the wilderness astray,
 Hungry, thirsty, sad and dreary,
 Fainting in their souls away :—

So they crièd in their trouble
 To the Lord to save and bless,
 And He heard them, and redeem'd them
 Out of all their sore distress ;
 Comfortably spake He to them,
 Made their souls in sorrow melt,
 Then up from the desert led them
 To the City where He dwelt :—

*O that men would for His goodness
 Praise the Lord divinely fair !
 And the wonders that He doeth
 To the wond'ring world declare !*

There the empty soul He nourish'd,
 Fill'd the hungry soul with food,
 Till their pride within them flourish'd,
 More than for their peace was good :
 Lightly they His words regarded,
 And forgot the Hand that gave,
 Till He brought them down in sorrow,
 None to help, and none to save :—

So they crièd in their trouble
 To the Lord to save and bless,
 And He heard them, and redeem'd them
 Out of all their sore distress ;
 For He brought them forth from darkness
 Where they might His goodness see,
 Drew them out of Death's deep shadow,
 Brake their bonds, and set them free :—

*O that men would for His goodness
 Praise the Lord divinely fair !
 And the wonders that He doeth
 To the wond'ring world declare !*

Thus He sooth'd them ;—yet from thence is
 For them only brief reprieve ;
 Foolish men for their offences
 Grievèd more than God would grieve ;
 Till their souls His meat abhorred,
 And, with almost parting breath,
 Lay they down in sin's prostration,
 Hard beside the gates of Death :—

So they crièd in their trouble
 To the Lord to save and bless,
 And He heard them, and redeem'd them
 Out of all their sore distress :

For He sent His word, and heal'd them,
 Made their desolations cease,
 Saved them from themselves, and seal'd them
 With the Spirit of His Peace !

*O that men would for His goodness
 Praise the Lord divinely fair !
 And the wonders that He doeth
 To the wond'ring world declare !*

But the stormy wind ariseth,
 And each wave lifts up its head
 At His word,—as once in homage
 It lay down beneath His tread :
 Into sorrow's seething waters
 Men by God's appointment go,
 Up to heaven, and down to darkness,
 Tossing, reeling to and fro :—

So they crièd in their trouble
 To the Lord to save and bless,
 And He heard them, and redeem'd them
 Out of all their sore distress ;
 For He hush'd the storm to stillness,
 Calm'd the waves of life's rough sea,
 And then brought them to the haven
 Where their longing souls would be :—

*O that men would for His goodness
 Praise the Lord divinely fair !
 And the wonders that He doeth
 To the wond'ring world declare !*

Now in joy and exultation
 Happy hearts and voices raise,
 To the God of their salvation
 Endless songs of love and praise ;
 In that quiet country landing,
 On its tideless, crystal shore,
 Peace, that passeth understanding,
 Fills the hearts for evermore :

So they sing their Alleluias !
 There to Him, who here did bless,
 Who on earth had oft redeem'd them
 Out of all their sore distress ;
 Who had made the very billows,
 That disturb'd and broke their rest,
 But the rolling waves to toss them
 Nearer to their Father's breast.

*O that men would for His goodness
 Praise the Lord divinely fair !
 And the wonders that He doeth
 To the wond'ring world declare !*

JOHN MONSELL.



"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VI.



THE world seemed very hard to Marie Bromar when she was left alone. Though there were many who loved her, of whose real affection she had no doubt, there was no one to whom she could go for assistance. Her

uncle in this matter was her enemy, and her aunt was completely under her uncle's guidance. Madame Voss spoke to her often in these days of the coming of Adrian Urmand, but the manner of her speaking was such that no comfort could be taken from it. Madame Voss would risk an opinion as to the room which the young man ought to occupy, and the manner in which he should be fed and entertained. For it was thoroughly understood that he was coming on this occasion as a lover and not as a trader, and that he was coming as the guest of Michel Voss, and not as a customer to the inn. "I suppose he can take his supper like the other people," Marie said to her aunt. And again, when the question of wine was mooted, she was almost saucy. "If he's thirsty," she said, "what did for him last week, will do for him next week; and if he's not thirsty, he had better leave it alone." But girls are always allowed to be saucy about their lovers, and Madame Voss did not count this for much.

Marie was always thinking of those last words which had been spoken between her and George,—and of the kiss that he had given her. "We used to be friends," he had said, and then he had declared that he had never forgotten old days. Marie was quick, intelligent, and ready to perceive at half a glance,—to understand at half a word, as

is the way with clever women. A thrill had gone through her as she heard the tone of the young man's voice, and she had half told herself all the truth. He had not quite ceased to think of her. Then he went, without saying the other one word that would have been needful, without even looking the truth into her face. He had gone and had plainly given her to understand that he acceded to this marriage with Adrian Urmand. How was she to read it all? Was there more than one way in which a wounded woman, so sore at heart, could read it? He had told her that though he loved her still, it did not suit him to trouble himself with her as a wife; and that he would throw upon her head the guilt of having been false to their old vows. Though she loved him better than all the world, she despised him for his thoughtful treachery. In her eyes it was treachery. He must have known the truth. What right had he to suppose that she would be false to him,—he, who had never known her to lie to him? And was it not his business as a man, to speak some word, to ask some question, by which, if he doubted, the truth might be made known to him? She, a woman, could ask no question. She could speak no word. She could not renew her assurances to him, till he should have asked her to renew them. He was either false, or a traitor, or a coward. She was very angry with him;—so angry that she was almost driven by her anger to throw herself into Adrian's arms. She was the more angry because she was full sure that he had not forgotten his old love,—that his heart was not altogether changed. Had it appeared to her that the sweet words of former days had vanished from his memory, though they had clung to hers,—that he had in truth learned to look upon his Granpere experiences as the simple doings of his boyhood,—her pride would have been hurt, but she would have been angry with herself rather than with him. But it had not been so. The respectful silence of his sojourn in the house had told her that it was not so. The tremor in his voice as he reminded her that they once had been friends, had plainly told her that it was not so. He had acknowledged that they had been betrothed, and that the plight between them was still strong; but, wishing to be quit of it, he had thrown the burthen of breaking it upon her.

She was very wretched, but she did not go about the house with downcast eyes or humble looks, or sit idle in a corner with her hands before her. She was quick and eager in the performance of her work, speaking sharply to those who came in contact with her. Peter Veque, her chief minister, had but a poor time of it in these days; and she spoke an angry word or two to Edmond Greisse. She had, in truth, spoken no words to Edmond Greisse that were not angry since that ill-starred communication of which he had only given her the half. To her aunt she was brusque, and almost ill-mannered.

"What is the matter with you, Marie?" Madame Voss said to her one morning, when she had been snubbed rather rudely by her niece. Marie in answer shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "If you cannot put on a better look before M. Urmand comes, I think he will hardly hold to his bargain," said Madame Voss, who was angry.

"Who wants him to hold to his bargain?" said Marie sharply. Then feeling ill-inclined to discuss the matter with her aunt, she left the room. Madame Voss, who had been assured by her husband that Marie had no real objection to Adrian Urmand, did not understand it all.

"I am sure Marie is unhappy," she said to her husband when he came in at noon that day.

"Yes," said he. "It seems strange, but it is so, I fancy, with the best of our young women. Her feeling of modesty—of bashfulness if you will—is outraged by being told that she is to admit this man as her lover. She won't make the worse wife on that account, when he gets her home." Madame Voss was not quite sure that her husband was right. She had not before observed young women to be made savage in their daily work by the outrage to their modesty of an acknowledged lover. But, as usual, she submitted to her husband. Had she not done so, there would have come that glance from the corner of his eye, and that curl in his lip, and that gentle breath from his nostril which had become to her the expression of imperious marital authority. Nothing could be kinder, more truly affectionate, than was the heart of her husband towards her niece. Therefore Madame Voss yielded, and comforted herself by an assurance that as the best was being done for Marie, she need not subject herself to her husband's displeasure by contradiction or interference.

Michel Voss himself said little or nothing to his niece at this time. She had yielded to him, making him a promise that she would endeavour to accede to his wishes, and he felt that he was bound in honour not to trouble her further, unless she should show herself to be disobedient when the moment of trial came. He was not himself at ease, he was not comfortable at heart, because he knew that Marie was avoiding him. Though she would still stand behind his chair at supper,—when for a moment she would be still,—she did not put her hands upon his head, nor did she speak to him more than the nature of her service required. Twice he tried to induce her to sit with them at table, as though to show that her position was altered now that she was about to become a bride; but he was altogether powerless to effect any such change as this. No words that could have been spoken would have induced Marie to seat herself at the table, so well did she understand all that such a change in her habits would have seemed to imply. There was now hardly one person in the supper room of the hotel who did not instinctively understand the reason which made Michel Voss anxious that his niece should sit down, and that other reason which made her sternly refuse to comply with his request. So day followed day, and there was but little said between the uncle and the niece, though heretofore—up to a time still within a fortnight of the present day—the whole business of the house had been managed by little whispered conferences between them. "I think we'll do so and so, uncle;" or, "Just you manage it yourself, Marie." Such and such like words had passed every morning and evening, with an understanding between them full and complete. Now each was afraid of the other, and everything was astray.

But Marie was still gentle with the children: when she could be with them for half an hour, she would sit with them on her lap, or clustering round, kissing them and saying soft words to them,—even softer in her affection than had been her wont. They understood as well as everybody else that something was wrong,—that there was to be some change as to Marie which perhaps would not be a change for the better; that there was cause for melancholy, for close kissing as though such kissing were in preparation for parting, and for soft strokings with their little hands as though Marie were to be pitied for that which was about to come upon her. "Isn't somebody coming to take you away?" little Michel asked her, when they were quite alone.

Marie had not known how to answer him. She had therefore embraced him closely, and a tear fell upon his face. "Ah," he said, "I know somebody is coming to take you away. Will not papa help you?" She had not spoken; but for the moment she had taken courage, and had resolved that she would help herself.

At length the day was there on which Adrian Urmand was to come. It was his purpose to travel by Mulhouse and Remiremont, and Michel Voss drove over to the latter town to fetch him. It was felt by every one—it could not be but felt—that there was something special in his coming. His arrival now was not like the arrival of any one else. Marie, with all her resolution that it should be like usual arrivals at the inn, could not avoid the making of some difference herself. A better supper was prepared than usual; and, at the last moment, she herself assisted in preparing it. The young men clustered round the door of the hotel earlier than usual to welcome the newcomer. M. le Curé was there with a clean white collar, and with his best hat. Madame Voss had changed her gown, and appeared in her own little room before her husband returned almost in her Sunday apparel. She had said a doubtful word to Marie, suggesting a clean ribbon, or an altered frill. Marie had replied only by a look. She would not have changed a pin for Urmand's coming, had all Granpere come round her to tell her that it was needful. If the man wanted more to eat than was customary, let him have it. It was not for her to measure her uncle's hospitality. But her ribbons and her pins were her own.

The carriage was driving up to the door, and Michel with his young friend descended among the circle of expectant admirers. Urmand was rich, always well dressed, and now he was to be successful in love. He had about him a look as of a successful prosperous lover, as he jumped out of the little carriage with his portmanteau in his hand, and his greatcoat with its silk linings open at the breast. There was a consciousness in him and in every one there that he had not come now to buy linen. He made his way into the little room where Madame Voss was standing up, waiting for him, and was taken by the hand by her. Michel Voss soon followed them. "And where is Marie?" Michel asked. An answer came from some one that Marie was up-stairs. Supper would soon be ready and Marie was busy. Then Michel sent up an order by Peter that Marie should come down. But Marie did not come

down. "She had gone to her own room," Peter said. Then there came a frown on Michel's brow. Marie had promised to try, and this was not trying. He said no more till they went up to supper. There was Marie standing as usual at the soup tureen. Urmand walked up to her, and they touched each other's hand; but Marie said never a word. The frown on Michel's brow was very black, but Marie went on dispensing her soup.

CHAPTER VII.

ADRIAN URMAND, in spite of his white hands and his well-combed locks and the silk lining to his coat, had so much of the spirit of a man that he was minded to hold his head well up before the girl whom he wished to make his wife. Michel during that drive from Remiremont had told him that he might probably prevail. Michel had said a thousand things in favour of his niece and not a word to her prejudice; but he had so spoken, or had endeavoured so to speak, as to make Urmand understand that Marie could only be won with difficulty, and that she was perhaps unaccountably averse to the idea of matrimony. "She is like a young filly, you know, that starts and plunges when she is touched," he had said. "You think there is nobody else?" Urmand had asked. Then Michel Voss had answered with confidence, "I am sure there is nobody else." Urmand had listened and said very little; but when at supper he saw that the uncle was ruffled in his temper and sat silent with a black brow, that Madame Voss was troubled in spirit, and that Marie dispensed her soup without vouchsafing a look to any one, he felt that it behoved him to do his best, and he did it. He talked freely to Madame Voss, telling her the news from Basle,—how at length he thought the French trade was reviving, and how all the Swiss authorities were still opposed to the German occupation of Alsace; and how flax was likely to be dearer than ever he had seen it; and how the travelling English were fewer this year than usual, to the great detriment of the innkeepers. Every now and then he would say a word to Marie herself, as she passed near him, speaking in a cheery tone and striving his best to dispel a black silence which on the present occasion would have been specially lugubrious. Upon the whole he did his work well, and Michel Voss was aware of it; but Marie Bromar entertained no gentle thought respecting him. He was not wanted there, and he ought not to have come. She had given him an answer, and

he ought to have taken it. Nothing, she declared to herself, was meaner than a man who would go to a girl's parents or guardians for support, when the girl herself had told him that she wished to have nothing to do with him. Marie had promised that she would try, but every feeling of her heart was against the struggle.

After supper Michel with his young friend sat some time at the table, for the innkeeper had brought forth a bottle of his best Burgundy in honour of the occasion. When they had eaten their fruit, Madame Voss left the room, and Michel and Adrian were soon alone together. "Say nothing to her till to-morrow," said Michel in a low voice.

"I will not," said Adrian. "I do not wonder that she should be put out of face if she knows why I have come."

"Of course she knows. Give her to-night and to-morrow and we will see how it is to be."

At this time Marie was up-stairs with the children, resolute that nothing should induce her to go down till she should be sure that their visitor had gone to his chamber. There were many things about the house which it was her custom to see in their place before she went to her rest, and nobody should say that she neglected her work because of this dressed-up doll; but she would wait till she was sure of him,—till she was sure of her uncle also. In her present frame of mind she could not have spoken to the doll with ordinary courtesy. What she feared was that her uncle should seek her up-stairs.

But Michel had some idea that her part in the play was not an easy one, and was minded to spare her for that night. But she had promised to try, and she must be reminded of her promise. Hitherto she certainly had not tried. Hitherto she had been ill-tempered, petulant, and almost rude. He would not see her himself this evening, but he would send a message to her by his wife. "Tell her from me that I shall expect to see smiles on her face to-morrow," said Michel Voss. And as he spoke there certainly were no smiles on his own.

"I suppose she is flurried," said Madame Voss.

"Ah, flurried! That may do for to-night. I have been very good to her. Had she been my own I could not have been kinder. I have loved her just as if she were my own. Of course I look now for the obedience of a child."

"She does not mean to be undutiful, Michel."

"I do not know about meaning. I like reality, and I will have it too. I consulted herself, and was more forbearing than most fathers would be. I talked to her about it, and she promised me that she would do her best to entertain the man. Now she receives him and me with an old frock and a sulky face. Who pays for her clothes? She has everything she wants,—just as a daughter, and she would not take the trouble to change her dress to grace my friend,—as you did, as any daughter would! I am angry with her."

"Do not be angry with her. I think I can understand why she did not put on another frock."

"So can I understand. I can understand well enough. I am not a fool. What is it she wants, I wonder? What is it she expects? Does she think some Count from Paris is to come and fetch her?"

"Nay, Michel, I think she expects nothing of that sort."

"Then let her behave like any other young woman, and do as she is bid. He is not old or ugly, or a sot, or a gambler. Upon my word and honour I can't conceive what it is that she wants. I can't indeed." It was perhaps the fault of Michel Voss that he could not understand that a young woman should live in the same house with him, and have a want which he did not conceive. Poor Marie! All that she wanted now, at this moment, was to be let alone!

Madame Voss, in obedience to her husband's commands, went up to Marie and found her sitting in the children's room, leaning with her head on her hand and her elbow on the table, while the children were asleep around her. She was waiting till the house should be quiet, so that she could go down and complete her work. "Oh, is it you, Aunt Josey?" she said. "I am waiting till uncle and M. Urmand are gone, that I may go down and put away the wine and the fruit."

"Never mind that to-night, Marie."

"Oh yes, I will go down presently. I should not be happy if the things were not put straight. Everything is about the house everywhere. We need not, I suppose, become like pigs because M. Urmand has come from Basle."

"No; we need not be like pigs," said Madame Voss. "Come into my room a moment, Marie. I want to speak to you. Your uncle won't be up yet." Then she led the way and Marie followed her. "Your uncle is becoming angry, Marie, because—"

"Because why? Have I done anything to make him angry?"

"Why are you so cross to this young man?"

"I am not cross, Aunt Josey. I went on just the same as I always do. If Uncle Michel wants anything else, that is his fault;—not mine."

"Of course you know what he wants, and I must say that you ought to obey him. You gave him a sort of a promise, and now he thinks that you are breaking it."

"I gave him no promise," said Marie stoutly.

"He says that you told him that you would at any rate be civil to M. Urmand."

"And I have been civil," said Marie.

"You did not speak to him."

"I never do speak to anybody," said Marie.

"I have got something to think of instead of talking to the people. How would the things go, if I took to talking to the people, and left everything to that little goose, Peter? Uncle Michel is unreasonable,—and unkind."

"He means to do the best by you in his power. He wants to treat you just as though you were his daughter."

"Then let him leave me alone. I don't want anything to be done. If I were his daughter he would not grudge me permission to stop at home in his house. I don't want anything else. I have never complained."

"But, my dear, it is time that you should be settled in the world."

"I am settled. I don't want any other settlement,—if they will only let me alone."

"Marie," said Madame Voss after a short pause, "I sometimes think that you still have got George Voss in your head."

"Is it that, Aunt Josey, that makes my uncle go on like this?" asked Marie.

"You do not answer me, child."

"I do not know what answer you want. When George was here I hardly spoke to him. If Uncle Michel is afraid of me, I will give him my solemn promise never to marry any one without his permission."

"George Voss will never come back for you," said Madame Voss.

"He will come when I ask him," said Marie, flashing round upon her aunt with all the fire of her bright eyes. "Does any one say that I have done anything to bring him to me? If so, it is false, whoever says it. I have done nothing. He has gone away, and let him stay. I shall not send for him. Uncle Michel need not be afraid of me, because of George."

By this time Marie was speaking almost in a fury of passion, and her aunt was almost subdued by her. "Nobody is afraid of you, Marie," she said.

"Nobody need be. If they will let me alone, I will do no harm to any one."

"But, Marie, you would wish to be married some day."

"Why should I wish to be married? If I liked him I would take him, but I don't. Oh, Aunt Josey, I thought you would be my friend!"

"I cannot be your friend, Marie, if you oppose your uncle. He has done everything for you, and he must know best what is good for you. There can be no reason against M. Urmand, and if you persist in being so unruly, he will only think that it is because you want George to come back for you."

"I care nothing for George," said Marie, as she left the room; "nothing at all—nothing."

About half-an-hour afterwards, listening at her own door, she heard the sound of her uncle's feet as he went to his room, and knew that the house was quiet. Then she crept forth, and went about her business. Nobody should say that she neglected anything because of this unhappiness. She brushed the crumbs from the long table, and smoothed the cloth for the next morning's breakfast; she put away bottles and dishes, and she locked up cupboards, and saw that the windows and the doors were fastened. Then she went down to her books in the little office below stairs. In the performance of her daily duty there were entries to be made and figures to be adjusted, which would have been done in the course of the evening, had it not been that she had been driven upstairs by fear of her lover and her uncle. But by the time that she took herself up to bed, nothing had been omitted. And after the book was closed she sat there, trying to resolve what she would do. Nothing had, perhaps, given her so sharp a pang as her aunt's assurance that George Voss would not come back to her, as her aunt's suspicion that she was looking for his return. It was not that she had been deserted, but that others should be able to taunt her with her desolation. She had never whispered the name of George to any one since he had left Granpere, and she thought that she might have been spared this indignity. "If he fancies I want to interfere with him," she said to herself, thinking of her uncle, and of her uncle's plans in reference to his son, "he will find that he is mistaken." Then it occurred to her that she would be driven to accept Adrian Urmand to prove that she was heart-whole in regard to George Voss.

She sat there, thinking of it till the night

was half-spent, and when she crept up cold to bed, she had almost made up her mind that it would be best for her to do as her uncle wished. As for loving the man, that was out of the question. But then would it not be better to do without love altogether?

CHAPTER VIII.

"How is it to be?" said Michel to his niece the next morning. The question was asked down-stairs in the little room, while Urmand was sitting at table in the chamber above waiting for the landlord. Michel Voss had begun to feel that his visitor would be very heavy on hand, having come there as a visitor and not as a man of business, unless he could be handed over to the woman-kind. But no such handing over would be possible, unless Marie would acquiesce. "How is it to be?" Michel asked. He had so prepared himself that he was ready in accordance with a word or a look from his niece either to be very angry, thoroughly imperious, and resolute to have his way with the dependent girl, or else to be all smiles, and kindness, and confidence, and affection. There was nothing she should not have, if she would only be amenable to reason.

"How is what to be, Uncle Michel?" said Marie.

The landlord thought that he discovered an indication of concession in his niece's voice, and began immediately to adapt himself to the softer courses. "Well, Marie, you know what it is we all wish. I hope you understand that we love you well, and think so much of you, that we would not entrust you to any one living, who did not bear a high character and seem to deserve you." He was looking into Marie's face as he spoke, and saw that she was soft and thoughtful in her mood, not proud and scornful as she had been on the preceding evening. "You have grown up here with us, Marie, till it has almost come upon us with surprise that you are a beautiful young woman, instead of a great straggling girl."

"I wish I was a great straggling girl still."

"Do not say that, my darling. We must all take the world as it is, you know. But here you are, and of course it is my duty and your aunt's duty—" it was always a sign of high good humour on the part of Michel Voss, when he spoke of his wife as being anybody in the household—"my duty and your aunt's duty to see and do the best for you."

"You have always done the best for me in letting me be here."

"Well, my dear, I hope so. You had to

be here, and you fell into this way of life naturally. But sometimes, when I have seen you waiting on the people about the house, I've thought it wasn't quite right."

"I think it was quite right. Peter couldn't do it all, and he'd be sure to make a mess of it."

"We must have two Peters; that's all. But as I was saying, that kind of thing was natural enough before you were grown up, and had become,—what shall I say?—such a handsome young woman." Marie laughed and turned up her nose and shook her head, but it may be presumed that she received some comfort from her uncle's compliments. "And then I began to see, and your aunt began to see, that it wasn't right that you should spend your life handing soup to the young men here."

"It is Peter who always hands the soup to the young men."

"Well, well; but you are waiting upon them, and upon us."

"I trust the day is never to come, uncle, when I'm to be ashamed of waiting upon you." When he heard this he put his arm round her and kissed her. Had he known at that moment what her feelings were in regard to his son, he would have recommended Adrian Urmand to go back to Basle. Had he known what were George's feelings, he would at once have sent for his son from Colmar.

"I hope you may give me my pipe and my cup of coffee when I'm such an old fellow that I can't get up to help myself. That's the sort of reward we look forward to from those we love and cherish. But, Marie, when we see you as you are now,—your aunt and I,—we feel that this kind of thing shouldn't go on. We want the world to know that you are a daughter to us, not a servant."

"Oh, the world,—the world, uncle! Why should we care for the world?"

"We must care, my dear. And you yourself, my dear,—if this went on for a few years longer, you yourself would become very tired of it. It isn't what we should like for you, if you were our own daughter. Can't you understand that?"

"No, I can't."

"Yes, my dear, yes. I'm sure you do. Very well. Then there comes this young man. I am not a bit surprised that he should fall in love with you;—because I should do it myself if I were not your uncle." Then she caressed his arm. How was she to keep herself from caressing him, when he

spoke so sweetly to her. "We were not a bit surprised when he came and told us how it was. Nobody could have behaved better. Everybody must admit that. He spoke of you to me and to your aunt as though you were the highest lady in the land."

"I don't want any one to speak of me as though I were a high lady."

"I mean in the way of respect, my dear. Every young woman must wish to be treated with respect by any young man who comes after her. Well;—he told us that it was the great wish of his life that you should be his wife. He's a man who has a right to look for a wife, because he can keep a wife. He has a house, and a business, and ready money."

"What's all that, uncle?"

"Nothing;—nothing at all. No more than that,"—saying which Michel Voss threw his right hand and arm loosely abroad;—"no more than that, if he were not himself well-behaved along with it. We want to see you married to him,—your aunt and I,—because we are sure that he will be a good husband to you."

"But if I don't love him, Uncle Michel?"

"Ah, my dear; that's where I think it is that you are dreaming, and will go on dreaming till you've lost yourself, unless your aunt and I interfere to prevent it. Love is all very well. Of course you must love your husband. But it doesn't do for young women to let themselves be run away with by romantic ideas;—it doesn't indeed, my dear. I've heard of young women who've fallen in love with statues and men in armour out of poetry, and grand fellows that they put into books, and there they've been waiting, waiting, till some man in armour should come for them. The man in armour doesn't come. But sometimes there comes somebody who looks like a man in armour, and that's the worst of all."

"I don't want a man in armour, Uncle Michel."

"No, I dare say not. But the truth is you don't know what you want. The proper thing for a young woman is to get herself well settled, if she has the opportunity. There are people who think so much of money, that they'd give a child almost to anybody as long as he was rich. I shouldn't like to see you marry a man as old as myself."

"I shouldn't care how old he was if I loved him."

"Nor to a curmudgeon," continued Michel, not caring to notice the interruption, "nor

to an ill-tempered fellow, or one who gambled, or one who would use bad words to you. But here is a young man who has no faults at all."

"I hate people who have no faults," said Marie.

"Now you must give him an answer to-day or to-morrow. You remember what you promised me when we were coming home the other day." Marie remembered her promise very well, and thought that a great deal more had been made of it than justice would have permitted. "I don't want to hurry you at all, only it makes me so sad at heart when my own girl won't come and say a kind word to me and give me a kiss before we part at night. I thought so much of that last night, Marie, I couldn't sleep for thinking of it." On hearing this she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him on each cheek and on his lips. "I get to feel so, Marie, if there's anything wrong between you and me, that I don't know what I'm doing. Will you do this for me, my dear? Come and sit at table with us this evening, and make one of us. At any rate come and show that we don't want to make a servant of you. Then we'll put off the rest of it till to-morrow." When such a request was made to her in such words, how could she not accede to it? She had no alternative but to say that she would do in this respect as he would have her. She smiled, and nodded her head, and kissed him again. "And, Marie, darling, put on a pretty frock,—for my sake. I like to see you gay and pretty." Again she nodded her head and again she kissed him. Such requests so made she felt that it would be impossible that she should refuse.

And yet when she came to think about it as she went about the house alone, the granting of such requests was in fact yielding in everything. If she made herself smart for this young man, and sat next him, and smiled, and talked to him, conscious as she would be—and he would be also—that she was so placed that she might become his wife, how afterwards could she hold her ground? And if she were really resolute to hold her ground, would it not be much better that she should do so by giving up no point, even though her uncle's anger should rise hot against her? But now she had promised her uncle, and she knew that she could not go back from her word. It would be better for her, she told herself, to think no more about it. Things must arrange themselves. What did it matter whether she were wretched at Basle or wretched at Granpere? The

only thing that could give a charm to her life was altogether out of her reach.

After this conversation, Michel went upstairs to his young friend, and within a quarter of an hour had handed him over to his wife. It was of course understood now that Marie was not to be troubled till the time came for her to sit down at table with her smart frock. Michel explained to his wife the full amount of his success, and acknowledged that he felt that Marie was already pretty nearly overcome.

"She'll try to be pleasant for my sake this evening," he said, "and so she'll fall into the way of being intimate with him; and when he asks her to-morrow she'll be forced to take him."

It never occurred to him, as he said this, that he was forming a plan for sacrificing the girl he loved. He imagined that he was doing his duty by his niece thoroughly, and was rather proud of his own generosity. In the afternoon Adrian Urmand was taken out for a drive to the ravine by Madame Voss. They both, no doubt, felt that this was very tedious; but they were by nature patient,—quite unlike Michel Voss or Marie,—and each of them was aware that there was a duty to be done. Adrian therefore was satisfied to potter about the ravine, and Madame Voss assured him at least a dozen times that it was the dearest wish of her heart to call him her nephew-in-law.

At last the time for supper came. Throughout the day Marie had said very little to anyone after leaving her uncle. Ideas flitted across her mind of various modes of escape. What if she were to run away,—to her cousin's house at Epinal; and write from thence to say that this proposed marriage was impossible? But her cousin at Epinal was a stranger to her, and her uncle had always been to her the same as a father. Then she thought of going to Colmar, of telling the whole truth to George, and of dying when he refused her,—as refuse her he would. But this was a dream rather than a plan. Or how would it be if she went to her uncle now at once, while the young man was away at the ravine, and swear to him that nothing on earth should induce her to marry Adrian Urmand? But brave as Marie was, she was afraid to do this. He had told her how he suffered when they two did not stand well together, and she feared to be accused by him of unkindness and ingratitude. And how would it be with her if she did accept the man? She was sufficiently alive to the necessities of the world to know that it would be well to have

a home of her own, and a husband, and children if God would send them. She understood quite as well as Michel Voss did that to be head waiter at the Lion d'Or was not a career in life of which she could have reason to be proud. As the afternoon went on she was in great doubt. She spread the cloth, and prepared the room for supper, somewhat earlier than usual, knowing that she should require some minutes for her toilet. It was necessary that she should explain to Peter that he must take upon himself some self-action upon this occasion, and it may be doubted whether she did this with perfect good humour. She was angry when she had to look for him before she commenced her operations, and scolded him because he could not understand without being told why she went away and left him twenty minutes before the bell was rung.

As soon as the bell was heard through the house, Michel Voss, who was waiting below with his wife in a quite unusual manner, marshalled the way up-stairs. He had partly expected that Marie would join them below, and was becoming fidgety less she should break away from her engagement. He went first, and then followed Adrian and Madame Voss together. The accustomed guests were all ready, because it had come to be generally understood that this supper was to be as it were a supper of betrothal. Madame Voss had on her black silk gown. Michel had changed his coat and his cravat. Adrian Urmand was exceedingly smart. The dullest intellect could perceive that there was something special in the wind. The two old ladies who were lodgers in the house came out from their rooms five minutes earlier than usual, and met the *cortège* from down-stairs in the passage.

When Michel entered the room he at once looked round for Marie. There she was standing at the soup tureen with her back to the company. But he could see that there hung down some ribbon from her waist, that her frock was not the one she had worn in the morning, and that in the article of her attire she had kept her word with him. He was very awkward. When one of the old ladies was about to seat herself in the chair next to Adrian,—in preparation for which it must be admitted that Marie had made certain wicked arrangements,—Michel first by signs and afterwards with audible words, intended to be whispered, indicated to the lady that she was required to place herself elsewhere. This was hard upon the lady, as her own table napkin and a cup out of which

she was wont to drink, were placed at that spot. Marie, standing at the soup tureen, heard it all and became very spiteful. Then her uncle called to her—

"Marie, my dear, are you not coming?"

"Presently, uncle," replied Marie, in a clear voice, as she commenced to dispense the soup.

She ladled out all the soup without once turning her face towards the company, then stood for a few moments as if in doubt, and after that walked boldly up to her place. She had intended to sit next to her uncle, op-

posite to her lover, and there had been her chair. But Michel had insisted on bringing the old lady round to the seat that Marie had intended for herself, and so disarranging all her plans. The old lady had simpered and smiled and made a little speech to M. Urmand, which everybody had heard. Marie, too, had heard it all. But the thing had to be done, and she plucked up her courage and did it. She placed herself next to her lover, and as she did so, felt that it was necessary that she should say something at the moment:



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"Here I am, Uncle Michel, but you'll find you'll miss me, before supper is over."

"There is somebody would much rather have you than his supper," said the horrid old lady opposite.

Then there was a pause, a terrible pause.

"Perhaps it used to be so when young men came to sup with you, years ago; but nowadays men like their supper," said Marie, who was driven on by her anger to a ferocity which she could not restrain.

"I did not mean to give offence," said the poor old lady meekly.

Marie, as she thought of what she had said, repented so bitterly that she could hardly refrain from tears.

"There is no offence at all," said Michel angrily.

"Will you allow me to give you a little wine?" said Adrian, turning to his neighbour.

Marie bowed her head and held her glass, but the wine remained in it to the end of the supper, and there it was left.

When it was all over Michel felt that it had not been a success. With the exception of her savage speech to the disagreeable old

lady, Marie had behaved well. She was on her mettle, and very anxious to show that she could sit at table with Adrian Urmand, and be at her ease. She was not at her ease, but she made a bold fight—which was more than was done by her uncle or her aunt. Michel was unable to speak in his ordinary voice or with his usual authority, and Madame Voss hardly uttered a word. Urmand, whose position was the hardest of all, struggled gallantly, but was quite unable to keep up any continued conversation. The old lady had been thoroughly silenced, and neither she nor her sister again opened their mouth. When Madame Voss rose from her chair in order that they might all retire, the consciousness of relief was very great.

For that night Marie's duty to her uncle was done. So much had been understood. She was to dress herself and sit down to supper, and after that she was not to be disturbed again till the morrow. On the next morning she was to be subjected to the grand trial. She understood this so well that she went about the house fearless on that evening—fearless as regarded the moment, fearful only as regarded the morrow.

"May I ask one question, dear?" said her aunt, coming to her after she had gone to her own room. "Have you made up your mind?"

"No," said Marie; "I have not made up my mind."

Her aunt stood for a moment looking at her, and then crept out of the room.

In the morning Michel Voss was half-inclined to release his niece, and to tell Urmand that he had better go back to Basle. He could see that the girl was suffering, and, after all, what was it that he wanted? Only that she should be prosperous and happy. His heart almost relented; and at one moment, had Marie come across him he would have released her. "Let it go on," he said to himself, as he took up his hat and stick and went off to the woods. "Let it go on. If she finds to-day that she can't take him, I'll never say another word to press her." He went up to the woods after breakfast, and did not come back till the evening.

During breakfast Marie did not show herself at all, but remained with the children. It was not expected that she should show herself. At about noon, as soon as her uncle had started, her aunt came to her and asked her whether she was ready to see M. Urmand. "I am ready," said Marie, rising from her seat, and standing upright before her aunt.

"And where will you see him, dear?"

"Wherever he pleases," said Marie, with something that was again almost savage in her voice.

"Shall he come up-stairs to you?"

"What, here?"

"No; he cannot come here. You might go into the little sitting-room."

"Very well. I will go into the little sitting-room." Then without saying another word she got up, left the room, and went along the passage to the chamber in question. It was a small room, furnished, as they all thought at Granpere, with Parisian elegance, intended for such visitors to the hotel as might choose to pay for the charm and luxury of such an apartment. It was generally found that visitors to Granpere did not care to pay for the luxury of this Parisian elegance, and the room was almost always empty. Thither Marie went, and seated herself at once on the centre of the red, stuffy, velvet sofa. There she sat, perfectly motionless, till there came a knock at the door. Marie Bromar was a very handsome girl, but as she sat there, all alone, with her hands crossed on her lap, with a hard look about her mouth, with a frown on her brow, and scorn and disdain for all around her in her eyes, she was as little handsome as it was possible that she should make herself. She answered the knock, and Adrian Urmand entered the room. She did not rise, but waited till he had come close up to her. Then she was the first to speak. "Aunt Josey tells me that you want to see me," she said.

Urmand's task was certainly not a pleasant one. Though his temper was excellent, he was already beginning to think that he was being ill-used. Marie, no doubt, was a very fine girl; but the match that he offered her was one at which no young woman of her rank in all Lorraine or Alsace need have turned up her nose. He had been invited over to Granpere specially that he might spend his time in making love, and he had found the task before him very hard and disagreeable. He was afflicted with all the ponderous notoriety of an acknowledged suitor's position, but was consoled with none of the usual comforts. Had he not been pledged to make the attempt, he would probably have gone back to Basle, as it was he was compelled to renew his offer. He was aware that he could not leave the house without doing so. But he was determined that one more refusal should be the last.

"Marie," said he, putting out his hand to her, "doubtless you know what it is that I would say."

"I suppose I do," she answered.

"I hope you do not doubt my true affection for you."

She paused a moment before she replied.

"I have no reason to doubt it," she said.

"No indeed. I love you with all my heart. I do truly. Your uncle and aunt think it would be a good thing for both of us that we should be married. What answer will you make me, Marie?" Again she paused. She had allowed him to take her hand, and as he thus asked his question he was standing opposite to her, still holding it. "You have thought about it, Marie, since I was here last?"

"Yes; I have thought about it."

"Well, dearest?"

"I suppose it had better be so," said she, standing up and withdrawing her hand.

She had accepted him; and now it was no longer possible for him to go back to Basle, except as a betrothed man. She had accepted him; but there came upon him a wretched feeling that none of the triumph of successful love had come to him. He was almost disappointed,—or if not disappointed, was at any rate embarrassed. But it was necessary that he should immediately conduct himself as an engaged man. "And you will love

me, Marie?" he said, as he again took her by the hand.

"I will do my best," she said.

Then he put his arm round her waist and kissed her, and she did not turn away her face from him. "I will do my best also to make you happy," he said.

"I am sure you will. I believe you. I know that you are good." There was another pause during which he stood, still embracing her. "I may go now; may I not?" she said.

"You have not kissed me yet, Marie?" Then she kissed him; but the touch of her lips was cold, and he felt that there was no love in them. He knew, though he could hardly define the knowledge to himself, that she had accepted him in obedience to her uncle. He was almost angry, but being cautious and even-tempered by nature he repressed the feeling. He knew that he must take her now, and that he had better make the best of it. She would, he was sure, be a good wife, and the love would probably come in time.

"We shall be together this evening; shall we not?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Marie, "if you please." It was, as she knew, only reasonable now that they should be together. Then he let her go, and she walked off to her room.

THE THEORY OF WONDERMENT.

IT is a serious responsibility to invent a proverb, especially a proverb which sounds respectable; it is sure to be quoted often, and misquoted at last. The first man who said truth is stranger than fiction was probably guiltless of any intention of flattering Truth; in fact, he meant to be honest and uncomplimentary, and to assert that he found it uncommonly hard to believe what she said. Still, it is something to be out of the common way at all; and so people came to think that it was a credit to Truth to be strange, and that they could not do her the credit of finding her so too often. One can hardly be mistaken in thinking that Mr. Gilbert felt he had paid a becoming homage to Truth when he invited the readers of *GOOD WORDS** to agree with him, that the very interesting account of the capital shilling's worth which he got for a shilling was stranger than anything in any fairy tale.

I read the article once because I generally

read anything of Mr. Gilbert's which comes in my way, and twice because he challenged me among his other readers to make up my mind about it; and I don't agree with him at all. It seems to me much stranger that Kehama should have driven in at all the eight gates of Padala at once, or that a harp made of the bones of a murdered child should sing the story of the murder, or that a little girl should turn her brother into a pond and herself into a duck on the pond by way of escaping from a cruel stepmother, or that Mr. MacDonald's charming princess should have been deprived by a fairy or any one else of her specific gravity—than that Mr. Gilbert should have had a shilling's worth for a shilling. If I were to try to believe any one of the four curiosities of fiction I have just quoted (and any child in a well-regulated nursery could have quoted forty), I should not know how to begin; but I had not the slightest difficulty in believing Mr. Gilbert. Indeed, he can hardly have had much difficulty in believing himself that the baker would

* See January No., p. 50.

leave the roll, and that the Assam tea would be found in the caddy, and the bloater in the cupboard; in short, that he would be able to have his breakfast and his newspaper as usual, and be able to send the newspaper on if he liked, and to write his article afterwards. What he would really have found it hard to believe would have been some interruption of this order of things. If the stationer had refused to send the newspaper, or if the *Daily News* had received no telegrams, or if tea were to cease to arrive from Assam, he would have been surprised, and so should we.

Yet he is surprised at something now, and he has written that we may share his surprise. Perhaps surprise is hardly an emotion to be cultivated or communicated. It is very likely that what all the world thinks wrong may be right, may even be a positive duty; it is not so likely that what all the world thinks commonplace should be surprising. And obviously Mr. Gilbert assumes we are in danger of thinking that a civilised breakfast and a newspaper and modern postal facilities are commonplace; he seems to have thought so himself, till the conversation at the door of the public-house led him to reflect. If so, we shall probably continue—without, I hope, being unthankful for them—to think those creature-comforts commonplace. When a thing tastes of sugar we call it sweet; when a thing surprises us we call it wonderful. It is possible to find out that there is a clear chemical connection between sugar and brandy, or between sugar and starch; but neither starch nor brandy tastes sweet, and nobody dreams of saying they are sweet. In the same way there very likely may be resemblances between what Mr. Gilbert just now finds so surprising and really wonderful things; if there were not he would hardly have made the mistake; but it is a mistake for all that, because nobody is surprised at them, though some of his readers may try to be, because he tells them. The thought which seems to have struck the writer most, the thought which he intended to impress upon the reader, is how much has to be done before it is possible to sit down to breakfast, or to read a newspaper, or to write a letter and to have it answered. It is wonderful to him that so many conditions should meet and work together harmoniously. Now it is obvious that this proves too much. While the article was being written it is safe to say that dozens of tramps dined or breakfasted, whichever we like to call it, on a turnip a-piece out of the fields and a draught of water from the nearest

brook; and even the writer does not think that wonderful. Yet the natural arrangements which make it possible for the turnips to grow there, and for the water to run there, are immeasurably more complex and far-reaching than the arrangements of commerce or the Post-Office. For that matter, on the writer's own principle, it is far more wonderful that wheat should grow in England or tea in Assam than that, being grown, they should be made available at breakfast-time; it is far more wonderful that bread and tea should enable a man to go on writing than that he should be able to dispose of what he has written. And it is no answer to this to turn round and say, "Yes, everything is wonderful." If everything were wonderful, nothing would be. Wonderful is a term of comparison; to call everything wonderful is like calling everything great. Besides, human language is adapted to human nature; and human nature is incapable of sustained excitement of any kind, real honest wonder is very exciting, and we are so made as to require to pass most of our time aloof from such excitement, with common things that are not wonderful. At the same time there are circumstances in which the harmonious co-operation of a great many different forces does affect us with genuine, spontaneous surprise. We do not need to be bidden to observe that the organisation of the Prussian army is wonderful; we call it so instinctively. Why is it that we wonder at the Prussian army, and do not wonder at our own Post-Office, except when somebody tells us to in print? Because though the Post-Office does as much as the army does, if not more, what the army does is harder. We do not know of anything that there is in the constitution of the world to hinder our having the Post-Office; people are generally willing to earn a fair day's wages by a fair day's work; if we did not know of anything which might have been expected to hinder the Prussians from having their army, we might still be sure that there was something, for other nations wish for such an army, and cannot get it. In fact, we know of a great deal. It is strange as things go that the *Landwehr* should march when they are called out, especially when they disapprove of the war as they did in 1866; it is stranger that all Prussian squireens should be eager to educate themselves for the General Staff. But though the Post-Office does not strike us as wonderful, it would strike a savage very much; it would probably strike him even more than the Prussian army. The reason

is obvious. The capacity for self-sacrifice is not increased by civilisation, and the capacity for obedience is, upon the whole, diminished. Consequently it would not surprise a savage, as it surprises us, that all the disciplined energy of Prussia should be at the service of the Prussian Government, still less would it astonish him to find that energy expended on what he regards as the most natural and most worthy object of ambition for a noble people. He would only be surprised at the existence of so much energy, so perfectly disciplined, co-operating so harmoniously. Very probably he would be right in thinking the British Post-Office a more striking example (it is certainly a more perfect one) of such disciplined energy than the Prussian army. He would find it as hard to believe that we should be exempt from the shiftlessness and indolence which preclude all co-operation among his countrymen, as we find it to believe that a whole community should be able, even for a time, to put self-seeking and self-pleasing in so many directions under such complete restraint.

But the wonder of the savage would not rest exclusively upon this *quasi* intellectual ground. The Post-Office is strange to him because it is new; it is strange because it brings before him in the concrete the immense contrast between the complex organisation of a great and wealthy empire, and the rude, meagre, chaotic monotony of a petty tribe. Tell him that there are thirty millions of us, and you will hardly make an impression; but tell him how many dead letters there are in a year, or that a single government officer receives a hundred thousand on an average, and he begins to feel that the English are a wonderful people. Steam engines, railways, telegraphs, were all wonderful once to the generations which used them first, and there was this note of the wonderful about them all, that people could not believe in them all at once. They presented such a difficulty to the imagination that the intellect, which always sympathises with the imagination, felt a difficulty too. Afterwards, when the difficulty of the intellect has disappeared, the difficulty of the imagination gives way too. Light travels faster than electricity, but its rapidity strikes us less because being wholly unimaginable it does not offer any difficulty which the imagination can exert itself against. It is further from the sun to the earth than from Valentia to Heart's Content; but we know how long it takes a Cunard steamer to cross the Atlantic, how long it

used to take Lord Nelson's men-of-war, while nothing comes from the sun to the earth but the light, which has travelled every day since the world was, in as short a time as the telegrams, that fill at least one generation for a year or two with honest wonder, and at many million times the speed. Again, long before the invention of photography, it was known that it was the sun that gave the colours to flowers, and rocks, and trees, and animals. Here, too, there was nothing to imagine, and therefore nothing to wonder at. Everybody would say at once that a colourless plant that had been coaxed into growing without light was much stranger than an apple-tree in full blossom. Yet the strange thing about the cellar-plant would simply be the absence of a series of familiar and inexplicable facts too familiar, too completely inexplicable to be really wonderful, and also too certainly connected with a single unmistakable cause. But though it never struck any person as wonderful that the sun should paint so many beautiful pictures in the world, it was very wonderful that he should paint a few ugly pictures, and the first were very ugly indeed, in a camera-obscura. There was something for the imagination to puzzle at here. It was the nature of the picture in the camera to change when you moved the camera and when you moved your eye; and in photography either the picture in the camera itself, or another picture bearing a definite relation to it, is fixed in a way to last for many years. Besides, the new pictures the sun painted seemed wonderful because they could be contrasted and brought into competition more easily than the old with the pictures men had been used to paint; it was strange to think there should be a way of obtaining in half an hour greater accuracy, nay, in some sense greater delicacy, than could have been reached before by the labour of years. But wonder never lasts when it has once thoroughly come home to us that a thing will be so because it must be so. It is flogging a dead horse, as they say in America, to attempt to make us excite ourselves with hopeless efforts to fancy how it can be so.

All our faculties are inadequate; there is much in ourselves and more in the world which we take for granted, without trying to imagine it, without hoping to understand it; there is nothing that we understand completely or imagine perfectly. The habitual recognition of this may be soothing or depressing, according as we come to it; it may bring humility and peace, it may generate indifference or scepticism, or perplexity, and

all of these exclude astonishment. Our minds resign themselves willingly or unwillingly, with or without a struggle, to a subordinate place in the universe; something like an equilibrium establishes itself between their weakness and the strength of nature. Wonder comes in when a new experience disturbs this equilibrium, and it lasts till the equilibrium is restored; and though the equilibrium is never complete, it tends to be permanent. Nothing earthly is new for ever; the paradox of to-day becomes the axiom of to-morrow; before we are familiar with half its consequences we wonder how we could ever have doubted such a fruitful principle. Life is not long enough, our brains are not strong enough to allow us to be always starting at contrasts, and working out antitheses, and dwelling upon the antinomies of the pure reason. With most realities we can become familiar, but a cleverly disguised impossibility never ceases to be strange. Children, old and young, will wonder a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long, how Alice got through the looking-glass without breaking it, though they will be very much surprised if their uncles and aunts fail to send them a present by a balloon on their birthday, or forget to wish them many happy returns of the day by telegraph. Then, too, a thing continues to be strange if it continues for any reason to be remote. If we had left any savage race alive long enough to give us a chance of entering into their mind (it has taken us four centuries' hard work to enter a very little way into the mind of classical antiquity), their customs would have ceased to be strange to us, they would have come to have a meaning. If any savage race had survived long enough to enter into our mind, they would have ceased to wonder at us. As it is they will soon be gone, and their memory will be wonderful to Christendom for ever, and it is much if our civilisation is not a tantalising riddle to their disinherited ghosts.

And now, as we come nearer to the higher sense in which Mr. Gilbert is right, and begin to see beyond the obvious sense in which he is wrong, it is possible, perhaps, to answer his challenge with something more complete and less discourteous than the uncompromising negative I started with. We have seen that wonder depends upon a contrast between some experience freshly acquired for the imagination and the rest of our mental stock-in-trade, and of course the greater the acquisition the greater the wonder. This definition explains why wonder-

ful should be almost a synonym of incredible, and why so many things should be wonderful to children, to whom all is still interesting and new. It explains, too, why truth should often be so strange, and why it is seldom strange for long; because, as Aristotle says, we begin by wondering that it should be so, and end by wondering that we ever thought it could be otherwise. One might almost say that wonder is a veil that every truth pushes aside as she steps naked into the work-a-day world, and we see her through it for a moment, and then to some she seems fairest; but after all, we have to meet her and embrace her in the daylight with dim eyes. And the veil is woven in fairyland; the essentially wonderful is something which can never become familiar, because it can never be realised. As long as we think at all of things which never existed and cannot exist, or existed too long ago, too far away for us to know, we shall wonder at our fancies of them, and we shall live down all the gorgeous surprises which nature reserves and civilisation prepares for all generations of men. Already the difference between us and Mr. Gilbert has reduced itself to this, that he would say that it was something like a sin on our part ever to live down such surprises, as if we got tired of what was intrinsically noble and satisfactory. After all, this is like blaming us for going to sleep, instead of watching the stars all night; it proves at most that we are poor creatures, which we knew before; it does not prove that anything is permanently wonderful which does not continually reproduce the essentially transient emotion of wonder. But we need not think the worse of ourselves because there is nothing in this great and fair world at which we can wonder always, for we are capable of habitual respect, of lifelong admiration, of abiding reverence.

It is so hard to tell what a thing is, that we can seldom afford to dispense with contrasting it with what it is not, it may serve to make our notion of wonder less incomplete to compare it with respect, admiration, and reverence. For one thing, wonder is in a sense more general; things good, bad, or indifferent may be wonderful: to deserve respect, admiration, or reverence, a thing must be in some way good. Then respect and reverence imply that we have a duty to their object; wonder and admiration do not. Reverence always, and admiration often, imply a superiority in their object to the person feeling them. Both imply great positive excellence; while the lowest degree of

this, though not enough to cause even a moment's wonder, is a sufficient title to respect. But it is common to all three that the whole essence is contained in a hearty recognition on our part of some quality in their object; and if this quality is permanent, the feeling will be permanent too. Of the three, admiration comes nearest to wonder—so near, that it almost seems as if Mr. Gilbert thought that wonder at good things was the same as admiration. A few instances will show that if the distinction is not very important, at least it is not arbitrary. We call a man's constitution admirable, when we simply mean that it is remarkably good; we call it wonderful when we mean that it is strange any man's constitution should be so good, as it is the nature of constitutions in general to be more or less bad. In the same way we talk of a wonderful recovery and an admirable cure, of a wonderful victory and of admirable strategy. We admire the blue sky when we see it out of doors in Italy; we wonder when Professor Tyndall makes a little piece of it in a glass tube in the middle of a London fog. The order of the universe is admirable; extraordinary phenomena are wonderful. And though it is hardly part of the definition of either, we may say in general that admiration has an affinity to our knowledge, and wonder to our ignorance; and from this point of view it is a cheerful consideration that admiration lasts the longest. When what was once extraordinary has become or is becoming ordinary, it is not therefore diminished to us; the order of our conceptions is enlarged to take it in. This order, which regulates both our judgment and our feelings, has become so much less inadequate to the order of the world. If it were perfectly adequate, no phenomenon would be extraordinary; for we may be certain that nothing is really outside the order of the world, which is manifold, and also one; though much may always remain outside the highest abstractions from that order which are possible to our present faculties.

Nor did Aristotle exhaust the meaning of his own aphorism that philosophy begins and ends in wonder. For all of us, whether we will or no, knowledge is always rising above our wonder; for all of us, if we will, wonder will rise again above our knowledge. The increase of knowledge puts a meaning into ignorance, so that its fruit is wonder instead of stolid unconcern. Every new explanation

makes us realise more clearly how superficial all explanations are while they leave the centre of all things unexplained. Every new generalisation points more surely to that highest generalisation, which, inaccessible as it really is, stands at the summit of the only path by which we seem to approach what can only be reached by intuition, the truth which contains all others and verifies them all. We are emancipated from wonder by the knowledge of natural and spiritual laws, we are restored to wonder by the contemplation of the Highest Law. In this contemplation all the elements of wonder meet. We are kept continually in the presence of what is incredible, and new, and strange. The infinite is inexhaustible, and its very co-existence with the finite presents a contrast to the imagination and a paradox to the intellect. And the paradox cannot be ignored, the contrast cannot be forgotten, because the finite rests upon the infinite, and they interpenetrate each other, so that the whole fullness of the infinite must be present that a drop of rain may fall. This is why the intellect is ever returning to be continually baffled by an indispensable and inconceivable postulate, why the imagination, ever fluttering round the glory that lights up all its ideals, is ever beaten back; this is why all discoveries converge upon one radiant mystery of wonder.

The mystery will be revealed at last, and we shall only wonder more; for the revelation will transform and not destroy; it will leave us creatures of flesh and blood; but instead of vanishing glimpses of the corruptible beauty of this world, we shall look with open face through all the incorruptible glory of the new heavens and the new earth. There we shall not wonder at what seems sudden, or unaccountable, or extraordinary, everything will appear beautiful in its place; we shall be able then to complete our conception of nature, for we shall see how the natural order depends upon the spiritual. Then, too, when all reality is present to us, and we apprehend it perfectly and clearly, we shall lose the wish and the power of fancying anything beyond it; all we found or made to wonder at on earth will have vanished away, yet wonder will remain and deepen; we shall understand that only God is wonderful, and that His works are wonderful, for they are His.

THE PHANTOM ISLES.

In the Bay of New York there are many small islands, the frequent resort of summer pleasure-parties. Two dangers haunt these scenes of amusement : one, sudden fogs ; the other, high tides, which often cover the islands. The incidents recorded in the following lines actually took place under the circumstances mentioned ; and the entire change of heart and life in the bereaved father makes the simple story as instructive as it is interesting and touching.

THE Phantom Isles are fading from the sea,
The groups that throng'd them leave their sinking shores,
And shout, and laugh, and jocund catch and glee
Ring through the mist, to beat of punctual oars ;
Through the grey mist that comes up with the tide,
And covers all the ocean far and wide.

Of the gay revellers one child alone
Was wanting at the roll's right merry call ;
From boat to boat they sought him, he was gone,
And fear and trembling fill'd the hearts of all :
For the damp mist was falling fast the while,
And the sea, rising, swallowing up each isle.

The trembling father guides the searching band,
While every sinew hope and fear can strain
Is stretch'd to bring the quiv'ring boat to land
And find the lost one, but is stretch'd in vain :
No land they find, but one sweet call they hear,
"Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !"

That voice they follow, certain they have found,
But vainly sweep the waters o'er and o'er ;
The whisp'ring waves have ceased their rippling sound,
Their silence telling *they* have lost their shore :
Yet still the sweet young voice cries loud and clear,
"Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !"

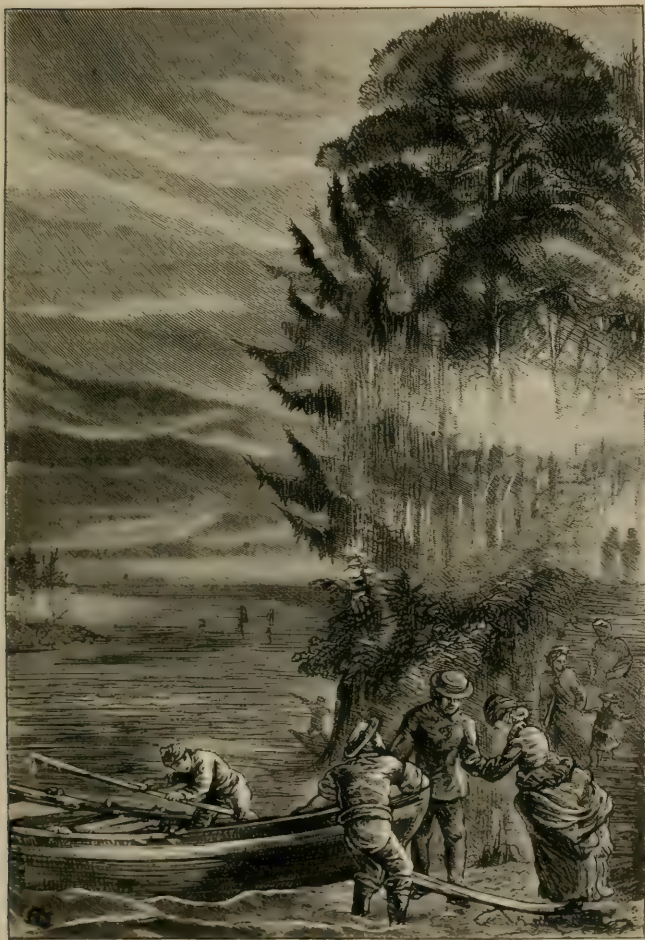
Onward they rush, like those who in the night
Follow the phantom flame, but never find ;
Now certain that the voice has led them right,
Yet the next moment hearing it behind ;
But wrapt in gurgling, smother'd sounds of fear,
"Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !"

The night is spent in vain,—no further cry
Cheers them with hope, or wilders them with fear ;
With breaking morning, as the mists sweep by,
They can see nothing but wide waters drear ;
Yet ever in the childless father's ear
Rings the sad cry,—“Steer this way, father dear !”

And on through life, across its changeeful tide,
Where many a doubtful course before him lay,
That sweet young voice did help him to decide,
When others strove to lure his bark astray ;
Calling from Heaven, in accents soft and clear,
“Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !”

Until at length,—drawn upward to the land
Where there is no more sorrow, no more sea ;
Cheering him brightly from its crystal strand
Into the haven where his soul would be ;—
These its last whispers in his dying ear,
“Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !”

JOHN MONSELL.



TOWN GEOLOGY.

III.—THE STONES IN THE WALL.

THIS is a large subject. For in the different towns of these islands, the walls are built of stones of almost every age, from the earliest to the latest; and the town-geologist may find a quite different problem to solve in the nearest wall, on moving from one town to another twenty miles off. All I can do, therefore, is to take one set of towns, in the walls of which one sort of stones is commonly found, and talk of them; taking care, of course, to choose a stone which is widely distributed. And such, I think, we can find in the so-called New Red sandstone, which, with its attendant marls, covers a vast tract—and that a rich and busy one—of England. From Hartlepool and the mouth of the Tees, down through Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire; over the manufacturing districts of central England; down the valley of the Severn; past Bristol and the Somersetshire flats to Torquay in South Devon; up north-westward through Shropshire and Cheshire; past Liverpool and northward through Lancashire; reappearing again, north of the Lake Mountains, about Carlisle and the Scotch side of the Solway Frith, stretches the great New Red sandstone plain, from under which everywhere the coal-bearing rocks rise as from a sea. It contains, in many places, excellent quarries of building stone; the most famous of which, perhaps, are the well-known Runcorn quarries, near Liverpool, from which the old Romans brought the material for the walls and temples of ancient Chester, and from which the stone for the restoration of Chester Cathedral is being taken at this day. In some quarters, especially in the north-west of England, its soil is poor, because it is masked by that very boulder-clay, of which I spoke in my last paper. But its rich red marls, wherever they come to the surface, are one of God's most precious gifts to this favoured land. On them, one finds oneself at once in a garden; amid the noblest of timber, wheat, roots, grass which is green through the driest summers, and, in the western counties, cider-orchards laden with red and golden fruit. I know, throughout northern Europe, no such charming scenery, for quiet beauty and solid wealth, as that of the New Red marls; and if I wished to show a foreigner what England was, I should take him along them, from

Yorkshire to South Devon, and say—There. Is not that a country worth living for,—and worth dying for if need be?

Another reason which I have for dealing with the New Red sandstone is this—that (as I said just now) over great tracts of England, especially about the manufacturing districts, the town-geologist will find it covered immediately by the boulder-clay.

The townsman, finding this, would have a fair right to suppose that the clay was laid down immediately, or at least soon after, the sandstones or marls on which it lies; that as soon as the one had settled at the bottom of some old sea, the other settled on the top of it, in the same sea.

A fair and reasonable guess, which would in many cases, indeed in most, be quite true. But in this case it would be a mistake. The sandstone and marls are immensely older than the boulder-clay. They are, humanly speaking, some four or five worlds older.

What do I mean? This—that between the time when the one, and the time when the other, was made, the British Islands, and probably the whole continent of Europe, have changed four or five times; in shape; in height above the sea, or depth below it; in climate; in the kinds of plants and animals which have dwelt on them, or on their sea-bottoms. And surely it is not too strong a metaphor, to call such changes a change from an old world to a new one.

Mind. I do not say that these changes were sudden or violent. It is far more probable that they are only part and parcel of that vast, but slow change which is going on everywhere over our whole globe. I think that will appear probable in the course of this paper. But that these changes have taken place, is my main thesis. The fact I assert; and I am bound to try and prove it. And in trying to do so, I shall no longer treat my readers, as I did in the first two papers, like children. I shall take for granted that they now understand something of the method by which geological problems are worked out; and can trust it, and me; and shall state boldly the conclusions of geologists, only giving proof where proof is specially needed.

Now you must understand that in England there are two great divisions of these New Red sandstones, "Trias," as geologists

call them. An upper, called in Germany Keuper, which consists, atop, of the rich red marl, below them, of sandstones, and of those vast deposits of rock-salt, which have been long worked, and worked to such good purpose, that a vast subsidence of land has just taken place near Nantwich in Cheshire; and serious fears are entertained lest the town itself may subside, to fill up the caverns below, from whence the salt has been quarried. Underneath these beds again are those which carry the building-stone of Run-corn. Now these beds altogether in Cheshire, at least, are about 3,400 feet thick; and were not laid down in a year, or in a century either.

Below them lies a thousand feet of sandstones, known in Germany by the name of "Bunter," from its mottled and spotted appearance. What lies under them again, does not concern us just now.

I said that the geologists called these beds the Trias, that is, the triple group. But as yet we have heard of only two parts of it. Where is the third?

Not here, but in Germany. There, between the Keuper above and the Bunter below, lies a great series of limestone beds, which, from the abundance of fossils which they contain, go by the name of Muschelkalk. A long epoch must therefore have intervened between the laying down of the Bunter and of the Keuper. And we have a trace of that long epoch, even in England. The Keuper lies, certainly, immediately on the Bunter; but not always "conformably" on it. That is, the beds are not exactly parallel. The Bunter has been slightly tilted, and was slightly waterworn before the Keuper was laid on it.

It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose, that the Bunter in England was dry land, and therefore safe from fresh deposit, through ages during which it was deep enough beneath the sea in Germany, to have the Muschelkalk laid down on it. Here again, then, as everywhere, we have evidence of time—time, not only beyond all counting, but beyond all imagining.

And now, perhaps, the reader will ask—If I am to believe that all new land is made out of old land, and that all rocks and soils are derived from the wear and tear of still older rocks, off what land came this enormous heap of sands, more than 5,000 feet thick in places, stretching across England and into Germany?

It is difficult to answer. The shape and distribution of land in those days were so

different from what they are now, that the rocks which furnished a great deal of our sandstone may be now, for aught I know, a mile beneath the sea.

But over the land which still stands out of the sea near us there has been wear and tear enough to account for any quantity of sand deposit. As a single instance—It is a provable and proven fact—as you may see from Mr. Ramsay's survey of North Wales—that over a large tract to the south of Snowdon, between Port Madoc and Barmouth, there has been ground off and carried away a mass of solid rock 20,000 feet thick; thick enough, in fact, if it were there still, to make a range of mountains as high as the Andes. It is a provable and proven fact that vast tracts of the centre of poor old Ireland were once covered with coal-measures, which have been scraped off in like wise, deprived of inestimable mineral wealth. The destruction of rocks—"denudation" as it is called—in the district round Malvern, is, I am told, provably enormous. Indeed, it is so over all Wales, North England, and West and North Scotland. So there is enough of rubbish to be accounted for to make our New Red sands. The round pebbles in it being, I believe, pieces of Old Red sandstone, may have come from the great Old Red sandstone region of South-East Wales and Herefordshire. Some of the rubbish, too, may have come from what is now the Isle of Anglesey.

For you find in the beds, from the top to the bottom (at least in Cheshire), particles of mica. Now this mica could not have been formed in the sand. It is a definite crystalline mineral, whose composition is well known. It is only found in rocks which have been subjected to immense pressure, and probably to heat. The granites and mica-slates of Anglesey are full of it; and from Anglesey—as likely as from anywhere else—these thin scales of mica came. And that is about all that I can say on the matter. But it is certain that most of these sands were deposited in a very shallow water, and very near to land. Sand and pebbles, as I said in my first paper, could not be carried far out to sea; and some of the beds of the Bunter are full of rounded pebbles. Nay, it is certain that their surface was often out of water. Of that you may see very pretty proofs. You find these sands ripple-marked, as you do shore-sands now. You find cracks where the marl mud has dried in the sun; and, more, you find the little pits made by rain. Of that I have no doubt. I have seen specimens, in which you could not only see at

a glance that the marks had been made by the large drops of a shower, but see also from what direction the shower had come. And then the delicate markings were covered up with a fresh layer of mud or sand. How long since? How long since that flag had seen the light of the sun, when it saw it once again, restored to the upper air by the pick of the quarryman? Who can answer that? Not I.

Fossils are very rare in these sands; it is not easy to say why. It may be that the red oxide of iron in them has destroyed them. Few or none are ever found in beds in which it abounds. It is curious, too, that the Keuper, which is all but barren of fossils in England, is full of them in Wurtemberg, reptiles, fish, and remains of plants being common. But what will interest the reader are the footprints of a strange beast, found alike in England and in Germany—the *Cheirotherium*, as it was first named, from its handlike feet; the *Labyrinthodon*, as it is now named, from the extraordinary structure of its teeth. There is little doubt now, among anatomists, that the bones and teeth of the so-called *Labyrinthodon* belong to the animal which made the footprints. If so, the creature must have been a right loathly monster. Some think him to have been akin to lizards; but the usual opinion is that he was a cousin of frogs and toads. Looking at his hands and other remains, one pictures him to oneself as a short, squat brute, as big as a fat hog, with a head very much the shape of a baboon, very large hands behind and small ones in front, waddling about on the tide flats of a sandy sea, and dragging after him, seemingly, a short tail, which has left its mark on the sand. What his colour was, whether he was smooth or warty, what he ate, and in general how he got his living, we know not. But there must have been something there for him to eat; and I dare say that he was about as happy and about as intellectual as a toad is now. Remember always that there is nothing alive now exactly like him, or, indeed, like any animal found in these sandstones. The whole animal world of this planet has changed entirely more than once since the *Labyrinthodon* waddled over the Cheshire flats. A lizard, for instance, which has been found in the Keuper, had a skull like a bird's, and no teeth—a type which is now quite extinct. But there is a more remarkable animal of which I must say a few words, and one which to scientific men is most interesting and significant.

Both near Warwick, and near Elgin in Scotland, in Central India, and in South Africa, fossil remains are found of a family of lizards utterly unlike anything now living save one, and that one is crawling about, plentifully I believe—of all places in the world—in New Zealand. How it got there; how so strange a type of creature should have died out over the rest of the world, and yet have lasted on in that remote island for long ages, ever since the days of the New Red sandstone, is one of those questions—quite awful questions I consider them—with which I will not puzzle my readers. I only mention it to show them what serious questions the scientific man has to face, and to answer, if he can. Only the next time they go to the Zoological Gardens in London, let them go to the reptile-house, and ask the very clever and courteous attendant to show them the *Sphenodonts*, or *Hatterias*, as he will probably call them—and then look, I hope with kindly interest, at the oldest Conservatives they ever saw, or are like to see; gentlemen of most ancient pedigree, who have remained all but unchanged, while the whole surface of the globe has changed around them more than once or twice.

And now, of course, my readers will expect to hear something of the deposits of rock-salt, for which Cheshire and its red rocks are famous. I have never seen them, and can only say that the salt does not, it is said by geologists, lie in the sandstone, but at the bottom of the red-marl which caps the sandstone. It was formed most probably by the gradual drying up of lagoons, such as are depositing salt, it is said now, both in the Gulf of Tadjara, on the Abyssinian frontier opposite Aden, and in the Runn of Cutch, near the Delta of the Indus. If this be so, then these New Red sandstones may be the remains of a whole Sahara—a sheet of sandy and all but lifeless deserts, reaching from the west of England into Germany, and rising slowly out of the sea; to sink, as we shall find, beneath the sea again.

And now, as to the vast period of time—the four or five worlds, as I called it—which elapsed between the laying down of the New Red sandstones and the laying down of the Boulder clays.

I think this fact—for fact it is—may be better proved by taking readers an imaginary railway journey to London from any spot in the manufacturing districts of central England—begging them, meanwhile, to keep their eyes open on the way.

And here I must say that I wish folks in

general would keep their eyes a little more open when they travel by rail. When I see young people rolling along in a luxurious carriage, their eyes and their brains absorbed probably in a trashy shilling novel, and never lifted up to look out of the window, unconscious of all that they are passing—of the reverend antiquities, the admirable agriculture, the rich and peaceful scenery, the like of which no country upon earth can show; unconscious, too, of how much they might learn of botany and zoology, by simply watching the flowers along the railway banks and the sections in the cuttings: then it grieves me to see what little use people make of the eyes and of the understanding which God has given them. They complain of a dull journey: but it is not the journey which is dull; it is they who are dull. Eyes have they, and see not; ears have they, and hear not; mere dolls in smart clothes, too many of them, like the idols of the heathen.

But my readers, I trust, are of a better mind. So the next time they find themselves running up southward to London—or the reverse way—let them keep their eyes open, and verify, with the help of a geological map, the sketch which is given in the following page.

Of the "Black Countries"—the actual coal districts—I shall speak hereafter. They are in England either shores or islands yet undestroyed, which stand out of the great sea of New Red sandstone, and often carry along their edges layers of far younger rocks, called now Permian, from the ancient kingdom of Persia, in Russia, where they cover a vast area. With them I will not confuse the reader just now, but will only ask him to keep his eye on the rolling plain of New Red sands and marls past, say, Birmingham and Warwick. After those places, these sands and marls dip to the south-east, and other rocks and soils appear above them, one after another, dipping likewise toward the south-east—that is, toward London.

First appear thin layers of a very hard blue limestone, full of shells, and parted by layers of blue mud. That rock runs in a broad belt across England, from Whitby in Yorkshire, to Lyme in Dorsetshire, and is known as Lias. Famous it is, as some readers may know, for holding the bones of extinct monsters—Ichthyosaurs and Plesiosaurs, such as the unlearned may behold in the lake at the Crystal Palace. On this rock lie the rich cheese pastures, and the best tracts of the famous "hunting shires" of England.

Lying on it, as we go south-eastward, appear alternate beds of sandy limestone, with

vast depths of clay between them. These "oolites," or freestones, furnish the famous Bath stone, the Oxford stone, and the Barnack stone of Northamptonshire, of which some of the finest cathedrals are built—a stone only surpassed, I believe, by the Caen stone, which comes from beds of the same age in Normandy. These freestones and clays abound in fossils, but of kinds, be it remembered, which differ more and more from those of the lias beneath, as the beds are higher in the series, and therefore nearer. There, too, are found principally the bones of that extraordinary flying lizard, the Pterodactyle, which had wings formed out of its fore-legs, on somewhat the same plan as those of a bat; but with one exception. In the bat, as any one may see, four fingers of the hand are lengthened to carry the wing, while the first alone is left free, as a thumb: but in the Pterodactyle, the outer or "little" finger alone is lengthened, and the other four fingers left free—one of those strange instances in nature of the same effect being produced in widely different plants and animals, and yet by slightly different means, on which a whole chapter of natural philosophy—say, rather, natural theology—will have to be written some day.

But now consider what this Lias, and the Oolites and clays upon it, mean. They mean that the New Red sandstone, after it had been dry land, or all but dry land (as is proved by the footprints of animals and the deposits of salt), was sunk again beneath the sea. Each deposit of limestone signifies a long period of time, during which that sea was pure enough to allow reefs of coral to grow, and shells to propagate, at the bottom. Each great band of clay signifies a long period, during which fine mud was brought down from some wasting land in the neighbourhood. And that land was not far distant is proved by the bones of the Pterodactyle, of Crocodiles, and of Marsupials; by the fact that the shells are of shallow-water or shore species; by the presence, mixed with them, of fragments of wood, impressions of plants, and even wing shells of beetles; and lastly, if further proof was needed, by the fact that in the "dirt-bed" of the Isle of Portland and the neighbouring shore the stumps of trees allied to the modern sago-palms are found as they grew in the soil, which, with them, has been covered up in layers of freshwater slate and limestone. A tropic forest has plainly sunk beneath a lagoon; and that lagoon, again, beneath the sea.

And how long did this period of slow sinking go on? Who can tell? The thickness of the Lias and Oolites together cannot be less than a thousand feet. Considering, then, the length of time required to lay down a thousand feet of strata, and considering the vast difference between the animals found in them, and the few found in the New Red sandstone, we have a right to call them another world, and that one which must have lasted for ages.

After we pass Oxford, or the Vale of Aylesbury, we enter yet another world. We come to a bed of sand, under which the freestones and their adjoining clays dip to the south-east. This is called commonly the lower Greensand, though it is not green, but rich iron-red. Then succeeds a band of stiff blue clay, called the gault, and then another bed of sand, the upper Greensand, which is more worthy of the name, for it does carry, in most places, a band of green or "glauconite" sand. But it and the upper layers of the lower Greensand also, are worth our attention; for we are all probably eating them from time to time in the form of bran.

It had been long remarked that certain parts of these beds carried admirable wheatland; it had been remarked, too, that the finest hop-lands—those of Farnham, for instance, and Tunbridge—lay upon them, but that the fertile band was very narrow—that, as in the Surrey moors, vast sheets of the lower Greensand were not worth cultivation. What caused the striking difference?

My beloved friend and teacher, the late Dr. Henslow, then Professor of Botany at Cambridge, had brought to him by a farmer (so the story ran) a few fossils. He saw, being somewhat of a geologist and chemist, that they were not, as fossils usually are, carbonate of lime, but phosphate of lime—bone-earth. He said at once, as by an inspiration, "You have found a treasure—not a gold-mine, indeed, but a food-mine. These are bone-earth, which we are at our wits' end to get for our grain and pulse—which we are importing, as expensive bones, all the way from Buenos Ayres. Only find enough of them, and you will increase immensely the food supply of England, and perhaps make her independent of foreign phosphates in case of war."

His advice was acted on; for the British farmer is by no means the stupid personage which townfolk are too apt to fancy him. This bed of phosphates was found everywhere in the Greensand, underlying the Chalk. It may be traced from Dorsetshire

through England to Cambridge, and thence, I believe, into Yorkshire. It may be traced again, I believe, all round the Weald of Kent and Sussex, from Hythe to Farnham—where it is peculiarly rich—and so to Eastbourne and Beachy Head; and it furnishes, in Cambridgeshire, the greater part of those so-called "coprolites," which are used perpetually now for manure, being ground up, and then treated with sulphuric acid, till they become a "soluble super-phosphate of lime."

So much for the useless "hobby," as some fancy it, of poking over old bones and stones, and learning a little of the composition of this earth on which God has placed us.

How to explain the presence of this vast mass of animal matter, in one or two thin bands right across England, I know not. That the fossils have been rolled on a sea-beach is plain to those who look at them. But what caused so vast a destruction of animal life along that beach, must remain one of the buried secrets of the past.

And now we are fast nearing another world, which is far younger than that coprolite bed, and has been formed under circumstances the most opposite to it. We are nearing, by whatever rail we approach London, the escarpment of the chalk downs.

All readers, surely, know the white chalk, the special feature and the special pride of the south of England. All know its softly-rounded downs, its vast beech woods, its short and sweet turf, its snowy cliffs, which have given—so some say—to the whole island the name of Albion—the white land. But all do not, perhaps, know that till we get to the chalk no single plant or animal has been found which is exactly like any plant or animal now known to be living. The plants and animals grow, on the whole, more and more like our living forms as we rise in the series of beds. But only above the chalk (as far as we yet know) do we begin to find species identical with those living now.

This in itself would prove a vast lapse of time. We shall have a further proof of that vast lapse when we examine the chalk itself. It is composed—of this there is now no doubt—almost entirely of the shells of minute animalcules; and animalcules (I use an unscientific word for the sake of unscientific readers) like these, and in some cases identical with them, are now forming a similar deposit of mud, at vast depths, over the greater part of the Atlantic sea-floor. This fact has been put out of doubt by recent deep-sea dredgings. A whole litera-

ture has been written on it of late. Any reader who wishes to know it, need only ask the first geologist he meets; and if he has the wholesome instinct of wonder in him, fill his imagination with true wonders, more grand and strange than he is like to find in any fairy-tale. All I have to do with the matter here is, to say that, arguing from the known to the unknown, from the Atlantic deep-sea ooze which we do know about, to the chalk which we do not know about, the whole of the chalk must have been laid down at the bottom of a deep and still ocean, far out of the reach of winds, tides, and even currents, as a great part of the Atlantic sea-floor is at this day.

Prodigious! says the reader. And so it is: Prodigious to think that that shallow Greensand shore, strewn with dead animals, should sink to the bottom of an ocean, perhaps a mile, perhaps some four miles deep. Prodigious the time during which it must have lain as a still ocean-floor. For so minute are the living atoms which form the ooze, that an inch, I should say, is as much as we can allow for their yearly deposit; and the chalk is at least a thousand feet thick. It may have taken, therefore, twelve thousand years to form the chalk alone. A rough guess, of course, but one as likely to be two or three times too little, as two or three times too big. But such, or somewhat such, is the fact. It had long been suspected, and more than suspected; and the late discoveries of Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Wyville Thompson have surely placed it beyond doubt.

Thus, surely, if we call the Oolitic beds one new world above the New Red sandstone, we must call the chalk a second new world in like wise.

I will not trouble the reader here with the reasons why geologists connect the chalk with the greensands below it, by regular gradations, in spite of the enormous downward leap, from sea-shore to deep ocean, which the beds seem (but only seem) to have taken. The change—like all changes in geology—was probably gradual. Not by spasmodic leaps and starts, but slowly and stately, as befits a God of order, of patience, and of strength, have these great deeds been done.

But we have not yet done with new worlds or new prodigies on our way to London, as any Londoner may ascertain for himself, if he will run out a few miles by rail, and look in any cutting or pit, where the surface of the chalk, and the beds which lie on it, are exposed.

On the chalk lie—especially in the Blackheath and Woolwich district—sands and clays. And what do they tell us?

Of another new world, in which the chalk has been lifted up again, to form gradually, doubtless, and at different points in succession, the shore of a sea.

But what proof is there of this?

The surface of the chalk is not flat and smooth, as it must have been at the bottom of the sea. It is eaten out into holes and furrows, plainly by the gnawing of the waves; and on it lie, in many places, large rolled flints out of chalk that has been destroyed, beds of shore-shingle, beds of oysters lying as they grew, fresh or brackish water-shells standing as they lived, bits of lignite (fossil wood half turned to coal), and (as in Katesgrove pits at Reading) leaves of trees: Proof enough, one would say, that the chalk had been raised till part of it at least became dry land, and carried vegetation.

And yet we have not done. There is another world to tell of yet.

For these beds (known as the Woolwich and Reading beds) dip under that vast bed of London clay, four hundred and more feet thick, which (as I said in my last article) was certainly laid down by the estuary of some great tropic river, among palm trees and Anonas, crocodiles and turtles.

Is the reader's power of belief exhausted?

If not: there are to be seen, capping almost every high land round London, the remains of a fifth world. Some of my readers may have been to Ascot races, or to Aldershot camp, and may recollect the table-land of the sandy moors, perfectly flat atop, dreary enough to those to whom they are not (as they have long been to me) a home and a work-field. Those sands are several hundred feet thick. They lie on the London clay. And they represent—the reader must take geologists' word for it—a series of, in some places, thousands of feet thick, in the Isle of Wight, in the Paris basin, in the volcanic country of the Auvergne, in Switzerland, in Italy; a period during which the land must at first have swarmed with forms of tropic life, and then grown—but very gradually—more temperate, and then colder and colder still; till at last set in that age of ice, which spread the boulder pebbles over all rocks and soils indiscriminately, from the Lake Mountains to within a few miles of London.

For everywhere about those Ascot moors, the top of the sands has been ploughed by

shore-ice in winter, as they lay a-wash in the shallow sea; and over them, in many places, is spread a thin sheet of ice gravel, more ancient, the best geologists think, than the boulder and the boulder-clay.

And if any reader asks—how long the period was during which those sands of Ascot Heath and Aldershot have been laid down, I cannot tell. But this we can tell. It was long enough to see such changes in land and sea, that maps representing Europe during the greater part of that period (as far as we can guess at it) look no more like Europe than like America or the South Sea

Islands. And this we can tell besides: that that period was long enough for the Swiss Alps to be lifted up at least 10,000 feet of their present height. And that was a work which—though God could, if He willed it, have done it in a single day—we have proof positive was not done in less than ages, beside which the mortal life of man is as the life of the gnat which dances in the sun.

And all this, and more—as may be proved from the geology of foreign countries—happened between the date of the boulder-clay, and that of the New Red sandstone on which it rests.

C. KINGSLEY.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

I.

OUR entrance into Spain was by no means triumphant. Just at the critical moment, when we were about to cross the Bidassoa, and all heads were out of the windows watching for the famous Isle of Pheasants, crash went the train off the line, knocking everybody back into his seat, and swamping sentiment in fright. We seemed likely to be detained for hours, but there is wonderful strength in numbers, and such a multitude of peasants obeyed the summons to assist in lifting the refractory carriages on to the line again, that less than an hour saw them all replaced, and five minutes after, we steamed across the narrow channel and entered Spain.

It was not the right time of the year. The traveller who intends to make a long progress through the Peninsula, and who wishes to do it comfortably and pleasantly, should not set out later than October, when he may hope to pass through one side of the bleak northern provinces, and reach beauty and sunshine before the cold weather sets in; but in this we had been prevented, and we began our journey determined to find all the compensation possible, and to see the best side of everything, and, above all, not to be deterred by a little fatigue and difficulty from seeing what we set out to visit.

The change on crossing the boundary is strangely instantaneous, and the traveller is forced at once to realise how impossible it will be to travel in Spain without at least some knowledge of its language; for even on the frontier no other is understood, and the most embarrassing confusion is also in store for one who has not already mastered the intricate varieties of the Spanish coinage in which his fresh tickets have to be paid for. Immediately, also, Spanish customs come into

play. You ask his worship the Porter to have the graciousness to assist you in lifting your portmanteau ("Mozo, hágame Usted el favor de llevar mi maleta"), and you implore his worship the Beggar, your brother, for the love of God to excuse you from giving him anything ("Perdóneme Usted, por Dios, hermano"). Pleasantly, however, does this excess of Spanish courtesy strike you when you are about to enter the railway carriage. However crowded it may be already, however filled up with the hand-bags and other impedimenta of its occupants, the new comers, who would be scowled upon in England, are welcomed with smiles and willing help; places are at once made for them, their bags and baskets are comfortably stowed away, and everything that can be supplied is offered for their convenience; every Spanish gentleman is willing to assist, translate, or advise; and if you travel in the second-class carriages, which, as in many parts of Germany, are often much more roomy and comfortable and generally far less crowded than the first, not even the humblest peasant leaves it without lifting his hat, and wishing you a hearty "A Dios, Señores."

The train crawls along in the most provoking way, stopping at all the small stations for two, four, ten, twenty minutes, and giving you ample time to survey the scenery. You feel impatient, but your Spanish companions are perfectly satisfied, "it is so much safer, so satisfactory never to have any accidents." Time is of no importance to them whatever. "One can smoke one's cigarritos as well in one place as another." This *insouciance* was fully displayed when we reached the junction station of Alsasua, where we were to change for Pamplona, and found our train had just

been taken off by the company, without any previous notice having been given to that effect. It was pitch dark, and from the pouring rain which had continued for several days, the wild country round was little better than a swamp, so the prospect of a whole day's detention was by no means exhilarating; but finding our Spanish friends received the announcement with no greater expression of displeasure than a shrug of the shoulders, we thought it better to take it in the same way, and, as they said, to "avoid the fatigue of discomposing ourselves." Lanterns were brought to guide us down a slippery causeway and through a slough of real mud to a humble cottage-like Posada, where a woman with her head tied up in a bright red-and-yellow handkerchief gave us a warm reception, surrounded by her five cats and as many children. We found everything much better than we had expected; the small bedrooms had clean boarded floors, though no more furniture than was absolutely necessary, and the straw mattresses were covered with clean linen. There were no fire-places, but during the evening each was warmed for a time with a brasero filled with smouldering wood ashes. The night was bitterly cold, for the hills close around were thickly covered with snow; and after a humble supper of broth, boiled eggs, and potatoes, we clustered round a log-fire in the lower room, our party being increased by the station-master and two travelling bagmen, who diverted us with their various experiences, while the cats fought and screeched in the background. In the morning a small cup of chocolate was served to each, with some dry bread, for we had taken leave of butter on taking leave of the French soil. The hours of waiting passed more quickly than we expected, and the following afternoon we were speeding through the bleak mountainous country, interspersed with oak and cork woods.

Long before we reached it we could see the rock-built Pamplona, its brown towers and walls standing out as if embossed against the delicate pale pink of the snow-tipped mountains, and rising from the long reaches of the dead green Cucua, as the surrounding plain is called, the cup which contains the precious "key of Navarre," and which here closely resembles the Roman Campagna in its desolation and colouring. The station is deep in the valley, and by a steeply winding road the omnibus takes its travellers up the hill, skirting the high walls, till it passes a drawbridge and gateway into the city. Thoroughly Spanish is then the aspect of things: the brightly-painted houses thickly

hung with balconies of wrought iron-work; the small "plazas" with their grey churches, in front of which groups of brown monks are seen mingling with the gay costumes of the peasantry; the great square surrounded by its heavy arcades, the avenues and gardens, especially that known as "La Taconera," the favourite resort of handsome black-robed señoras in their flowing mantillas; for here, indeed, a bonnet is unknown, and its wearer is followed about and pointed at as a curiosity.

From the great Plaza, considered to be one of the largest in Spain, in which 10,000 Jews were burnt alive to do honour to the marriage of a Count de Champagne—a human bonfire, which was visible from all the country round—a steep, stony street leads to the cathedral. Its Ionic front, built by Ventura Rodriguez in 1780, causes one to be agreeably surprised with the rest of the building, which dates from 1397, when Charles the Noble (or III.) pulled down an older church of 1100, leaving only the chapter-house and a part of the cloisters.

In the interior the tourist will first see the peculiar arrangement which is usual in the Spanish churches. Far down the nave, almost to its last pier, extends the raised *coro*, used only by the canons and choristers, and entirely shut in by its high partition walls, except where, towards the east, a passage marked by low brass rails (*rejas*), to prevent the priests from being pressed upon by the people, leads to the high altar, where the huge and splendid carved altar-piece, known as a *retablo*, takes the place of the *eredos* of an English cathedral. At the east end of the *coro* is the magnificent tomb of the founder, with his figure and that of his queen Leonor. The cloisters, enclosing a tangled garden and a lonely cypress, are a perfect dream of beauty, each canopied arch rising against the light open gallery of the second story, so as to display its delicate stonework to perfection. Here, among other curiosities, is the tomb of Miguel Ancheta, sculptor of the choir stall-work, with a curious epitaph, and a little chapel enclosed by an iron palisade made from the chains taken in the naval battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. The knocker of the north transept door, formed by two serpents, is another noteworthy piece of ancient ironwork.

From the cathedral we followed the line of the walls,—whose strength in the middle ages gave Pamplona the title of "muy noble, muy leal, y muy heroica," and which are said to have been originally founded by the sons of Pompey, who called the place Pompelon

or Pompeiopolis,—till we emerged upon the Taconera close to the church of St. Lorenzo, which contains a statue of the tutelar saint of the city, St. Fennin, who was born at Pamplona, but afterwards went to preach at Amiens, where his miracles are carved around the choir, and where the delicious scent of his dead body revealed its resting-place to the bishop,—his disinterment in mid-winter being celebrated by an entire resurrection of nature, and the recovery of all the sick.

Near this is the citadel, in defending which, in 1521, the young knight Ignatius Loyola was wounded and converted by the legends of the saints, which he read during his convalescence, to a devotion of his life to the church-militant, and to the especial championship of the Virgin. A small chapel near one of the gates commemorates an event so important to the Roman Church, and contains an interesting portrait of Loyola, in his soldier's dress.

The Christmas mass in the cathedral of Pamplona was magnificent. No service in Italy can compare with the solemn bursts of music which follow the thrilling solos sung in these old Spanish churches, where every possible instrument is pressed into the service of the orchestra; and not less striking is the effect of the multitude of veiled figures who kneel in the dim light between the coro and the altar. At the *table d'hôte*, in honour of the day, we were regaled with *turrones*, a kind of almond hard-bake, only produced at Christmas.

A dreary journey, through a dismal barren wilderness, brought us to Tudela. On the way we passed Tapalla and Olite, once called the "Flowers of Navarre," and both of them royal residences, but now squalid villages of miserable hovels. In Olite, however, considerable remains of the ancient palace can still be seen.

Tudela does not deserve the praise Street bestows upon it, as containing "a church which is to be classed among the very best in any part of Europe," though the round-arched doors of the transepts are very grand,—and that at the west end, of enormous span, encrusted all over with sculpture, is absolutely magnificent. I say round-arched advisedly, this style in Spain being more properly known as Gothic, while the Pointed is spoken of as the German style. One descends a flight of steps from the west door into the church, which is greatly bedaubed all over and spoilt by grey and white paint. Similarly injured and much built up are the cloisters, which were exhibited to us, with some pride, by the

priests of the church, from whom here, as everywhere in Spain, we experienced the greatest kindness and civility. A tower near the church, which is a *parroquia*, not a cathedral, has the picturesque Moorish decoration of coloured tiles inlaid in patterns.

In the evening we crossed the long narrow bridge of seventeen arches, and found a pleasant sunny walk by the banks of the Ebro, which is as yellow as the Tiber. It was delightful to obtain any warmth at all, so hopelessly cold was our "Fonda del Cararaca," utterly fireless and braser-less. The fierce cold prevented our carrying out our plan of driving to Tarazona, and riding from thence to the abbey of Vemela, the oldest Cistercian house in Spain, and well worthy of a visit.

To do justice to the ugliness of the scenery between Tudela and Zaragoza would be impossible—to the utter desolation of the treeless, stony, uninhabited wastes, across which the ice-laden north-west winds whistle uninterruptedly. But at length the railway skirts the Ebro, and almost immediately passes the grand old bridge built in 1437, beyond which, on either side of the principal thoroughfare, rise the two cathedrals of Zaragoza, in which the chapter does duty for six months alternately. Through narrow, squalid streets, an omnibus takes you to the broad open Plaza de la Constitucion, where the comfortable Fonda de Europa is situated. In this, as in all other Spanish hotels, a fixed price exists, which includes apartments, food—at the regular meals provided by the hotel—service, and lights. No extra charges are made. The cost of living in these hotels varies from the equivalent of five to eight shillings, generally in proportion to the importance of the place where you may be.

In the older Spanish towns it is useless to take a guide, and it is almost equally fruitless to ask your way, as the natives are wholly unacquainted with their own antiquities, and uninstructed in their own history. It is only to those who wander indefatigably through the winding streets, that all the interesting objects gradually reveal themselves, though the process is often assisted by the ascent, in the first instance, of some lofty tower, whence the town is seen as in a map.

At Zaragoza the sights naturally begin with the bridge, to the left of which rises the older cathedral of El Seo. Its front, modernised in the seventeenth century, occupies one side of a square, which also contains the archiepiscopal palace and the Lonja, or exchange, a fine but decaying building of 1551, with a richly-carved projecting soffit, beneath which

many heads of kings and knights are inserted in medallion frames. The north-east wall and apse of the church are splendid specimens of mauresque diaper-work, inlaid with coloured tiles.

On entering the cathedral from the sunlit square, one finds oneself in absolute darkness until one's eyes become accustomed to the change, so intense is the gloom which reigns amid its solemn Gothic arches, where even the faint light from the small round windows high up in the walls is tempered by crimson curtains. Besides these there are no other windows in the body of the church, the whole face of the lower walls being filled up with a mass of Churrigueresque sculpture (so called from the much-abused architect, José Churriguera, who died 1725), which, though paltry and tasteless in detail, is inexpressibly rich and gorgeous in its general effect. The centre of the five aisles is occupied by the *coro*, surrounded by a magnificent screen, encrusted with statues and bas-reliefs, which tell the stories of San Lorenzo and San Vincenta. At its western extremity, or *trascoro*, a statue of Canon Funes kneels in a niche, on the selfsame spot where he is supposed to have knelt in his lifetime, when conversing with the Virgin. No low *reja*, as at Pamplona, leads from the *coro* to the high altar, which only slightly recedes from beneath the beautiful lantern-tower, or *Cimborio*, of 1520. Over the altar is a vast retablo, around which are grouped the tombs of several sixteenth-century archbishops, and that of the heart of Don Balthazar, son of Philip IV., the well-known "Infant" of Velasquez, who died here of the small-pox, at the age of seven-teen. On the right of the altar is a grand plateresque door leading to the sacristy, and near it a chapel commemorating the so-called martyrdom of the fierce inquisitor St. Pedro Arbuís, who shared the fate of Thomas à Becket, being murdered in this cathedral by Vidal Duranso, September 15, 1495—an end which he richly deserved for his cruelties, and which has been of the utmost service to art in giving rise to one of the finest pictures of Murillo, a pendant to the St. Peter Martyr of Titian. At the west end of the church is a chapel containing the tombs of Archbishop Fernando, grandson of Ferdinand the Catholic, and his mother, Aña Gurrea, by the admirable sculptor, Diego Mortanes.

Leaving the *Seo*, the traveller should cross to the other cathedral of El Pilar, than which it is impossible to imagine a more complete contrast. Outside, it resembles a mosque, or Sant' Antonio of Padua, in its endless

towers and domes, covered with bright orange, green, and blue tiles, which glitter in the sunshine. Though much modernised in the last century, the exterior of the building, five hundred feet in length, is imposing from its vast size. Within, it is a monument of folly and bad taste, painted and gilt like a Parisian café. Towards its western extremity, in the centre of the nave, is the *sanctum sanctorum*, a semicircular temple, surrounded by granite columns, where the Virgin, descending upon a pillar, part of which may be seen through a hole—it is too sacred to be gazed upon in its entirety—appeared to Santiago.

This famous shrine, which had its origin in Arragonese jealousy of the pilgrimages to the Galician Compostella, is one of the greatest loadstars of Spanish devotion. Hundreds of pilgrims are always kneeling in front of the black image, or pressing to kiss its feet. The wardrobe of La Virgen del Pilar is inexhaustible, and she is constantly changing her gorgeous apparel, the priests who perform her toilette averting their eyes at the time, lest they should be struck with blindness by the contemplation of her charms. Fifty thousand pilgrims sometimes flock hither on the 12th of October alone, which is the festival of the Pilar; and no wonder, for "God alone," said Pope Innocent III., "can count the miracles which are then performed here;" while Cardinal de Retz, who was here in 1649, affirms in his Memoirs, that he saw with his own eyes a leg which had been cut off grow again upon being rubbed with oil from one of the Virgin's lamps.

In the Calle Santiago, near El Pilar, is one of the best specimens of an old Zaragoza house, enclosing a patio, or courtyard, surrounded with sculptured pillars, but now decaying, like everything here (except idol-worship), and turned into a coachmaker's yard. Hence, as well as the inexhaustible and interminable beggars would allow, we followed the narrow streets to the Plaza San Felipe, which contains the leaning tower of Spain—the grand octangular Torre Nueva, diapered all over with lace-like patterns from Moorish designs.

A neighbouring church, San Pablo, is a most picturesque relic of the thirteenth century, with a fine retablo by Damian Fornet of Valencia, a *coro* of 1500, and another splendid octagonal brick tower. Hard by is the site of the Portillo, where Agostina, the maid of Zaragoza, snatched the match from the hand of her slaughtered lover and worked

the gun in his place. Enclosed in a barrack near this are some decaying remains of the Moorish palace, Aljaperia.

We re-entered the town by the handsome promenade called Pasco de Santa Engracia, from a fine church which was completed by Charles V. All except the west front was destroyed by the French in 1808, but this, with its portal in the form of a retablo, is well worth examination, being filled with delicate sculpture of 1505 by Juan Mortanes. Further, on the line of wall, is San Miguel, perhaps the richest, as it is the most picturesque, of all the fifteenth-century buildings of Zaragoza, covered with delicate Moorish tracery.

Hideous as was the country we had passed through before reaching Zaragoza, it paled before the frightfulness of that which we had to traverse on the way to Lerida—six hours without a tree or shrub or symptom of vegetation, but barren, malaria-stricken swamps, riven here and there into deep crevasses by the action of some extinct volcano, seeming alike forsaken by God and man. From Tardicuta a branch railway now leads to Huesca, which we had intended visiting, for the sake of the relics it contains of the old palace of the Arragonese kings, but the cold was so severe, and rain falling in such torrents, that we thought it safer to proceed at once to Lerida. It was not until we reached our destination that the scenery began to improve; but Lerida looks down upon an olive-clad plain, and in itself is gloriously picturesque, a huge mass of purple rock, three hundred feet high, being crowned by fortifications, containing the old cathedral, with its tall tower and long line of cloister arches, rising from the very edge of the precipice. The narrow space between the cliff and the river is occupied by the town—tall houses with arches and balconies facing a quay of heavy masonry, beneath which runs the Segre, and whence there is one of those views which artists love, of a still reach of river, with an old mill, and delicate gradations of pink and blue-green distance. A long bridge of yellow stone is broken midway, and across the ruined piers a wooden causeway on huge beams leads to the old brown gateway of the town. Just at one of the most charming bends of this view is the Fonda San Zuiz, a thoroughly Spanish hotel, but clean and comfortable, and possessing a delightful terrace overhanging the river.

Through the driving fog, and up streets which were almost like cascades from the heavy rain which had fallen, we made our way to

the old cathedral, which is now abandoned by the canons on account of the steepness of the ascent, but a visit to which Street declares to be alone worth all the journey from England. This visit is, however, difficult to accomplish, as, from its position inside the fortifications, a special order has to be obtained, and countersigned by the governor and military authorities. The main edifice dates from 1230, and the cloisters are among the most beautiful in Europe, but cut up for barrack purposes. The fog prevented our seeing the grand view of the Pyrenees, but Lerida, the Roman Ilerda, lay stretched beneath, and the winding Segre, which is said to have proved fatal to the daughter of Herodias, who gallivanted upon its frozen waters till she fell through the ice, and it cut off her head, which continued to dance by itself.

Another hideous journey brought us to Manresa, where we arrived in the dark, and took a guide, to lead the way through the ankle-deep mud and up the steep, tortuous streets, quite impervious to carriages, as far as the Posada del Sol. The first aspect of our inn was not encouraging, when the boy who carried our bags opened a door into a stable, where a number of rough-looking men were drinking, and whence a filthy stair led to some bare brick-floored rooms, with pallet-beds and scanty furniture. As in all smaller posadas, looking-glasses are unknown here, so a small hand-glass may be conveniently carried. There was no washing-stand in our rooms, and when we remonstrated, a pie-dish was found for the ladies, but the landlady protested that for los señores such things were both unknown and unnecessary, as they could wash themselves at a public stone trough, of which there was one at the end of the passage, and another in the corridor (*salle à manger*); and at the latter, in fact, a Spanish traveller, in his shirt, coolly came to perform his ablutions while we were breakfasting. However, the willing kindness of our young hostess made up for much that was wanting; and a supper of broth, vegetables, and some rough scraps of boiled meat was supplied to us. In the evening we were amused by her *sang-froid* in receiving a visit from her lover in the room where we were, the one common room. When the time came for him to go, he looked round at us, and asked if he should kiss her as usual. "Certainly," she said; "why not?" Upon which he did kiss her—not once only.

But oh! how entirely Manresa itself makes

up for any amount of suffering, when, having followed the filthy streets—not paved, but cut out of the living rock—for some distance, and having descended a rugged way between two walls, which looks as if it led to a stone quarry, the view from the esplanade of the church of St. Ignatius suddenly bursts upon your sight. In front rises the grand collegiata of El Seo, built of yellow-grey stone, perched on the summit of the dark rocks, broken into a thousand picturesque hollows, which are filled with little gardens, where Indian corn, and vines, and cypresses flourish. On the right rises range above range of gaily-painted houses of the most varied and irregular forms, arches, balconies, overhanging galleries, little ledges of roof supporting tiny hanging gardens, ivy and jessamine tangling over their edge. Deep down in the abyss flows the Llobregat, crossed by its tall bridge of pointed arches, and ending at a richly-carved stone cross on a high pedestal. Beyond the river are ranges of olive-clad hills, above which, as we were drawing in the afternoon, up rose in mid-air a glorious vision, lifted high into the sky: pinnacles, spires, turrets, sugar-loaves, pyramids of faint-grey rocks, so wonderful that it was almost impossible to believe them a reality and not a phantasmagoria—the mountains of Monserrat.

The vast convent which contains the famous cave is jammed into the narrow space between the terrace and the precipice. Externally it is covered with sculpture, not in the best style, but very effective. Within, from the large church, a passage lined with pictures relating to the history of the Jesuits, leads to the "Santa Cueva," left in its rugged rock nature, only the lower part being encrusted with bas-reliefs, which can be examined by the light of the swinging lamps. On the altar is the crucifix of Loyola, from whose wounds blood is supposed to have streamed forth. Here, after his conversion at Pamplona, Ignatius Loyola offered his temporal sword upon the altar, and dedicated himself solemnly to the service of the Virgin, who was believed to smile constantly upon him from her sanctuary at Monserrat during the year in which he did penance in this cave before going to Rome to obtain the foundation of his order.

From the Cueva we mounted the opposite hill to El Seo, an interesting church, with a rich canopied entrance; within, dark and gloomy, with a small but effective coro, and some brilliant remains of the stained glass, of which the greater part was destroyed by the French. These two are the only regular

sights of Manresa, but inexhaustible is the ever-varying beauty of the views from the lovely walks on the heights above the Llobregat, in one of which a stone cross, near the convent of Sta. Clara, marks a spot where Loyola used to preach.

The vision of Monserrat made us long for the nearer reality, but it was two days ere we could tear ourselves away from the beauties of Manresa. Then we took the train to Monistrol, which faces the great purple amphitheatre of mountains, and where, at the station, we found a *tartana* waiting—a round covered cart lined with carpet—in which we jolted up the hills for two hours and a half, the views becoming finer at every turn, till on a ledge of rock we suddenly came upon a tall cross, inscribed—"Aqui se hizo la Santa Imagen en 880," and immediately found ourselves under the convent walls. A gateway, beside a wide-arched Gothic fountain, leads to the upper courts, on one side of which rise the conventual buildings themselves, with their half-ruined cloisters, and, on the other three, the immense suites of rooms destined for the reception of the pilgrims (of whom no less than 200,000 often come here in the month of September alone), and inscribed with the names of the different saints to whom they are dedicated—Santa Gertrude, Santa Scholastica, Santa Teresa, St. Alphonso, St. Ignacio, &c.

We were assigned rooms in one of these: not uncomfortable, if their cold brick floors had had any fire-places to warm them. A man was sent to bring us some water, sheets, and towels, a little wood and charcoal were placed in the tiny kitchen which belonged to our apartment, and we were then left to shift for ourselves. Soon the bell warned us that the New Year's evening service was about to begin, and we hurried to the church, where, groping our way through the dark pillars, we took our seats close to the *reja*. There so many candles were lighted around the altar that the famous image—a black doll in a robe of silver tissue—shone forth resplendently. The priest who lighted the lamps, when he went up to her, kissed her on the cheeks. When all was ready a long procession of boys in surplices filed in and grouped themselves around the image. Then the strangest service began: singing, sweet and soft at first, but suddenly breaking off into the most discordant yells and shrieks, accompanied by a blowing of whistles and horns, beating of tin clappers, with fiddles, trumpets, and cymbals. There were about sixty performers,

and a congregation of eight: altogether it was most extraordinary.

The image, like most of its kind, "black but comely," is attributed to St. Luke as a sculptor, and is said to have been brought to Barcelona by St. Peter in A.D. 30. During the Moorish invasion it lay hidden for sixty years in a cave, where its delicious scent discovered it to Bishop Gondemar, who attempted to remove it to Manresa, but when it reached an especial ledge of the mountain side it refused to move further. Hence an oratory arose on the spot, which was enlarged into a nunnery, converted in 976 into a Benedictine convent. The present church is due to Philip II., and was opened in 1599. It is of small interest. Some remnants of an earlier church, with the tomb of a young warrior, are preserved in the museum of the convent.

Next morning we set off early up the mountains. It had frozen all night, and nothing could be lovelier than the effect of the thick hoar frost—every delicate leaf and blade of grass being encrusted with ice, and standing out like glistening diamonds against the grey fog. Without having seen a fog, no one should leave Monserrat, for, glorious as it is at all times, this natural veil lends an indescribable softness and mystery to the views, and the moment when the curtain draws up, and the sun bursts forth victoriously, is intensely splendid. We were then in one of the high rock terraces, several miles above the convent, where no sound except the occasional cry of an eagle broke the entire stillness, for not a breath of air stirred the frost-laden boughs. Suddenly the mist rolled away, and in the distance was revealed on one side the long expanse of the Mediterranean, from Barcelona to Tarragona, with the shining threads of rivers leading up to it, through numberless towns and villages, and on the other the vast range of the Pyrenees, quite covered with snow, against the softest of blue skies. Deep below were the most tremendous abysses of rock, often perpendicular precipices of two or three thousand feet, but, wherever any soil could lodge, filled with the wealth of innumerable lovely evergreens—box, alaternas, laurestinus, filarda, lentise, euphorbia, and flowering heath; or, where these could not find foot-hold, overhung with cascades of honeysuckle, ilex, and jessamine. High in the rugged crags, remains of ruined hermitages seemed as if suspended over the face of the abyss, so utterly inaccessible that one would have thought the inmates could only have reached them by a

miracle, and that it was quite impossible the troops under Suchet should have climbed up thither to rob and murder when "they hunted the hermits like chamois along the cliffs."

On the second day of our stay at the convent we took provisions, and followed the winding paths, sometimes overhanging the perpendicular edge of the precipice, sometimes descending and burying themselves in deep ravines of box and ilex, till we reached the highest peak of the mountain group. Hence, the view is surpassingly magnificent. The whole of Catalonia, tossed and riven into a myriad fantastic forms of hill and cleft, lies beneath, bounded only by the snowy ranges and the sea. So tremendous are the gorges into which you look down, that the eye can scarcely fathom their awful depths, and the birds descending into them vanish away in the distance.

Just beneath the summit is the ruined hermitage of St. Geronimo, the furthest, but one of the easiest of access, of the many now desolated retreats which were so eagerly sought after by the devotional feeling of the Middle Ages, and in which many of the proudest and noblest Spaniards passed their latter years in absolute solitude, attending to their own humble wants, and in a life of constant penance and prayer. Two little rooms remain here, with the paved terrace and the stone seat of the hermit, and certainly it would be hard for him to find a more heaven-inspiring place than this silent mountain peak, looking down through all the glories of nature upon the world he had renounced.

The ascent to St. Geronimo occupies about three hours, but we were away nine hours altogether. As we were returning, just as the bell of the convent, from its green invisible depths, gave notice, amid mountain echoes, of the Ave Mary, an enchanter's wand seemed to smite the heaven, which above the sea burst into a crimson flush, melting into the most delicate emerald, while every crag of the valley glowed as if tipped with burnished gold, rising from its purple chasms; and there, silently, the blue veil arose and shrouded peak after peak, gorgeous in colour at first, but solemnly fading, till all nature was asleep beneath a grey mantle.

On the third day we set off in quite another direction, taking a precipitous path which winds around the gorge beneath the convent to the Cave of the Virgin, where the famous image was concealed during the Moorish occupation, angels guiding the priests who bore it, over rift and chasm, to a place of

safety. We had taken the key from the convent, which admitted us to the cave, now a chapel, perched eyrie-like on the edge of the ravine, where a series of bas-reliefs tell the story of the shrine, and behind which a convent contains a pretty Gothic cloister with a well. Another path afterward led us to the curious Cueva de Garin, where a painted stone figure commemorates a hermit, who long lived there on his hands and knees, and where his basket, pitcher, &c., are preserved. These are only a few out of a thousand subjects for the pencil, each more enchanting than the last: the enormous pinnacles of rock, the rugged pathways with their stone crosses and hermitages, and the ancient evergreen shrubs, combining at every step into fresh and better composition with the delicate pinks and blues of the mountain distance. Monserrat besides has the advantage of being a most comfort-

able place to stay at, as, though only lodging is given by the monks (for a voluntary payment, none is asked), there is an excellent Fonda in the courtyard of the convent, which provides as good food as can be found in Barcelona itself. The air is the purest and most reviving imaginable, and even in the first days of January the cold was not greater than in the valleys, as the monastery is so sheltered, while the rich growth of aloes attests the dryness of the soil; and on the higher terraces, in the brilliant sunshine, it was almost too hot. Altogether it is wonderful that Monserrat, so far finer than any single spot in France, Switzerland, Germany, or Italy, and so easily accessible in two days from the south of France (*viâ* Gerona and Barcelona), should be almost unknown to English tourists.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

ANOTHER HIGHLAND STUDENT.*

THE mighty shadow which Schibhallion
flings
To no'ward, falls athwart a hillock green,
A steep green knoll, with one sole elm-tree
crowned,
And a forsaken place of burial.
Thither,—before the turf on Duncan's grave,
Yonder, the other side of Tummel stream,
Had knit itself with green,—a student-friend
Was carried to his last lone resting-place.
Climb we the knoll so steep and green, to see
The small kirkyard, along the smooth top
spread,
Its roofless long-abandoned chapelry,
And mossed wall crumbling round it. There
they lie,
Under rough mountain slabs, without a name,
By tall weeds overgrown, the old Rannoch
men,
Stewarts, Macgregors, Camerons. On one
side,
Beneath the spread of that great elm-tree's
boughs,
A headstone gleams more than the rest
adorned,
That marks the grave of Ewan Cameron.
Here sit we down upon the lichened wall,
The while I tell thee all the brief sad tale,
Brief, but not sad, of the young sleeper there.
Natives of this same strath these lads were
born,
To the same college student-friends they came.

Yonder their homes lie, scarce a mile between,
Duncan's, within the clachan by the loch,
Ewan's, that farmstead 'neath the bielding
hill,

In trees half-hid. Now half a mile apart
Lie their two graves, the river flowing between.
Poor was his farm, not numerous the flock
That Ewan's father on that mountain fed,
And only with sore struggle he prevailed
'Gainst pressure of hard times to hold his own,
And rear his children, sheltering from toil
The tender youth of Ewan, eldest born.
His parents, grave and serious, held the faith
By a small remnant of religious men,
Living in households sprinkled near and far
Among the glens. In dawn of life from these,
Their strict home ways, their Sabbath pieties,
Ewan had drunk a stern and fervid faith,
Yet tempered well by native gentleness.
For very gentle he was, with open heart
To kindly nature. In the village school
On the same bench by Duncan's side he sat,
Was taught by the same master. School hours
o'er,

They took the Bracs together, ranged at will
The ample folds of broad Benchualach,
Gudling for trouts far up the mountain burns,
And gathering wortles and ripe blaberries,
High on the heights where the red gor-cock
crowed,

Against the scarlet clouds by sunset flamed
Back from Ben Aulder and the peaks that
crowd

* See Green's *W. H. L. & C. H. H. H. H.*

Far westward to Ben Nevis. That free life
Had mellowed whatsoe'er austerity
Might else have been engendered. When he
came

With Duncan to the old collegiate town,
Beneath the college archway ne'er had passed
A comelier lad. His tall and shapely form
And easy carriage showed him strange to toil,
But on his thoughtful brow and clear pale
cheek

Rested a shadow, as of pain foregone.
Whene'er you spoke to him, you were aware
Of a calm dignity and natural grace,
Brought whence you knew not, that was finer
far

Than any gathered in the polished world.

When he conversed with men, his manners
wore

A mild reserve; but soon as he addressed
A lady, through his mien and words there
shone

A high-born courtesy, had well beseeemed
The gentle Cameron of the "forty-five."

Two winters he abode with us. Even now
I seem to see him in the college room,
In his appointed place, with intense look,
Quick to respond to aught of higher mood,
As a hill-lochan on a serene day
To take the gleams and shadows. To that
seat

How many faces since have come and gone,
But none of all so filled with repressed fire,
And reverent thought, and grave sweet purity.

A shorter space Ewan remained with us
Than Duncan did; and his health less robust
And shy spirit made him more withdraw
From the outer world, and shelter him within
A smaller circle. But on these his friends
He turned a side of winning gentleness,
Which they gave back with a peculiar love.
Hence he passed southward to an English
hall,

Where his own people reared their ministers;
And then, his years of preparation done,
Came forth a preacher, not in his own glens
To native Celtic clansmen, but far south,
In low, dull flats, beside the streams of Don,
'Mid Yorkshire factory folk to minister,
A stranger amid strangers. But few weeks
Passed, ere the warm thrill of a living faith,
Streamed through his Celtic fervour eloquent,
Had touched the tough but honest Yorkshire
hearts,

And drawn them all towards him. It befell,

One sultry day in the midsummer tide,
When he had made a trysting to address
The people gathered 'neath the open sky,
And speak of things divine, he missed the
train,

And five miles ran afoot to keep his tryst.
Then a long hour, o'er-heated, on a mound
He stood bare-headed, pleading earnestly—
So very earnestly—for eternal things,
He heeded not the accidents of time.

Next morn strong fever had him in its grasp,
And a short space sufficed to bring him low,
So low that they who watched said, "We write
To call your mother hither." "No," he said,
"A few days more and I shall gather strength,
Then I am going home." And home he went,
But to another home than Rannoch side.

Then those kind factory people of themselves
Chose certain men, who, at their charges, bore
His body back to this his native glen,
And placed it down within his father's door.
Upon the coffin was a lid of glass,
Placed there by these same kind and careful
hands,

That parents, sisters, brothers, might once
more

Look on that face ere dust was strewn on it
For ever. Then they gathered—all his kin,
His friends in youth, those strangers from afar,
And bore him from that farm, and laid him
down

Here in this sweet and solitary grave.
And over it the same kind strangers reared
That head-stone, with his name and these
few words,

That tell how fervently he sought their good,
How his sweet manners, gentle purity,
Won them, and that for their great love to him,
They carried him that long road that he
might rest

Amid his kindred's dust—and he rests well.
But none of his own kindred any more
Shall come to sleep beside him. They are all
gone

To find new homes and graves in virgin earth
Beyond Missouri River. None the less
Here he sleeps well, as Duncan over there,
Two student-friends, the flower of Rannoch
youth,

Each in his early grave, with Tummel stream
Between them, and Schihallion over all.

Their earthly lore they took from us awhile,
But now they learn the heavenly, and have
seen

The secret things that we still wait to know.

J. C. SHAIRP.



"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.



NOTHING happened, however, to justify Drummond's fears. The success of Rivers's in its new form was as great and as steady to all appearance as that of its ancient phase. People vied with each other in rushing into it, in crowding its coffers and its share lists.

Stephen Haldane, "left to himself," according to Mr. Burton's instructions, had long since deposited all he had in its hands; and almost all of Robert's professional friends who had any money to invest, invested it in the bank which had an R.A. upon the roll of directors. People came to him to ask his advice who in other times would have given him theirs freely, with no such respect for his judgment. But though this was the case, and though ignorant persons in society sometimes wondered how he could make the two occupations compatible, and carry on business and art together, yet the fact was that business and Robert had very little to do with each other. He went to the meetings of the directors now and then. He was blandly present sometimes at an auditing of accounts. He listened at times to the explanations given by Mr. Golden, the manager, and found them everything that was reasonable and wise. But beyond that he cannot be said to have taken much part in the management. For this mild part he was abundantly rewarded—so abundantly that he sometimes felt half ashamed, reflecting that the clerks in the offices actually contributed more to the success of the place than he did, though they did not profit half so much. He felt himself justified in taking a nice house in the country, though not at Dura, at the end of the first season, and he

gave his wife a pretty little carriage with two ponies on her birthday, in which she drove about with a pleasure perhaps more real than that which any other circumstance of their prosperity gave her. They did not leave their house in St. Mary's Road, for it was dear to them in many ways, and still satisfied all their wants; and Robert could not tolerate the idea of another painter using the studio he had built, or another woman enjoying the conservatory which had been made for Helen. "However rich we may grow—even if we should ever be able to afford that house in Park Lane—we must keep this," he said; "no profane foot must come in, no stranger intrude upon our household gods; and Norah must have it after us, the house she was born in." Thus they planned their gentle romance, though they had been a dozen years married and more, and bought the house they loved with their first disposable money. And Robert still loved his work and kept to it, though he did not need now to trouble about the exhibitions and push on his picture, working from the early morning down to twilight to get it ready. He got a little lazy about finished pictures, to tell the truth. Even Francesca, though he loved her, had been put aside on the spare easel, and never completed. "I will get up early and set to work in earnest to-morrow," he always said; but to-morrow generally found him like the day before, making a study of something—sketching in now one subject, now another—tormenting his wife with questions as to which was best. She had a good deal to put up with in this period; but she kept up under it and bore it all smilingly. And Robert, like so many more, made his sketches much better than his pictures, and put ideas upon his canvas which, if he could but have carried them out, might have been great.

Thus two years passed over the pair; and there were times when Helen thought, with a leap of her heart, that ease and leisure had done what care and toil could not do—had roused a spark of divine genius in her husband's breast. Now and then he drew something that went right to her heart, and it was she who had always been his harshest critic. When she said to him one day suddenly, without purpose or meaning, "I like that, Robert," he turned round upon her all flushed and glowing, more radiant than when he was made an R.A. It was not that he

had supreme confidence in her knowledge of art, but that her backing of him, the support which he had longed for all these years, was more than the highest applause, and invigorated his very soul. But he was so pleased to have pleased her, that he set up his sketch upon a bigger canvas, and worked at it and improved it till he had improved the soul out of it, and Helen applauded no more. He was much mortified and disappointed at this failure; but then in his humility he said to himself, "What does it matter now? I am an R.A., which is the best I could be in my profession, so far as the world is concerned, and we have something else to stand upon besides the pictures." Thus he consoled himself, and so did she.

And, in the meantime, Norah kept growing, and became a more distinct feature in the household. She was a feature more than an agent still; though she was nearly twelve, not much was heard of her except the scales, which she still rattled over dutifully every morning, and the snatches of songs she would sing in the lightness of her heart as she went or came. On most ordinary occasions she simply composed such a foreground to the family picture as Maurice had seen that October night. She sat on a stool or on the floor somewhere, with a book clasped in her arms, reading; in summer she and her book together crouched themselves against the window in the room, getting the last gleam of daylight, and in winter she read by the firelight, which crimsoned her all over with a ruddy glow, and scorched her cheeks. Perhaps it was because she was kept conscientiously at work all day that Norah thus devoured all the books she could lay hands on in the evenings. She sat in her corner and read, and heard what was going on all the same, and took no notice. She read everything, from Grimm's Tales and the Arabian Nights to Shakspere, and from Shakspere to Tennyson, with an indiscriminating, all-devouring appetite; and as she sat in a dream, lost in one volume after another, the current of life flowed past, and she was aware of it, and heard a hundred things she was unconscious of hearing, yet remembered years after. She heard discussions between her father and mother which she was supposed to pay no attention to. And she did not pay any attention to them: but only innocently—an unconscious eavesdropper—heard everything, and received it into her mind. This was the child's position in the house; she was the centre of the picture—everything somehow

bore a reference to her; she alone was silent in the midst. The other two—who loved her, talked of her, planned for her, contrived that everything that was pretty and pleasant and sweet should surround her waking and sleeping—had yet no immediate need of Norah. They were each other's companions, and she was the third—the one left out. But she was too young to feel any jealousy, or to struggle for a place between them. She had her natural place, always in the foreground, a silent creature, unconsciously observing, laying up provision for her life.

"Are you not afraid to talk of everything before your daughter?" Mr. Golden said one day when she had left the room. "You know the old proverb, 'Little pitchers have long ears.'"

"Afraid of—Norah?" said Robert. The idea was so extraordinary that he laughed first, though the moment after he felt disposed to be angry. "My child understands what honour is, though she is so young," he said with paternal pride, and then laughed, and added, "That is highflown of course, but you don't understand her, Golden; how should you? She is a thousand times too deeply occupied to care for what we are saying. Pardon me, but the suggestion, to one who knows her, is so very absurd."

"Ah, you never know where simplicity ends and sense begins," said the bank manager. He had become a frequent guest at St. Mary's Road. He was a man of Mr. Burton's type, but younger, slightly bald, perfectly brushed, clean, and perfumed, and decorous. He was a little too heavy for the rôle of a young man in society: and yet he danced and flirted with the best when an opportunity offered. He never spoke of the City when he could help it: but he spoke a great deal about Lady So-and-so's party, and the fine people he knew. It was difficult to make out how he knew them; but yet he visited, or professed to visit at a great many of what are called "good houses." As manager of the bank he had every man's good opinion—he was at once so enterprising and so prudent, with the most wonderful head for business. There was no one like him for interpreting the "movements" on the Stock Exchange, or the fluctuations of the Funds. He explained business matters so lucidly that even Drummond understood them, or at least thought he did. But there were a good many people who did not like Mr. Golden. Helen for one had a natural antipathy to the man. She allowed that she had no reason for it; that he was very civil, sometimes amusing, and

had never done anything she could find fault with. But she disliked him all the same. Norah was more decided in her sentiments, and had a clearer foundation for them. He had insisted on disturbing her from her book one afternoon to shake hands with her; on another he had offered to kiss her, as a child, and she nearly twelve! "But then you are so little of your age, Miss Norah. I daresay the gentleman took you for nine," said her maid—an explanation which did not render Norah more favourably inclined towards the manager. And now he was trying to libel her, to traduce her to her father! Even Robert himself was moved by this enormity; it shook his opinion of his counsellor. "That is all he knows," Drummond said to himself; and he resumed his conversation more distinctly than ever when Norah came back.

In the meantime the Haldanes had thriven too, in their way. Stephen was as helpless, as far from any hope of moving as ever; but he was well off, which alleviates much suffering. The walls of his room were hung with Drummond's sketches, half a dozen of them, among which were two pictures of Norah. He lived in an arm-chair elaborately fitted with every possible contrivance, with a reading-desk attached to its arm, and a table close by, which could be raised to any height: and his helpless limbs were covered with a silken quilt of Mrs. Haldane's own working. There he passed the day and night without change: but thanks to Miss Jane and her mother, no strange eye had looked upon the helpless man's humiliation; they moved him from his chair to his bed, and did everything for him. The bed was closed up by day, so that no stranger might suspect its existence; and the room was kept airy and bright by the same unwearied watchers. Here he lived, making no complaint. Whatever his feelings might be, whatever the repinings in his mind, he said nothing of them to mortal ear. A shade of weariness the more upon his face, a deeper line than usual between his eyes, were the only tokens that now and then the deep waters overflowed his soul. And as for the mother and sister, who were his slaves and attendants, they had forgotten that there was anything unusual in his condition—they had become accustomed to it. It seemed to them in some sort the course of nature. And God knows whether unconsciously a feeling that it was "for the best" might not sometimes steal into their minds. He was theirs for ever; no one could step in between them, or draw his heart from their

love. Had it been suggested to Miss Jane that such a sentiment was possible, she would have rejected it with horror; and yet in the depths of her heart it was there, out of her own sight.

And he had an occupation in his seclusion which was a blessing to him. He had become the editor of a little magazine, which belonged to his "denomination," before he fell ill, and he had been allowed to retain the post. This was the refuge of his mind in his trouble. Poor Stephen, he pleased himself with the idea of still influencing somebody, of preserving his intercourse with the outer world. It had been a very homely little publication when it came into his hands—a record of what the "denomination" was doing; the new chapels it was building; the prayer-meetings gathered here and there, which might grow into congregations; and the tea-parties, which furnished at once intellectual and social enjoyment for the people. But Stephen had changed that; he had put his mind into it, and worked it into a sort of literary organ. There were reviews in it, and essays, and a great deal of discussion of the questions of the day. These were approached from the standing-ground of the denomination, it is true, but the discussions were often far from being denominational. Up to this time, however, the community gave no signs of disapproval. Mr. Baldwin favoured the magazine, and the writer of it was still popular, and not yet forgotten. They gave him some fifty pounds a year for this hard though blessed work which kept his mind alive; and his late congregation gave him fifty pounds; and the money in Rivers's bank had last quarter paid ten per cent. of profit. He was well off, he was indeed rich for his wants, though he was not rolling in wealth like Drummond. Money makes no man happy, but how much good it does! Nothing could make this poor man happy, rooted thus in his immovable calm; but his ten per cent. kept him in comfort, it gave him worship in the eyes of his people, who were not fond of poverty; it procured to him his only consolation. He had no need to be indebted to any one; he could even help the poor people of his former flock, and feel himself independent. He could buy books, and give such quiet comforts and pleasures as they could enjoy to the women who were so good to him. All these were great alleviations of the sick man's lot. But for Rivers's how different would his position have been! He would have been subject to the constant inspection of deacons and brethren; he would have been interfered with in respect to

his magazine. All the comfort and freedom which remained to him were the result of the little more which made him independent and put him above criticism. What a poor thing money is, which cannot buy either health or happiness! and yet what a great thing! only the poor know how great.

This time of prosperity had lasted for two years, when Mr. Burton withdrew from the direction of the bank. He had enlarged his business greatly in another way, and had no longer time to bestow upon this; and, indeed, he had professed all along his desire to be free. This had been the object of the old company in taking in "new blood," and now the new company was able to proceed alone upon its triumphant way.

"It is your turn to get into harness, Drummond," he said, with a glance in which there was some contempt. Robert did not see the scorn, but he laughed with perhaps a little gentle confidence in his own power to be of use if he should choose to exert himself.

"I must put myself into training first," he said.

"Golden will do that for you. Golden is the best coach for business I have ever come across," said Mr. Burton. "He will put you up to everything, good and bad—the dodges as well as the legitimate line. Golden is not a common man of business—he is a great artist in trade."

There was a certain elation in his air and words. Was he glad to have shaken off the bonds of Rivers's, though they were golden bonds? This was the question which Helen asked herself with a little surprise. The two men were dining at St. Mary's Road on the night after Burton's withdrawal, and she was still at table, though they had begun to talk of business. As usual, she who took no part was the one most instructed by the conversation. But she was bewildered, not instructed, by this. She could not make out what it meant. She knew by the best of all proofs that the bank was profitable and flourishing. Why, then, did her cousin show such high spirits? What was his elation about? Long after, she remembered that she had noted this, and then was able to divine the mystery. But now it only surprised her vaguely, like a foreign phrase in the midst of the language she knew.

"The dodges are amusing," said Mr. Golden. "The legitimate drama is more dignified and imposing, but I rather think there is more fun in the work when you are living on the very edge of ruin. The hair-

breadth escapes one has—the sense that it is one's own cleverness that carries one through—the delight of escaping from the destruction that seemed down upon you! There is nothing like that," he said with a laugh, "in the steady platitudes of ordinary trade."

And Mr. Burton laughed too, and a glance passed between them, such as might have passed between two old soldiers who had gone many a campaign together. There was a twinkle in their eyes, and the "Do you remember?" seemed to be on their very lips. But then they stopped short, and went no further. Helen, still vaguely surprised, had to get up and go away to the drawing-room; and what more experiences these two might exchange, or whether her husband would be any the wiser for them, she was no longer able to see. Norah waited her in the other room. She had just come to the end of a book, and, putting it down with a sigh, came and sat by her mother's side. They were alike in general features and complexion, though not in the character of their faces. Norah's hair was brighter, and her expression less stately and graceful than Helen's—she had not so much *distinction*, but she had more life. Such a woman as her mother she was never likely to be, but her attractions would be great in her own way.

"How nice your velvet gown is, mamma!" said Norah, who was given to long monologues when she spoke at ail. "I like to put my cheek upon it. When I am grown up, I will always wear black velvet in winter, and white muslin in summer. They are the nicest of all. I do not think that you are too old for white. I like you in white, with red ribbons. When I am a little bigger I should like to dress the same as you, as if we were two sisters. Mayn't we? Everybody says you look so young. But, mamma, ain't you glad to get away from those men, and come in here to me?"

"You vain child!" said Helen. "I can see you whenever I like, so it is no novelty to me; while papa's friends——"

"Do you think they are papa's friends? I suppose there are no villains nowadays, like what there are in books?" said Norah. "The world is rather different from books somehow. There you can always see how everything happens; and there is always somebody clever enough to find out the villains. Villains themselves are not very clever, they always let themselves be found out."

"But, my dear, we are not talking of villains," said Helen.

"No, mamma, only of that Mr. Golden.

I hate him! If you and I were awfully clever, and could see into him, what he means——"

"You silly little girl! You have read too many novels," said Helen. "In the world people are often selfish, and think of their own advantage first; but they don't try to ruin others out of pure malice, as they do in stories. Even Norah Drummond sometimes thinks of herself first. I don't know if she is aware of it, but still it happens; and though it is not always a sin to do that, still it is the way that most sins come about."

This purely maternal and moral turn of the conversation did not amuse Norah. She put her arm round her mother's waist, and laid her cheek against the warm velvet of Helen's gown.

"Mamma, it is not fair to preach when no one is expecting it," she said in an injured tone; "and just when I have you all to myself! I don't often have you to myself. Papa thinks you belong to him most. Often and often I want to come and talk, but papa is so greedy; you ought to think you belong to me too."

"But, my darling, you have always a book," said Helen, not insensible to the sweet flattery.

"When I can't have you, what else am I to do?" said crafty Norah; and when the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, the two were still sitting together, talking of a hundred things. Mr. Golden came up, and tried very hard to be admitted into the conversation, but Norah walked away altogether, and went into her favourite corner, and Mrs. Drummond did not encourage his talk. She looked at him with a certain flutter of excited curiosity, wondering if there was anything under that smooth exterior which was dangerous and meant harm; and smiled at herself and said, No, no; enemies and villains exist only in books. The worst of this man would be that he would pursue his own ends, let them suffer who might; and his own ends could not harm Drummond—or so at least Helen thought.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was in the summer of the third year of his bank directorship that Robert made his first personal entry into business. The occasion of it was this. One of his early friends who had been at school with him, and with whom he had kept up a precarious and often interrupted intercourse, came to him one morning with an anxious face. He was in business himself, with a little office in one of the dreary lanes in the City, a single clerk,

and very limited occupation. He had married young, and had a large family; and Drummond was already aware that while the lines had fallen to himself in pleasant places, poor Markham's lot had been hard and full of thorns. He was now at the very crisis of his troubles. He gave a glance round the painter's handsome studio when he entered, at the pictures on the walls and the costly things about, and the air of evident luxury that pervaded everything, and sighed. His own surroundings were poor and scant enough. And yet he could and did remember that Drummond had started in life a poorer man, with less hopeful prospects than himself. Such a contrast is not lively or inspiring, and it requires a generous mind to take it kindly, and refrain from a passing grudge at the old companion who has done so much better for himself. Poor Markham had come with a petition, on which, he said, all his future life depended. He had made a speculation which would pay him largely could he only hold out for three months; but without help from his friends this was impossible. It was a large sum that he wanted—more than any private friend would be likely to give him—something between two and three thousand pounds. The welfare of his family, his very existence in a business point of view, and the hopes of his children depended on his ability to tide those three months over. For old friendship's sake, for all the associations of their youth, would Drummond help him? Robert listened with his kindly heart full of sympathy. Long before the story was done, he began to calculate what he had at his disposal, how much he could give; but the sum startled him. He could not produce at a moment's notice a sum of nearly three thousand pounds. With a troubled heart he shook his head and said it was impossible—he had not so much money at his disposal—he could not do it. Then Markham eagerly explained. It was not from his friend's own purse that he had hoped for it; but the bank! On Drummond's introduction, the bank would do it. Rivers's could save him. No such request had ever been made to Robert before. Very few of his friends were business men. Their needs were private needs, and not the spasmodic wants of trade. There were people who had borrowed from himself personally, and some who had been helped by him in other ways; but this was the first appeal made to his influence in the bank. He was startled by it in his innocence of business habits. It seemed to him as if it was like

asking a private favour, turning over his own petitioner to a third person. "He is my friend, give him three thousand pounds." It seemed to him the strangest way of being serviceable to his neighbour. But poor Markham had all the cloquence of a partially ruined man. He made it clear to Robert, not only that such things were, but that they happened continually, and were in the most ordinary course of nature. The end was that they went out together, and had an interview with Mr. Golden at the bank. And then Robert found that his acquaintance had not exaggerated, that the matter was even easier than he had represented it, and that there would not be the slightest difficulty in "accommodating" the man who was Mr. Drummond's friend. Markham and he parted at the door of the bank, the one with tears of gratitude in his eyes, blessing God and Robert for saving him, and the other with a bewildered sense of power which he had not realised. He had not known before how much he could do, nor what privileges his directorship put in his hands, and he was confused by the discovery. It bewildered him, as a man might be bewildered to know that he could bestow fertility or barrenness on his fields by a glance: how strange the power was, how sweet in this instance, how—dangerous! Yes, that was the word. He felt afraid of himself as he went home. If such complaints came to him often, it would be so difficult to resist them; and then a kind of horrible dread came over his mind. Would the money ever be paid back that he had got so easily? The thought made his hand shake when he went back to the peaceable work at which no such bewildering risks were run.

When the three months were over, Markham's money was not paid; on the contrary, he had fled to Australia, he and all his children, leaving nothing but some wretched old furniture behind him. Poor Drummond was nearly beside himself. He rushed to the bank when he heard the news, and protested that the loss must be his. It was his fault, and of course he must repay it. Mr. Golden smiled at him with a genuine admiration of his simplicity. He told him in a fatherly way of a speculation which had been very successful which had cleared nearly the same sum of money. "Putting the one to the other, we are none the worse," he said; "every commercial concern must make some bad debts."

Drummond went away with more bewilderment still, with many new thoughts

buzzing in his head, thoughts which troubled the composure of his life. He himself being but an artist, and not a merchant, was afraid of money. He touched it warily, trafficked in it with a certain awe. He knew how much labour it required to earn it, and how hard it was to be without it. He could not understand the levity with which Burton and Golden treated that potent thing. To them it was like common merchandise, sugar or salt. A heap of it, as much as would make a poor man's fortune, melted away in a moment, and the bland manager thought nothing of it—it was a bad debt. All this was so strange to him, that he did not know what to make of it. He himself was guilty, he felt, of having thrown away so much which belonged to other people. And every other director on the board had the same power which he had with a painful pleasure discovered himself to have. And they knew better about it than he did; and what check could there be upon them? If every other man among them had been art and part in losing three thousand pounds, what could Robert say? It would not be for him to throw the first stone. He felt like Christian in the story, when, upon the calm hillside, he suddenly saw a door through which there appeared, open and visible, the mouth of hell. It occurred to Robert to go down to the next meeting of directors, to tell them his own story, and beg that the money lost through his means should be subtracted from his private share of the capital, and to beg all of them to do likewise. He quite made up his mind to this in the first tumult of his thoughts. But before the time for that meeting came, a sense of painful ridicule, that bugbear of the Englishman, had daunted him. They would call him a fool, they would think he was "canting," or taking an opportunity to display his own disinterestedness. And accordingly he accepted the misfortune, and was content to permit it to be called a bad debt. But the enlightenment which it threw on the business altogether gave Robert a shock which he did not easily recover. It seemed to show him a possible chasm opening at his very feet, and not at his only, but at the feet of all the ignorant simple people, the poor painters, the poor women, the sick men like Haldane, who had placed their little seed-corn of money in Rivers's bank.

These thoughts were hot in his heart at the time of this misadventure with Markham; and then there came a lull, and he partially forgot them. When no harm is visible, when the tranquil ordinary course of affairs seems to

chance, a wrong or a blunder, it is so difficult to imagine that everything will not go well. He had been so possible to Helen on the subject, and she did not take fright fortunately, having many things to occupy her now-a-days. There was her own enlarged and fuller household; the duties of society; her charities, for she was very good to the poor people near Southlees, their house in the country, and kept watch over them even from St. Mary's Road. And she had now many friends who came and occupied her time, and carried her off from her husband; so that he had not that resource of talking about it which so often lightens our anxiety, and so often deepens it. In this instance, perhaps it was as well that he could not awaken her fears to increase and stimulate his own.

And thus everything fell into its usual quietness. Life was so pleasant for them. They had so much real happiness to cushion the angles of the world, and make them believe that all would always be well. Those who have been experienced in pain are apt to tremble and doubt the continuance of happiness when they attain it; but to those who have had no real sorrows it seems eternal. Why should it ever come to an end? This the Drummonds felt with an instinctive confidence. It was easier to believe in any miracle of good than in the least prognostic of evil. The sun was shining upon them; summer was sweet and winter pleasant. They had love, they had ease, they had wealth, as much as they desired, and they believed in it. The passing cloud rolled away from Robert's mind. He reflected that if there was danger there, there was danger in everything; every day, he said to himself, every man may be in some deadly peril without knowing it. We pass beneath the arch that falls next moment; we touch against some one's shoulder unaware whose touch of infection might be death; we walk over the mined earth, and breathe air which might breed a pestilence, and yet nothing happens to us. Human nature is against everything violent. Somehow she holds a balance, which no one breaks down, though it is possible to be broken down at any moment. The directors might ruin the bank in a week, but they would not, any more than the elements, which are ever ready for mischief, would clash together and produce an earthquake. Such things might be: but never—or so seldom as to be next to never—are.

In the early autumn of that year, however, another shock came upon the ignorant painter. His wife and Norah were at Southlees, where

he himself had been. Business had brought him up against his will, business of the gentler kind, concerning art and the Academy, not the bank. He was alone at St. Mary's Road, chafing a little over his solitude, and longing for home and the pleasant fields. London, the London he knew and cared for, had gone out of town. August was blazing upon the parks and streets; the grass was the colour of mud, and the trees like untanned leather. The great people were all away in their great houses, and among his own profession those who could afford it had started for Switzerland or some other holiday region, and those who could not had gone for their annual whiff of sea-air. Robert was seated by himself at breakfast, mournfully considering how another day had to be got over, before he could go home, when a hansom dashed up to the door, and Mr. Golden, bland and clean as ever, but yet with a certain agitation in his face, came in. He explained eagerly that he had come to Drummond only because the other directors were out of town. "The fact is," he said, "I want you to come with me, not to give you much trouble or detain you long, but to stand by me, if you will, in a crisis. We have had some losses. Those people in Calcutta who chose to stop payment, like fools, and the Sullivans' house at Liverpool.—It is only temporary.—But the Bank of England has made itself disagreeable about an advance, and I want you to come with me and see the governor."

"An advance! Is Rivers's in difficulties? is there anything wrong? You take away my breath."

"There is no occasion for taking away your breath," said Mr. Golden; "it is only for the moment. But it is an awkward time of the year, for everybody is out of town. I should not have troubled you, knowing you were not a business man, but of course the presence of a director gives authority. Don't be alarmed, I beg. I will tell you all about it as we drive along."

But what Mr. Golden told was very inarticulate to Robert, what with the wild confusion produced in his own mind, and the noise and dust of the sultry streets. It was the most temporary difficulty; it was not worth speaking of; it was a simple misunderstanding on the part of the authorities of the Bank of England. "Why, we are worth twenty times the money, and everybody knows it," said Mr. Golden. His words, instead of making Robert confident, made him sick. His sin in that matter of Markham

came darkly before him; and, worse even than that, the manager's words recalled Markham's to him. In his case, too, it was to have been merely a temporary difficulty. Drummond's imaginative mind rushed at once to the final catastrophe. He saw ruin staring him in the face—and not only him.

The interview with the authorities of the Bank of England did not make things much clearer to the amateur. They talked of previous advances; of their regret that the sacred name of "Rivers's" should be falling into mist and darkness; of their desire to have better securities, and a guarantee which would be more satisfactory: to all of which Robert listened with consternation in his soul. But at last the object was attained. Mr. Golden wiped the moisture from his forehead as they left the place. "That has been a tough battle," he said, "but, thank Heaven! it is done, and we are tided over. I knew they would not be such fools as to refuse."

"But, good God!" said Robert, "what have you been doing? What is the meaning of it? Why do you require to go hat in hand to any governor? Is Rivers's losing its position? What has happened? Why don't you call the shareholders together and tell them if anything is wrong?"

"My dear Mr. Drummond!" said Mr. Golden. He could scarcely do more than smile and say the words.

"Don't smile at me," said Drummond in the ardour of his heart. "Do you consider that you have the very lives of hundreds of people in your hands? Call them together, and let them know what remains, for God's sake! I will make good what was lost through me."

"You are mad," said Golden, when he saw that his gentle sneer had failed; "such a step would be ruin. Call together the shareholders! Why, the shareholders—Mr. Drummond, for heaven's sake, let people manage it who know what they are about."

"For heaven's sake! for hell's sake, you mean," said Robert in his despair. And the words reverberated in his ears, rang out of all the echoes, sounded through the very streets, "It would be ruin!" Ruin! that was the word. It deafened him, muttering and ringing in his ears.

And yet even after this outburst he was calmed down. Mr. Golden explained it to him. It was business; it was the common course of affairs, and only his own entire inexperience made it so terrible to him. To the others it was not in the least terrible, and yet he had no right to conclude that his col-

leagues were indifferent either to their own danger, or to the danger of the shareholders of whom he thought so much. "The shareholders of course know the risks of business as well as we do," Mr. Golden said. "We must act for the best, both for them and for ourselves." And the painter was silenced if not convinced. This was in the autumn, and during the entire winter which followed the bank went on like a ship in a troubled sea. After a while such a crisis as the one which had so infinitely alarmed him became the commonest of incidents even to Drummond. Now that his eyes had been once enlightened, it was vain to attempt any further concealment. One desperate struggle he did indeed make, when in the very midst of all this anxiety a larger dividend than usual was declared. The innocent man fought wildly against this practical lie, but his resistance was treated as utter folly by the business board, who were, as they said, "fighting the ship." "Do you want to create a panic and a run upon us?" they asked him. He had to be silent, overpowered by the judgment of men who knew better than himself. And then something of the excitement involved in that process of "fighting the ship" stole into his veins. Somehow by degrees, nobody had been quite aware how, the old partners of Rivers's had gone out of the concern. It was true there had been but three or four to start with; now there was but one left—Lord Rivers, the head of the house, who never took any share in the business, and was as ignorant as the smallest shareholder. The new directors, the fighting directors, were men of a very different class. As the winter went on the ship laboured more and more. Sometimes it seemed to go down altogether, and then rose again with a buoyancy which almost seemed to justify hope. "*Tout peut se rétablir*," they said to each other. "After all we shall tide it over." And even Robert began to feel that thrill of delight and relief when a danger was "tided over," that admiration, not of his own cleverness, but of the cleverness of others, which Golden had once described. Golden came out now in his true colours; his resources were infinite, his pluck extraordinary. But he enjoyed the struggle in the midst of his excitement and exertion, and Drummond did not enjoy it, which made an immense difference between them.

Things became worse and worse as spring came on. By that time, so far as Drummond was concerned, all hope was over. He felt himself sucked into the terrible whirlpool whence nothing but destruction could

ome. With a heart unmanned by anxiety, and a hand shaking with suppressed excitement, how could he go into his peaceable studio and work at that calmest work, of art? That phase of his existence seemed to have been over for years. When he went into the room he loved it looked to him like some place he had known in his youth—it was fifty years off or more, though the colour was scarcely dry on the picture which stood idly on the easel. When he was called to academy meetings, to consultations over an

old master, or a new rule, a kind of dull amazement filled his soul. Did people still care for such things—was it still possible that beauty and pleasantness remained in life? There were people in these days who felt even that the painter had fallen into bad ways. They saw his eyes bloodshot and his hand trembling. He was never seen with his wife now when she drove her ponies through the park—even in society Helen went sometimes out alone. And they had been so united, so happy a pair. "Drummond



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will have nothing ready in April," the painters said to each other—"even his diploma picture has never been finished—prosperity has not agreed with him." When he was visible at all, his vacant air, his tremulous look, the deep lines under his eyes, frightened all his friends. Dr. Maurice had spoken to him very seriously, begging that he would be candid and tell his ailments. "You cannot go on like this," he said. "You are killing yourself, Drummond." "How much can a man go through without being killed, I wonder?" poor Robert asked, with an unsteady smile, and even his friend stopped short in

dismay and perplexity. Was it dissipation? Was it some concealed misery? Could his wife have anything to do with it? These suggestions flitted vaguely through the doctor's mind without bringing any certainty with them. Once he seemed to be getting a clue to the mystery, when Robert rushed in upon him one day, and with a show of levity suggested that Haldane's money should be taken out of the bank. "I know a better investment, and he should have the very best that is going," said Drummond. Dr. Maurice was somewhat startled, for he had money in Rivers's too.

"Where is there a better investment?" he asked.

"In the Three per Cents.," said Robert, with a hoarse laugh.

Was he mad? Was he—drunk? The doctor took a day to consider it, to think whether there could be anything in it. But he looked at the dividend papers, showing that Rivers's that year had paid ten per cent. And he called upon Dr. Bradcliffe, and asked him to go with him privately, *accidentally*, one of these days, to see a friend whose brain was going, he feared. The two physicians shook their heads, and said to each other mournfully how common that was becoming. But Fate moved faster than Dr. Maurice, and the accidental call was never made.

CHAPTER IX.

THE life which Helen Drummond lived during this winter would be very hard to describe. Something wrong had happened, she saw, on that rapid visit to town which Robert had made on Academical business in October, leaving her at Southlees. No anxiety about business matters connected with the bank had ever been suggested to her mind. She had long ago accepted, as a matter of course, the fact that wealth was to come from that source, with an ease and regularity very different from the toilsome and slow bread-winning which was done by means of art. She was not surprised by it as Robert was; and enough of the *bourgeois* breeding was left in her to make her pleased that her husband should see the difference between the possibilities of his profession and of the commerce which she had been wont to hear lauded in her youth. She was almost proud that Trade had done so much for him. Trade came from her side, it was she who had the hereditary connection with it; and the innate idealism of her mind was able to cling to the old-fashioned fanciful conception of beneficent commerce, such as we have all heard of in our educational days. But her pride was not sensitive on this point. What really touched her was the praise or the blame which fell upon him as a painter, and the dread that instantly sprang into her mind was that he had met with something painful to him in this respect—that his opinion had not been received as of weight in the deliberations of the Academy, or his works been spoken off with less respect than they ought to have secured. This was the foolish fancy that took hold of her mind. She questioned him about the Academy meeting till poor Robert—his thoughts occu-

pied about things so very different—grew sick of the subject. Yet he was almost glad of some subject on which to vent a little of his excitement. Yes, they were a set of old fogies, he said, with audacious freedom. They pottered about things they did not understand. They puzzled and hesitated over that Rembrandt, which any one with half an eye could see had been worked at by some inferior hand. They threw cold water upon that loveliest Francia which nobody could see without recognising. They did what they ought not to do, and neglected what was their duty. "We all do that every day of our lives," said Helen; "but what was there that specially vexed you, Robert?" "Nothing," he said, looking up at her with eyes full of astonishment; but there was more than astonishment in them. There was pain, dread, anxiety—a wistful, restless look of suffering. He will not tell me: he will keep it to himself and suffer by himself, not to vex me, Helen said in her own thoughts. And though the autumn was lovely, Robert could not be happy at Southlees that year. He had been very happy the two previous summers. The house was situated on the Thames beyond Teddington. It was rustic and old, with various additions built to it; a red-brick house, grown over with all manner of lichens, irregular in form and harmonious with its position, a house which had grown—which had not been artificially made. The family had lived on the lawn, or on the river in those halcyon days that were past. There was a fringe of trees at every side except that, shutting in the painter's retirement; but on the river side nothing but a few bright flower-beds, and the green velvet lawn, sloping towards the softly flowing water. One long-leaved willow drooped over the stone steps at which the boat was lying. It was a place where a pair of lovers might have spent their honeymoon, or where the weary and sick might have come to get healing. It was not out of character either with the joy or the grief. Nature was so sweet, so silent, so meditative and calm. The river ran softly, brooding over its own low liquid gurgle. The stately swans sailed up and down. The little fishes darted about in the clear water, and myriads of flying atoms, nameless insect existences, fluttered above. Boating parties going down the stream would pause, with a sigh of gentle envy, to look at the group upon the lawn; the table with books and work on it, with sometimes a small easel beside it or big drawing pad supported on a

stand; a low chair with Helen's red shawl thrown over it, and Norah, with her red ribbons, nestled on the sunny turf. They sat there, and worked, and talked, or were silent, with an expansion of their hearts towards everything that breathed and moved; or they spent long days on the river, catching the morning lights upon those nooks which are only known to dwellers on the stream; or pursuing water-lilies through all the golden afternoon in the back-waters which these retired flowers love. The river was their life, and carried them along, day after day. Such a scene could not but be sweet to every lover of nature; but it is doubly sweet when the dumb poetic imagination has by its side that eye of art which sees everything. The painter is a better companion even than the poet—just as seeing is better than saying that you see. Robert was not a genius in art; but he had the artist's animated, all-perceiving eye. Nothing escaped him—he saw a hundred beautiful things which would have been imperceptible to ordinary men—a dew-drop on a blade of grass at his feet charmed him as much as a rainbow—his "Look, Helen!" was more than volumes of descriptive poetry. They were out and about at all times, "watching the lights," as he said in his pleasant professional jargon: in the early mornings, when all was silvery softness and clearness, and the birds were trying over their choicest trills before men woke to hear; in the evening when twilight came gently on, insinuating her filmy impenetrable veil between them and the sunset; and even at full noon, when day is languid at the height of perfection, knowing that perfectness is brother to decadence. The painter and his wife lived in the middle of all these changes, and took them in, every one, to the firmament in their hearts.

Why do we stop in this record of trouble to babble about sunset skies and running waters? Is it not natural? The "sound as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June" comes in, by right, among all weird, mysterious harmonies of every tragical fate. "The oaten pipe and pastoral reed" have their share even in the hurly-burly of cities and noisy discord of modern existence. Robert Drummond had his good things as well as his evil things. For these two summers never man had been more happy—and it is but few who can say so much. His wife was happy with him, her old ghosts exorcised, and a new light suffusing her life. It seemed a new life altogether, a life without discontents, full of happiness, and tranquillity, and hope.

But this autumn Robert was not happy at Southlees. He could not stay there peaceably as he had done before. He had to go to town "on business," he said, sometimes twice a week. He took no pleasure in his old delights. Though he could not help seeing still, his "Look, Helen!" was no longer said in a tone of enthusiasm; and when he had uttered the familiar exclamation he would turn away and sigh. Sometimes she found him with his face hidden in his hands, and pressed against the warm greensward. It was as if he were knocking for admission at the gates of the grave, Helen thought, in that fancifulness which comes of fear as much as of hope. When she questioned him he would deny everything, and work with pretended gaiety. Every time he went to town it seemed to her that five years additional of line and cloud had been added to the lines on his forehead. His hair began to get grey; perhaps that was no wonder, for he was forty, a pilgrim already in the sober paths of middle age; but Helen was nearly ten years younger, and this sign of advancing years seemed unnatural to her. Besides, he was a young man in his heart, a man who would be always young; yet he was growing old before his time. But notwithstanding his want of enjoyment in it he was reluctant that his wife should leave Southlees sooner than usual. He would go into town himself, he declared. He would do well enough—what did it matter for a few weeks? "For the sake of business it is better that I should go—but the winter is long enough if you come in the end of the month. No, Helen, take the good of it as long as you can—this year."

"What good shall I get of it alone, and how can I let you live for weeks by yourself?" said Helen. "You may think it is fine to be independent; but you could not get on without Norah and me."

"No," he said, with a shudder. "God knows life would be a poor thing without Norah and you! but when it is a question of three weeks—I'll go and see my friends; I'll live a jovial bachelor life—"

"Did you see the Haldanes," she asked, "when you were in town last?"

It was the most innocent, unmeaning question; but it made him grow pale to the very lips. Did he tremble? Helen was so startled that she did not even realise how it was he looked.

"How cold the wind blows," he said, with a shiver. "I must have caught cold, I suppose, last night. The Haldanes? No; I had no time."

"Robert, something worries you," she said earnestly. "Tell me what it is. Whatever it is, it will not be so heavy when you have told me. You have always said so—since ever we have been together."

"And truly, my darling," he said. He took her hand and held it tenderly, but he did not look at her. "I cannot tell you of worries that don't exist, can I?" he added, with an exaggerated cheerfulness. "I have to pay a little attention to business now the other men are out of town. And business bores me. I don't understand it. I am not clever at it. But it is not worth while to call it a worry. By-and-by they will come back, and I shall be free."

When he said this he really believed it, not being then fully aware of the tormenting power of the destruction which was about to overwhelm him. He thought the other directors would come back from their holidays, and that he himself would be able to plunge back into that abyss of ignorance which was bliss. But Helen did not believe it: not from any true perception of the state of affairs, but because she could not believe it was business at all that troubled him. Was Robert the kind of man to be disturbed about business? He who cared nothing for it but as a means, who liked money's worth, not money, whose mind was diametrically opposite to all the habits and traditions of trade? She would as soon have believed that her cousin Reginald Burton would be disturbed by a criticism or troubled to get a true balance of light and shade. No, it was not that. It was some *real* trouble which she did not know of, something that struck deeper than business, and was more important than anything that belonged to bank or market. Such were Helen's thoughts,—they are the thoughts that come most natural to a woman,—that he had been betrayed into some wrong-doing or inadvertent vice—that he had been tempted, and somehow gone astray. This, because it was so much more terrible than anything about business, was the bugbear that haunted her. It was to save her pain, as he thought, that poor Robert kept his secret from her. He did as so many men do, thinking it kindness; and thus left her with a host of horrible surmises to fight against, any one of which was (to her) harder than the truth. There is no way in which men, in their ignorance, inflict more harm upon women than this way. Helen watched in her fear and ignorance with a zealous eagerness that never lost a word, and gave exaggerated importance to many an idle incident. She

was doubly roused by her fear of the something coming, against which her defences would not stand, and by her absolute uncertainty what this something was. The three weeks her husband was in town by himself were like three years to her. Not that a shade of jealousy or doubt of his love to herself ever crossed her mind. She was too pure-minded, too proud, to be jealous. But something had come on him, some old trouble out of the past—some sudden horrible temptation; something, in short, which he feared to tell her. That money could be the cause of it, never crossed her thoughts.

And when she went home, things were no better; the house looked bare to her—she could not tell why. It was more than a month before she found out that the Botticelli was gone, which was the light of her husband's eyes; and that little Madonna of the Umbrian school, which he delighted to think Raphael must have had some hand in, in his youth. This discovery startled her much; but worse had come before she made sure of that. The absence of the pictures was bewildering, but still more so was the change in her husband's habits. He would get up early, breakfast hurriedly before she had come down, and go out, leaving a message with the servants. Sometimes he went without breakfast. He avoided her, avoided the long evening talks they had loved, and even avoided her eye, lest she should read more in his face than he meant her to see. All this was terrible to Helen. The fears that overwhelmed her were ridiculous, no doubt; but amid the darkness and tragic gloom which surrounded her, what was she to think? Things she had read in books haunted her; fictitious visions which at this touch of personal alarm began to look real. She thought he might have to bribe some one who knew some early secret in his life, or some secret that was not his—something that belonged to his friends. Oh, if he would but tell her! She could bear anything—she could forgive the past, whatever it might be. She had no bitterness in her feelings towards her husband. She used to sit for hours together in his deserted studio, imagining scenes in which she found out, or he was driven to confide to her, this mystery; scenes of anguish, yet consolation. The studio became her favourite haunt. Was it possible that she had once entered it with languid interest, and been sensible of nothing but disappointment when she saw him working with his heart in his work? She would go all round it now, making her little comment

upon every picture. She would have given everything she had in the world to see him back there, painting those pictures with which she had been so dissatisfied—the Francesca, which still stood on its easel unfinished; the sketches of herself which she had once been so impatient of. The Francesca still stood there behind backs; but most of the others had been cleared away, and stood in little stacks against the walls. The place was so orderly that it went to her heart to see it; nothing had been done, nothing disturbed, for weeks, perhaps months; the housemaid was free to go and come as if it had been a common parlour. All this was terribly sad to the painter's wife. The spring was coming on before she found the two sketches which afterwards she held so dearly. They bewildered her still more, and filled her with a thousand fears. One represented a pilgrim on a hilly road, in the twilight of a spring evening. Everything was soft in this picture, clear sky and twinkling stars above; a quiet rural path over the grass; but just in front of the pilgrim, and revealing his uplifted hands and horror-stricken countenance, the opening of a glowing horrible cavern—the mouth of Hell. The other was more mysterious still. It was a face full of anguish and love, with two clasped hands, looking up from the depths of a cave or well, to one blue spot of sky, one star that shone far above. Helen did not know what these sketches meant; but they made her shiver with wonder and apprehension. They were all that he had done this year.

And then something else, of a different kind, came in to bewilder her. Robert, who avoided her, who of evenings no longer talked over his affairs with her, and who probably had forgotten all her wants, let the quarter-day pass without supplying her, as he was in the habit of doing. So great a host of fears and doubts were between the two, that Helen did not remind him of his negligence. It pained her, but in a degree so different. What did that matter? But time went on, and it began to matter. She took her own little dividends, and kept silence; making what use of them she could to fill up the larger wants. She was as timid of speaking to him on this subject as if she had been a young girl. He had never obliged her to do so. She had been the general treasurer of the household in the old days; and even in recent times, he, who was so proud of his wife, had taken care to keep her always supplied with what she wanted. She never had needed to go to him to ask money, and she did not know how to begin.

Thus they both went their different way; suffering, perhaps, about equally. His time seemed to himself to be spent in a feverish round of interviews with people who could supply money, or wildly signing his name to papers which he scarcely understood—to bills which he could never dream of paying; they would be paid somehow when the time came, or they could be renewed, or something would be done, he was told. He had carried everything he could make money by away before this time; the title-deeds of his house, his pictures, even, and—this was done with a very heavy heart—his policies of life insurance. Everything was gone. Events went faster as the crisis approached, and Drummond became conscious of little more than his wife's pale face wondering at him, with questioning eyes more pathetic than words, and Golden's face encouraging, or trying to encourage. Between the two was a wild abyss of work, of despair, of tiding over. Every escape more hairbreadth than the last! The wild whirl growing wilder! the awful end, ruin and fell destruction, coming nearer and more near!

It happened at length that Helen one day, in desperation, broke the silence. She came before him when he was on his way out, and asked him to wait, in a hollow voice.

"I don't want to trouble you," she said, "since you will not trust me, Robert. I have been trying not to harass you more; but—I have no money left—I am getting into debt—the servants want their wages. Robert—I thought you had forgotten—perhaps—"

He stood and looked at her for a moment, with his hat in his hand, ready to go out. How pale he was! How the lines had contracted in his face! He looked at her, trying to be calm. And then, as he stood, suddenly burst, without warning, into momentary terrible tears, of a passion she could not understand.

"Robert! oh, what is the matter?" she cried, throwing her arms round him. He put his head down on her shoulder, and held her fast, and regained control over himself, holding her to him as if she had been something healing. In her great wonder and pity she raised his head with her hands, and gazed wistfully into his face through her tears. "Is it money?" she cried, with a great load taken off her heart. "Oh, Robert, tell me! Is that all?"

"All!" he said: "my God!" and then kissed her passionately, and put her away from him. "To-morrow," he said hoarsely,

"perhaps—I hope—I will tell you everything to-morrow." He did not venture to look at her again. He went out straight, without turning to the right or left. "The end must be near now," he said to himself audibly, as he went out like a blind man. To-morrow! Would to-morrow ever come? "The end must be near now."

The end was nearer than he thought.

When he reached the bank he found everything in disorder. Mr. Golden was not there, nor any one who could give information to the panic-stricken inquirers who were pouring in. It was said the manager had absconded. Rivers's was at an end. For the first ten minutes after Drummond heard the news that awaited him, it was almost a relief to know that the worst had come.

THE STRANGE COUNTRY.

I HAVE come from a mystical Land of Light
To a strange country;
The land I have left is forgotten quite
In the land I see.

The round earth rolls beneath my feet,
And the still stars glow;
The murmuring waters rise and retreat,
The winds come and go.

Sure as a heart-beat all things seem
In this strange country,
So sure, so bright, in a glow of dream,
All things flow free.

It is life, all life, all awful and plain,
In the sea and the flood,
In the beating heart, in the wondrous brain,
In the flesh and the blood.

Deep as death is the daily strife
Of this strange country;
All things move up till they blossom in life
And tremble and flee.

Nothing is stranger than the rest,
From the pole to the pole—
The world in the ditch, the eggs in the nest,
The flesh and the soul.

Look in mine eyes, O man I meet
In this strange country!
Come to mine arms, O maiden sweet,
With thy mouth kiss me!

Who goes by with a crown on his brow?
King Solomon?
He is a stranger too, I vow,
And must journey on!

O wondrous faces that up start
In this strange country!
O identities that become a part
Of my soul and me!

What are ye building so fast and fleet,
O humankind?
"We are building cities for those whose feet
Are coming behind.

"Our stay is short, we must fly again
From this strange country ;
But others are growing, women and men,
Eternally."

Ay, what art thou, and what am I,
But a breaking wave ?
Rising and falling, swift we fly
To the shore of the grave.

I have come from a mystical Land of Light
To this strange country ;
This dawn I came, I shall go to-night,
Ay, me ! ay, me !

I hold my hand to my head and stand
'Neath the air's blue arc,
I try to remember the mystical Land,
But all is dark.

And all around me swim shapes like mine,
In this strange country ;
They break in the glamour of gleams divine,
And they moan "Ay, me !"

Like waves in the cold moon's silvern breath
They gather and roll—
Each crest of white is a birth or a death,
Each sound is a soul.

O what is the Eye that gleams so bright
O'er this strange country ?
It draws us along with a chain of light,
As the Moon the Sea !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE SERPENT-SHAPED MOUND OF LOCH NELL.

An Account of Some Recent Excavations in Argyleshire.

ARGYLESHIRE again ! It seems as if within the last year fresh matters of more or less public interest were continually to call our attention thither.

This time it is no nineteenth-century story of the home-bringing of a Royal Bride, but a low, dreamy whisper from ages long forgotten—a dim and shadowy vision of the funereal and religious rites of our Pagan ancestors, each trace of whose handiwork, so long overlooked, is now being subjected to such searching examination ; while even the ashes of the dead are called upon to shed some faint light on the subject—a pale, fitful ray, like the phosphoric gleam which in bygone days was supposed to play around the fingers of the sinful dead.

Certain it is, that whatever records of the past may still lie hidden among these wild hills and glens, buried beneath moss and heather, their hours of darkness are numbered,

and whatever secrets they may have to disclose, will very soon be brought to the light of day. For the archæologists have taken possession of the land, each working out some favourite theory of his own. Thus it came to pass, that as we journeyed through this

"Land of Glens, and Bens, and Corries,"

we found, wherever we halted, that the talk was not of things present, but all turning on fanciful pictures of a remote past.

As we came through Lochgilphead, we heard of curious megalithic structures and of incised stones, bearing the "cup and ring" marks, precisely like those so familiar to us on the wild Northumbrian moors.

But the interest of these waned before that of the excavations at the village of Ach-na-Goul, near Inverary, where a huge oviform cairn, about one hundred and twenty feet long by thirty feet broad, had just been

opened by Mr. Phené, F.R.G.S., at the request of the Marquis of Lorne. The name of the village, Ach-na-Goul, is said to be a corruption of Gaelic words, meaning the field of the stranger; a name which, as applied to this vast sepulchral tumulus, seems to point to the ancient Oriental custom of setting apart a field to bury strangers in. Or it may have been the family vault of some stranger from a far country, who had settled in this land, and, like Abraham of old, had bought "a field with a cave in it" as the last resting-place for his loved dead.

The result of the excavations has been the discovery of a series of chambers and passages seventy feet in length, extending in a direct line from north to south; these are formed of blocks of great size and weight, some indeed weighing many tons. All are symmetrically placed, the space between the chambers being filled up with earth and boulders. Throughout the whole length of these chambers and passages there was found a considerable deposit of charcoal, which, as a distinct evidence of cremation, proved beyond a doubt the sepulchral use of the building. Fragments of pottery were also found, the remains of fractured incinerary urns, and traces of some vitrified material. Only in the eastern chamber there were found no traces either of cremation or of sepulture, the inference being that this had been set apart for such solemn religious rites as have been observed by all nations at the funerals of chiefs and other mighty men. Possibly even human sacrifices may have here been offered by our Pagan ancestors, to appease the spirits of the departed.

In one of the principal chambers there was discovered a conical stone of white quartz, which undoubtedly had some connection with these mysterious rites, being identical with that discovered by Mr. Phené at Letcombe Castle, Berks, while a third has been found at Maiden Castle, near Weymouth; each in connection with human remains. Precisely similar pillars of white quartz were found in the excavations at Nineveh, and are now to be seen in the British Museum. In the neighbourhood of this great chambered tumulus were found various incised stones, bearing the "cup and ring" mark, precisely like those near Lochgilphead.

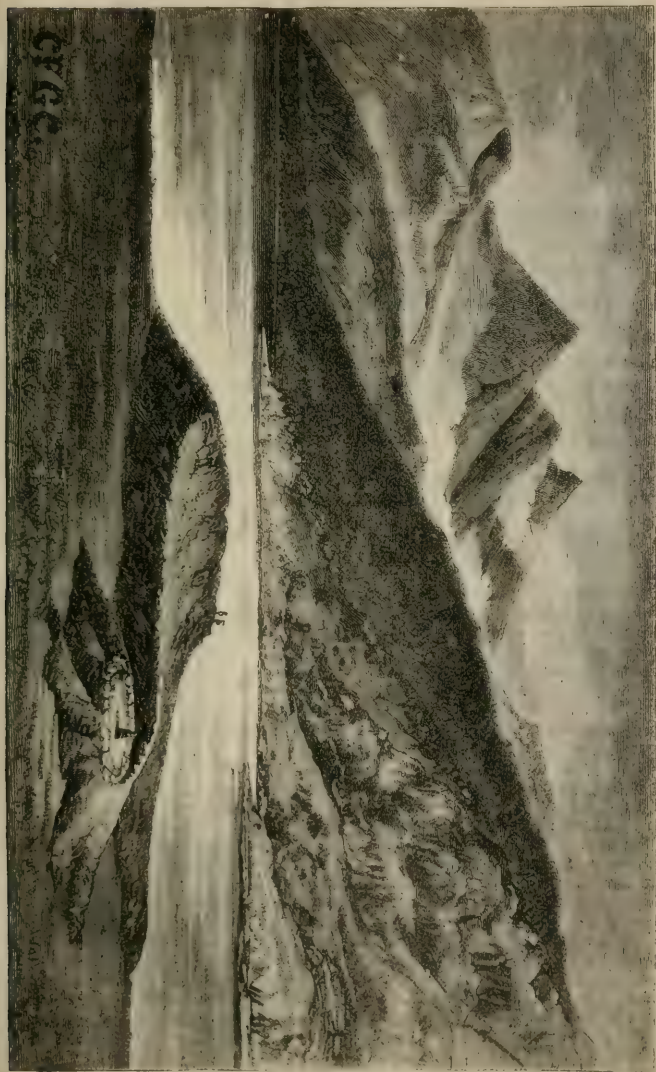
Passing onward by dark Loch Awe (overshadowed by the mighty mountain barriers which, closing in on either side, shroud its deep waters in perpetual gloom), we reached the sunny shores of Loch Etive, where only a fringe of wet golden seaweed reveals that

the calm blue lake is indeed an arm of the great Atlantic, and capable of sympathy with the wild storms that oftentimes rage so fiercely in that outer world of waters. But on such calm days as these, the scene is one of peace unspeakable. On every side lie shapely hills in the glory of their autumnal colouring, while in the far distance the blue range of Mull rises from the sea, like some pale spirit, faintly visible through the tremulous evening light. On the near rocks lie basking a whole family of seals—a grey old grandmother, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, these being dark as the dry seaweed on which they lie. They slip shyly into the water at our approach, and no living thing remains, save the white sea-birds that float in air or in water, uttering hungry impatient cries, and watching with keen eyes for the fish that gleam like silvery arrows, as they glide to and fro through their clear, crystal world.

It was on a wide flat moorland, overlooking this scene, that we next found traces of the antiquarians' recent work. The place is commonly called Loch Nell Moss; but as the same name is applied to a locality on the other side of Oban (now rendered famous by the discovery of its great serpent temple), we had better describe this as being in the district of Beregonium—a name which here falls strangely on the ear, accustomed rather to the sound of Celtic or of Norse, than to such classic old Latin, and one which reminds us of the days when Roman invaders, having driven out the earlier settlers, seem to have recognised the importance of this position as a key alike to the Hebrides and the western coast. Here, in the massive headland (which, jutting into the sea, commands both plain and ocean), they found a position so strongly fortified by Nature's ramparts of rugged rock, as to require but small aid from human skill to convert it into an impregnable encampment.

Of the original inhabitants, little is of course known, but this spot is believed to have been one of the principal settlements of the Dalriads, if not the capital of their kingdom. Certain it is that many of the oldest legends of Ossian cluster round this immediate neighbourhood, where Fingal is said to have held his court; a legend which derives fresh interest from the fact, that in the ancient fortress of Dunstaffnage, close by, the mystic Coronation Stone is said to have been originally kept—the stone whereon, from time immemorial, all Scottish kings have of necessity been seated, when assuming the royal crown.

That stone was, in later years, carried from



Dunstaffnage to Scone Palace, and thence (as we all know) was transported by Edward I. to Westminster, where to this day it still retains its old king-making prerogative, and continues to support the coronation-chair of every British sovereign.

Thus, while we overlooked the dreary expanse of desolate moorland, stretching between Loch Etive and the broad Atlantic—a tract trodden, by turns, by so many divers races—the thought of this time-honoured symbol of royalty came home to us, as a suggestive link, connecting the stateliest ceremony of modern England (when her fairest, and most noble, throng the aisles of the grand old abbey, to witness the coronation of their new sovereign) with the earliest trace of superstitious homage paid to the rude warrior chiefs of that long-forgotten race, which once possessed the land whereon we stood.

Half-way across the moss we came to a large cairn, surrounded by stunted trees. The cairn had, a few days previously, attracted the attention of Dr. Angus Smith, who proceeded to excavate, and was rewarded for his trouble by discovering in the heart of the tumulus two megalithic chambers, containing human remains and urns. Also divers white quartz stones, such as we are told were frequently buried by various Pagan nations with their dead, apparently as emblems of purity and indestructibility, thus possibly conveying some idea of immortality and of sin forgiven or cancelled; as when the Greeks of old symbolised a release from some obligation by the giving and receiving of a white stone—a custom probably alluded to in the book of Revelation, in the promise, "To him that overcometh . . . I will give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written." In the present instance, the white stones were arranged in pairs, on a ledge of rock projecting above the urns, a single stone being placed at each end of this double row; another single white pebble was found inside one of the urns.

A considerable number of similar pebbles of white quartz have recently been discovered in various old British tombs, more especially in those tumuli lately examined by Mr. Phené on the principal Isle of Cumbræ. Others have been found within the Sacred Circle on the Isle of Man; a circle which, from time immemorial, has been held in such reverence, that to this day the Parliament of the island is there convened.

Not far from the lonely cairn of Ach-na-muir, Dr. Angus Smith has discovered, on the shores of Loch Etive, traces of a lake

dwelling, or rather a lake village, of considerable size, and in fair preservation.

Here, on removing accumulations of peat-moss which would seem to have been the growth of twenty, or perhaps thirty, centuries, he was rewarded by the discovery of a series of oval pavings, still surrounded with wooden stakes, which doubtless once supported conical thatched roofs, like those dwellings of the old Gauls, described by Strabo as "circular, with lofty tapering roofs of straw."

However suggestive to the initiated are these slight remains of the homes of their ancestors, they offer small attraction to the general public, compared with the hints of the ancestral worship, which await them a few miles further.

The crown of interest centres in Glen Feochan (in the rival district of Loch Nell), where lies the huge serpent-shaped mound, which only a few months ago was revealed to the Antiquarian Society by Mr. Phené, though it had been discovered by him some years previously. He deemed it wiser, however, to keep his secret to himself, till he should have pursued his investigations more fully elsewhere, and made more accurate comparisons of such mounds as he had found in various parts of Britain, with those of the Western World.

The first rumour of the discovery of this strangely novel antique, reached us on our arrival at Oban, when we lost no time in setting forth in search of the monster. A three miles' drive in a south-easterly direction brought us to the shores of Loch Nell, beyond which, Ben Cruachan proudly rears her triple crest, standing in dark relief against the delicate white vapours which cling to her so lovingly, sometimes veiling, sometimes crowning, this stately queen, as they float around her with ceaseless motion. The carriage-road winds along the shore, and through broken "hummocky" ground, sometimes clothed with grass, sometimes with heather or bracken; and, but for the presence of one of the few initiated, who had fortunately accompanied us, we should assuredly have passed close below the heathery mound which forms the serpent's tail (in fact, the road has been cut right across the tip of it) without ever suspecting that it differed from the surrounding moorland. In short, we should have been no wiser than our forefathers, who for centuries have passed and repassed along the same beaten track, whence only an occasional sportsman or shepherd has had occasion to diverge. It does seem strange, however, that not one of these, looking down

from the higher ground to westward, should ever have called attention to so remarkable a form, and one, moreover, which rises so conspicuously from the flat grassy plain, which stretches for some distance on either side with scarcely an undulation, save two artificial circular mounds, in one of which lie two sets of large stones, placed as in a kistvaen. These circles are situated a short distance to the south (to the right of the serpent) but too far to be introduced in our illustration. (See p. 193.)

Finding ourselves thus unconsciously in the very presence of the Great Dragon, we hastened to improve our acquaintance, and in a couple of minutes had scrambled on to the ridge which forms his backbone, and thence perceived that we were standing on an artificial mound three hundred feet in length, forming a double curve like a huge letter S, and wonderfully perfect in anatomical outline. This we perceived the more perfectly on reaching the head, which lies at the western end, whence diverge small ridges, which may have represented the paws of the reptile. The head forms a circular cairn, on which, at the time of Mr. Phené's first visit, there still remained some trace of an altar, which has since wholly disappeared, thanks to cattle and herd-boys.

This cairn was excavated on the 12th October, 1871, and within it were found three large stones, forming a megalithic chamber, which contained burnt bones, charcoal, and charred hazel-nuts. (Surely our Pagan ancestors must rejoice to see how faithfully we, their descendants, continue to burn our nuts on Hallowe'en, their old autumnal Fire-Festival, though our modern divination is practised only with reference to such trivial matters as the faith of sweet-hearts!) A flint instrument was also found, beautifully and minutely serrated at the edge. On opening the cairn, Mr. Phené was at once convinced, from the position of the stones, that the place had already been ransacked (probably by treasure-seekers, as there is no tradition of any excavation for scientific purposes having ever been made here). On the removal of the peat-moss and heather from the ridge of the serpent's back, it was found that the whole length of the spine was carefully constructed with regularly and symmetrically-placed stones, at such an angle as to throw off rain, an adjustment to which we doubtless owe the preservation, or, at least, the perfection of this most remarkable relic. To those who know how slow is the growth of peat-moss, even in damp and undrained places, the depth to which it has here at-

tained (though in a dry and thoroughly exposed situation, and raised from seventeen to twenty feet above the level of the surrounding moss), tells of many a long century of silent undisturbed growth, since the days when the serpent's spine was the well-worn path daily trodden by reverent feet. The spine is, in fact, a long narrow causeway, made of large stones, set like the vertebræ of some huge animal. They form a ridge sloping off in an angle at each side, which is continued downwards with an arrangement of smaller stones suggestive of ribs.

The mound has been formed in such a position that the worshipper standing at the altar would naturally look eastward, directly along the whole length of the great reptile, and across the dark lake, to the triple peaks of Ben Cruachan. This position must have been carefully selected, as from no other point are the three peaks visible.

The reverence for some triune object, whether a triple-pointed hill, the junction of three rivers, or the neighbourhood of three lakes, seems to have been a marked characteristic of almost every ancient faith. It was some such dim conception of the worship due to an adorable Trinity in Unity which led the Persians of old to reverence the threefold leaves of the shamrock, as symbolic of a Divine Triad, to whom this plant was consecrated by the sons of Iran for many long centuries ere St. Patrick made use of the same green leaf to exemplify the same mystery to the sons of Erin. (We may notice, by the way, that the name of the shamrock, like the idea it symbolises, claims to have reached us from the East, the word being identical in the Arabic.)

In like manner, the Druids (those Ghebres of the West), who venerated the sacred mistletoe by reason of its mystic triple clusters of white berries, were not likely to overlook so mighty an embodiment of the same symbol as a great mountain, with its threefold summit towering heavenward, as if to draw thither the eyes and hearts of a race who were careful to consecrate all such types in their worship of nature's God.

It was a knowledge of this circumstance that first led Mr. Phené to examine minutely all the least trodden glens in the neighbourhood of any such natural features. In the present instance, his search was rewarded by the discovery of the strange old reptile, which, for so many centuries, has here lain undisturbed as if guarding the valley. He has likewise examined the neighbourhood of the Eildon hills, and Arran; where, amid many other

so-called Druidic remains, he has found just such mounds of reptile form as he was in quest of; none, however, so perfect as this, which exactly corresponds with one discovered in America by Messrs. Squier and Lapham, which is seven hundred feet long, and points towards three rivers, doubtless once held sacred. In this American mound, the position of the altar exactly corresponds with that of its Scotch cousin, both being at the head of the snake, which head lies towards the west.

Whether the serpentine (or rather saurian) form of this mound is to be accepted as any direct proof of serpent-worship in this land, or whether it was simply revered as the representative of some tribe (a Totem, in short, of some extinct British race answering to the Nagas or Snake tribes of the East), will doubtless prove a fertile subject for discussion for many years to come. We know that many varieties of animal forms, of quadrupeds as well as of reptiles, have been found in connection with the sepulchral and sacrificial remains on both sides of the Atlantic, and there are few, if any, of the curious designs discovered in Ohio and Wisconsin, which have not their counterpart somewhere in these British Isles; sometimes in the shape of artificial mounds, as in the present instance; as in South Uist, or as in Arran; at Mounteviot, or at the quaint Dragon Hill near Uffington Castle. Sometimes also in the form of huge carvings, as in the well-known White Horse in Berkshire, or the Cow and Calf at Ilkley.

On the other hand, the worship of the serpent and of the serpent's egg by the Druids, is a matter of history, and we are told how they were wont to place live serpents as symbols at the foot of the altar during the time of sacrifice. We know, too, how often in the ages before the true Sun of righteousness had arisen to bruise the head of the serpent, the worship of the latter had been associated with that of the heavenly bodies, more especially of the sun, as in the case of the Sun-serpent of Peru, and many other instances; therefore it may very well be, that these priests of an Oriental faith may have united this worship with that of the great Day-Star, and that day by day they ministered at this strange altar while watching for the first streak of dawn in the eastern sky—the first glowing ray which, gilding Ben Cruachan's triple peak, told them that the great Sun-god had once more arisen to gladden the earth. (Perhaps we ought rather to say Sun-goddess, inasmuch as sun and mountains are alike feminine in the Gaelic tongue.)

It is a strange vision that rises before us, as our fancy pictures this gloomy valley beside the dark waters, not silent and solitary as now, but thronged with worshippers congregating from every remote corner of the hills to witness the awful sacrifices which white-robed priests, with shaven crown, offer upon the mystic altar, in presence of the mountain and the dragon.

Whatever may have been the true origin of this snake-reverence, certain it is, that in countless old Gaelic legends of the West Coast and of the Hebrides, the serpent holds a place of such importance as we can hardly imagine to have been acquired by such puny representatives of the race as are to be found on our British moors, though we are bound to confess that Ben Cruachan does give shelter to an unwonted multitude of small adders. And although Hugh Miller tells of the existence of fossil Saurians in the Isle of Eigg, we can hardly give our ancestors credit either for pushing their geological researches so far, or for tracing their tradition from such pre-Adamite sources. What is still more remarkable is, that almost all these legends are also to be found in the folk-lore of India and Persia.

Thus the story of how Fraoch, for the sake of his golden-haired love, fought with, and killed, and was killed by, a terrible water-serpent, which infested Loch-Awe, has its counterpart in the history of Krishna, the Indian Sun-god, who for love of the pretty milk-maids fought a terrible battle *à outrance* with the black water-snake, which poisoned the blue waters of the sacred Jumna, coming up thence to devour the herds which pastured between Muttra and Bindrabund. More fortunate than Fraoch, Krishna slew his foe without receiving any dire injury himself. When the dragon was dead, his carcase dried up and became a mountain, whereon children played in peace, a happy termination to the story, and one which possibly alluded to some serpent or dragon-shaped mound, which may have existed on the shores of the Jumna, just as this does here, on the brink of Loch Nell.

The story appears again in the battle of Perseus with the sea-monster; of Hercules with the Hydra; Apollo with the Python; and many another dragon-myth, with our own St. George of course at the head of the list; always the same story of a mighty, holy power which does battle with evil, and finally destroys the destroyer.

On the other hand, we find various Gaelic legends in which a white snake figures in medicinal lore, as when a nest of seven serpents is discovered, containing six brown

adders and one pure white, the latter being caught and boiled, confers the gift of omniscience on the first man who tastes of this serpent bree (*broth*), and who thereafter becomes the wisest of doctors. Whether this strange story is traceable to the worship of Esculapius, or the Brazen Serpent, or to some tradition older still, it is remarkable that we should find it here at all. This identical story occurs also in the German folk-lore.

In all old Gaelic legends great reverence was always due to the White Snake, which was described as the king of snakes. It is believed by some of the old Highlanders still to exist in the land, a faith which is occasionally confirmed by the appearance of a silvery grey specimen. In Ceylon a silvery white snake is sometimes found, which the natives likewise recognise as the king of the Cobras. The Arabs of Mount Ararat have also a story of a great White Snake, and of a royal race of serpents to which all others do homage.

And so, in some form or another, there is scarcely a corner of the earth where we do not find this slimy, slippery race appear, either as a power of subtle evil, or as the incarnation of a spirit of wisdom.

Perhaps the most curious of all these links to Eastern tradition, are those which seem most directly connected with the Serpent-worship of Egypt. Mr. Phené quotes from "The Abbot" the curious legend of how the serpent or dragon pursued Sabœa, daughter of the king of Egypt, a story which Sir Walter Scott describes as a favourite subject for mummers, thus forming one of the oldest pastimes in Scotland. This Egyptian lady is said to re-appear again and again in our folk-lore, and Mr. Mapleton of Duntroon tells of several legends in which the daughter of the king of Egypt lands on Scottish shores, and converts the people. Mr. Phené connects these stories with the curious fact that ships on these seas were actually called *serpents*, and were frequently decorated with a dragon at the prow. Hence he infers the introduction of serpent-worship *via* the sea.

One such tradition after another rose to our minds, as we looked down on the grim old guardian of Glen Feochan, revealing himself alternately as a thing of darkness or of light, in every changing aspect of the long autumn day. Now and then a sharp, sudden shower swept over the hills, casting deep darkness on cloud and land and loch. Then the sun would once more burst forth, shedding a golden glory over the purples and browns and golds of the many-tinted moor-

land. But the dragon cared neither for sun nor shower. He lay still in his place, couching by the waters and keeping ceaseless vigil, just as he has already done for centuries untold, and as doubtless he will continue to do, till some mighty convulsion shall shake the strong foundations of the earth, and bury him beneath the tumbled fragments of the hills.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

We are indebted to Professor Stuart Blackie for the following impromptu lines, inspired by the presence of the Great Dragon:—

Why lies this mighty serpent here,
Let him who knoweth tell—
With its head to the land and its huge tail near
The shore of the fair Loch Nell?
Why lies it here?—not here alone,
But far to East and West
The wonder-working snake is known,
A mighty god confessed.
Where Ganga scoops his sacred bed,
And rolls his blissful flood,
Above Trimurti's threefold head
The serpent swells his hood.
And where the procreant might of Nile,
Impregnated the seedful rood,
Enshrined with cat and crocodile
The holy serpent stood.
And when o'er Tiber's yellow foam
The hot sirocco blew,
And smote the languid sons of Rôme
With fever's yellow hue,
Then forth from Æsculapius' shrine
The Pontiff's arm revealed,
In folded coils, the snake divine,
And all the sick were healed.
And wisest Greece the virtue knew
Of the bright and scaly twine,
When winged snakes the chariot drew
From Dame Demeter's shrine.
And Maenad maids, with festive sound,
Did keep the night awake,
When with free feet they beat the ground,
And hymned the Bacchic snake.
And west, far west, beyond the seas,
Beyond Tezcuco's lake,
In lands where gold grows thick as peas,
Was known this holy snake.
And this the devil understood,
That by the great Creator
Was stamped on all the serpent brood
A very potent nature,
And used it well, with purpose fell,
Then when he shaped his plan
To wean from heaven and win to hell
God's noblest creature—man.
And did in serpent's guise appear
Within the grove of Adam,
And whispered lies into the ear
Of Eve, primeval madam.
And she, who deemed the snake a snake
Indeed, and not the devil,
Did then commit the grand mistake
That flooded earth with evil.
A mighty name the serpent then
Became, and far did travel,
And motley worship found from men,
Confused of god and devil.
And here the mighty god was known
In Europe's early morn,
In view of Cruachan's triple cone,
Before John Bull was born.
And worship knew on Celtic ground,
With trumpets, drums, and bagpipes,
Before a trace in Lorn was found
Of Campbells or Macdougalls.
And here the serpent lies in pride
His hoary tale to tell,
And roars his mighty head beside
The shore of fair Loch Nell.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

III.—THE DIVINE FATHERHOOD.

"Our Father which art in heaven"—MATTHEW, vi. 9.

THE Lord's Prayer touches all hearts by its simplicity and comprehensiveness. Its old familiar words come home to us with a living meaning in comparison with which all other words of prayer are cold. The more we use them, the more we feel what true, healthy, happy words of prayer they are. They are the catholic words of prayer for Christendom—the few heaven-taught syllables which unite the hearts of the faithful everywhere; and amidst divisions of opinion and diversities of service, in parish church and cathedral choir, draw the hearts of God's children together, and inspire them with a common feeling of brotherhood as they say, "Our Father." They are the dear words of prayer in childhood, when the mind as yet only vaguely understands what the heart with its deeper instinct owns; when the human realities of father and mother interpret the solemn language, and make its awe pass into sweetness. And in after years, when we may have learned many forms of prayer, and sought a varied expression for the varied wants of life, the old beautiful words come back to us, as far more full of meaning—more adequate in their very simplicity—than all we have otherwise learned; and we realise the truth so near to the centre of all religion, that the child's heart is the highest offering we can offer unto God—holy and acceptable in His sight.

The opening words of the prayer—"Our Father which art in heaven"—form the keynote from which all the rest starts, and to which they lead up. Let us try in a simple, unsystematic way to find the meaning of the words. This meaning in a certain sense is not far to seek.

The words of the text unfolds three aspects of truth.

I. Fatherhood.

II. Common Fatherhood.

III. Perfect Fatherhood.

The idea of Father is the generic idea of the text. We are taught to pray to God as our *Father*. "After this manner ye shall pray," our Lord taught His disciples. He had been speaking of the hypocritical prayers of the Pharisees in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets; and of the "vain repetitions" of the heathen, thinking "they

shall be heard for their much speaking." He unfolds a higher conception of prayer as a living communion of spirit with spirit, of children with a Father. There was nothing absolutely new in this conception of Divine Fatherhood. No novelty is claimed for the conception. Even the heathen had spoken of the supreme Deity as "the Father of Gods and Men." And in the prophetic writings of the Old Testament, the idea frequently appears. "Doubtless," says Isaiah, "Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not. Thou, O Lord, art our Father." "Have we not all one Father?" is almost the closing utterance of Jewish prophecy.† The idea of Divine Fatherhood, therefore, could not have presented any novelty; not even, probably, the very language used by our Lord. "Our Father which art in heaven," may have been familiar words of prayer to the Jews before the time of our Lord. Here we may have one of those utterances of religious thought common to the Jewish schools of the period. Some have pleased themselves with this idea. Some have even imagined that the Lord's Prayer in its several details was a familiar Jewish prayer. Nor would it matter if it were. For here, as with other parts of our Lord's teaching, it is not absolute novelty that is claimed for it. It is not that the same things or similar things were never said before by any teacher. But it is that no one has ever said them, as He did, "with authority." No one ever transfigured them, as He did, with living light for the souls of men, or gave them a creative transforming power over the wills of men. This is the Divine originality of our Lord, that He illuminated all truth, traditionary or otherwise, concerning our relations to the Divine, and imparted to it a force and life of meaning that it never had before. The idea of Divine Fatherhood, for example, became animated in all his speech and in all his acts into a spiritual principle, such as neither Gentile nor Jew had before felt it to be. In Christ, God was seen not merely to be the creative source of the human race, "who hath made us, and not we ourselves;"

* Ch. lxi. 19.

† Malachi ii. 10.

He was not merely to be a Divine Power or Ruler; the Divine Personality—creative and authoritative—was not only brought forth in Him into a clearer and happier light; but more than this: it was made plain that God loves men, and cares for them with a genuine, moral affection. As a wise and good man regards his children—and in a far higher degree—God regards us. He not merely made us and rules us, but He truly loves us; and all His actions towards us—all His dealings with us—spring from love. Love is the essence of the Divine Fatherhood in Christ. It sums up all its other meanings. *We* may love wrongly: a human father may allow his affection to outrun his justice in dealing with his children. There is no security for the balance of moral qualities in us. But in God as revealed in Christ there is a perfect consistency of all moral attributes, and love is the expression of this consistency. As St. John says, “God *is* love” (1 John iv. 8). The revelation of the Divine love in Christ is in a true sense the revelation of all else. All other truth can be conceived from this point of view. All leads back to this source.

And this it was which men had hitherto failed to see. They had been unable with a clear vision to reach this Source, and to perceive how all Divine action springs out of it. They had never before got to the true point, from which, and from which alone, all the other characteristics of the Divine fall into order. It had been from the beginning of the world, and even continues to be, the hardest thing for men to believe that God really loves them. They lacked then, and they often lack still, faith to look beyond the appearances of nature, and the issues of life—frequently so full of evil—to a light in which there is no darkness, and to a love of which there is no doubt. The fowls of the air and the lilies of the field of which our Lord speaks in this chapter might have taught them better, if they had been able to see all the Divine meaning in them. But, after all, evil lay near to many poor human creatures as a bitter burden too heavy to be borne; and the lilies of the field were far away, and the birds of the air sang not for them in the branches. The lack of faith to look beyond the darkness and evil of the world, and to read the Divine meaning of good in all nature and providence is, after all, for many men, perhaps for most men, something rather to be deplored than to be wondered at.

But this Divine meaning has been brought near to us all in Christ. In Him the great

source of all being is perfectly good. He has a Father's heart. He loves all creatures He has made. “This is the message that we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all” (1 John i. 5). “He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love” (1 John iv. 8). It is only in Christ that the character of God thus appears in perfect light and love, casting out all darkness and fear, shining with the lustre of a perfect spiritual harmony. There is a Supreme Will above us. God is our Creator, our Ruler, our Judge. But primarily and essentially God is our Father in Christ. All His purposes with us—all His rule over us—all His judgment upon us—goes forth out of His love and because He desires our good. He afflicts not willingly. If He punishes, it is because He loves. This is the essential revelation of God in Christ—the central idea of the Divine from which all other ideas go forth. They are, if not subordinate to this—for *subordination* is not a proper aspect under which to regard the Divine attributes in relation to one another—yet executive of this, which is the supreme, essential, Divine fact revealed in Christ. And it requires only a slight knowledge of Heathenism and Judaism to know that neither Gentile nor Jew fully understood this fact before “the Dayspring from on high visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.” When the humble Christian heart looks up to God, and says “Father,” with some real insight and feeling, such as Christ Himself had of what he says, he has a vision of the Divine beyond all other visions. He sees God, if not “face to face,” yet heart to heart. The spirit of bondage—all sense of fear—dies out of him; the Spirit of adoption takes hold of him, and all his being goes forth in the cry, “Abba, Father.”

II. But God is not only a Father in Christ; He is our Father—the Father, that is to say, *not* of any class or sect or nation of men, but the Father of all: “He hath made of one blood all nations of men” (Acts xvii. 16). Not only so, but He exercises the same paternal relation to all who will only claim Him as a Father, and address Him in the language of our text, “Our Father which art in heaven.” This is the simple, undiluted meaning of the text, and we must not let ourselves be robbed of its blessing and comfort by any theological glosses whatever. The relation of Divine Fatherhood in Christ is universal, and may be claimed by all who

will honestly accept the position of Christ, and use His language. This is the simple solution ; and there is no other solution, of all the difficulties in which the subject has been involved.

This community of Fatherhood in the Divine was for the first time made manifest in Christ, and realised in Him towards all men. In no respect, perhaps, does the religion of the Gospels more brightly vindicate its Divine Original. All distinctions of humanity, diversities of race, of colour, of culture, disappear in Christ. In Him there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. Brahman and Soudra, priest and beggar, master and slave, are all alike before God. The Supreme stands in the same relation to all. Jewish jealousy, Greek or Roman aristocracy, Egyptian or Indian caste vanish before Him. There is no individual, no class of individuals, no family or race or sect—no tribe or nation—white, brown, or black, can claim any special relation to Him. There is no virtue in any that bring them nearer to Him or makes them more akin to Him. This is now a mere commonplace of Christianity. But as it appeared for the first time fully revealed in Christ, it was intolerable alike to Jew or Gentile. It required a special revelation to make it known to the Apostle St. Peter ; it was but faintly apprehended by the early Jewish churches planted by St. James and St. Peter ; it needed the great Apostle of the Gentiles to hold it steadily before the conscience, to fix it as a living germ of thought in the intelligence of mankind.

Not only so ; but the Christian Church has been continually liable to fall below this great idea, and to let it become obscured. The equal community of all in the Divine is a truth which few Christian communities hold with consistency, or carry out to its clear consequences. There are widespread notions in all our Churches, which could not last a day if this truth were thoroughly apprehended and applied. And the cause of the misapprehension is not merely the pride of some—that love of exclusiveness so natural to the human heart, or desire of power so dear to it, which all organisations, ecclesiastical as well as civil, directly breed. But it is also the servility of others. It is not only the Pharisee thinking himself nearer to God, and giving thanks that he is not as other men ; but it is the publican overdoing his humility, and not so much as lifting his eyes to heaven save through some one standing between him and heaven. Just as men have difficulty in

believing at all in the Divine Love, or that they have a Father in heaven who has no thoughts towards them but thoughts of good ; so they have difficulty in believing that their share is as direct and immediate as that of any other in this Love—in saying with all their hearts “ Our Father.” They have difficulty in recognising that they are as near to God, and as dear to God as any priest is or can be ; that they are close to Divine blessing and have an equal share in it with any minister. They shrink from the fullness of Divine Privilege which they have in Christ. They are content to stand afar off, if only some transmitted ray of the heavenly favour may reach them—some broken shower of the Divine blessing may fall on them. This spirit of religious servility lies deep in human nature ; and Christian Churches have too often fostered it and used it, instead of trying to kill it, and to educate the popular religious conscience into a full perception of spiritual life and freedom. It is out of this servile spirit—this “ spirit of bondage again to fear,” as the Apostle terms it (Rom. viii. 15)—and not merely from pride and a perverted love of power that ideas of human priesthood come, and tendencies so constantly reappear towards a mediatorial religion incarnated in mere human forms and symbols. Continually men are sinking below the full conception of the Divine Love ; and as they do so, the priest comes into the foreground and offers to mediate between them and a God whom they have ceased to comprehend. Priestcraft grows as true religion dies. When men make much of priests they cease to believe in God. This is the essential evil of ceremonial and priestly religion. It implies doubt of the equal love of God towards all men—of His equal care and concern for all—of the direct interest which all have in the Divine Fatherhood. The priest-idea—the idea that certain human creatures, in virtue of a certain human ceremony, stand or can stand nearer to God than others, and so to speak have more influence with God than others—this is the death of all living, rational, healthy, and glad religion.

If we needed any evidence how deeply-seated in human nature is this idea—any evidence apart from the history of Christianity itself—we have it in one of the most significant phenomena of our day—a so-called religion, elaborated and propagated by scientific atheism, which denies God altogether, but exhibits a most elaborate ritual and priesthood, whom all men are called

to observe and honour. One has only to study this system to see how hard it is for men to preserve the true idea of Humanity and the relation it bears to the Divine. In Christ alone is to be found the perfect expression of this idea. He alone has seized and made prominent those essential characteristics of human nature which bring men together, and make them common or alike before God—those spiritual qualities which—in comparison with mere intellectual or social qualities—unite them on the same level. Dismissing from view all the accidents of which men make so much,—distinctions of social or intellectual grade, of education, or ability, or culture,—He fixes attention on the broad moral features in which we are all comparatively one—sinners alike needing salvation—alike capable of salvation. In His unerring sight no one stands before another—in His unerring, comprehending love no one receives to the default of another. He is the Father of all. "Of a truth God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him" (Acts x. 34).

III. But God is not only "Our Father," He is "Our Father which art in heaven." This conveys to us the idea of perfect Fatherhood; and this idea is an important complement of those we have already considered. The effect of our previous exposition is to bring the Divine very near to man. God is a Father. He is our Father. The Supreme Being is represented under the nearness and dearness of a familiar human relationship. We approach Him, as children, a father. We are in the presence of One who loves us, who cares for us, who desires only our good. All this is fitted, if anything can be fitted, to touch within us the instincts of spiritual affection, and awaken in our hearts that love of God which ought to be the guide of our lives. But mistake is apt to arise out of this very familiarity with the Divine which we are taught to cherish in Christ. We are apt to think of God as altogether such an one as ourselves. His heart of love so near to us, so open to us, may be supposed to be a heart like our own in its weakness as well as in its tenderness—subject to influence as well as open to entreaty. We may carry up, in short, the idea of human frailty, as well as of human affection, to the Supreme. And it is needless to say that this has been universally done in all human religions. An element of dark human passion is found clinging

to every natural conception of Deity. The Divine is pictured as subject to animal instincts and gratified by animal sacrifices. The most cruel and dreadful practices have sprung out of this conception of God as not only to be entreated of men, but propitiated by them—moved by some ceremony which they performed or some victim which they offered. You have only to realise this conception to see how irreligious it is; how a God of such a nature could be no God. A Being pleased with sacrifices and burnt-offerings, whose disposition towards men was affected by the slaying of a victim, and the sprinkling of its blood upon an altar—such a conception of Deity is scarcely a moral conception at all. The taint of human weakness clings to it in its grossest form. You must get quite out of the region of such a conception before you attain to the idea of God revealed in Christ; of a Father, who is at the same time "Our Father which art in Heaven." In Christ the idea of the supreme is a perfect Moral Will, whose sacrifices are the reasonable services of the creatures He has made.

The idea of the Divine Fatherhood in Christ, as we have said, is love. Love is the essence of God; but love which is wholly without weakness; not any mere tenderness, or pitifulness, or affectionateness, but a perfectly good will, at once just and loving, righteous and tender, holy and gracious. It is only in our imperfect moral perception that these attributes of morality are separable. Essentially in the Supreme Will they are inseparable. A love which failed in justice would be no true love, morally speaking. A tenderness which lacked righteousness would become mere good nature, and issue in evils probably worse than the most rigorous Equity. A Grace which was without holiness would be no blessing. To break up or separate these moral conceptions in God is a fertile root of false religion, and we may add of false theology.

The invocation of the Lord's Prayer in its full form, unspeakably tender as it is, blends inseparably all these moral conceptions. It brings God into the closest personal relation to us, and yet it raises Him infinitely above us. It reveals a love near to us, and which we can fully comprehend, and yet a love transcending while it embraces us. No closeness of relationship with God brings Him down to our level. He remains far above us. "Our Father," indeed, but "Our Father which art in heaven." The Head not merely of the lower world of visible

beings, in which we live, and move, and make our daily bread, but the Head as well of a higher world or order of being. The expression "which art in heaven" must mean this at least. It must mean that there is a transcending sphere in which God dwells. Such an idea of a higher world; a world of spirit and not merely of matter; a supernatural order exceeding yet embracing the natural order, seems necessarily implied in all religious thought. Nay, it is the teaching of all spiritual philosophy as well as of religion that such a world is the true world of being—of substance and reality—of which the visible material world is only the transitory form or expression. Nature is a veil or screen hiding God in His essence from us, while revealing Him in His operations. We must pierce the veil of sense, and get behind the screen, of which our outward lives themselves are a part, before we reach the higher world, where God is the light which no man can approach unto.

The conception of a higher life than the present life—a supernatural life in which all the elements of good that we know here shall be perfected, and all the elements of evil expelled—seems the essential foundation of all religious aspiration, of all lifting of the soul towards the Divine. Apart from such a conception, prayer seems a mockery, worship a delusion. Verily we think they are. Yet we have lived to see an attempt to build religion upon a mere basis of Nature, on the denial that there is a higher world at all, and that man himself in his varied activities is the highest form of being, above which there is nothing, or nothing at least which we can ever know. Unless all the past expressions of the religious instinct are a delusion, this must be a delusion. We believe it is amongst the saddest which have ever beset the human intellect. Religious aspiration cannot live on Nature. If there is nothing beyond himself to which he can lift his eyes, he will not lift them at all. The only object of religion which can at once engage his intelligence and affection is a Father in heaven. If we worship at all, we must worship a Glory

that is above us. If our hearts move in prayer at all, they must move towards another Heart that liveth for ever, in which there is all the love, and far more than the love that is in us, and yet in which there is none of the weakness which mingles with love in us. If we bow in adoration at all, we must bow before a Personal Presence—a throne at once of mercy and of judgment, of righteousness and of grace—a Will higher than our own, whither our wills, feeble and wavering, yet amidst all these fluctuations pointing beyond earth and flesh, may ascend. Such a Will it is, such a Presence, such a Heart, such an enthroned Personality that is revealed to us in Christ: a Father, yet a Judge; a Saviour, yet a Lord; near to us, yet infinitely transcending us; "having respect unto the lowly, yet inhabiting eternity and the praises thereof." Towards such a Presence and Person should we worship when we pray "after this manner,"—"Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name."

In conclusion, let us bear in mind that we cannot claim God as our Father unless we are willing to be His sons. His will towards us changes not. His name remains for ever the same. But we cannot know His will, we cannot claim His Name, if we reject His Love. To them who reject His Love, His will is no longer one of Love, but of wrath; His name is no longer a name of endearment, but of terror. It is of the very essence of the Divine Love that it should not spare the impenitent and unbelieving, the contemptuously selfish and guilty, who say in their hearts, "Who is the Lord that He should reign over us?" It is of the very nature of the Divine Fatherhood that it should cast from its embrace those who disown its solicitations. The more "our Father in heaven" loves us, the more fearful it is for us to reject His Love—the more must we suffer if we do so. Brethren; it is the very Love of God which, despised, makes the Wrath of God. It is the very Fatherliness of the Divine which makes it a "consuming fire" against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men.

JOHN TULLOCH.



DISENCHANTED.

A LAS, I thought this forest must be true,
 And I would not change because of my changed
 eyes ;

I thought the growing things were as I knew.
 And not a mock ; I thought at least the skies
 Were honest, and would keep that happy blue
 They used to wear before I learned to see.
 But woe the day !

LO, I have wandered forth and sought to stay
 Here where some gladness still might be for me,
 Where some delight

Should still break on my now too faithful sight,
 And, lo, not even here may I go free.

Oh, hateful Knowledge, pass and let me be :
 Why am I made thy slave ? why am I wise,
 Who once beheld all life with glamour'd eyes ?

Ah, woe the day ! this bleak and shrivell'd wood,
 These rotted leaves, and all the wild-flowers dead :
 And here the ferns lie bruised and brown that stood
 My tall green shelter : and, above my head,
 The naked creaking branches show the sky
 Athwart their lattice, one murk sunless gray.
 Ah, woe the day !

I see, and beauty has all passed away.
 Woe for my desolate wisdom, woe ! Ah why
 Must the sweet spell be broken ere I die ?

Dear glad-tongued lark, come down and talk with me ;
 Tell me, oh tell me, hast thou caught, maybe—
 Some little word,

Some word from heaven to make the meaning plain
 Of this great change, or change me back again ?

And, chattering sparrow from the eaves, come here
 And tell me, thou who seest men so near,

Canst thou have heard

Some talk among them, out of all their lore,
 To teach me, who have learned to see as they,

To be like them still more,

And smile at hateful things or pass them o'er ?
 Sky-bird and house-bird, do you know the way ?

Come hither, let me tell you all my woe,
 Have you not known me in my carelessness ?

I was that joyous child, not long ago,
 The fairies hid away from life's distress
 And eager weariness of burdened men,

To live their darling in the elfin glen ;
 I was that thing of mirth and fantasies,
 More antic than young squirrels at their play,

More wilful wanton than coy butterflies
 Teasing the flowers with make-believes to kiss,
 More happy than the early thrush whose lay
 Awakes the woodlands with spring melodies
 And sings the year to summer with his bliss :
 And now I am so sad !

For, listen, I am wise, my eyes see truth,
 And nothing wears the brightness that it had,
 Nothing is fair or glad,

All joy and grace were dreams, dead with my fairy
 youth.

Ah, had you seen our home !

For the great hall one amethyst clear dome,
 Fretted with silver, or—who could say which ?—
 With white pure moonbeams ; and the floors made
 rich

With patterns of all rare translucent gems ;
 And musky flower-buds bending down their stems
 For weight of diamonds that hung like dew ;
 And everywhere the radiance of carved gold,
 And pearls' soft shimmer, and quick various hues
 Of mystic opals glinting manifold ;

And everywhere the music and the gleams
 Of clear cool waters sparkling iris beams

In emerald and crystal fountains, wrought
 Like river-lilies with their buds and leaves,
 Or as late briar-shoots caught

In the first glittering rime-webs blithe October weaves.

Ah me, so fair, so bright !

Had you but seen ! But, lo, the other night

I was alone and watching how the sky
 Made a new star each moment and grew dim,

And singing to the moon, when he came by—
 The wise weird man—what need had I of him ?—

The wise weird man, who can see fairy folk,
 And break all spells, he saw me and he spoke,

“ Poor changeling child,

How is thy heart beguiled,

And thy blind eyes made foolish with false sight !
 Let the spell end : be wise, and see aright.”

Then with a frozen salve that brought sharp tears,
 Signed both my eyes, and went. And from that
 hour

I am made weary with the cruel dower
 Of sight for evil. For mine eyes before
 Made beauty where they looked, and saw no more.
 Ah happy eyes ! Ah sweet blind cheated years !

Alas! the glories of our fairy halls:

Alas! the blossoms and the gems and gold:
 Dreams, dreams, and lies.

Broken and clammy are the earthen walls,

The mildew is their silvering; where of old

The jewels shimmered, shimmers moist and cold

The dew of oozing damps; and for the dyes

And the fair shapes of diamond-laden flowers,

Foul toadstool growths that never saw the skies;

And for the fountains, pools; and for the bowers,

Blank caves. Nought, nought in its old gracious
 guise.

And what is left for beauty is a mock:

Spangles and gilt and glass for precious things,

Bedraggled tinsel gauzes to enfrock

Unlovely nakedness of earth and rock,

And painted images and cozenings.

Ah me! ah me! the beauty, the delight:

Dreams, dreams, and lies.

Ah me! and a curse more has come with sight:

There is no sweetness left me for my ears;

For when they sling the fairy melodies,

Like voice of laughter and like voice of sighs,

And voice of running brooks and voice of birds

And voice of lovers' wooing, and the words

Are those that fill the heart of each who hears,

I hate the song, for I hear all the while,

"Dreams, dreams, and lies."

Yea, and I see no loving in a smile;

For when they soothe me tenderly, and praise,

And speak the soft words of the former days,

My heart is cold and wise as are mine eyes,

And I grow sick of pleasant flatteries,

And talk of bliss and ancient merry ways:

For, lo, the hollow old content was vain,

How shall it live again?

Dreams, dreams, and lies.

And even here is change. For not till now

Have I seen barrenness and leaves lie dank.

For me the leaf was green upon the bough

The live-long year, my tall ferns never sank,

Some sweet and tender blossom always grew,

The summer and the winter skies were blue;

And when the snow came in a winter freak

To make the blossoms play me hide and seek,

I laughed because I knew that they were there.

Ah woe is me!

I said, "I will steal forth and make my lair,

Like some strayed foxcub, in the sheltered wood,

For that will be as it was wont to be:

And I will live among the careless birds

And happy forest beasts and insect herds,

Who in blithe wanderings find their easy food,

And feed and sport and rest in ceaseless glee,

Having their world all real and all fair."

Alas! for it was falseness even here!

The beauty has gone by, it was my dream:

And all the black and dripping trees lie bare,

Soddening in fog and in dull mists that steam

From the unwholesome barren earth and where

The dead leaves fester that were born this year.

Ah me, I am grown wise, my sight is clear:

And to see clear is weeping, wisdom is despair.

Kind birds, oh tell me, whither shall I hie?

Dear lark, hast thou looked down out of thy sky

On the sweet quiet of some summer land,

Where truth and beauty yet go hand in hand?

Nay, but wouldst thou be here!

Tell me, half human sparrow, hast thou seen

Among the homes of men where thine has been

A home where I might be among my kind

And love it, and love them, not being blind?

Tell me, draw near.

Oh answer me, for now I learn desires

For men's strong life to stir me, and were fain

To lose old dreams, warm by their hearthside fires.

Yea, and I *must* go, though it all were pain:

The doom of my new wisdom is on me:

Woe for my fairy youth! Man among men

I must go forth and suffer, for I see:

Woe for the blind days in the happy glen!

And the lark answered, "Nay, I am not wise;

I can teach nought. Only, the other day,

I heard them singing who sing in the skies,

And ceaselessly I whisper low that lay,

To sing it when the summer comes again—

'In the world are Love and Pain:

Foes yet lovers they remain:

Pain strengthens Love till Love slay Pain.'"

The sparrow said, "I could not hear thee plain,

For I was chirruping the merry rhyme

I heard men sing last night at supper-time—

'Reap the grain, and sow the grain,

To grow by sunshine and by rain.'"

Then the sad fairies' foster-child arose

And saw the gray day darkening to its close,

And passed out from the wood and wandered down,

Along the misty hillside, to the town.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

"PITY THE POOR BLIND."

THERE is one of Dickens's characters even more repulsive, perhaps, than Uriah Heep—to wit, Stagg, the blind man in "Barnaby Rudge." And yet there is force in what he says to Widow Rudge, when he has tracked her and her idiot son to their country hiding-place, and thrown off the mask—"Bah! you needn't speak. I know what you would say. . . . Have I no feeling for you because I am blind? No, I have not. Why do you expect me, being in darkness, to be better than men who have their sight? . . . It's the cant of you folks to be horrified if a blind man robs, or lies, or steals. Oh, yes; it's far worse in him, who can barely live on the few halfpence that are thrown to him in the streets than in you, who can see, and work, and are not dependent on the mercies of the world. A curse on you! You, who have five senses, may be wicked at your pleasure. We, who have four, and want the most important, are to live and be moral on our affliction."

But Stagg's, although, perhaps, a natural character from a novelist's *à priori* point of view, is, I think, a very rare one amongst blind men. Of course, a man does not necessarily gain sanctity by losing his eyesight. Some blind men are scamps; but the proportion of scamps would, I am inclined to believe, be found to be less amongst blind men than in any other class of people. There may be a certain amount of cant in the religious tone which is so common amongst the blind, but a genuine *religiosity*, at any rate, seems to be very widely spread amongst them. This results, of course, to a large extent, from the fact that, if deprived of many pleasures, they are also screened from many temptations, and are forced into habits of introspection. "The loss of sight changes a man," said a blind man; "he doesn't think of women, and women don't think of him. We are of a religious turn, too, generally."

Under the head of "Pity the poor blind," blind beggars first suggest themselves. There are still some literal blind beggars, men who stand by the highway side begging, either verbally or by the mute appeal of a label inscribed "I am blind" pinned upon their breast; their dogs, with pleading eyes and anxiously-wagging tails, seconding the appeal. Some of the talkers merely toll out, "Pity the poor blind," in a funereal tone,

very much as the railway porters at Tring announce the name of that station; others indulge in little harangues. One day in a "Nelson" omnibus I fell in with a tall man, dressed in clerical-looking clothes, not nearly so greenish-brown and threadbare as those a good many overworked London curates are obliged to wear. Misunderstanding, or pretending to misunderstand, some remark I had made to a companion, the tall man began to lecture me loftily on the ignorance and inhumanity I had displayed in sneering at those whom it had pleased the Almighty to deprive of sight, quoting Scripture largely against me. I had said nothing about blind people, and did not know, until I looked at him closely, that the man was blind. However, as I thought that I had wounded his feelings, I apologised for the unintentional offence I had given him, and we got into conversation, throughout which he maintained a *de haut en bas* tone towards me, laying down the law most oracularly, but throwing out hints now and then about money, which when I heard them I could not understand.

At last the 'bus pulled up in Deptford Broadway, and the blind man got out, graciously allowing me to shake hands with him, in token that he bore no malice, before he departed. When he was gone a man at the top of the 'bus burst into a roar of laughter.

"Do you know who it is," he said to me, "you've been talking so respectfully to all this time? The old rogue's a blind beggar. He lodges somewhere about here,—not in Mill Lane, he's a cut above that. He's got a pitch just now in the New Kent Road, and rides to business and back again just like any City man."

A few weeks afterwards I came upon my blind friend holding forth in his professional capacity to a congregation of half-a-dozen at a street-corner in Camberwell, and found that he had given me a good bit of his street sermon in the omnibus.

This man, I should say, had quite enough ability—especially since he had no lack of self-assertion—to have made enough to support himself without sponging on other people; but are there not a good many beggars that have their eyesight of whom the same might be said with greater emphasis? I am not standing up for blind beggars. They are, as I should have supposed, even if I

had not been told by those who know them well, the blind people who are least worthy of pity—a pity that can be coupled with respect. But we must remember the exceptional difficulties a blind man has to encounter if he would really earn his own living. It is easy, therefore, to understand, although, of course, impossible to defend, the feeling which prompts a few blind men to make trading capital out of their affliction.

"Tom Thumb gets lots of money for not being his proper size," says a blind beggar; "why shouldn't I get a little money for not having my proper eyes? It ought to be made up to me somehow."

There are, moreover, blind beggars, good authority states, who might have their sight restored, but who will not consent to have an operation performed; being of opinion that the result would be a "kicking up-stairs"—they might recover some kind of sight, but they would not be able to make so much money.

The blind street musicians, monotonous blind readers on river and canal bridges, and blind sellers of small goods in the streets, are, in a strictly logical sense, blind beggars. People don't buy the goods because they want them, or pay for the reading or music, as a rule, because they like the sound; but because they pity the blind sellers, readers, and musicians. But this phase of blind beggary is markedly differentiated from the former. Of course, the two run into one another. Some of these sellers, and so on, only pretend to do something for themselves in order to evade police supervision and appeal more forcibly to the "charitable public;" but the bulk of them persuade themselves that they are giving money's worth for money. They want to feel that they are doing something other people can get some good out of, instead of merely lazily uttering, more or less rhetorically, "Pity the poor blind." To the credit of the London street blind it should be recorded that they endeavoured to establish a benefit club without assistance; but it failed because there were not members enough to spread its risks over.

Some years ago one of the most "kenspeckle" sights in London streets was a blind old woman in a poke bonnet, with flabbily-plump cheeks, a nut-cracker nose and chin, and a good-natured grin, who ground out tunes from a hurdy-gurdy as if she were grinding coffee; whilst another old woman in a poke-bonnet held out the saucer, and kept hold of the hurdy-gurdyist, and affectionately sharp

watch over her, like dragon-watch with most enchanted eye, guarding fair Hesperian fruit. The two poor old women were run over, and the guide was killed upon the spot; the hurdy-gurdyist dodging Death, for the time, with broken bones. The two were taken to the hospital in the same cab; the broken-boned blind woman groping for her dead friend, and when she touched her, entreating the corpse to answer her. The blind woman, after a long while, was discharged from hospital. She was no longer able to play upon the hurdy-gurdy, but managed for a few months to hop on crutches to the houses of those who had been in the habit of giving her a trifle every week, and then—she died, alone in one of those dismal courts running out of Gray's Inn Road. Another blind street-musician I never see now; a Silenus-like man, who used often to be seen (generally in front of a public-house) performing lazily on drum and Pan's-pipes in a hoodless Bath chair, pulled by a boy, and pushed by a young woman. I am told that a blind-man beggar is considered a "catch" by female mendicants who can see. They think his loss a gain for themselves, and compete for engagement in his service.

The violin and the violoncello, the harp, the flute, the fife, bells, and bagpipes, are other instruments on which I have heard blind street-musicians perform. The proficiency in music which blind chamber and organ-loft performers have been known to attain being taken into consideration, it seems rather strange that blind street-musicians do not reach a higher average of excellence, or, at any rate, durability. In old times, the tradition runs, a blind street-musician could earn, or rather make, his £2 a day in London streets. He certainly cannot make any thing like that sum now. All classes of people, except the St. Simonians and the Millenarians, are apt to put their golden age in the past. I will keep, however, details about the street blind for a second paper; and finish the present one with an account of a few of the many blind who wish to work, in the ordinary sense, for their living.

Not far from new St. Pancras Church there is an unpretending brush, mat, and basket shop. You might pass it a dozen times without noticing any difference between it and other shops of the kind. But when you look more closely, you see that it is one of the dépôts of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. The Association's title is painted above the shop,

and one of its donation-boxes opens its ever-thirsty lips lower down. Here, and in a smarter shop in Oxford Street, the work of the industrious blind is exposed for sale. It is a varied collection. There are all kinds of brushes, brooms, and baskets; table-mats, fire-screens, clothes-beaters; dogs' houses, bassinets, children's chairs, wicker chairs, and garden-chairs. Besides making chairs, the blind re-cane them for a shilling each, including carriage from and to the customer's house. A blind traveller goes about in London to obtain orders.

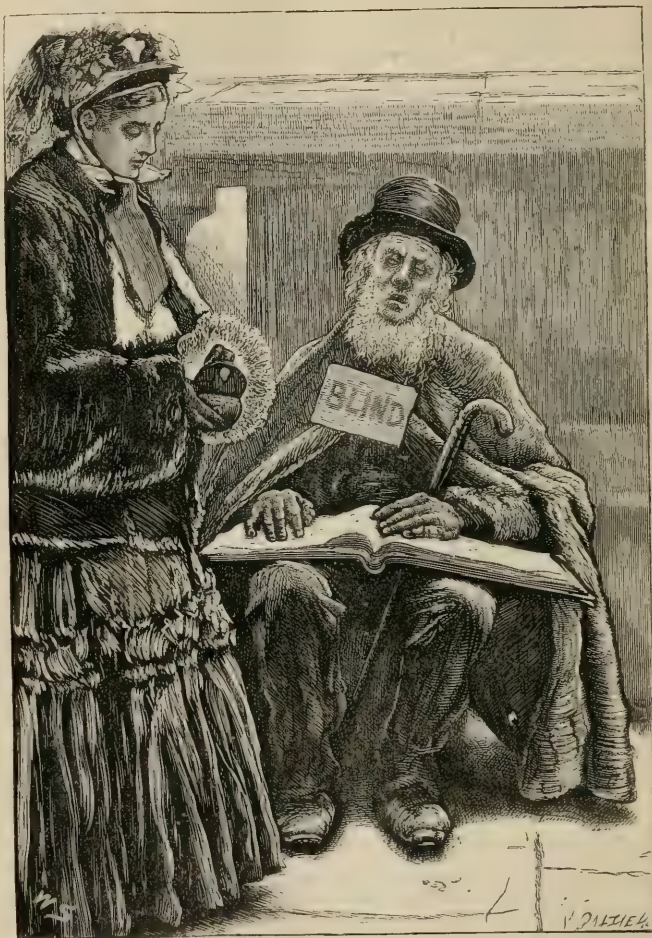
Most of the Association's workers work at their own homes, but a few on the Euston Road and Oxford Street premises. It may be worth while to take a stroll over the Euston Road house. It is an old-fashioned place, full of unexpectedly-opening doors, up-and-down steps, and short, dark, winding, narrow, shallow staircases. In all the work-rooms capital fires are burning. In one, behind a counter horned with little vices, the brushmakers are at work. One man bores the backs with a machine; half a dozen others pop and wire the tufts of bristles into the holes quite as deftly as if they had their sight. Another man in the same room is making mops; as he finishes tying each, he poises it on his cord, and can tell in an instant whether he has kept the balance true. In another room eight women are tying up bundles of firewood, whilst a ninth sits on the floor re-caning a chair. She is a cheerful body, and laughs heartily when she is asked whether she feels for the holes. "No, no, sir," she says, "that would take up a deal too much time." And as she speaks, the lithe cane-slip goes in and out, up and down, under her swift fingers with unerring precision. One mistake would make all her plait wrong. She can give no explanation of her *modus operandi* beyond—"It's just use, I suppose." When the remark is made to her that she could not do her work better if her blindness were cured, she answers pathetically, "Ah, sir, but I miss my eyesight in so many other ways." In the next room three or four men are tying up firewood, whilst an old man basks like a cat before the fire, drinking coffee out of a jug. A dark closet off this room is the storeroom of the blind superintendent of the blind workmen. Twine, bristles, &c., are ranged along its shelves, and he seems annoyed when he is complimented on the readiness with which he distinguishes light bristles from dark. "Why, any one that can see wouldn't want his eyes," he says, "to tell the difference between these

two bundles. The touch is so different. Feel them for yourself. These black ones come from Russia mostly; these others from Moldavia—which is a part of Poland, you know," he unfortunately adds. When asked how he can tell whether work be not scamped, he answers, "By the weight and the feel—if a brush-back is the sixteenth of an inch out of the square, I can tell. I've done so more than once."

The Association sells a very large quantity of firewood. The next room is strewn with a rattling, crackling drift of it, which men, sitting behind chopping-blocks, are momentarily making deeper. Another man, seated behind a slab of wood, in which a sharp-edged steel disc is supported on an axle, gives a call; four of the choppers rise and begin to turn a big wheel with winch-handles; the steel disc spins round, and the man seated at the slab, on which there is a raised bar to guide him, moves wood up to the disc's sharp edge and cuts it up into oblongs of equal size, shaving off even quarter-inches of superfluous breadth. He has never met with an accident.

One or two autobiographies of these blind workers may now be jotted down. At the Oxford Street depôt a tallish man comes up into the manager's room, is piloted to a chair, sits down, and speaks as follows:—

"No, sir, I've no objection to tell you about myself. I know what you want it for—for the good of the blind, I suppose. I lost my sight when I was six years old. It was an accident—a boy threw a stone at me. I was born in Durham, but I lost my sight in Yorkshire. I was recommended to come up to London; so I came, in '49, but the doctors could do nothing for me. I was got into St. George's School, other side of the river. I was there six years and a half, and then I was thrown on my own resources. I'd learnt shoemaking, but I couldn't make much out at it. Now I can do carpentering, and work a lathe, and I can make mops, and brushes, and brooms, and baskets, and chairs. I walk in and out between this and Kilburn every day. Oh no, sir, I shall have no objection to see you any evening at my place, but it's a goodish step. *Friends come to see me?* Why, they live at Kilburn. Well, yes, I've had to wait five minutes and more at crossings. Folks have gone by, and took not a bit of notice. P'raps they didn't know I was blind. I can't say I wish I had my sight. I was so young, you see, when I lost it that I've never missed it. I suppose it was done for the best, or somethin' o' that sort. Yes, I can sing



a bit, but nothing to speak of. I'm reckoned a good chess-player—leastways 'tisn't often I get beat. Sometimes I play with the boards with the raised squares, and sometimes with the common boards. Yes, I've got the whole board in my mind's eye like, and if you say, 'Queen to King's Bishop's fourth,' and so on, I've a full notion of where you've put her. Yes, I've *heard* of Mr. Morphy playing ever so many blindfold games at the same time—difficult work, I should say, to keep one board from running into another. It's curious, but I can't tackle draughts near so well as I can chess. Just because there's only the one slanting move, it bothers me. Oh, as to huffing, I've to feel all over the board before I can tell about that."

The next blind man has a very simple story to tell, but his face twitches sadly before the poor fellow can force it out: "My wife's blind as well as me, but she manages the house famous—does everything as nice as need be. We've two children. Oh, no, *they* ain't blind."

Then there comes in a square-built, communicative man, though he is utterly deaf as well as blind. An intelligent lad is called up to act as interpreter, and puts my questions by touching the finger alphabet on the blind man's hand. When, however, I have learnt his address, and caught the trick of communicating with him, I go up to him to tell him that I will call next evening to have a chat with him at his own home. At first he thinks that I am only going to shake hands with him, and gives my hand a hearty squeeze; but when he finds that I am manipulating his fingers, his sightless face brightens up all over, and he exclaims, "Oh, I am so glad, sir, that you can talk to me!" After dark the next day I discover my blind and deaf friend's address in a seedy street leading out of Oxford Street, and stumble up a dark staircase to his lofty lodging. I find that he has a wife and little daughter. The wife is busy in household cares—first bed-making, and then stitching. The little daughter is dispatched to a friend's for a carved horse and a leg-tobacco-stopper, which the blind man contributed to the Islington Workmen's Exhibition. She soon comes back with them, proud and breathless; bringing also the bound catalogue of the exhibition. Her father's name figures in it in print—it is the most important record in the world to the little girl, and therefore she can scarcely believe her ears—very openly compassionates my deplorable ignorance when I ask her what it is, as she lays it before me with a flourish.

The blind man guesses at my words before they are half spelt, and finishes my sentences for me before I have got half through them. To express assent I have to raise his hand; and to touch his arm in order to stop his rapid flow of speech. *Tick-tick* goes the clock in the smoky, crowded room. By the light of the little lamp that stands on the chapped oil-cloth cover of the little table, I jot down these notes of his history: "I am now thirty-two years of age. I was born at Hoxton. My parents were cowkeepers. I had one brother and two sisters. My brother is dead. One of my sisters lives at Walsall in Staffordshire, the other comes to see me. I have been at work since I was nine years old. Father failed in business through disease in his cattle, and so I didn't get the education the other three had. I worked at three different places until I was fourteen years old, and at the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to a bookbinder's tool-cutter and brass-engraver. I served there until the latter part of my seventeenth year. I worked until I could not see the space between two leaders, and although an in-door apprentice, I had to come home, and was supported by my widowed mother and two sisters. Following June my mother died, and following March I quite lost my hearing. My misfortune came on by bathing. The water was very cold. I fell in, and it gave me a turn. One eye seemed as if it was covered with curd. I had my eye lanced, but wouldn't have it done again. And then the light went from me altogether, after a bit. First I could see my hand, and then I couldn't see anything, except that, night or day, there was no difference—always a kind of light round me, but I couldn't see anything in it. Twelve months afterwards, my hearing went away from me. I carved chests, and so on, and modelled a horse when I was nineteen. My former employer gave me some books. Oh yes, sir, I was perfectly fond of reading, and I soon learned to read the raised letters. I soon got through the books. There was *Matthew*, and *John*, and *The Psalms*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. Being told that there was a library in the Euston Road, and thinking I might obtain books there, I went, without the slightest idea of getting work there, and Mrs. Levy told me I could have some books. Then she took me into a large workshop, and I was introduced where there was a dozen men at work on brooms and brushes. Oh yes, sir, I can judge of sizes. Look at these two brushes now" [taking down two]. "Ain't it easy to

judge which is the biggest by the feel of 'em? Oh, about the size of the room? I felt somehow it was bigger. Oh no, sir, I can't tell whether a man's tall or short till I put my hand on his shoulder. Oh yes, sir" [with a grin], "I can tell now you're a long un. Mr. Levy was there, and asks me what I can do. I told him I could carve many things with my knife. 'Bring me some to show,' says Mr. Levy. I did so, and the first words he said was—'God has blessed your hands—you must come to work here.' Says I, 'I should like to work, but I'm afraid it will be very dull for me. I trust in a few months I shall be able to hear again.' But that wasn't to be. Yes, I'm a passable sort of a chess-player, sir."

The blind man mounts on a chair—his wife fancies he is going to make a spill of either himself or the things on the shelf he is fingering, and rushes to his assistance; but without any help he adroitly pulls out his chess-board from superincumbent strata of books, &c. Every other square is raised; all the squares have holes in them, like those of the railway chess-boards. My blind man dresses his board almost as quickly as I could have done it for him. I ask him how he can distinguish the two sets of men. "Can't you see, sir?" he answers, with a merry grin—"well, then, you feel." I find that the black men have all a tiny knob on their heads. "But I don't care much for chess," he says. "I haven't time for it. On Saturdays I go

out to Dalston and thereabouts for orders. And when I've got time, I'd rather have a friend that would come to talk to me or read to me. Chess is an unsociable sort of a game. You mayn't believe it, sir, but you're the only gentleman that ever came to talk to me in my own home. I often feel utterly all alone—I sit as quiet as an owl. Chess is just the same sameness all over again."

"Oh, yes, my little gal goes to school, and we pay for her," says the wife, "and she reads and writes very nicely; and my husband—though 'tain't often we can git to a place o' washup—explains the Bible of a Sunday evening beautiful, better than any minister."

And then she calls my attention to a Chinese-like puzzle of ball and rods, which her husband has carved out of a block of wood.

"I've been ten years trying to get into Day's Charity," says the blind man, who only appeals *ad misericordiam* when he is prompted by his wife.

"And he's far more deservin' of it then lots that have got it," says the wife.

"If you've any interest with printers, sir, will you say a good word for me?" says the blind man, as he gives my hand a good-bye squeeze. "I'm a good hand at making brushes to brush their type with."

"That he is—he can do anything he sets his mind to," says the wife; and then the lean little daughter lights me down the dark stairs.

CHARLES CAMDEN.

THE GIN-PALACE AND THE WORKING MAN'S CLUB.

DURING the commencement of the fierce war which has lasted so many years between the advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors and those interested, either directly or indirectly, in the present public-house system, a third party has sprung up, who propose abolishing, to a great extent, the evils of intemperance by the establishment of the Working Man's Club. And not only are the arguments brought forward by the promoters of this scheme worthy of the grave consideration of the public at large, but they are urged with a moderation of tone and language which contrasts most favourably with the narrow philosophy so often to be found in the well-meant appeals of the teetotallers and the foul abuse of many of their opponents. Indeed, so forcibly are we struck with many of the arguments of the Working Man's Club promoters, that we propose offering them a modicum of assist-

ance, by drawing a comparison between the working of the club-house, properly conducted, and the gin-palace.

In the first place, let us examine the principal, and certainly most specious, argument of the supporters of the present public-house system. They maintain that the public-house is, in the fullest sense of the word, the Working Man's Club, and that if any difference can be stated between the manner they are conducted and the West-end Clubs, it is merely in the fact that the public at large are protected by the license the victualler holds from any abuse which might otherwise occur were the trade thrown open or the licenses abolished, leaving the public-house as unrestrained in its management as the club-house. They also argue that it is unjust to limit or curtail the number of the present Working Men's Clubs (public-houses), while no restriction as to numbers is placed on the clubs of

the wealthy. In the rich man's club, they say, a member can obtain refreshment at any hour of the day (Sundays included) that he may please to call for it; while a strict limit is placed on the number of hours the Working Man's Club is allowed to be open, and they maintain that the same liberty allowed to the rich should be allowed to the poor.

At first sight all this seems plausible enough, but on a little investigation it will be found not to hold water. It is an error to suppose that all the wealthy and middle-classes have their clubs. On the contrary, those who are members of clubs form but a very small minority in the great mass of these two classes. We have not now before us the number of the large and influential West-end Clubs, but we believe there are ten or twelve; certainly there are not a score. And here a very curious comparison may be drawn between the rich man's clubs and the so-called working man's clubs (public-houses). Suppose that the whole of the rich man's clubs in London could be placed side by side, they would form a row of houses perhaps the length of Pall Mall. Place in a row all the public-houses and beer-shops in London, and, assuming each to have a frontage of twenty-one feet, they would form a line thirty-five miles in length. This may seem an exaggeration, but it is not. By reference to the "London Post Office Directory" it will be seen that there are more than ten thousand beer-shops and public-houses in the metropolis. But the strangeness of the comparison may be carried still further. It is more than probable that the members of the few club-houses in London possess more wealth than the customers of the ten thousand public-houses put together. Another feature also should be mentioned. It is rare to find an individual who is a member of more than one club, yet, if the public-house is the present working man's club, he has no fewer than ten thousand establishments of the kind in London, of all of which he is, so to speak, a member, and contributes towards its support.

Another remarkable difference, for which we shall afterwards account, is to be noticed in the amounts expended for intoxicating drinks in the public-houses and the clubs. Few who have not gone deeply into the matter can have any idea of the enormous difference existing between them. The two hardest drinking clubs in London are the Reform and the Carlton, the most moderate the Athenæum. The aggregate number of members attached to these clubs is about 4,500,

and the gross expenditure in the three clubs for wine, beer, and spirits is a trifle more than £10,000 a year—giving an average of something more than £2 a year to each member. In the Reform Club the average weekly expenditure per head is about 1s. 6½d., at the Carlton 1s. 6d., and at the Athenæum 6½d.

It may be urged, and with great reason, that the members of these clubs are out of town a considerable portion of the year, and besides that they possess stores of wine, beer, and spirits in their own houses. But while admitting this fact, another point has to be taken into consideration—the far greater cost of intoxicating drinks in the clubs than in the public-houses; and this, to a great extent, will tend to reduce the discrepancy which at first sight appears to exist. A bottle of claret which will cost 3s. does not contain more alcohol than a quarten of gin, and it will be admitted on all hands that objectionable as the lavish expenditure of the working classes in public-houses may be, it sinks into comparative insignificance when placed side by side with the detrimental effects of the alcohol consumed. As to the injustice and despotism, complained of by the working classes, of the prohibition against intoxicating liquors being sold in public-houses during the time of divine service, and yet allowed in the clubs, it is more imaginary than real. We are perfectly ready to admit, that, in common justice, that law, like every other, should press equally on rich and poor, and ought to be effectual in the case of club-house as well as the public-house; but, at the same time, there is hardly any necessity for it. From inquiries we made some few years since on the subject the whole expenditure for intoxicating drinks in the Reform, the Carlton, and the Athenæum clubs on a Sunday morning, before the termination of divine service, will not on an average exceed 20s. for the three, if so much.

Let us now turn to the public-house, and examine the expenditure of the working classes in it. Few perhaps of the readers of GOOD WORDS have any idea of the enormous value of many of our large metropolitan public-houses. We were some time since in conversation with a highly respectable tradesman owning a large public-house at Charing Cross, and we will give his house as the most favourable example we can bring. This public-house is not only carried on in a most respectable and honourable manner, but it partakes far more of the licensed victualler's trade than nineteen out of twenty of the larger

public-houses. While ample accommodation is given for those who wish to drink, there is also equal accommodation, and food of the best quality, provided for those who may enter the house to satisfy their hunger.

Having incidentally mentioned to us the name of the house he owned, we remarked that no doubt he carried on an excellent business.

"It ought to be," he replied. "The value of the stock, good-will, and lease is not less than £20,000. We could get that sum for it to-morrow if we were disposed to sell it."

"You mean, of course, including the freehold of the house?" we remarked.

"Certainly not," was his reply. "On the contrary, we hold the house at a very heavy rental."

(I may here mention that the average rental of public-houses is at least 50 per cent. higher than other houses not in the trade, of equal size and accommodation, in the immediate neighbourhood.)

Somewhat surprised at the statement, though not doubting his word for a moment, we asked if there were any other public-houses in London which would realise, if sold, £20,000.

"There are many," he replied.

"Mention one or two."

"Well, there's the Royal Oak in Bayswater" (the other he mentioned I forget). "The lease and good-will of each of these houses would without the slightest difficulty realise £20,000."

"If it is not an indiscreet question," we inquired, "would you have any objection to tell us what would be the gross returns of a public-house, the value of whose business would be £20,000?"

"Off-hand," he replied, "I should say about £10,000 a year."

In other words, the consumption of spirituous liquors in one of these public-houses would be equal to the whole expenditure for wine, beer, and spirits in the Athenæum, the Reform, and the Carlton clubs put together. And yet, in the case of my friend's house at Charing Cross, there are no fewer than nineteen public-houses, all respectably conducted, and doing a good business, within a radius of one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards.

It would be difficult to draw anything like a correct comparison between the money spent by the working classes in the public-house, and that spent by the members of the West-end clubs. As a rule, the money expended in the latter for wine, beer, and

spirits on a Sunday, is considerably less than on week days; while the amount spent in the public-houses during the comparatively few hours they are allowed to be open on the Sabbath, is certainly as much, if not more, than on week days. A rough method of forming a calculation—possibly an imperfect one—has been suggested to us. Enter an average public-house on a Sunday afternoon, and there watch for exactly one hour the money taken at the bar. Say, for example, that it will amount to about six shillings, though in all probability it would be more. Now as there are ten thousand public-houses in London, it will follow that the expenditure in the whole would be £3,000; and, if so, this enormous sum is spent by the working classes alone each hour the public-houses remain open on the Sunday.

Again, another marked difference may be noticed between the club-house and the public-house. In the club-house but a very small portion of the building, and by far the least expensive, is set apart for the butler's room. In proportion to the size of the building, the space it occupies is trifling indeed. Possibly in clubs such as the Carlton and Reform, it will not occupy a thousandth part of the cubic space assigned to the accommodation of the members. With the public-house, on the contrary, the direct reverse is the case. The bar-room, which is used for the same purposes as the butler's room in a club, comprises nearly, if not entirely, the whole of the space allotted to the convenience of the public; and to such an extent is the principle carried out in many of the most flashy gin-palaces in London, that in the bar-room itself there are no seats placed for the accommodation of the drinkers. This is done for two reasons. First, that the customers, after they have expended all the money (and probably more) that they had reserved for the purchase of drink, may leave the place; and second, that if seats were permitted in the bar-room, when there was a particular glut of business there would be no room for other customers to enter.

Another singular comparison may be drawn between the butler's room in the club, and the tap-room in the public-house. We allude to the amount of money expended in the fittings and ornamentation. We could name many public-houses in London, the tap-rooms of each of which have cost more in ornamentation than the butler's rooms in all the clubs in Pall Mall put together. The amount of money squandered upon the gaudy ornamentation (always in execrable taste) of many of

the gin-palaces, would hardly be credited. It is a common thing to find £300 and £400 expended on the gorgeous attractions of the bar of a public-house; and we have had two pointed out to us which were stated to have cost £700 each. And who pays for this enormous outlay? Not the brewer, the distiller, the publican, the mortgagee, or the ground landlord. The whole is paid by the publican's customers, ninety-nine out of a hundred of whom belong to the working classes. And yet it is urged by those who defend the present squalid appearance of the working man's public-house, that from the poverty of its members they can afford no better. A very singular calculation will prove the contrary. The Reform Club cost £100,000 to build; say, then, that the fittings and ornamentation of the tap-room of an average London public-house will cost £200 (and this, as before stated, has been, or is, to be paid by the customers), the amount expended in this article alone on the ten thousand public-houses in London, would suffice to build no fewer than twenty working man's clubs, each the size and magnificence of the Reform Club.

But a greater difference between the club-house and the public-house than any we have yet brought forward, remains to be mentioned. In the case of the public-house no man is expected to enter (unless, perhaps, to ask a question) without purchasing something to drink, and if he remains there for any considerable time, he frequently spends a larger sum than he can afford. Nor is this without its excuse. It would be an act of abject meanness to enter the publican's house, enjoy the splendour of the place—meretricious though it may be—the shelter it affords, the gas, and the attendance,* without making some return. And it is the justifiable policy of the publican to make that return as profitable as he can. In the club-house, the contrary is the case. When a man enters his club, no one cares whether he calls for wine, beer, or spirits, and possibly should he abstain from doing so, to some it would be more agreeable than otherwise—to the waiters especially, as they would not have the trouble of carrying it.

And here we touch upon the great moral advantage which has been derived from the spread of the club-house system in London. At the commencement of the present century, the middle and higher classes in England were certainly as drunken, if not more so, than the lower. That, happily, is no longer the case. The three-bottle man, who in the

days of the Regency would have been considered "a jolly good fellow," would now be thought nothing better than a disgusting brute.* It would not be any exaggeration to state, that if the members who enter in the course of a day the West-end clubs, not one in fifty will purchase any wine, beer, or spirits to drink. Compare this with the visitors of the present working man's club (the public-house), and then imagine how great the difference must be. Again, it might not be difficult to prove that in proportion to the spread of the club-house system in London, the drinking habits of the higher and middle class have decreased, notwithstanding the despicable quackery which has done so much mischief in England,—we refer to the excessive administration of stimulants in medicine, which, if it has not increased intoxication among the higher classes of men—and, alas! of women too—certainly has considerably retarded the spread of temperance.

Let us now turn to the possibility of establishing working men's clubs; not the miserable, sordid, dull, and dingy-looking places they at present are, but buildings which, if they have not the despicable tawdry show of the gin-palace, may not only be made roomy, extensive, and of handsome elevation, but fitted up with comfort and luxury.

A friend of ours was invited some years ago to address a costermongers' club, held in a public-house near Lant Street in the Borough, on the advantages of savings-banks. He ventured to state how imprudent it was of the costermongers to hold their meetings in a public-house, instead of having respectable premises of their own, which they might easily have, provided a number—say a thousand—joined together for that purpose. They listened with grave attention, but declined to admit the correctness of his arguments.

"What nonsense you talk!" said one of them. "How is it possible we can do anything of the kind? We are all poor men, and should have a heavy rent to pay for premises. Here we can have the room, lights, and attendance for nothing."

"You do not mean to say," he remarked, "that you use the landlord's room, fire, and lights, and make him no return?"

"No," said the man, "that would be shabby. Of course we spend something at the bar."

* The author has been for fifteen years a member of the Reform Club. During the whole time he has seen but one member intoxicated, and he was obliged to resign his membership the next day to prevent being expelled. This club has fourteen hundred members, and, as has been already said, spends more in wine, beer, and spirits than any club in London, trifling per head as the outlay undoubtedly is.

"Come now, tell me," he said, "what do you spend here a week?"

"Well," he replied, "taking one week with another, we spend about a shilling each." (This our friend knew to be untrue, and that the sum far exceeded it, as any one acquainted with the habits of our London costermongers will readily believe, but he did not tell him so.) "We should have to pay," he continued, "at least £100 a year for a room such as you mean, and how could we afford to do that?"

"Form a club of a thousand costermongers and working men," he said, "and each give me sixpence a week, instead of the shilling you spend here, and I will tell you what I will do. I will allow you £500 a year for rent, £100 for taxes, £100 for gas and coals, £100 for repairs, £200 for servants and establishment charges, £100 for books, and make a profit of £200 a year by my bargain."

"Impossible!" said the man.

"Work it out yourself," he replied.

The man did so, and found our friend was correct.

We have now proved the possibility of establishing a handsome working man's club for less than one-half the average amount spent, on their own showing, per week by costermongers, &c., in their public-house club-room. And this system might be carried out over the whole of the metropolis without any difficulty, if institutions of the kind were properly organised. We may be told that many experiments have been tried, and that many of them have turned out complete failures, while three parts of those at present carried on are very poor and inconvenient establishments when compared with the public-houses. This we readily admit, but we hold it to be far more the fault of the organisers than the working men themselves. They ought not to be dictated to, but allowed to manage their clubs their own way. True, it may be said there is required a certain amount of tact and ability for the management of clubs; that the excellent organisation of the West-end clubs did not spring forth at first in its present perfection, and that there ought to be some guiding hand to teach the more inexperienced working man the way these establishments should be conducted. All this we admit. But why, then, should not men of education join these clubs, and assist by their advice the working man when at fault? Do not let them assume the position of governors, as they are at present too often inclined to do, but let all be on an equality in the club—working men and those of the wealthier classes who have joined it.

An excellent spot for the institution of a model club of this kind, would be in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, say on some of the waste ground about Farringdon Street, if the Corporation or the Metropolitan Board of Works would have sufficient patriotism to let it off at such a moderate rent as would allow the erection of a building of the kind. Our reason for naming this locality is, that in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street may be found not only a highly-intelligent class of working men, but gentlemen attached to the newspaper offices, clerks, and others, who might join it. The fusion of the two classes together would not be more difficult or abrupt than the different classes found mixing together in the West-end clubs. Then, again, besides compositors, pressmen, and others connected with printing-offices, there are thousands of first-class artisans connected with railways in the neighbourhood, to all of whom an establishment of the kind might be a boon, and certainly not a detriment.

And now arises a very serious question, and perhaps it is the only valid objection hitherto urged against the spread of the working man's clubs—the ruin it would occasion to a large proportion of the publicans and the serious loss to the revenue. Both these effects must certainly be anticipated, and how to obviate them is a difficult matter to determine. The loss to the revenue may not, however, be as difficult a point as appears at first sight. If the great mass of the working classes were, by adopting more sober habits, to occasion a serious loss to the State, other things might be taxed to an equal amount. And not only the State, but the municipal taxation in the different parochial districts would be benefited at the same time to an enormous extent. Some time since, when seeing a drunken man carried on a stretcher between two policemen to the station-house, a woman remarked to a labouring man standing near—

"What a shocking sight that is! and what a pity sober people should be obliged to pay for the maintenance of so many policemen to attend to drunken people!"

"Oh, nonsense," replied the man, "there's not much loss there, at any rate. When sober he'll be taken before the magistrates, and he'll have to pay a fine of five shillings, and that'll more than compensate for the expenses of the police."

The man was in error, however. Few people imagine the amount of the police and county rates caused by drunkenness. In the first place the maintenance of the police—

courts in the metropolis, magistrates and staff included, costs about £72,000 a year. The number of cases of all descriptions heard are about 75,000. It therefore follows that the average expenditure at the police-court for each case brought there is nearly £1, by far the greater majority of them being either directly or indirectly caused by drunkenness. But to the £1 at the police-court may be added another expense—the maintenance of the police-force. This costs nearly double the amount expended in the magistrates' courts, and, therefore, the average cost to the community of every drunken case will not be much less than £3, without taking into consideration the loss to the man's family of the bread-winner's time.

But if it can be shown that the capability of taxation among the working classes would be, at least, as great with increased sobriety, as it is at present, and the loss to the country and police expenses less, the question as far as regards the publicans is more difficult of satisfactory solution. Many publicans, it is stated, would be ruined by adopting a system of the kind. At the same time every respectable publican will admit that if it could be accomplished without injury to the licensed victualler, and one half of the public-houses and beer-shops could be closed, it would be a great benefit to the remaining publicans and to the public in general. In the former case the greater the number of public-houses closed the greater would be the trade of those remaining; and what in the latter case would be the saving to the population at large! The constant temptation which is thrown in every street in the thirsty man's way would be vastly diminished, and the amount he would spend in drink proportionately lessened.

Now, let us assume that one-half the public-houses in London were closed, and that the ultimate benefit arising therefrom to the working classes was only equal to the rent, taxes, gas, and servants belonging to them, without taking into consideration the cost of the wine, beer, and spirits consumed there. Let us take the average cost for rent

taxes, gas, &c., of each at £200, though in reality it would considerably exceed that, but by naming a moderate sum our case will be the stronger. On the 5,000 public-houses and beer-shops closed a gain would arise to the community of £1,000,000 a year,—considerably in excess of the whole maintenance of the poor in the metropolis under the Poor Law, together with the district asylums, leaving a surplus beyond it possibly equal to the whole education of the metropolis under the Metropolitan School Board.

We are not of those who think that abusing the publicans is doing a benefit to society; on the contrary, we believe there is not a more respectable class of tradesmen in London, and we should regret did they sustain any loss. At the same time not one-tenth part of the capital employed in the public-house is the property of the landlord himself. And why the ground landlord, the mortgagee, brewer, distiller, and others connected directly or indirectly with the public-house trade, should be more protected in their speculations than the cotton-mill owner, the silk manufacturer, or wholesale grocer, we are at a loss to imagine. Yet nothing is more common than to find the protection of what is called the brewing interest earnestly maintained by many of our leading members of Parliament. In fact, we have several times been led to suspect that the diminution of the liquor traffic, notwithstanding all they may say to the contrary, is not really earnestly desired by the Government.

In conclusion, we submit that we have shown that one of the best and most practical ways of reducing our national sin of drunkenness (especially among the working classes) is the establishment of handsome well-conducted workmen's clubs. But to accomplish this the aid of the real common-sense temperance reformer must be called into action, to agitate the question. From the Government and those interested in the present system, and in the enormous revenue derived from it, little efficient aid can be expected.

WILLIAM GILBERT.



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.)

II.

EASTWARD far, lo, dawns the mountain !
 Gray old times are growing young.
 From the flashing colour-fountain
 I will quaff it deep and long.
 Sacred boon to old desire's rogation !
 Sweet love in divine transfiguration !

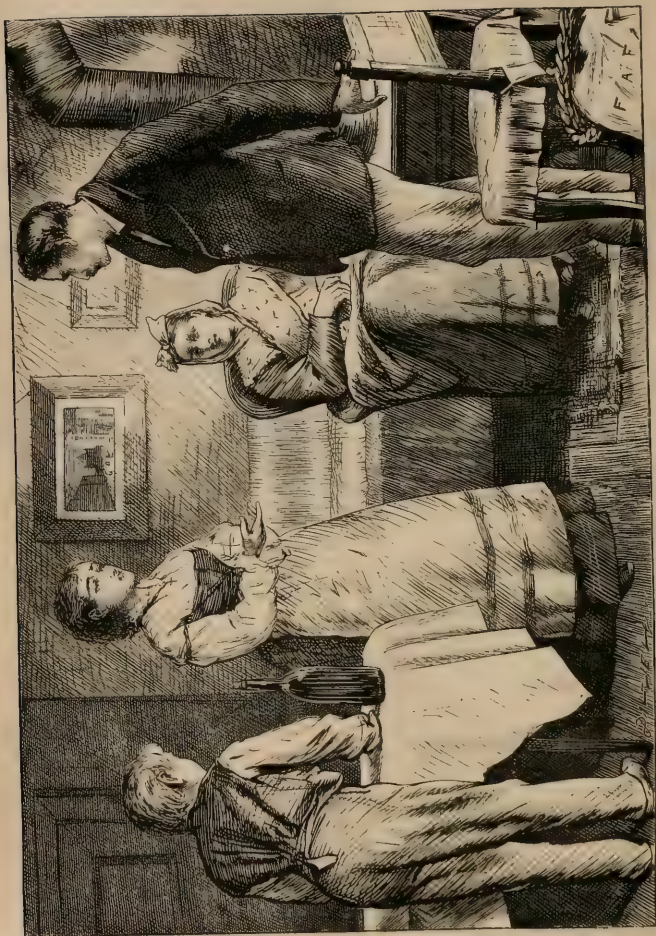
Comes at last, our poor earth's native,
 All-heaven's one child, simple, kind !
 Blows again, in song creative,
 Round the earth a living wind ;
 Scattered sparks long driven of joyless weather,
 Blows to new and quenchless flames together !

All about, from graves abounding,
 Forth springs new-born life and blood.
 Endless peace for us firm founding,
 Plunges he into life's flood ;
 In the midst, with full hands, gaze caressing,
 Waits but for the prayer to give the blessing.

Let his mild looks of invading
 Deep into thy spirit go ;
 By his blessedness unfading,
 Thou thyself possessed shalt know ;
 Heart and soul and sense, in solemn pleasure,
 Join and break into a new-born measure.

Grasp his hands with boldness yearning ;
 Stamp his face thy heart upon ;
 Turning towards him, ever turning,
 Thou, the flower, must face the sun.
 Who to whom his heart's last fold unfoldeth,
 True as wife's his heart for ever holdeth.

Ours it is—with us abiding !
 Godhead—word at which we quaked—
 South and north in dark earth hiding,
 Heavenly germs hath sudden waked !
 Let us then in God's full garden labour,
 And to every bud and bloom be neighbour !



"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IX.



SUPPOSE it had better be so," Marie Bromar had said to her lover, when in set form he made his proposition. She had thought very much about it, and had come exactly to that state of mind. She did suppose that it had better be so. She knew that she did

not love the man. She knew also that she loved another man. She did not even think that she should ever learn to love Adrian Urmand. She had neither ambition in the matter, nor even any feeling of prudence as regarded herself. She was enticed by no desire of position, or love of money. In respect to all her own feelings about herself she would sooner have remained at the Lion d'Or, and have waited upon the guests day after day, and month after month. But yet she had supposed "that it had better be so." Her uncle wished it,—wished it so strongly that she believed it would be impossible that she could remain an inmate in his house, unless she acceded to his wishes. Her aunt manifestly thought that it was her duty to accept the man, and could not understand how so manifest a duty, going hand in hand as it did with so great an advantage, should be made a matter of doubt. She had not one about her to counsel her to hold by her own feelings. It was the practice of the world around her that girls in such matters should do as they were bidden. And then, stronger than all, there was the indifference to her of the man she loved!

Marie Bromar was a fine, high-spirited, animated girl; but it must not be thought that she was a highly educated lady, or that time had been given to her amidst all her occupations, in which she could allow her

mind to dwell much on feelings of romance. Her life had ever been practical, busy, and full of action. As is ever the case with those who have to do chiefly with things material, she was thinking more frequently of the outer wants of those around her, than of the inner workings of her own heart and personal intelligence. Would the bread rise well? Would that bargain she had made for poultry suffice for the house? Was that lot of wine which she had persuaded her uncle to buy of a creditable quality? Were her efforts for increasing her uncle's profits compatible with satisfaction on the part of her uncle's guests? Such were the questions which from day to day occupied her attention and filled her with interest. And therefore her own identity was not strong to her, as it is strong to those whose business permits them to look frequently into themselves, or whose occupations are of a nature to produce such introspection. If her head ached, or had she lamed her hand by any accident, she would think more of the injury to the household arising from her incapacity than of her own pain. It is so, reader, with your gardener, your groom, or your cook, if you will think of it. Till you tell them by your pity that they are the sufferers, they will think that it is you who are most affected by their ailments. And the man who loses his daily wage because he is ill, complains of his loss and not of his ailment. His own identity is half hidden from him by the practical wants of his life.

Had Marie been disappointed in her love without the appearance of any rival suitor, no one would have ever heard of her love. Had George Voss married she would have gone on with her work without a sign of outward sorrow; or had he died, she would have wept for him with no peculiar tears. She did not expect much from the world around her, beyond this, that the guests should not complain about their suppers as long as the suppers provided were reasonably good. Had no great undertaking been presented to her, the performance of no heavy task demanded from her, she would have gone on with her work without showing even by the altered colour of her cheek that she was a sufferer. But this other man had come,—this Adrian Urmand; and a great undertaking was presented to her, and the performance of a heavy task was demanded from her. Then it was necessary that there should

be identity of self and introspection. She had to ask herself whether the task was practicable, whether its performance was within the scope of her powers. She told herself at first that it was not to be done; that it was one which she would not even attempt. Then as she looked at it more frequently, as she came to understand how great was the urgency of her uncle; as she came to find, in performing that task of introspection, how unimportant a person she was herself, she began to think that the attempt might be made. "I suppose it had better be so," she had said. What was she that she should stand in the way of so many wishes? As she had worked for her bread in her uncle's house at Granpere, so would she work for her bread in her husband's house at Basle. No doubt there were other things to be joined to her work,—things the thought of which dismayed her. She had fought against them for a while; but, after all, what was she, that she should trouble the world by fighting? When she got to Basle she would endeavour to see that the bread should rise there, and the wine be sufficient, and the supper such as her husband might wish it to be.

Was it not the manifest duty of every girl to act after this fashion? Were not all marriages so arranged in the world around her? Among the Protestants of Alsace, as she knew, there was some greater latitude of choice than was ever allowed by the stricter discipline of Roman Catholic education. But then she was a Roman Catholic, as was her aunt; and she was too proud and too grateful to claim any peculiar exemption from the Protestantism of her uncle. She had resolved during those early hours of the morning that "it had better be so." She thought that she could go through with it all, if only they would not tease her, and ask her to wear her Sunday frock, and force her to sit down with them at table. Let them settle the day,—with a word or two thrown in by herself to increase the distance,—and she would be absolutely submissive, on condition that nothing should be required of her till the day should come. There would be a bad week or two then while she was being carried off to her new home; but she had looked forward and had told herself that she would fill her mind with the care of one man's house, as she had hitherto filled it with the care of the house of another man.

"So it is all right," said her aunt, rushing up to her with warm congratulations, ready to flatter her, prone to admire her. It would be something to have a niece married to

Adrian Urmand, the successful young merchant of Basle. Marie Bromar was already in her aunt's eyes something different from her former self.

"I hope so, aunt."

"Hope so; but it is so, you have accepted him?"

"I hope it is right, I mean."

"Of course it is right," said Madame Voss. "How can it be wrong for a girl to accept the man whom all her friends wish her to marry? It must be right. And your uncle will be so happy."

"Dear uncle!"

"Yes, indeed. He has been so good; and it has made me wretched to see that he has been disturbed. He has been as anxious that you should be settled well, as though you had been his own. And this will be to be settled well. I am told that M. Urmand's house is one of those which look down upon the river from near the church; the very best position in all the town. And it is full of everything, they say. His father spared nothing for furniture when he was married. And they say that his mother's linen was quite a sight to be seen. And then, Marie, everybody acknowledges that he is such a nice-looking young man!"

But it was not a part of Marie's programme to be waked up to enthusiasm,—at any rate by her aunt. She said little or nothing, and would not even condescend to consider that interesting question of the day of the wedding. "There is quite time enough for all that, Aunt Josey," she said, as she got up to go about her work. Aunt Josey was almost inclined to resent such usage, and would have done so, had not her respect for her niece been so great.

Michel did not return till near seven, and walking straight through his wife's room to Marie's seat of office came upon his niece before he had seen any one else. There was an angry look about his brow, for he had been trying to teach himself that he was ill-used by his niece in spite of that half-formed resolution to release her from persecution if she were still firm in her opposition to the marriage. "Well," he said as soon as he saw her. "Well,—how is it to be?" She got off her stool, and coming close to him put up her face to be kissed. He understood it all in a moment, and the whole tone and colour of his countenance was altered. There was no man whose face would become more radiant with satisfaction than that of Michel Voss,—when he was satisfied. Please him,—and immediately there would be an effort

on his part to please everybody around him. "My darling, my own one," he said, "it is all right." She kissed him again and pressed his arm, but said not a word. "I am so glad," he exclaimed; "I am so glad!" And he knocked off his cap with his hand, not knowing what he was doing. "We shall have but a poor house without you, Marie;—a very poor house. But it is as it ought to be. I have felt for the last year or two, as you have sprung up to be such a woman among us, my dear, that there was only one place fit for such a one. It is proper that you should be mistress wherever you are. It has wounded me,—I don't mind saying it now,—it has wounded me to see you waiting on the sort of people that come here."

"I have only been too happy, uncle, in doing it."

"That's all very well; that's all very well, my dear. But I am older than you, and time goes quick with me. I tell you it made me unhappy. I thought I wasn't doing my duty by you. I was beginning to know that you ought to have a house and servants of your own. People say that it is a great match for you; but I tell them that it is a great match for him. Perhaps it is because you've been my own in a way, but I don't see any girl like you round the country."

"You shouldn't say such things to flatter me, Uncle Michel."

"I choose to say what I please, and think what I please, about my own girl," he said, with his arm close wound round her. "I say it's a great match for Adrian Urmand, and I am quite sure that he will not contradict me. He has had sense enough to know what sort of a young woman will make the best wife for him, and I respect him for it. I shall always respect Adrian Urmand because he has known better than to take up with one of your town-bred girls, who never learn anything except how to flaunt about with as much finery on their backs as they can get their people to give them. He might have had the pick of them at Basle,—or at Strasbourg either, for the matter of that; but he has thought my girl better than them all; and I love him for it—so I do. It was to be expected that a young fellow with means to please himself should choose to have a good-looking wife to sit at his table with him. Who'll blame him for that? And he has found the prettiest in all the country round. But he has wanted something more than good looks,—and he has got a great deal more. Yes; I say it, I, Michel Voss, though I am your uncle;—that he has got the pride of the

whole country round. My darling, my own one, my child!"

All this was said with many interjections, and with sundry pauses in the speech, during which Michel caressed his niece, and pressed her to his breast, and signified his joy by all the outward modes of expression which a man so demonstrative knows how to use. This was a moment of great triumph to him, because he had begun to despair of success in this matter of the marriage, and had told himself on this very morning that the affair was almost hopeless. While he had been up in the wood he had asked himself how he would treat Marie in consequence of her disobedience to him; and he had at last succeeded in producing within his own breast a state of mind that was not perhaps very reasonable, but which was consonant with his character. He would let her know that he was angry with her,—very angry with her; that she had half broken his heart by her obstinacy; but after that she should be to him his own Marie again. He would not throw her off, because she disobeyed him. He could not throw her off, because he loved her, and knew of no way by which he could get rid of his love. But he would be very angry, and she should know of his anger. He had come home wearing a black cloud on his brow, and intending to be black. But all that was changed in a moment, and his only thought now was how to give pleasure to this dear one. It is something to have a niece who brings such credit on the family!

Marie as she listened to his praise and his ecstasies, knowing by a sure instinct every turn of his thoughts, tried to take joy to herself in that she had given joy to him. Though he was her uncle, and had in fact been her master, he was actually the one real friend whom she had made for herself in her life. There had been a month or two of something more than friendship with George Voss; but she was too wise to look much at that now. Michel Voss was the one being in the world whom she knew best, of whom she thought most, whose thoughts and wishes she had most closely studied, whose interests were ever present to her mind. Perhaps it may be said of every human heart in a sound condition that it must be specially true to some other one human heart; but it may certainly be so said of every female heart. The object may be changed from time to time,—may be changed very suddenly, as when a girl's devotion is transferred with the consent of all her friends from her mother to her lover; or very slowly as when a mother's is transferred from

her husband to some favourite child ; but, unless self-worship be predominant, there is always one friend to whom the woman's breast is true,—for whom it is the woman's joy to offer herself in sacrifice. Now with Marie Bromar that one being had been her uncle. She prospered, if he prospered. His comfort was her comfort. Even when his palate was pleased, there was some gratification akin to animal enjoyment on her part. It was ease to her, that he should be at his ease in his arm-chair. It was mirth to her that he should laugh. When he was contented she was satisfied. When he was ruffled she was never smooth. Her sympathy with him was perfect ; and now that he was radiant with triumph, though his triumph came from his victory over herself, she could not deny him the pleasure of triumphing with him.

"Dear uncle," she said, still caressing him, "I am so glad that you are pleased."

"Of course it will be a poor house without you, Marie. As for me, it will be just as though I had lost my right leg and my right arm. But what ! A man is not always to be thinking of himself. To see you treated by all the world as you ought to be treated,—as I should choose that my own daughter should be treated,—that is what I have desired. Sometimes when I've thought of it all when I've been alone, I have been mad with myself for letting it go on as it has done."

"It has gone on very nicely, I think, uncle Michel." She knew how worse than useless it would be now to try and make him understand that it would be better for them both that she should remain with him. She knew, to the moving of a feather, what she could do with him and what she could not. Her immediate wish was to enable him to draw all possible pleasure from his triumph of the day, and therefore she would say no word to signify that his glory was founded on her sacrifice.

Then again came up the question of her position at supper, but there was no difficulty in the arrangement made between them. The one gala evening of grand dresses—the evening which had been intended to be a gala, but which had turned out to be almost funereal—was over. Even Michel Voss himself did not think it necessary that Marie should come in to supper with her silk dress two nights running ; and he himself had found that that changing of his coat had impaired his comfort. He could eat his dinner and his supper in his best clothes on Sunday, and not feel the inconvenience ; but on

other occasions those unaccustomed garments were as heavy to him as a suit of armour. There was, therefore, nothing more said about clothes. Marie was to dispense her soup as usual,—expressing a confident assurance that if Peter were as yet to attempt this special branch of duty the whole supper would collapse,—and then she was to take her place at the table, next to her uncle. Everybody in the house, everybody in Grampere, knew that the marriage had been arranged, and the old lady who had been so dreadfully snubbed by Marie, had forgiven the offence, acknowledging that Marie's position on that evening had been one of difficulty.

But these arrangements had reference only to two days. After two days, Adrian was to return to Basle, and to be seen no more at Grampere till he came to claim his bride. In regard to the choice of the day, Michel declared roundly that no constraint should be put upon Marie. She showed him her full privileges, and no one should be allowed to interfere with her. On this point Marie had brought herself to be almost indifferent. A long engagement was a state of things which would have been quite incompatible with such a betrothal. Any delay that could have been effected would have been a delay, not of months, but of days,—or at most of a week or two. She had made up her mind that she would not be afraid of her wedding. She would teach herself to have no dread either of the man or of the thing. He was not a bad man, and marriage in itself was honourable. She formed ideas also of some future true friendship for her husband. She would endeavour to have a true solicitude for his interests, and would take care, at any rate, that nothing was squandered that came into her hands. Of what avail would it be to her that she should postpone for a few days the beginning of a friendship that was to last all her life ? Such postponement could only be induced by a dread of the man, and she was firmly determined that she would not dread him. When they asked her, therefore, she smiled and said very little. What did her aunt think ?

Her aunt thought that the marriage should be settled for the earliest possible day,—though she never quite expressed her thoughts. Madame Voss, though she did not generally obtain much credit for clear seeing, had a clearer insight to the state of her niece's mind than had her husband. She still believed that Marie's heart was not with Adrian Urmand. But, attributing perhaps no very great im-

portance to a young girl's heart, and fancying that she knew that in this instance the young girl's heart could not have its own way, she was quite in favour of the Urmand marriage. And if they were to be married the sooner the better. Of that she had no doubt. "It's best to have it over always as soon as possible," she said to her husband in private, nodding her head, and looking much wiser than usual.

"I won't have Marie hurried," said Michel.

"We had better say some day next month, my dear," said Madame Voss, again nodding her head. Michel, struck by the peculiarity of her voice, looked into her face, and saw the unaccustomed wisdom. He made no answer, but after a while nodded his head also, and went out of the room a man convinced. There were matters between women, he thought, which men can never quite understand. It would be very bad if there should be any slip here between the cup and the lip; and, no doubt, his wife was right.

It was Madame Voss at last who settled the day,—the 15th of October, just four weeks from the present time. This she did in concert with Adrian Urmand, who, however, was very docile in her hands. Urmand, after he had been accepted, soon managed to bring himself back to that state of mind in which he had before regarded the possession of Marie Bromar as very desirable. For some four-and-twenty hours, during which he had thought himself to be ill-used, and had meditated a retreat from Granpere, he had contrived to teach himself that he might possibly live without her; but as soon as he was accepted, and when the congratulations of the men and women of Granpere were showered down upon him in quick succession,—so that the fact that the thing was to be became assured to him,—he soon came to fancy again that he was a man as successful in love as he was in the world's good, and that this acquisition of Marie's hand was a treasure in which he could take delight. He undoubtedly would be ready by the day named, and would go home and prepare everything for Marie's arrival.

They were very little together as lovers during those two days, but it was necessary that there should be an especial parting. "She is up-stairs in the little sitting-room," Aunt Josey said; and up-stairs to the little sitting-room Adrian Urmand went.

"I am come to say good-bye," said Urmand.

"Good-bye, Adrian," said Marie, putting

both her hands in his, and offering her cheek to be kissed.

"I shall come back with such joy for the 15th," said he.

She smiled, and kissed his cheek, and still held his hand. "Adrian," she said.

"My love?"

"As I believe in the dear Jesus, I will do my best to be a good wife to you." Then he took her in his arms, and kissed her close, and went out of the room with tears streaming down his cheeks. He knew now that he was in truth a happy man, and that God had been good to him in this matter of his future wife.

CHAPTER X.

"So your cousin Marie is to be married to Adrian Urmand, the young linen merchant at Basle," said Madame Faragon one morning to George Voss. In this manner were the first assured tidings of the coming marriage conveyed to the rival lover. This occurred a day or two after the betrothal, when Adrian was back at Basle. No one at Granpere had thought of writing an express letter to George on the subject. George's father might have done so, had the writing of letters been a customary thing with him; but his correspondence was not numerous, and such letters as he did write were short, and always confined to matters concerning his trade. Madame Voss had, however, sent a special message to Madame Faragon, as soon as Adrian had gone, thinking that it would be well that in this way George should learn the truth.

It had been fully arranged by this time that George Voss was to be the landlord of the hotel at Colmar on and from the first day of the following year. Madame Faragon was to be allowed to sit in the little room downstairs, to scold the servants, and to make the strangers from a distance believe that her authority was unimpaired. She was also to receive a moderate annual pension in money in addition to her board and lodging. For these considerations, and on condition that George Voss should expend a certain sum of money in renewing the faded glories of the house, he was to be the landlord in full enjoyment of all real power on the first of January following. Madame Faragon, when she had expressed her agreement to the arrangement, which was indeed almost in all respects one of her own creation, wept and wheezed and groaned bitterly. She declared that she would soon be dead, and so trouble him no more. Nevertheless, she especially stipulated that she should have a new arm-

chair for her own use, and that the feather bed in her own chamber should be renewed.

"So your cousin Marie is to be married to Adrian Urmand, the young linen merchant at Basle," said Madame Faragon.

"Who says so?" demanded George. He asked his question in a quiet voice; but, though the news had reached him thus suddenly, he had sufficient control over himself to prevent any plain expression of his feelings. The thing which had been told him had gone into his heart like a knife; but he did not intend that Madame Faragon should know that he had been wounded.

"It is quite true. There is no doubt about it. Stodel's man with the roulage brought me word direct from your step-mother." George immediately began to inquire within himself why Stodel's man with the roulage had not brought some word direct to him, and answered the question to himself not altogether incorrectly. "Oh, yes," continued Madame Faragon, "it is quite true—on the 15th of October. I suppose you will be going over to the wedding." This she said in her usual whining tone of small complaint, signifying thereby how great would be the grievance to herself to be left alone at that special time.

"I shall not go to the wedding," said George. "They can be married, if they are to be married, without me."

"They are to be married; you may be quite sure of that." Madame Faragon's grievance now consisted in the amount of doubt which was being thrown on the tidings which had been sent direct to her. "Of course you will choose to have a doubt, because it is I who tell you."

"I do not doubt it at all. I think it is very likely. I was well aware before that my father wished it."

"Of course he would wish it, George. How should he not wish it? Marie Bromar never had a franc of her own in her life, and it is not to be expected that he, with a family of young children at his heels, is to give her a dot."

"He will give her something. He will treat her as though she were a daughter."

"Then I think he ought not. But your father was always a romantic, headstrong man. At any rate, there she is,—bar-maid, as we may say, in the hotel,—much the same as our Floschen here; and, of course, such a marriage as this is a great thing; a very great thing, indeed. How should they not wish it?"

"Oh, if she likes him——!"

"Like him? Of course, she will like him.

Why should she not like him? Young, and good-looking, with a fine business, doesn't owe a sou, I'll be bound, and with a houseful of furniture. Of course, she'll like him. I don't suppose there is so much difficulty about that."

"I dare say not," said George. "I believe that women's likings go after that fashion, for the most part."

Madame Faragon, not understanding this general sarcasm against her sex, continued the expression of her opinion about the coming marriage. "I don't suppose anybody will think of blaming Marie Bromar for accepting the match when it was proposed to her. Of course, she would do as she was bidden, and could hardly be expected to say that the man was above her."

"He is not above her," said George in a hoarse voice.

"Marie Bromar is nothing to you, George; nothing in blood; nothing beyond a most distant cousin. They do say that she has grown up good-looking."

"Yes;—she is a handsome girl."

"When I remember her as a child she was broad and dumpy, and they always come back at last to what they were as children. But of course M. Urmand only looks to what she is now. She makes her hay while the sun shines; but I hope the people won't say that your father has caught him at the Lion d'Or, and taken him in."

"My father is not the man to care very much what anybody says about such things."

"Perhaps not so much as he ought, George," said Madame Faragon, shaking her head.

After that George Voss went about the house for some hours, doing his work, giving his orders, and going through the usual routine of his day's business. As he did so, no one guessed that his mind was disturbed. Madame Faragon had not the slightest suspicion that the matter of Marie's marriage was a cause of sorrow to him. She had felt the not unnatural envy of a woman's mind in such an affair, and could not help expressing it, although Marie Bromar was in some sort connected with herself. But she was sure that such an arrangement would be regarded as a family triumph by George,—unless, indeed, he should be inclined to quarrel with his father for over-generosity in that matter of the dot. "It is lucky that you got your little bit of money before this affair was settled," said she.

"It would not have made the difference of a copper sou," said George Voss, as he walked angrily out of the old woman's room. This was in the evening, after supper, and

the greater part of the day had passed since he had first heard the news. Up to the present moment he had endeavoured to shake the matter off from him, declaring to himself that grief—or at least any outward show of grief—would be unmanly and unworthy of him. With a strong resolve he had fixed his mind upon the affairs of his house, and had allowed himself to meditate as little as might be possible. But the misery, the agony, had been then present with him during all those hours,—and had been made the sharper by his endeavours to keep it down and banish it from his thoughts. Now, as he went out from Madame Faragon's room, having finished all that it was his duty to do, he strolled into the town, and at once began to give way to his thoughts. Of course he must think about it. He acknowledged that it was useless for him to attempt to get rid of the matter and let it be as though there were no such persons in the world as Marie Bromar and Adrian Urmand. He must think about it; but he might so give play to his feelings that no one should see him in the moments of his wretchedness. He went out, therefore, among the dark walks in the town garden, and there, as he paced one alley after another in the gloom, he revelled in the agony which a passionate man feels when the woman whom he loves is to be given into the arms of another.

As he thought of his own life during the past year or fifteen months, he could not but tell himself that his present suffering was due in some degree to his own fault. If he really loved this girl, and if it had been his intention to try and win her for himself, why had he taken his father at his word and gone away from Granpere? And why, having left Granpere, had he taken no trouble to let her know that he still loved her? As he asked himself these questions, he was hardly able himself to understand the pride which had driven him away from his old home, and which had kept him silent so long. She had promised him that she would be true to him. Then had come those few words from his father's mouth, words which he thought his father should never have spoken to him, and he had gone away, telling himself that he would come back and fetch her as soon as he could offer her a home independently of his father. If, after the promises she had made to him, she would not wait for him without further words and further vows, she would not be worth the having. In going, he had not precisely told himself that there should be no intercourse between them for twelve months, but the silence which he had maintained, and his

continued absence, had been the consequence of the mood of his mind and the tenour of his purpose. The longer he had been away from Granpere without tidings from any one there, the less possible had it been that he should send tidings from himself to his old home. He had not expected messages. He had not expected any letter. But when nothing came, he told himself over and over again that he too would be silent, and would bide his time. Then Edmond Greisse had come to Colmar, and brought the first rumour of Adrian Urmand's proposal of marriage.

The reader will perhaps remember that George, when he heard this first rumour, had at once made up his mind to go over to Granpere, and that he went. He went to Granpere partly believing, and partly disbelieving Edmond's story. If it were untrue, perhaps she might say a word to him that would comfort him and give him new hope. If it were true, she would have to tell him so; and then he would say a word to her that should tear her heart, if her heart was to be reached. But he would never let her know that she had torn his own to rags! That was the pride of his manliness; and yet he was so boyish as not to know that it should have been for him to make those overtures for a renewal of love, which he hoped that Marie would make to him. He had gone over to Granpere, and the reader will perhaps again remember what had passed then between him and Marie. Just as he was leaving her he had asked her whether she was to be married to this man. He had made no objection to such a marriage. He had spoken no word of the constancy of his own affection. In his heart there had been anger against her because she had spoken no such word to him,—as of course there was also in her heart against him, very bitter and very hot. If he wished her to be true to him, why did he not say so? If he had given her up, why did he come there at all? Why did he ask any questions about her marriage, if on his own behalf he had no statement to make,—no assurance to give? What was her marriage, or her refusal to be married, to him? Was she to tell him that, as he had deserted her, and as she could not busy herself to overcome her love, therefore she was minded to wear the willow for ever? "If my uncle and aunt choose to dispose of me, I cannot help it," she had said. Then he had left her, and she had been sure that for him that early game of love was a game altogether played out. Now, as he walked along the dark paths of the town garden, something

of the truth came upon him. He made no excuse for Marie Bromar. She had given him a vow, and should have been true to her vow, so he said to himself a dozen times. He had never been false. He had shown no sign of falseness. True of heart, he had remained away from her only till he might come and claim her, and bring her to a house that he could call his own. This also he told himself a dozen times. But, nevertheless, there was a very agony of remorse, a weight of repentance, in that he had not

striven to make sure of his prize when he had been at Granpere before the marriage was settled. Had she loved him as she ought to have loved him, had she loved him as he loved her, there should have been no question possible to her of marriage with another man. But still he repented, in that he had lost that which he desired, and might perhaps have then obtained it for himself.

But the strong feeling of his breast, the strongest next to his love, was a desire to be revenged. He cared little now for his father,



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little for that personal dignity which he had intended to return by his silence, little for pecuniary advantages and prudential motives, in comparison with his strong desire to punish Marie for her perfidy. He would go over to Granpere, and fall among them like a thunderbolt. Like a thunderbolt, at any rate, he would fall upon the head of Marie Bromar. The very words of her love promises were still firm in his memory, and he would see if she also could be made to remember them.

"I shall go over to Granpere the day after to-morrow," he said to Madame Faragon, as

he caught her just before she retired for the night.

"To Granpere the day after to-morrow? And why?"

"Well, I don't know that I can say exactly why. I shall not be at the marriage, but I should like to see them first. I shall go the day after to-morrow."

And he went to Granpere on the day he fixed.

CHAPTER XI.

"PROBABLY one night only, but I won't make any promise," George had said to Madame

Faragon when she asked him how long he intended to stay at Granpere. As he took one of the horses belonging to the inn and drove himself, it seemed to be certain that he would not stay long. He started all alone, early in the morning, and reached Granpere about twelve o'clock. His mind was full of painful thoughts as he went, and as the little animal ran quickly down the mountain road into the valley in which Granpere lies, he almost wished that his feet were not so fleet. What was he to say when he got to Granpere, and to whom was he to say it?

When he reached the angular court along two sides of which the house was built he did not at once enter the front door. None of the family were then about the place, and he could, therefore, go into the stable and ask a question or two of the man who came to meet him. His father, the man told him, had gone up early to the wood-cutting and would not probably return till the afternoon. Madame Voss was no doubt inside, as was also Marie Bromar. Then the man commenced an elaborate account of the betrothals. There never had been at Granpere any marriage that had been half so important as would be this marriage; no lover coming thither had ever been blessed with so beautiful and discreet a maiden, and no maiden of Granpere had ever before had at her feet a lover at the same time so good-looking, so wealthy, so sagacious, and so good-tempered. The man declared that Adrian was the luckiest fellow in the world in finding such a wife, but his enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch when he spoke of Marie's luck in finding such a husband. There was no end to the good with which she would be endowed;—"linen," said the man, holding up his hands in admiration, "that will last out all her grandchildren at least!" George listened to it all, and smiled, and said a word or two—was it worth his while to come all the way to Granpere to throw his thunderbolt at a girl who had been captivated by promises of a chest full of house linen!

George told the man that he would go up to the wood-cutting after his father; but before he was out of the court he changed his mind and slowly entered the house. Why should he go to his father? What had he to say to his father about the marriage that could not be better said down at the house? After all, he had but little ground of complaint against his father. It was Marie who had been untrue to him, and it was on Marie's head that his wrath must fall. No doubt his father would be angry with him when he

should have thrown his thunderbolt. It could not, as he thought, be hurled effectually without his father's knowledge; but he need not tell his father the errand on which he had come. So he changed his mind, and went into the inn.

He entered the house almost dreading to see her whom he was seeking. In what way should he first express his wrath? How should he show her the wreck which by her inconstancy she had made of his happiness? His first words must, if possible, be spoken to her alone; and yet alone he would hardly hope to find her. And he feared her. Though he was so resolved to speak his mind, yet he feared her. Though he intended to fill her with remorse, yet he dreaded the effect of her words upon himself. He knew how strong she could be, and how steadfast. Though his passion told him every hour, was telling him all day long, that she was as false as hell, yet there was something in him of judgment, something rather of instinct, which told him also that she was not bad, that she was a firm-hearted, high-spirited, great-minded girl, who would have reasons to give for the thing that she was doing.

He went through into the kitchen before he met any one, and there he found Madame Voss with the cook and Peter. Immediate explanations had, of course, to be made as to his unexpected arrival;—questions asked, and suggestions offered—"Came he in peace, or came he in war?" Had he come because he had heard of the betrothals? He admitted that it was so. "And you are glad of it?" asked Madame Voss. "You will congratulate her with all your heart?"

"I will congratulate her certainly," said George. Then the cook and Peter began with a copious flow of domestic eloquence to declare how great a marriage this was for the Lion d'Or;—how pleasing to the master, how creditable to the village, how satisfactory to the friends, how joyous to the bridegroom, how triumphant to the bride! "No doubt she will have plenty to eat and drink, and fine clothes to wear, and an excellent house over her head," said George in his bitterness.

"And she will be married to one of the most respectable young men in all Switzerland," said Madame Voss in a tone of much anger. It was already quite clear to Madame Voss, to the cook, and to Peter, that George had not come over from Colmar simply to express his joyous satisfaction at his cousin's good fortune.

He soon walked through into the little sitting-room, and his step-mother followed him.

"George," she said, "you will displease your father very much if you say anything unkind about Marie."

"I know very well," said he, "that my father cares more for Marie than he does for me."

"That is not so, George."

"I do not blame him for it. She lives in the house with him, while I live elsewhere. It was natural that she should be more to him than I am, after he had sent me away. But he has no right to suppose that I can have the same feeling that he has about this marriage. I cannot think it the finest thing in the world for all of us that Marie Bromar should succeed in getting a rich young man for her husband, who, as far as I can see, never had two ideas in his head."

"He is a most industrious young man, who thoroughly understands his business. I have heard people say that there is no one comes to Granpere who can buy better than he can."

"Very likely not."

"And at any rate, it is no disgrace to be well off."

"It is a disgrace to think more about that than anything else. But never mind. It is no use talking about it, words won't mend it."

"Why then have you come here now?"

"Because I want to see my father." Then he remembered how false was this excuse; and remembered also how soon its falseness would appear. "Besides, though I do not like this match, I wish to see Marie once again before her marriage. I shall never see her after it. That is the reason why I have come. I suppose you can give me a bed."

"Oh, yes, there are beds enough." After that there was some pause, and Madame Voss hardly knew how to treat her step-son. At last she asked him whether he would have dinner, and an order was given to Peter to prepare something for the young master in the small room. And George asked after the children, and in this way the dreaded subject was for some minutes laid on one side.

In the meantime, information of George's arrival had been taken up-stairs to Marie. She had often wondered what sign he would make when he should hear of her engagement. Would he send her a word of affection, or such customary present as would be usual between two persons so nearly connected? Would he come to her marriage? And what would be his own feelings? She too remembered well, with absolute accuracy,

those warm, delicious, heavenly words of love which had passed between them. She could feel now the pressure of his hand and the warmth of his kiss, when she swore to him that she would be his for ever and ever. After that he had left her, and for a year had sent no token. Then he had come again, and had simply asked her whether she were engaged to another man; had asked with a cruel indication that he at least intended that the old childish words should be forgotten. Now he was in the house again, and she would have to hear his congratulations!

She thought for some quarter of an hour what she had better do, and then she determined to go down to him at once. The sooner the first meeting was over the better. Were she to remain away from him till they should be brought together at the supper-table, there would almost be a necessity for her to explain her conduct. She would go down to him and treat him exactly as she might have done, had there never been any special love between them. She would do so as perfectly as her strength might enable her; and if she failed in aught, it would be better to fail before her aunt, than in the presence of her uncle. When she had resolved, she waited yet another minute or two, and then she went down-stairs.

As she entered her aunt's room George Voss was sitting before the stove, while Madame Voss was in her accustomed chair, and Peter was preparing the table for his young master's dinner. George arose from his seat at once, and then came a look of pain across his face. Marie saw it at once, and almost loved him the more because he suffered. "I am so glad to see you, George," she said. "I am so glad that you have come."

She had offered him her hand, and of course he had taken it. "Yes," he said, "I thought it best just to run over. We shall be very busy at the hotel before long."

"Does that mean to say that you are not to be here for my marriage?" This she said with her sweetest smile, making all the effort in her power to give a gracious tone to her voice. It was better, she knew, to plunge at the subject at once.

"No," said he. "I shall not be here then."

"Ah,—your father will miss you so much! But if it cannot be, it is very good of you to come now. There would have been something sad in going away from the old house without seeing you once more. And though Colmar and Basle are very near, it will not

be the same as in the dear old home ;—will it, George?" There was a touch about her voice as she called him by his name, that nearly killed him. At that moment his hatred was strongest against Adrian. Why had such an upstart as that, a puny, miserable creature, come between him and the only thing he had ever seen in the guise of a woman that could touch his heart? He turned round with his back to the table and his face to the stove, and said nothing. But he was able, when he no longer saw her, when her voice was not sounding in his ear, to swear that the thunderbolt should be hurled all the same. His journey to Grampere should not be made for nothing. "I must go now," she said presently. "I shall

see you at supper, shall I not, George, when uncle will be with us? Uncle Michel will be so delighted to find you. And you will tell us of the new doings at the hotel. Good-bye for the present, George." Then she was gone before he had spoken another word.

He eat his dinner, and smoked a cigar about the yard, and then said that he would go out and meet his father. He did go out, but did not take the road by which he knew that his father was to be found. He strolled off to the ravine, and came back only when it was dark. The meeting between him and his father was kindly; but there was no special word spoken, and thus they all sat down to supper.

TOWN GEOLOGY.

IV.—THE COAL IN THE FIRE.

MY dear townfolk, let me tell you now something of a geological product well known, happily, to all dwellers in towns, and of late years, thanks to railroad extension, to most dwellers in country districts: I mean coal.

Coal, as of course you know, is commonly said to be composed of vegetable matter, of the leaves and stems of ancient plants and trees—a startling statement, and one which I do not wish you to take entirely on trust. I shall therefore spend a few pages in showing you how this fact—for fact it is—was discovered. It is a very good example of reasoning from the known to the unknown. You will have a right to say at first starting, "Coal is utterly different in look from leaves and stems. The only property which they seem to have in common is that they can both burn." True. But difference of mere look may be only owing to a transformation, or series of transformations. There are plenty in nature quite as great, and greater. What can be more different in look, for instance, than a green field of wheat and a basket of loaves at the baker's? And yet there is, I trust, no doubt whatsoever that the bread has been once green wheat, and that the green wheat has been transformed into bread—making due allowance, of course, for the bone-dust, or gypsum, or alum with which the worthy baker may have found it profitable to adulterate his bread, in order to improve the digestion of Her Majesty's subjects.

But you may say, "Yes, but we can see

the wheat growing, flowering, ripening, reaped, ground, kneaded, baked. We see, in the case of bread, the processes of the transformation going on: but in the case of coal we do not see the wood and leaves being actually transformed into coal, or anything like it."

But suppose we laid out the wheat on a table in a regular series, such as you may see in many exhibitions of manufactures, beginning with the wheat plant at one end, and ending with the loaf at the other, and called in to look at them a savage who knew nothing of agriculture and nothing of cookery—called in, as an extreme case, the man in the moon, who certainly can know nothing of either; for as there is neither air nor water round the moon, there can be nothing to grow there, and therefore nothing to cook—and suppose we asked him to study the series from end to end. Do you not think that the man in the moon, if he were half as shrewd as Crofton Croker makes him in his conversation with Daniel O'Rourke, would answer after a due meditation, "How the wheat plant got changed into the loaf I cannot see from my experience in the moon: but that it has been changed, and that the two are the same thing I do see, for I see all the different stages of the change." And so I think you may say of the wood and the coal.

The man in the moon would be quite reasonable in his conclusion; for it is a law, a rule, and one which you will have to apply again and again in the study of natural objects, that however different two objects

may look in some respects, yet if you can find a regular series of gradations between them, with all shades of likeness, first to one of them and then to the other, then you have a fair right to suppose them to be only varieties of the same species, the same kind of thing, and that, therefore, they have a common origin.

That sounds rather magniloquent. Let me give you a simple example.

Suppose you had come into Britain with Brute, the grandson of Æneas, at that remote epoch when (as all archæologists know who have duly read Geoffrey of Monmouth and the Arthuric legends) Britain was inhabited only by a few giants. Now if you had met giants with one head, and also giants with seven heads, and no others, you would have had a right to say, "There are two breeds of giants here, one-headed and seven-headed." But if you had found, as Jack the Giant-Killer (who belongs to the same old cycle of myths) appears to have found, two-headed giants also, and three-headed, and giants, indeed, with any reasonable number of heads, would you not have been justified in saying, "They are all of the same breed, after all; only some are more capitate, or heady, than others?"

I hope that you agree to that reasoning; for by it I think we arrive most surely at a belief in the unity of the human race, and that the Negro is actually a man and a brother.

If the only two types of men in the world were an extreme white type, like the Norwegians, and an extreme black type, like the Negroes, then there would be fair ground for saying, "These two types have been always distinct; they are different races, who have no common origin." But if you found, as you will find, many types of man showing endless gradations between the white man and the Negro, and not only that, but endless gradations between them both and a third type, whose extreme perhaps is the Chinese—endless gradations, I say, showing every conceivable shade of resemblance or difference, till you often cannot say to what type a given individual belongs, and all of them, however different from each other, more like each other than they are like any other creature upon earth; then you are justified in saying, "All these are mere varieties of one kind. However distinct they are now, they were probably like each other at first, and therefore all probably had a common origin." That seems to me sound reasoning, and advanced

natural science is corroborating it more and more daily.

Now apply the same reasoning to coal. You may find about the world—you may see even in England alone—every gradation between coal and growing forest. You may see the forest growing in its bed of vegetable mould; you may see the forest dead and converted into peat, with stems and roots in it; that, again, into sunken forests, like those to be seen below high-water mark on almost every coast on this island. Then you find gradations between them and beds of lignite, or wood coal; then gradations between lignite and common or bituminous coal; and then gradations between common coal and culm or anthracite, such as is found in South Wales. Have you not a right to say, "These are all but varieties of the same kind of thing—namely, vegetable matter? They have a common origin—namely, woody fibre. And coal, or rather culm, is the last link in a series of transformations from growing vegetation?"

This is our first theory. Let us try to verify it, as scientific men are in the habit of doing, by saying, If that be true, then something else is likely to be true too.

If coal has all been vegetable soil, then it is likely that some of it has not been quite converted into shapeless coal. It is likely that there will be vegetable fibre still to be seen here and there; perhaps leaves, perhaps even stems of trees, as in a peat bog. Let us look for them.

You will not need to look far. The coal, and the sands and shales which accompany the coal, are so full of plant-remains, that three hundred species were known to Adolphe Brongniart as early as 1849, and that number has largely increased since.

Now one point is specially noticeable about these plants of the coal; namely, that they may at least have grown in swamps.

First, you will be interested if you study the coal flora, with the abundance, beauty, and variety of the ferns. Now ferns in these islands grow principally in rocky woods, because there, beside the moisture, they get from decaying vegetable or decaying rock, especially limestone, the carbonic acid which is their special food, and which they do not get on our dry pastures, and still less in our cultivated fields. But in these islands there are two noble species, at least, which are true swamp-ferns; the *Lastrea Thelypteris*, which of old filled the fens, but is now all but extinct; and the *Osmunda*, or King fern, which (as all know) will grow anywhere where it is damp enough about the

roots. In Hampshire, in Devon, and Cornwall, and in the south-west of Ireland, it too is a true swamp fern. But in the Tropics I have seen more than once noble tree-ferns growing in wet savannahs at the sea-level, as freely as in the mountain-woods; ferns with such a stem as some of the coal ferns had, some fifteen feet in height, under which, as one rode on horseback, one saw the blazing blue sky, as through a parasol of delicate lace, as men might have long ages since have seen it, through the plumed fronds of the ferns in the coal, had there only been a man then created to enjoy its beauty.

Next we find plants called by geologists Calamites. There is no doubt now that they are of the same family as our Equiseta, or horse-tails, a race which has, over most parts of the globe, dwindled down now from twenty or thirty feet in height, as they were in the old coal measures, to paltry little weeds. The tallest Equisetum in England—the beautiful *E. Telmateia*—is seldom five feet high. But they, too, are mostly mud and swamp plants; and so may the Calamites have been.

The Lepidodendrons, again, are without doubt the splendid old representatives of a family now dwindled down to such creeping things as our club-mosses, or Lycopodiums. Now it is a certain fact, which can be proved by the microscope, that a very great part of the best coal is actually made up of millions of the minute seeds of club-mosses, such as grow—a few of them, and those very small—on our moors; a proof, surely, not only of the vast amount of the vegetation in the coal-making age, but also of the vast time during which it lasted. The Lepidodendra may have been fifty or sixty feet high. There is not a Lycopodium in the world now, I believe, five feet high. But the club-mosses are now, in these islands and elsewhere, lovers of wet and peaty soils, and so may their huger prototypes have been, in the old forests of the coal.

Of the Sigillariæ we cannot say as much with certainty, for botanists are not agreed as to what low order of flowerless plants they belong. But that they rooted in flat clay beds there is proof, as you will hear presently.

And as to the Conifers, or pine-like trees; the Dadoxylon, of which the pith goes by the name of Stenbergia, and the uncertain tree which furnishes in some coal-measures bushels of a seed connected with that of the yew, we may suppose that they would find no more difficulty in growing in swamps than the cypress, which forms so large a portion of the vegetation in the swamps of the Southern United States.

I have given you these hints, because you will naturally wish to know what sort of a world it was in which all these strange plants grew and turned into coal.

My answer is, that it was most probably just like the world in which we are living now, with the one exception that the plants and animals are different.

It was the fashion a few years since to explain the coal—like other phenomena of geology—by some mere hypothesis of a state of things quite unlike what we see now. We were brought up to believe that in the Carboniferous, or coal-bearing era, the atmosphere was intensely moist and hot, and overcharged with carbonic acid, which had been poured out from the interior of the planet by volcanic eruptions, or by some other convulsion. I forget most of it now: and really there is no need to remember; for it is all, I verily believe, a dream—an attempt to explain the unknown not by the known, but by the still more unknown. You may find such theories lingering still in sensational school-books, if you like to be unscientific. If you like, on the other hand, to be scientific, you will listen to those who tell you that instead of there having been one unique carboniferous epoch, with a peculiar coal-making climate, all epochs are carboniferous if they get the chance; that coal is of every age, from that of the Scotch and English beds, up to the present day. The great coal-beds along the Rocky Mountains, for instance, are tertiary—that is, later than the chalk. Coal is forming now, I doubt not, in many places on the earth, and would form in many more, if man did not interfere with the processes of wild nature, by draining the fens, and embanking the rivers.

Let me by a few words prove this statement. They will give you, beside, a fresh proof of Sir C. Lyell's great geological rule—that the best way to explain what we see in ancient rocks is to take for granted, as long as we can do so fairly, that things were going on then very much as they are going on now.

When it was first seen that coal had been once vegetable, the question arose—How did all these huge masses of vegetable matter get there? The Yorkshire and Derbyshire coal-fields, I hear, cover 700 or 800 square miles; the Lancashire is about 200. How large the North Wales and the Scotch fields are I cannot say. But doubtless a great deal more coal than can be got at lies under the sea, especially in the north of Wales. Coal probably exists over vast sheets of England

and France, buried so deeply under later rocks, that it cannot be reached by mining. As an instance, a distinguished geologist has long held that there are beds of coal under London itself, which rise, owing to a peculiar disturbance of the strata, to within 1,000 or 1,200 feet of the surface, and that we or our children may yet see coal-mines in the marshes of the Thames. And more, it is a provable fact that only a portion of the coal-measures is left. A great part of Ireland must once have been covered with coal, which is now destroyed. Indeed, it is likely that the coal now known of in Europe and America is but a remnant of what has existed there in former ages, and has been eaten away by the inroads of the sea.

Now whence did all that enormous heap of vegetable soil come? Off some neighbouring land, was the first and most natural answer. It was a rational one. It proceeded from the known to the unknown. It was clear that these plants had grown on land; for they were land-plants. It was clear that there must have been land close by, for between the beds of coal, as you all know, the rock is principally coarse sandstone, which could only have been laid down (as I have explained to you already) in very shallow water.

It was natural, then, to suppose that these plants and trees had been swept down by rivers into the sea, as the sands and muds which buried them had been. And it was known that at the mouths of certain rivers—the Mississippi, for instance—vast rafts of dead floating trees accumulated; and that the bottoms of the rivers were often full of snags, &c.; trees which had grounded, and stuck in the mud; and why should not the coal have been formed in the same way?

Because—and this was a serious objection—then surely the coal would be impure—mixed up with mud and sand, till it was not worth burning. Instead of which, the coal is pure vegetable, parted sharply from the sandstone which lies on it. The only other explanation was, that the coal vegetation had grown in the very places where it was found. But that seemed too strange to be true; till that great geologist, Sir W. Logan—who has since done such good work in Canada—showed that every bed of coal had a bed of clay under it, and that that clay always contained fossils called *Stigmara*. Then it came out that the *Stigmara* in the under clay had long filaments attached to them, while, when found in the sandstones or shales, they had lost their filaments, and seemed more or less rolled—

in fact, that the natural place of the *Stigmara* was in the under clay. Then Mr. Binney discovered a tree—a *Sigillaria*, standing upright in the coal measures with its roots attached. Those roots penetrated into the under clay of the coal, and those roots were *Stigmarias*. That seems to have settled the question. The *Sigillarias*, at least, had grown where they were found, and the clay beneath the coal-beds was the original soil on which they had grown. Just so, if you will look at any peat bog, you will find it bottomed by clay, which clay is pierced everywhere by the roots of the moss forming the peat, or of the trees, birches, alders, poplars, willows, which grow in the bog. So the proof seemed complete, that the coal had been formed out of vegetation growing where it was buried. If any further proof for that theory was needed, it would be found in this fact, most ingeniously suggested by Mr. Boyd Dawkins. Those resinous spores of, or seeds of, the *Lepidodendra*, or trees like our present club-mosses, make up (as said above) a great part of the bituminous coal. Now those spores are so light, that they would have floated on water, and have been carried away; and therefore the bituminous coal must have been formed, not under water, but on dry land.

I have dwelt at length on these further arguments, because they seem to me as pretty a specimen as I can give my readers of that regular and gradual induction, that common-sense regulated, by which geological theories are worked out.

But how does this theory explain the perfect purity of the coal? I think Sir C. Lyell answers that question fully in p. 383 of his "Student's Elements of Geology." He tells us that the dense growths of reeds and herbage which encompass the margins of forest-covered swamps in the valley and delta of the Mississippi, in passing through them, are filtered and made to clear themselves entirely before they reach the areas in which vegetable matter may accumulate for centuries, forming coal if the climate be favourable; and that in the cypress-swamps of that region no sediment mingles with the vegetable matter accumulated from the decay of trees and semi-aquatic plants; so that when, in a very dry season, the swamp is set on fire, pits are burnt into the ground many feet deep, or as far as the fire can go down without reaching water, and scarcely any earthy residuum is left; just as when the soil of the English fens catches fire, red-hot holes are eaten down through pure peat till the water-bearing clay below is reached. But

the purity of the water in peaty lagoons is observable elsewhere than in the delta of the Mississippi. What can be more transparent than many a pool surrounded by peaking bogs, fringed, as they are in Ireland, with a ring of white water-lilies, which you dare not stoop to pick, lest the peat, bending inward, slide you down into that clear, dark gulf some twenty feet in depth, bottomed and walled with yielding ooze, from which there is no escape? Most transparent, likewise, is the water of the West Indian swamps. Though it is of the colour of coffee, or rather of dark beer, and so impregnated with gases that it produces fever or cholera when drunk, yet it is—at least when it does not mingle with the salt water—so clear, that one might see every marking on a boa-constrictor or alligator, if he glided along the bottom under the canoe.

But now comes the question—Even if all this be true, how were the forests covered up in shale and sandstone, one after another?

By gradual sinking of the land, one would suppose.

If we find, as we may find in a hundred coal-beds, trees rooted as they grew, with their trunks either standing up through the coal, and through the sandstones above the coal; their bark often remaining as coal while their inside is filled up with sandstone, has not our common-sense a right to say—The land on which they grew sank below the water-line; the trees were killed; and the mud and sand which were brought down the streams enveloped their trunks? As for the inside being full of sandstone, have we not all seen hollow trees? Do we not all know that when a tree dies its wood decays first, its bark last? It is so, especially in the Tropics. There one may see huge dead trees with their bark seemingly sound, and their inside a mere cavern with touchwood at the bottom; into which caverns one used to peep with some caution. For though one might have found inside only a pair of toucans, or parrots, or a whole party of jolly little monkeys, one was quite as likely to find a poisonous snake four or five feet long, whose bite would have very certainly prevented me having the pleasure of writing this paper.

But is it not plain that if such trees as that sunk, their bark would be turned into lignite, and at last into coal, while their insides would naturally be silted up with mud and sand? Thus a core or pillar of hard sandstone would be formed, which might do to the collier of the future what they are too apt to do in the Newcastle and Bristol collieries. For there, when the coal is

worked out below, the sandstone stems—"coal-pipes" as the colliers call them—in the roof of the seam, having no branches, and nothing to hold them up but their friable bark of coal, are but too apt to drop out suddenly, killing or wounding the hapless men below.

Or again, if we find—as we very often find—as was found at Parkfield Colliery, near Wolverhampton, in the year 1844—a quarter of an acre of coal-seam filled with stumps of trees as they grew, their trunks broken off and lying in every direction, turned into coal, and flattened as coal-fossils so often are, by the weight of the rock above—should we not have a right to say—These trees were snapped off where they grew by some violent convulsion—a storm, or a sudden inrush of water, owing to a sudden sinking of the land, or by the very earthquake shock itself which sank the land?

But what evidence have we of such sinkings? The plain fact that you have coal-seam above coal-seam, each with its bed of under-clay, and that the land *must* have sunk ere the next bed of soil could have been deposited, and the next forest have grown on it.

In one of the Rocky Mountain coal-fields there are more than thirty seams of coal, each with its under-clay below it. What can that mean but thirty or more subsidences of the land, and the peat of thirty or more forests or peat-mosses, one above the other? And now if any reader shall say, Subsidence? What is this quite new element which you have brought into your argument? You told us that you would reason from the known to the unknown. What do we know of subsidence? You offered to explain the thing which had gone on once by that which is going on now. Where is subsidence going on now upon the surface of our planet? And where, too, upheaval, such as would bring us these buried forests up again from under the sea-level, and make them, like our British coal-field, dry land once more?

The answer is—Subsidence and elevation of the land are common now, probably just as common as they were in any age of this planet's history.

To give two instances, made now notorious by the writings of Sir C. Lyell and other geologists. As lately as 1819 a single earthquake shock in Cutch, at the mouth of the Indus, sunk a tract of land larger than the Lake of Geneva in some places to a depth of eighteen feet, and converted it into an inland sea. The same shock raised, a few

miles off, a corresponding sheet of land some fifty miles in length, and in some parts sixteen miles broad, ten feet above the level of the alluvial plain, and left it to be named by the country-people the "Ullah Bund," or bank of God, to distinguish it from the artificial banks in the neighbourhood.

Again, in the valley of the Mississippi, a tract which is now, it would seem, in much the same state as central England was while our coal-fields were being laid down, the earthquakes of 1811—12 caused large lakes to appear suddenly in many parts of the district, amid the dense forests of cypress. One of these, the "Sunk Country," near New Madrid, is between seventy and eighty miles in length, and thirty miles in breadth, and throughout it, as late as 1846, "dead trees were conspicuous, some erect in the water, others fallen, and strewed in dense masses over the bottom, in the shallows, and near the shore." I quote these words from Sir C. Lyell's "Principles of Geology" (11th edit.), vol. i. p. 453. And I cannot do better than advise my readers, if they wish to know more of the way in which coal was formed, to read what is said in that book concerning the Delta of the Mississippi, and its strata of forests sunk as they grew, and in some places upraised again, alternating with beds of clay and sand, vegetable soil, recent sea-shells, and what-not, forming, to a depth of several hundred feet, just such a mass of beds as exists in our own coal-fields at this day.

If, therefore, the reader wishes to picture to himself the scenery of what is now central England, during the period when our coal was being laid down, he has only, I believe, to transport himself in fancy to any great alluvial delta, in a moist and warm climate, favourable to the growth of vegetation. He has only to conceive wooded marshes, at the mouth of great rivers, slowly sinking beneath the sea; the forests in them killed by the water, and then covered up by layers of sand, brought down from inland, till that new layer became dry land, to carry a fresh crop of vegetation. He has thus all that he needs to explain how coal-measures were formed. I myself saw once a scene of that kind, which I should be sorry to forget; for there was, as I conceived, coal making, or getting ready to be made, before my eyes: a sheet of swamp, sinking slowly into the sea; for there stood trees still rooted below high-water mark, and killed by the waves; while inland huge trees stood dying, or dead, from the water at their roots. But what a scene—a labyrinth of narrow creeks, so narrow that

a canoe could not pass up, haunted with alligators and boa-constrictors, parrots and white herons, amid an inextricable confusion of vegetable mud, roots of the alder-like mangroves, and tangled creepers hanging from tree to tree, and overhead huge fan-palms, delighting in the moisture, mingled with still huger broad-leaved trees in every stage of decay. The drowned vegetable soil of ages beneath me, above my head, for a hundred feet, a mass of stems and boughs, and leaves and flowers, compared with which the richest hothouse in England was poor and small. But the sinking process which was going on continued a few hundred years, all that huge mass of wood and leaf would be sunk beneath the swamp, and covered up in mud washed down from the mountains, and sand driven in from the sea—to form a bed, many feet thick, of what would be first peat, then lignite, and last, it may be, coal, with the stems of killed trees standing up out of it into the new mud and sand-beds above it, just as the *Sigillaria* and other stems stand up in the coal-beds both of Britain and of Nova Scotia, while over it a fresh forest would grow up, to suffer the same fate—if the sinking process went on—as that which had preceded it.

That was a sight not easily to be forgotten. But we need not have gone so far from home, at least, a few hundred years ago, to see an exactly similar one. The fens of Norfolk and Cambridgeshire, before the rivers were embanked, the water pumped off, the forests felled, and the reed-beds ploughed up, were exactly in the same state. The vast deposits of peat between Cambridge and the sea, often filled with timber trees, either fallen or upright as they grew, and often mixed with beds of sand or mud, brought down in floods, were formed in exactly the same way, and if they had remained undrained, then that slow sinking, which geologists say is going on over the whole area of the Fens, would have brought them gradually, but surely, below the sea-level, to be covered up by new forests, and converted in due time into coal. And future geologists would have found—they may find yet, if, which God forbid, England should become barbarous and the trees be thrown out of cultivation—instead of fossil *Lepidodendra* and *Sigillaria*, *Calamites* and ferns, fossil ashes and oaks, alders and poplars, bulrushes and reeds. Almost the only fossil fern would be that tall and beautiful *Lastrea Thelypteris*, once so abundant, now all but destroyed by drainage and the plough.

We need not, therefore, fancy any extraordinary state of things on this planet while our English coal was being formed. The climate of the northern hemisphere—Britain, at least, and Nova Scotia—was warmer than now, to judge from the abundance of ferns, and especially of tree-ferns; but not so warm, to judge from the presence of conifers (trees of the pine tribe), as the Tropics. Moreover, there must have been, it seems to me, a great scarcity of animal life. Insects are found, beautifully preserved; a few reptiles, too, and land-shells; but how few! And where are the traces of such a swarming life as would be entombed were a tropic forest now sunk; which is found entombed in many parts of our English fens? The only explanation which I can offer is this—that the club-mosses, tree-ferns, pines, and other low-ranked vegetation of the coal afforded little or no food for animals, as the same families of plants do to this day; and if creatures can get nothing to eat, they certainly cannot multiply and replenish the earth. But, be that as it may, the fact that coal is buried forest is not affected.

Meanwhile, the shape and arrangements of sea and land must have been utterly different from what they are now. Where was that great land, off which great rivers ran to deposit our coal-measures in their deltas? It has been supposed, for good reasons, that north-western France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany were then under the sea; that Denmark and Norway were joined to Scotland by a continent, a tongue of which ran across the centre of England, and into Ireland, dividing the northern and southern coal-fields. But how far to the west and north did that old continent stretch? Did it, as it almost certainly did long ages afterwards, join Greenland and North America with Scotland and Norway? Were the northern fields of Nova Scotia, which are of the same geological age as our own, and containing the same plants, laid down by rivers which ran off the same continent as ours? Who can tell now? That old land, and all record of it, save what these fragmentary coal-measures can give, are buried in the dark abyss of countless ages; and we can only look back with awe, and comfort ourselves with the thought—Let Time be ever so vast, yet Time is not Eternity.

One word more. If my readers have granted that all for which I have argued is probable, they will still have a right to ask or further proof.

They will be justified in saying, "You say

that coal is transformed vegetable matter; but can you show us how the transformation takes place? Is it possible, according to known natural laws?"

The chemist must answer that. And he tells us that wood can become lignite, or wood-coal, by parting with its oxygen, in the shape of carbonic acid gas, or choke-damp; and then common, or bituminous coal, by parting with its hydrogen, chiefly in the form of carburetted hydrogen—the gas with which we light our streets. That is about as much as the unscientific reader need know. But it is a fresh corroboration of the theory that coal has been once vegetable fibre, for it shows how vegetable fibre can, by the laws of nature, become coal. And it certainly helps us to believe that a thing has been done, if we are shown that it can be done.

This fact explains, also, why in mines of wood-coal carbonic acid, *i.e.*, choke-damp, alone is given off. For in the wood-coal a great deal of the hydrogen still remains. But in mines of true coal, not only is choke-damp given off, but that more terrible pest of the miners, fire-damp, or explosive carburetted hydrogen and olefiant gases. Now the occurrence of that fire-damp in mines proves that changes are still going on in the coal; that it is getting rid of its hydrogen, and so progressing toward the state of anthracite or culm—stone-coal, as it is sometimes called. In the Pennsylvanian coal-fields some of the coal has actually done this, under the disturbing force of earthquakes; for the coal, which is bituminous, like our common coal, to the westward where the strata are horizontal, becomes gradually anthracite as it is tossed and torn by the earthquake faults of the Alleghany and Appalachian mountains.

And is a further transformation possible? Yes; and more than one. If we conceive the anthracite cleared of all but its last atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, till it has become all but pure carbon, it would become—as it has become in certain rocks of immense antiquity, graphite—what we miscall blacklead. And, after that, it might go through one transformation more, and that the most startling of all. It would need only perfect purification and crystallisation to become—a diamond; nothing less. We may consider the coal upon the fire as the middle term of a series, of which the first is live wood, and the last diamond; and indulge safely in the fancy that every diamond in the world has probably, at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant.

A strange transformation; which will look to us more strange, more truly poetical, the more steadily we consider it.

The coal on the fire; the table at which I write—what are they made of? Gas and sunbeams; with a small percentage of ash, or earthy salts, which need hardly be taken into account.

Gas and sunbeams. Strange, but true.

The life of the growing plant—and what that life is who can tell?—laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil; of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water, for that too is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets: it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap, and bud, and leaf, and wood. But it had to take in another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams—that mysterious and complex force which is for ever pouring from the sun, and making itself partly palpable to our senses as heat and light. So the life of the plant seized the sunbeams, and absorbed them, buried them in itself—no longer as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre.

So it is. Lord Lytton told us long ago, in a beautiful song, how

"The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose."

But Nature's poetry was more beautiful than man's. The wind and the beam loved the rose so well that they made the rose—or rather, the rose took the wind and the beam, and built up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue, and fragrance.

What next? The rose dies; the timber tree dies, decays down into vegetable fibre—is buried, and turned to coal; but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue. The sun-force must stay, shut up age after age, invisible, but strong; working at its own prison-cells; transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the manifold products of coal—coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes, and what-not, till its day of deliverance comes.

Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black, dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it, warms till it reaches the igniting point; the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen.

And then, like a dormant live thing, awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost centuries since in the bosom of the earth. It drinks the oxygen in at every pore, and burns.

And so the spell of ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells, and blazes into the free atmosphere, as light and heat once more; returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since.

Strange it is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands—that truth is stranger than fiction.

C. KINGSLEY.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.)

III.

WHO in his chamber sitteth lonely,
And weepeth heavy, bitter tears;
To whom in doleful colours only
Of want and woe the world appears,

Who on the past's dim form receding,
As on a gulf, his gaze doth rest,
Down into which a sweet woe pleading,
From all sides draws him to its breast;

Or if as there some treasure fabled
Stored up for him all waiting stands,
Whose lock he gropes for, haste disabled,
With breathless breast and trembling hands;

Who sees the future arid, meagre,
Stretched out before him, horrid lie ;
Who lonely roams the waste, and eager
Seeks his old self with restless cry ;

Weeping, I clasp him like a lover :
I once as thou did feel the same ;
But I grew well and all is over—
The perfect rest I know it now.

One being soothes all hearts that languish—
Who inly loved, endured, and died ;
For those who racked his soul with anguish,
In thousandfold rejoicing died.

He died, and yet, fresh every morrow,
His love and him thou dost behold ;
And canst, in every joy and sorrow,
Him in thy arms, love-daring, fold.

From him new life and blood are driven
Through all thy limbs that withering pine ;
And when thy heart to him is given,
Then is his heart for ever thine.

Thy loss he found, thy treasure holdeth—
No more thou seekest it in vain ;
And evermore thy heart infoldeth
What once his hand gives thee again.

GEORGE MAC DONALD,

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

IV.—THE MARVELLOUSNESS OF INFIDELITY.

"The man answered and said unto them, Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes."—JOHN ix. 30.

THE subject in dispute here was the origin of Christ, as that might possibly be determined by the character of his work. It arose in this way. On a certain Sabbath Jesus saw a man, in passing, who was blind from his birth ; and He healed him. But the man had been a well-known mendicant, who had long appealed to the compassion of the wayfarer in the vicinity of the place where he had been found. So great a change as had been wrought in him could not pass unnoticed, or occur without comment. Naturally enough, his neighbours and they who before had seen him were the first to express surprise, and to make inquiry into what had taken place. Whether it was that they had their doubts as to the truthfulness of the man's account of it, or that they were afraid of their silence being construed into dishonour, they evidently thought it was a

case that demanded some kind of authoritative investigation, and that it was worthy of being brought under the notice of their religious guides. They brought the man, therefore, to the Pharisees—the most prominent party in those days among religious Jews, or, at least, among Jewish religionists—the party, therefore, that was dominant in meetings of the Synagogue and Sanhedrim—in other words, and in more modern phrase, the party commanding a majority in the church courts.

It does not affect the result in the least, whether the man was brought before a court regularly constituted, and his case gone into after a strictly legal manner or not. The importance of the finding remains the same. It is the verdict of a majority who, if met formally in court, would have ruled its judgment. It is come to with deliberation. The

question opened up by the case was not one that had arisen suddenly, and was now surprising them into a rash conclusion. It is come to with much at hand to clear it up. It is come to, not only in the face of the occurrence out of which it rose, but in the light of all Christ's doing and teaching to that hour; in the light of the progress of events in the course of his ministry, with its many-sided bearings on the case before them; and when come to, it is pronounced decidedly and on this wise: "As for this fellow, we know not from whence he is."

Now, this judgment is not one that we can afford to look at as a curiosity of history. Make allowance for the difference of position occupied by Christ in the world then from that which He holds now; for the difference in the ways and means by which He then showed himself from those by which He manifests himself now; for the very different way, in short, in which any question of the kind can now arise out of greatly altered circumstances, and you will find that much the same question is still at issue; that much the same sort of evidence is called up to decide it; that it is decided oftentimes in a similar spirit, after a like process of investigation, and with precisely the same result—"We know not from whence He is." The whole transaction, with its subsequent discussion and the judgment passed upon it, is, therefore, of permanent interest; and the view of it which a nameless man took and dared to utter when questions of the kind were first mooted does not lose its force, or its justness, or its point, when a Christian man takes it up and holds by it nowadays, although much time and controversy may have passed between.

Looked at from this point of view, the subject that suggests itself to us is, *The Marvellousness of Infidelity*: "Herein is a marvellous thing, you know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes." This subject we may now consider under two heads, which may be stated thus: The Marvellousness of Infidelity, as shown, first, in its intellectual perverseness; and secondly, in its moral callousness.

I. By its intellectual perverseness we mean its perverse opposition to the logic of facts witnessing to a divine power in Christ, and in his works. This takes for granted that facts can speak—that singly or conjointly they have it in them to awaken thought, to excite emotion, and to give a certain amount of confirmation, even, to particular truths—and it is so. Each of them singly, like a separate word, reveals something, and does its

best somehow to express it; while, if skillfully connected or combined, the separate hints and fragmentary glimpses of meaning will run together into definite sentences.

Facts appealing to us from nature, history, or social life—these are not the random scattering of a printer's types upon a page, out of which no intellect can draw intelligence. They are types set well and firmly, to leave a true impression, such as the soul of man may read. The facts of social life—are they not as the voice of the human heart running through all the notes to which the chords of that heart are strung, reading us its own most truthful commentary on itself? Idleness followed by want, want waited on apace by misery, and these branching out into all manner of foul living—these do not meet us with dumb voices in the ways of life, nor are they uncriticized teachers of eternal truths. Let such facts, as they occur, be noted, and the dismal array of statements and figures, seemingly unconnected, may tell us not of separate scraps of information only, but of vitally important laws. And showing us the mode of operation and the limits of these laws, facts so noted, read in each other's light, will advance us from mere conjecture to fixed knowledge—from hap-hazard experimenting in the way of doing things to the certain ways of science.

So, too, the facts of nature are as the voice of God in nature. There is not one that has not felt the influence of the fixed order and succession of events in the natural world around him. "Seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night," come many-voiced to all. A sunset on the mountains, the noonday glow on rippling waters, a cloud-bank rimmed with light, a first spring-bud on the tree, or, later on, a falling leaf whirled hither and thither by the gusty winds; what a rush of feeling comes to many a heart, what high and holy thoughts may not be born within the soul, as through the eyes of youth or age it looks on these! Thus nature, in its turn, lifts up the soul from the mere prosaic observation of things till it sees that they are full of tender or of solemn thought; the humble floweret speaking in living accents to the heart, while even an apple falling to the ground may set the mind upon the track of scientific thought or raise it higher still: for so long as every effect begets an inquiry as to its cause, and every law suggests thoughts as to the giver of it, nature will breathe on us out of its own power intelligence and beauty, and by its witnessing lead up the soul to thoughts of God.

In this sense there is a logic of facts ; and the perverseness with which infidelity, as a rule, deals with it, when the facts are those presented by the power and influence of Christ, forms no inconsiderable share of its marvellousness.

Observe the method which it followed in the instance furnished by the text. Men had there presented to them an incident involving the possession and the exercise of extraordinary power : " Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind." Blame them not, therefore, if they attempted to disprove the reality of the fact alleged. The interests of truth demanded strict inquiry. Men have no right to drag in a cause that is supernatural, as the cause at work, as often as they are puzzled by appearances ; that were superstition. Blame them not if they sought to sift the matter to the bottom ; if they required the testimony of the man himself, of the man's neighbours, of his parents, or if they did their utmost to shake the evidence of each. But when, after all their sifting, it remained attested that a man born blind now saw, what shall we say of a spirit that could acknowledge the hand of God in the colouring of a blade of grass, or the formation of a dew-drop, but not at all in the restoration of its lustre and its power of vision to the human eye ? Or, if we may not put the matter thus, what shall we say of a frame of mind that knew not how to pause reverently by such a fact, real or apparent, so attested—that knew not patiently and candidly to seek for other kindred facts to aid in the interpretation of it—knew not how, if nothing else, to hold the judgment in abeyance till light should be thrown on its mystery ; knew not how to form one generous estimate regarding it, but from the first closed its ear to whatever testimony it might competently give, and from captious questionings passed at once to base revilings and the foregone conclusion—" As for this fellow, we know not from whence he is ? " Was there not there a strange perverseness of intellect ?

Observe, too, the method which the same spirit follows now ; for there is no denying it that the power or the work of Christ in the world is the great fact in these modern days as well. In all history no fact lies so closely to the root of human life, to the root of the development of the human race, as Christianity. Let a line be drawn around the nations on which its light is risen—and, within that circle, you have the intellectual

progress, you have the moral power, you have all the vital forces that count for anything in the elevation and advancement of mankind. This is not saying that it is the sole cause of that progress, or of that power, or of these forces, but that it is essentially connected with them, and that it has directly or indirectly given to each its chief impulse. You cannot separate the advance which the world has made, even in the matter of enlightenment, and especially in so far as it is moral and spiritual, from the work of Christ as Light-giver.

So then this great fact meets us also in the world now in our day—a revelation traceable to the Person of Christ, a light risen on men, in which they see, if still dimly, yet with greater clearness—and then, and in great part too as a consequence, an enlightenment that extends slowly and gradually, but most surely, to the entire range of their secular affairs. Just as you have seen, when standing on the beach, a mightier wave advance the tide-mark higher on the sands, and then another break far short of that, and yet another shorter still, and you thought the tide that had flowed so far had again begun to ebb, till a third, gathering itself slowly up in longer folds, came on unbroken, overbearing in its swifter, stronger rush every smaller ridge of foam and backward current of the waters, until it rolled its strength out higher than the first, and swept the sands up to your very feet, and told you it was not ebb but flowing tide ; so too the world has seen the work and power of Christ advance and then recede, now an onward stride and now a lengthened pause, but flowing ever in lengths and circles of its own till it has reached a multitude, a concourse of the nations that is, in number, like unto the sands that are beside the sea.

And if we put the matter thus, viewing the influence of Christianity, not as seen in this or that one soul rejoicing in its own measure of the blessed light, but as a world-power that flashes, beacon-like, its light afar among the nations, it is because the work of Christ meets us now altogether on a larger scale than when, on a certain Sabbath long ago, the eyes of one poor man were opened who was born blind. How then read we such a fact, as we may see it in the intelligence and knowledge of duty and varied wealth of truth, made over to a Christian people, say to that to which our boast is we belong ? If ever series of facts linked on together into one demanded thought or explanation at our hands, we have it there in our progress as a

people into the light in which we see, be it unto praise or unto condemnation. Doubt we whether this our light had ever any corresponding night preceding it? Like those ancient doubters who called in the parents of the blind to give their testimony, would we hear what the forefathers say of this? Then let them answer us; and out of every burial mound in which their ashes rest with arrow-head or axe of flint beside them, in each grey circle of weird stones moss-grown and worn, in every local name that still does homage to some old heathen god, in legend and the earliest love they seem to answer us, that as for this their offspring, this great nation, there was a time when, as it sees now, it saw not. Would we hear besides what account itself gives of this transformation? It gives it—gives it in solemn documents and compacts of the State, in public ceremonies, in the structure of its legislature, in the texture of many of its laws, in all the highest moments of its life, whenever form is more significant and usage is more sacred; it gives it, pointing like the man who was born blind, to one, Jesus, as the giver of its light. Then say, with this great fact before you, and with such evidence as there is on every hand confirming it, would you not be guilty of a strange opposition to the logic or the witnessing of the facts themselves—you who in the first struggles of the light at dawn with darkness, in the rainbow flush of colour in the cloud, or in the gleam that shoots athwart the sky can see traces of a power that is of God—if as you saw the light of Christ breaking in on the world's spiritual darkness, saw it dawning, broadening out towards a lucid noon, you could trace these facts no higher, could only stand before them puzzled or enraged, could only say of Him who was their source, "We know not from whence he is?" Yet infidelity does this. It can say of the revelation that is given us through the facts of nature, "It is of God;" while of that other which is manifest in Christ, and in Christ's work throughout the world to this day, it persists in saying, "We know not whence it is?"

II. But we charge this spirit of infidelity, when dealing with the actual results of Christianity, not only with intellectual perverseness, but, in addition, with moral callousness; and we mean by that a moral inability or unwillingness to do justice to the character of these results as an evidence of divine love. It need hardly be said that as there is a logic of facts, there is also a moral character in facts. They speak, that is, to the heart and conscience as well as to the understanding.

They have it in them to draw out towards them esteem, affection, admiration, by their worth, their beauty, their sublimity, or to repel by the meanness, the cruelty, or the coarse brutality which they display. Facts cannot rid them of this influence on our moral nature; so that in dealing with them we have at hand to help us, not only the directions of the understanding, but also the guidance of the heart. Such a character have the facts under consideration. A blind man's eyes opened, a sinful man brought to see the beauty of holiness, a people that sat in darkness rising to greet the light of the Son of God and to labour in it, a world with the weak vision of a spiritually diseased condition furthered on the way to clearer sight—these things appeal not only to right thinking, but also to right feeling. They speak in strongest accents of beneficence and love to every heart that has a touch of loving-kindness in it.

Would you understand their message or know the meaning of an act that gave sight to darkened eyes in former days, then think what that blindness meant. It meant that a man like unto ourselves had never looked upon the beautiful green earth, or seen the mountain-tops or sea-cliffs frowning over restless waves. It meant that he had seen no blade or flower of spring, nor woods in autumn, nor a ship upon the sea, nor rising nor setting of the glorious sun. It meant that he had never known the tenderness enfolded in a mother's smile, or the health and freshness in an open, kindly face, or look of love sent straight from loving eyes; that in his dwelling the faintest shadows only of the world without were thrown upon the walls. It meant for him that life was shorn of its strength and stripped of its hopes.

And just the contrary of all that was included in that great deprivation was implied in sight bestowed; release from the house so dimly lighted, freedom from innumerable restraints, restoration to all the healthful, joyous influences known to them that see. And the compassion with which every feeling, tender heart had seen the stony eyes of that beggared man appeal to it from the wayside, ought to be the measure of its admiration of a work that gave him sight. It was a work that told not only of a mighty power, but of a tender love.

In like manner, would you know the meaning of the work of Christ among men from that hour to this, think of that blindness of the soul from which men, through Him, have been delivered; for that blindness also had its own significance. It meant that men, in

all the wonders of the earth and sky, saw not the spiritual glory shining through, felt not their power and grace, nor bowed before the righteous sovereignty of one true, living God. It meant that men, experiencing every change in life, saw not, in a Providence embracing all, the corrective discipline or the open-handed liberality of a Father's love. It meant that men were living within a world where shadows were as substance and not some lasting good, but a phantom only was the goal of every hope; where the light of life itself was darkness, and the aims of life were low, and the delights of life were gross. It meant that there the realities of faith were lost, as witness the wildness of their superstitions; that the foundations of society were laid in social wrongs, as witness the universality of slavery; that the true relationships of man to man had been lost sight of, as witness the ferocity and cruelty that found frequent place in their religious rites and were characteristic of their wars. And here also the contrary is implied in the ends for which Christ worketh hitherto and now works—deliverance from the vile confusions of morality, the blind gropings and the grim uncertainties of a world that knew not God; that his true light, falling softly round, may be unto health and life; that, gliding gently out through all the world, it may reveal the ties that bind us both to earth and heaven; and that, where it is received, men may be directed in their pursuits, encouraged in their toils, comforted in their sorrow, and have hope in their death.

You must have respect to the moral character of the facts to say whence they are. They are facts that speak to heart and conscience, and your explanation of them must be one that reconciles the account of them which the heart gives with that which the understanding gives. But have respect to this aspect of the work of Christ, whether seen in the life of an individual man or in that of a community, and you cannot say, "We know not whence He is." Make but room for your own better feelings, and you will say of it, "It is a good work, we are bound to wish it well, God give it speed, till the whole world see and is seen in the light of it." Give but its own rightful place in your hearts to the moral character of its facts, and you will stand before them as when you stand face to face with nature, open to receive legitimate impressions, and to feel the force of character which they represent. And in view of the results which have never wholly ceased to flow from it, in view of the

motives at the root of them, and the blessed purposes at the end of them, you will feel that the soul is lifted up, in the one case as in the other, above human power and beyond human love, to the power and love of God. But infidelity, just as it resists the logic of the facts, ignores the moral character in the facts. It can rise from the arrangements of the natural world, from its order and beneficence and beauty, to thoughts of God; it can see his handicraft in the muscles of a limb, the turning of a joint, in every separate bone of the dead skeleton; it can feel that there is more than a human love in the bountiful provision and ever-watchful care and longsuffering of ill in nature and in Providence; but it refuses even to feel after God in arrangements that are at least as wise and grand and merciful, or to see his work where living structures of the soul are re-created, and a spiritual mechanism far more curiously wrought and more finely touched by the power and grace of Christ.

What a marvellous thing is this heart of unbelief! Christ's own work, indeed, is marvellous. In a sense, and within certain limits, it is supernatural. But infidelity is the greater wonder of the two. It is so, not indeed because it is supernatural, but because it is unnatural; for it is contrary to the true nature of men and to the better self in every man. Professing much to be on the side of nature and of God in nature, it is a frame of mind and heart that, if it were consistent with itself and only dealt with the facts of nature as with those of Christianity, would exclude from nature its Great Lord and Potentate.

It is, therefore, well for the majority of men that God has so prepared and so revealed his grace that it comes to the soul with much self-evidencing power; that it needs not necessarily other recommendation than itself, advanced in its integrity, arrayed in its simplicity, and applied in its saving strength by the Holy Spirit; for all cannot master, and fewer still can meet, the arguments that are bandied to and fro by disputants on every side concerning the faith by which they live. But wherever a good work has been wrought within the heart through the power of the Son of God, so that the heart rejoices in the light of the divine mercy and tastes of the fruits of penitence and loving trust, there the least-lettered man among us has wherewithal to answer for himself. It is his to say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

M. C. TAYLOR.

THE MAN WITH THREE FRIENDS.

A STORY TOLD IN THE "GESTA ROMANORUM."

TO one full sound and quietly
That slept, there came a heavy cry,

"Awake! arise! for thou hast slain
A man." "Yea, have I, to mine own pain,"

He answered; "but of ill intent
And malice am I that nought forecast
As is the babe innocent.

"From sudden anger our strife grew,
I hated not in times past
Him whom unwittingly I slew."

"If it be so indeed, thy case
Is hard," they said, "for thou must die
Unless with the Judge thou canst find grace.
Hast thou, in thine extremity,
Friends sooth-fast for thee to plead?"

Then said he, "I have friends three:
One * whom in word, and will, and deed,
From my youth I have served, and loved before
Mine own soul, and for him striven,
To him was all I got given,
And the longer I lived, I have loved him more.
And another † have I, whom, sooth to tell,
I love as I love mine own heart well.
And the third ‡ I cannot now call
To mind, that he hath been ever at all
Loved by me, or in aught served;
And yet, maybe, he hath well deserved
That I should love him with the rest.
Now will I first to the one loved best."
Said the first, "And art thou so sore bestead?
See, I have gained of cloth good store,
So will I give thee three ells and more
(If more thou needest), when thou art dead,
To wrap thee: now hie away from my door.

"I have friends many, and little room."
And the second answered, weeping sore,
"We will go with thee to the Place of Doom,
There must we leave thee evermore."

"Alack," said the man, "and well-a-day!"
But the third only answered, "Yea;"
And while the man spake all to start soon
Knelt down and buckled on his shoon,
And said, "By thee in the Judgment Hall
I will stand and hear what the Judge decree,
And if it be death I will die with thee,
Or for thee as it may befall."

DORA GREENWELL.

* The World.

† Wife and children.

‡ Christ.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FERNYHURST COURT."

THE sight of great masses of human beings, men, women, and children, all stirred by the same feeling, swayed by the same thought, is always of itself very striking; but when there are miles of such crowds, and we know that these are only the representatives of the sentiment of a whole people, there is something like awe in being thus brought face to face with that entity, a nation, of which we talk so glibly, and yet which we so seldom realise,—of which the collective strength when it can be roused to feel thus like one man, is so far greater than that of the units which compose it would lead one to imagine.

It is well sometimes to be reminded practically of our national life, which generally moves on so unconsciously, as has been shown of late in the strong feeling evoked politically against the idea of yielding in the question of the "Indirect Claims," and now again, when we have been one in sympathy with the Queen and her children. The degree of interest and loyal affection has, indeed, surprised many foolish and some wise men, who thought that the day for such manifestations was past; while abroad it is a source of curious wonder, malevolent or admiring according to the view taken,—malevolent, as when the Republican correspondent of the *Siècle* says: "I have had a glance at the streets. The spectacle is really revolting. I ask myself if these are really human beings. You cannot conceive what an ignoble sight is presented by this people in its monarchical loyalty. They are mad this morning: they will be drunk to-night." Or, admiring, when the *Presse* says, with a touch of regret for the absence of such sentiments in France: "Truly when we witness such a spectacle, we cannot abstain from admiring the British people, its political good sense, and the wonderful organisation which preserves it from violent revolutions. It is then we recognise England as the classic land of real liberty and parliamentary government soundly administered." Or when the *Débats*, representing, perhaps, the most thoughtful among the French people, quotes with much feeling a speech of the French ambassador at the opening of a hospital in London, "This public expression of English loyalty by a solemn thanksgiving induces a comparison between the institution to which England is indebted for two centuries of prosperity, and the revolutions

through which France has been struggling for the last eighty years. Since the compact sealed between the nation and the Crown in 1688, England has never once seen its laws violated, either by the caprice of a sovereign or the revolt of a mob."

The impersonal character of the rejoicing was exceedingly touching—whatsoever pageant was to be seen had been contributed by the people themselves—the procession in itself was nothing—a few ordinary carriages and horses, with such an escort of the Life Guards as may be seen in the Park almost any day, while the joys and sorrows, the sickness and health, of those so far removed from the spectators would have seemed to make real sympathy almost impossible, and yet the purely sentimental interest was quite unmistakable, the loyal feeling for the Queen, as in some sort the mother of the nation,—the tender rejoicing with her, and for her, upon her son's recovery—with the wife who had nursed him so long and lovingly, and with the child so nearly left fatherless—and lastly, an amount of simple, honest pleasure at the sight of the young fellow risen, as it were, from the very brink of the grave. And that well-crowded carriage, filled to overflowing, in most unstately fashion, had in it something which went to the hearts of the spectators; its inmates had any amount of carriages at their command, but preferred to take their rejoicing, as they had endured their grief and anxiety—together, as a family. The Queen, the Prince, and her grandson sat in very close proximity; the three generations which, if England continues in the same mind as on that February Thanksgiving Day, will in succession reign over her, not as imposing their will upon the nation, but as the trusted executors of her laws, and the promoters of every good thing within her four seas. These are the engagements which people and sovereign (for the present and the future), freshly ratified together in some homely sort of fashion as they stood face to face for nearly four hours along those lines of crowded streets, and in that solemn church where together they knelt, giving thanks to Almighty God, with one heart joyfully.

Mr. Freeman tells us that England has preserved the unity and identity of her history and institutions in a very remarkable way as contrasted with France and Germany.

"From Hengist to Victoria she has always had what we may fairly call a Parliamentary Government." France has tried every form and variety of modes of rule, kings and despots of every hue, brilliant states-general, conventions, directories, consulates, empires. The very variations in the maps of Germany are sufficient to show what changes of every kind have there taken place. "The homely Parliaments of England, altogether guiltless of political theories, have had no longings after great and comprehensive measures, but if they saw practical abuses, the king could get no money till matters were set right; if they saw a bad law they demanded its alteration; if they saw a wicked minister they demanded his dismissal. It is this sort of bit-by-bit reform for six hundred years which has saved us alike from magnificent theories, and from massacres in the cause of humanity."

A constitution is like a great forest tree, it takes centuries to grow to perfection, and when once destroyed cannot be replaced; and the bran new attempts which have been made in various countries, when not growing out of the roots of the past, have been like the trees of liberty which the Parisians have been fond of planting, which wither away because there are no roots in them. The English, it has been truly said, "are not an envious people." We do not dislike seeing different "degrees and manners of men." There is none of the desire for equality distinctive of the French. Although the wish to rise themselves is strong in the Anglo-Saxon race, it is not accompanied by any longing to pull down other men; and on the present occasion it was very clear that the joys and sorrows of the Queen and her children were taken to heart by the nation, as a family matter coming home to each one of them.

The day began somewhat gloomily, there was a symptom of rain, and a fear that the Prince would not be allowed to risk the fatigue of the procession—at least, that he could not appear in an open carriage; it was felt that it would not do to run the risk of killing the subject of our rejoicing; but before twelve o'clock the weather cleared, and the immense masses which crowded all the spaces near Buckingham Palace saw the open carriage containing Queen and Prince drive out of the great gates, and set up that rejoicing shout of welcome which, without cessation or even lull, met and followed them through the seven miles of streets leading to and from St. Paul's. There was a moment of anxiety at the starting of the procession, to see whether the necessary roadway could

be kept clear from the enormous crowds with scanty standing room and hard pressed from behind, but the order of the people was complete there and everywhere, there was no rushing at any point; even when "loosed" by the onward march of the *cortège*, they forbore to attempt to follow it. The Speaker's great glass coach, weighing three tons, and so heavy that it was difficult to find two dray horses strong enough to draw it, led the way. It was escorted by running footmen, and looked as if it had dropped out of a mediæval pageant, with the Speaker himself in his black and gold robes, the whole array was more imposing, indeed, than that of the Chancellor in his modern carriage and dark liveries. The ninth carriage with six horses was the Queen's, preceded and followed by Life Guards, the only feature of what could be called "pomp" in the whole arrangement.

Pall Mall is almost our only stately street, containing as it does the nearest approach to Italian palaces which London can boast; and it looked its best—the variety of outline telling well against the sky, while the colours with which balconies, stands, and walls were dressed, gave it the cheerfulness which our sad-coloured houses so generally lack. Trafalgar Square was a sea of heads, and then came the lines of streets, from the shop-windows of which the goods had been everywhere removed, and replaced by rows of living heads. Windows, balconies, roofs, pavements, and side-streets, were all crowded, while every space where a stand could be erected was filled to overflowing. The people, indeed, had—

"Climbed to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Their infants in their arms, and there had sat
The live-long day in patient expectation."
Julius Cesar.

The constant repetition of reds and yellows was a little wearisome in the decorations; but the lines of streamers, stretching across the streets, redeemed the monotony; and here and there the householders had massed their flags and their effects—which showed itself in a pretty, fragrant shape at one point, where a hundred yards or so had been strewn with violets.

Ludgate Hill especially distinguished itself. The very derivation of the name is generally as much forgotten as the mythical king of London himself. A gate which existed here—used as a prison till the last century—had been restored in evergreens and flags, while an unusual *entente cordiale* between the two sides of the street enabled a very pretty and original decoration to be carried out. Red Venetian

standards, 40 feet high, were planted on either side, with coats-of-arms half way up, containing the shields and crowns of all the kings of England for a thousand years, from Alfred to Victoria; while shorter blue masts bore the names of a hundred of the principal towns in the United Kingdom, India, and the colonies; garlands of alternate roses and lilies hung from mast to mast, across and along the street, and were looped in festoons. This was the only portion of the route which the Queen passed over twice, leading up as it does to the grand cathedral, the heart of the wonderful life of our enormous London, and which forms so noble a centre for the devotions of a great city. Over its front portico was inscribed, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord." The way here was kept on one side by sailors, a very popular variation, though the soldiers were received most cordially throughout the route.

It is to be hoped that the crowd in the interior of St. Paul's profited by the long hours of waiting which they had to pass by looking at the grand harmonious lines of the building, the magnificent vault of the dome, and the massive strength of the piers, and determining to assist in carrying out Sir Christopher Wren's designs, and doing justice to his memory. It is said to have nearly broken his heart one hundred and ninety years ago to leave his work unfinished—a mere skeleton, as it were, requiring that warm clothing of colour and ornament which we may hope now to see given to it. Our national feeling for the Prince should enable us at length to complete our splendid Cathedral with "the greatest richness of sober decoration" as a fitting thank-offering. The steep inclines of heads and variety of dress, the crimson cloth covering the scaffolds, helped on this occasion to conceal the nakedness of the cold interior. Broad streams of light pouring down from the lofty windows shone upon thirteen thousand collected there of the most distinguished of every class in Britain. And the Queen had not forgotten to ask that seats should be kept among them for a certain number of working men.

Up the long clear space from the western end of the nave, as the clock struck one, came the Queen, whose sombre mourning on this day was relieved with a good deal of white "miniver" fur. On her left was the Princess, in dark blue, holding a child by the hand, and on her right the Prince, in a field marshal's uniform, looking somewhat pale and worn, leading another little boy,

and followed by a long train of princes and princesses, soldiers and statesmen. The organ played, and they passed slowly up to the seats prepared for them just under the dome, and knelt in the midst of their people.

The service itself was hardly adequate to the occasion. The Archbishop's address was good, and his clear voice was audible afar in the church which is said to be one of the best adapted for hearing ever built. The music was well performed; but, instead of some magnificent and appropriate pieces by the great masters having been chosen, the organist had been allowed to "compose for the occasion," and the only successful part was at the close, when a very commonplace hymn was sung to a very ordinary psalm tune. Being well known, however, it was joined in by all present, and produced a mighty roll of sound, giving the feeling of common worship,—common prayer and praise,—particularly required upon such a day.

M. Taine is so good as to say of us in his last book, "*le fond est toujours religieux en Angleterre*;" and although we may think that in this he does us too much honour, yet there could be no doubt of the religious feeling of the manifestation of the 27th; the quiet, almost tender, character of the rejoicing, and, best of all tributes to the day, the entire absence of drinking or riot after the ceremony was over; while the thought and "colour" of the inscriptions on the houses was extremely striking:—

"We asked of Thee life, and Thou gavest it him, so shall we sing Thy glory and power."

"Given to a nation's prayers."

"Give thanks to the Almighty for the restoration of our Prince."

"Thanks be given to Thee, O God."

These, and hundreds more, testify in an unmistakable manner to the thoughts among the common dwellers in those myriad houses. On such occasions as these unpopular sentiments are not hung out to be laughed at or contemned; the boot-maker who put forth, "More is wrought by prayer than the world dreams of," felt sure that there would be a response among his neighbours and the crowd. Even the less serious mottoes, such as "So, happy be the issue of this good day and happy meeting," from *Henry V.*; "The nation's and the mother's heart are one;" and "England rejoices with her Queen," on the arch in the Circus, had a touch of real feeling in them.

The good humour of the crowds was un-

broken during the day and night; there was no impatience at the necessary inconvenience of their position, but a willingness to be pleased, and to make the most of any little diversions which came in their way, which was of itself a sight. In one instance a red mail-cart, with the familiar V. R. upon it, drove up along the sacred cleared space, and the crowd began to cheer, as if to keep their hands in; the mail-cart bowed graciously on all sides, then was overcome with emotion, and had recourse to its pocket-handkerchief, and finally disappeared, still bowing, amidst applause and laughter.

Later in the evening, during the illuminations, when there was a block in a place without so much as a single star to enliven the crowd, the people seemed quite happy amusing themselves with a small man who had set his little boy astride on his shoulders to see the sights, and, being encumbered with his hat, had crowned the child's head with it above his cap.

Sailors were everywhere welcomed warmly. A stoppage took place in Fleet Street to allow a lady to get out; there was a cry to move on; but when they spied a naval uniform by her side, "It's a sailor," cried the mob; "one cheer for the sailor!" and all was smooth again. The Admiralty had arranged that men of every branch of the service should be sent up to join in the ceremony. A hundred men from the *Excellent* formed the guard of honour at Buckingham Palace; those from the gunneryship *Cambridge* were stationed at St. Paul's; and in Waterloo Place were the men from the *Duke of Wellington*, Sheerness Reserve, and Coast Guard, and the Naval School. All the ships' lights which could be collected had been contributed for the illumination of St. Paul's, and twelve men from the *Fisgard* placed, trimmed, and lighted three rows of lamps—green, white, and red—which encircled the dome at different heights, as soon as it was dark, while coloured fire of different hues lighted up the front of the *façade*.

The Thanksgiving was not confined to Great Britain, but at the same moment was being carried out in the colonies and India. Our fellow-countrymen of different faiths—Hindoo, Mohammedan, and Parsees—joined in a most gratifying manner to keep the day. The Guicowar had magnificently given a lac of rupees for a public work in honour of the event; Mr. Sasoon is erecting a high school as a thanksgiving offering; the Parsees, headed by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, met at the Fire Temple; the Jews held a solemn service; about

ten thousand Hindoos of all denominations assembled at the Mombadabee Temple, and offered up thanksgivings; meetings were held by the Mohammedans and every sect of Hindoos; more than one hundred thousand persons joined in the various services in Bombay alone.

So ended one of the most successful days ever known in the rejoicings of a nation. Most such celebrations have been for the accession to a throne, or a marriage pageant; youth and hope, pleasant visions for the future, curiosity and the pride of life, have mingled largely with the feeling of the crowds; or they have been for victories by sea and land—that is, for the suffering and humiliation of other nations, with a dismal background even for the victors, of bereaved mothers and wives, ruined families, the happiness and welfare of thousands gone for ever, the sorrows of sick and wounded men, with health and comfort ruined; or they have been for the funeral of a great general, with memories of past triumphs. But in this case there was no novelty; the Queen and Prince might be seen elsewhere continually; there was no expectation of excitement of any kind; it was merely a family rejoicing.

The expression of the myriad faces was that of quiet pleasure, content, satisfaction, emotion, which was reflected in those of the guests, as they might be called, of this "people's reception" and the Queen, Prince, and Princess were evidently touched beyond measure at the feeling shown. While the almost entire absence of cases of disorder or drunkenness in the police courts next morning testify to the self-control and good conduct which had been exercised even by our rudest classes.

One "moral of the tale" would appear to be that man does not live by bread alone; that there is an ideal, a "sentimental" side to the roughest and wildest among us, a sort of chivalrous feeling which we might do well to cultivate more. Moreover it showed that in England, at least, it is not too late to weld together the bonds which should bind different classes of society, each of which has a duty to the others that cannot be left undone, without loss to the organisation of the body politic. There was one redeeming feature in that feudal system which has so nearly passed away, in the strong tie existing between different orders of men; the chiefs of a clan felt themselves bound as a matter of duty, as well as self-interest, to provide in sickness and want for the lower class, to protect and assist them in return for their

service, in fatherly, if somewhat arbitrary fashion, while the degree of self-sacrificing affection in return was often wonderful. Both felt themselves in turn the servers and and the served. This relation has to a great extent passed away. That we may hope to reach a brotherhood of men better than any past relation between them, may well be hoped; but in the transition state we seem too often to be drifting into a set of individual repulsive atoms, each man and class trying after its own gain and welfare to the neglect of the common weal, the best for all, which must in the end be the best for each; the getting on system, with "the devil take the hindmost" as its axiom, the selfish spirit of the abominable old rhyme,

"As I walked by myself, I said to myself,
And the self-same self said to me,
'Look out for thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.'"

Instead of that ideal which Macaulay makes the old Roman fancy in a past golden age, but which we trust to see in a "good time coming"—

"Then none were for a party,
But all were for the state,
Then the rich man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great."

No one can have lived much among the poor without feeling that there is a great deal to be considered in dealing with them besides political economy, however true its doctrines; that their grievances are often "sentimental," in the feeling of the want of sympathy and want of consideration in those above them, particularly among the town population, where such intercourse is more difficult than in country districts. Still in England there is no real rankling between classes, as in so many foreign nations, and the experience of the 27th gives renewed hope that the constituent parts of the nation may pull together in the future as they have done of old, but in a better fashion. There is amongst us a belief in the division of labour. The millions who thronged the streets must feel their power, yet are content, when once their share in the choice of their rulers has been made for the time, that their government should be done by delegation—the symbolical and sentimental portion (as it may be called) by the Queen, whose part in the constitution was seen on the 27th to be very real and important in the binding together of the whole—the executive and legislative, by the little crowd of gentlemen in plain clothing, Peers and Commons, who slipped in from the river, by a back street, from a penny steamboat, through a side door, into

the national church, to take their unostentatious part in the general thanksgiving.

In France not only has "every soldier the bâton of a marshal in his haversack," and therefore refuses to obey his officers, and completes the disorganisation which ended in the misfortunes of Sedan, but every shopboy and artisan seriously entertains the hope and prospect of changing and influencing the institutions of his country, and perhaps of ruling over it as its head. It is *not* good that this should be the ideal of a nation. The chance of the wisest reaching the chief places, which should be the object of all government, is not increased by the notion that it is everybody's business to conduct the affairs of his country. A certain amount of training is found to be good, from cobbling of shoes to managing a nation's affairs, and therefore we may rejoice that in this, in some senses, the most political country that ever existed, where most men take a strong interest in what is doing by and for Great Britain, they yet are content to do their ruling by proxy, and have learned the lesson of "the belly and the members" that "all cannot be at the head of things." Our contrivances for obtaining the wisest men for our leaders probably want some improvement, but certainly neither America nor France appear to be more successful in their methods of search and their choice of statesmen. There is a passage in Mr. Jowett's "Plato" as to the evils of change, which coming as it does in the midst of his description of an ideal perfect state, is very curious and important. The sense of it is that the habit of obeying the laws is so invaluable, that changes should be most soberly and cautiously introduced, as the traditions of order may be lost in the search after theoretic improvement of the machinery of government. It may therefore be hoped that our "bit by bit reforms" may continue to bring about the improvement, not the reconstruction, of our institutions. The æsthetic feeling of England objects to the chosen of the nation being set up as in some countries to have his arm treated like a pump handle by any one who chooses to shake hands with him—the pomp of a military monarchy is as little to our minds. We have struck (in the rather haphazard fashion, which is our wont) a middle course with our rulers, which, on the whole, suits our feelings and our taste.

The Queen's noble letter thanking the people, coming as it did after that dastardly attempt upon her, fitly crowns the record of this great national demonstration.

LOOSE LEAVES.

By GERALD MASSEY.

AN APOLOGUE.

IT was a goodly Apple,
 The topmost on the Tree !—
 That golden grew and sweetened through,
 And waited dreamingly.

Soft in God's smile it glistened,—
 A crown that might be given
 To Man if he would climb and win
 Back Woman's old lost heaven.

And many sighed with longing,
 And lookt to see it drop ;
 But no one reacht to gather it
 Upon the tall tree-top.

And many ran, for Apples
 Were rolled along the sod ;
 But this, which did but tempt toward Heaven,
 Was left alone for God.

THE FRESHNESS OF SPRING.

WHEN Spring herself is here, in vain we look
 To find her likeness pictured in a Book !
 For Memory can only catch a gleam
 Of all the glory trembling through her dream,
 As vainly, year by year, the Poets try
 To arrest the Eternal as it glimpses by
 In evanescent visibility.
 We feel so much more than we ever see :
 See so much more than we can sing or say.
 Spring comes, with all her young things all at play,
 And breathes her freshness through this life of mine,
 Freshness divinely fresh from the Divine !
 The spirit of life ascends in flame and flush,
 Thro' every blade and blossom, briar and bush.
 As winter fires die out, so fades all thought
 Of Spring before her miracle newly wrought.
 The little slip of Spring that wavers by
 In smiling shape of the first Butterfly—
 The earliest Snowdrop, youngest Violet,
 Wear all the wonder of the first Spring yet.
 The Cuckoo comes each year with spell to start
 The blithe glad leap of Childhood in the heart :
 As fresh to-day the springing of the Lark
 As when he gusht up heavenward from the Ark.

Wood-hyacinths quivering in a breath of blue,
 The night-bird's old sweet song, are always new.
 Springs fleet and fade away, but Spring dies never !
 The rainbows pass ; the Rainbow lives for ever.

GREAT POETS.

GREAT Poets conquer Glory—do not woo
 It ; do not beg their way to fame ;
 Nor at her skirts in private bend and sue,
 Nor sow the public broadcast with their name.
 They are the true High Priests of Heaven, who
 Hold sacred as they feed their Altar-flame
 Within the Temple. No man hears their cry
 For recognition to the passers-by.

They toil on like old Noah at his Boat :
 God hath forespoken it, and it shall be
 Ready, although the need may seem remote,—
 No visible sign that it will get to sea !
 They fight the Deluge—keep the soul afloat—
 And still work on, and let the issue be
 With Him whose flood shall fall or high-tide climb,
 And launch the Vessel in His own good time.

Alone, unnoted, secretly they grow
 In silence where no voice is raised to bless ;
 Creating in the dark, like Hills below
 The ocean, shaped by the divine caress.
 Wave after wave sweeps over them ; they know
 How many failures go to make success.
 Their victory's in their work, not in the word
 That waits to praise, as Servant waits his Lord.

And by-and-by they mount from out the flood
 O' the time, and pierce the cloud that half conceals
 Their grandeur in an equal brotherhood
 Of Minds. God lifts the cloud up and reveals
 Their stature in majestic solitude.
 Heaven crowns them, and the world in wonder kneels :
 The less they wooed it once the more it heeds ;
 And still they grow as still their age recedes.







"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.



IT was a relief for ten minutes, as every catastrophe; the terrible suspense is cut short—the worst at least is known. But after those ten minutes are over, when the reality suddenly seizes upon the sufferer—when all the vague speechless

terrors which he had pushed off from him, with the hope that they might never come, arrive in a flood, and place themselves in one frightful circle round him, like furies, only not merciful enough to have a Medusa among them to freeze him into stone; when every shadowy gloomy prevision of evil which ever flashed across his mind, to be put away with a shudder, returns with the right of fact, to remain; when not only that thing has happened which has been his dread by day and the horror of his dreams, but a host of other things, circumstances which penetrate to every detail of his life, and affect every creature and every thing he loves, have followed in its train—when all this rushes upon a man after the first tranquillising stupor of despair, who or what is there that can console him? Poor Drummond was helpless in the midst of this great crash of ruin; he was so helpless that the thunder-stricken shareholders and excited clerks who had fallen upon him at first as the only authority to be found, let him slip from among them, hopeless of any help from him. They had driven him wild with questions and appeals—him, a poor fellow who could explain nothing, who had never been of much use except to denude himself of everything he possessed, and pledge his humble name, and be swept into ruin; but they soon saw the uselessness of the appeal. As soon as he

could disengage himself he stole away, drawing his hat over his eyes, feeling as if he were a criminal, with the sensation as of a hot fire burning in his heart, and buzzing and crackling in his ears. Was he a criminal? was it his doing? He was stunned by this terrible calamity; and yet, now that it had come, he felt that he had known it was coming, and everything about it, all his life. His whole existence had tended to this point since he was a boy; he knew it, he felt it, he even seemed to remember premonitions of it, which had come to him in his dreams from his earliest days. He went out into the streets in that dumb quiescent state which is so often the first consequence of a great calamity. He offered no remonstrance against his fate. He did not even say to himself that it was hard. He said nothing to himself, indeed, except to croon over, like a chorus, one endless refrain, "I knew this was how it would be!"

He wandered along, not knowing where he went, till he came to the river, and paused there, looking over the bridge. He did not even know what made him pause, until all at once the fancy jumped into his brain that it would be best to stop there, and cut in one moment the knotted, tangled thread which it was certain no effort of his could ever unravel. He stopped, and the suggestion flashed across him (whether out of his own mind, whether thrown at him by some mocking demon, who could tell?), and then shook his head sadly. No; it was broad day, and there would be a commotion, and he would be rescued—or if not, he, at least his body, would be rescued and carried to Helen, giving her a last association with him which it was insupportable to think of. No, no, he said to himself with a shudder, not now. Just then a hand was laid upon his shoulder; he turned round with the start of a man who feels that nothing is impossible, that everything that is terrible has become likely. Had it been a policeman to arrest him for having murdered somebody he would scarcely have been surprised. But it was not a policeman: it was Mr. Burton, fresh and clean and nicely dressed, newly come up from the country, in his light summer clothes, the image of prosperity and comfort, and cleanness, and self-satisfaction. A certain golden atmosphere surrounded the man of wealth, like the background on which

early painters set a saint; but there was nothing saintly about that apparition. Poor Drummond fell back more than he would have done had it been an arrest for murder. He gave an involuntary glance at himself, feeling, in contrast with Mr. Burton, as if he must look to the external eye the beggar he was, as if he must be dirty, tattered, miserable, with holes in his shoes and rags at his elbows. Perhaps his weebegone, excited face startled the smooth Philistine at his side as much as if those outward signs of wretchedness had been there.

"Good God, what have you been doing with yourself?" he cried.

"Nothing," said Drummond vaguely, and then by degrees his senses returned to him. "If you had been in town yesterday you might have helped us; but it does not matter. Shenken in Liverpool stopped payment yesterday," he went on, repeating drearily the dreary legend which he had heard at the bank. "And Rivers's—has stopped payment too."

"Good God!" said Mr. Burton again. It was a shock to him, as every event is when it comes. But he was not surprised. As for Robert, it did not occur to him to consider whether the other was surprised or not, or to be curious how it affected him. He turned his head away and looked at the river again. What attraction there remained for him in this world seemed to lie there.

"Drummond," said the merchant, looking at him with a certain alarm, "are you sure you know what you are saying? My God! Rivers's stopped payment! if you had said there had been an earthquake in London it would scarcely be as bad as that."

Robert did not make any reply. He nodded his head without looking round. What interested him was something black which kept appearing and disappearing in the middle of the turbid muddy stream. It was like a man's head he thought, and almost felt that he might have taken the plunge without knowing it, and that it might be himself.

"I have felt this was coming," said Burton. "I warned Golden you were going on in the wildest way. What could be expected when you fellows who know nothing about money would interfere? Good heavens! to think what a business that was; and all ruined in three years! Drummond! are you mad? Can't you turn round and speak to me? I am one of the shareholders, and I have a right to be answered how it was."

"Shall you lose much?" said Drummond dreamily, and he turned round without

meaning anything and looked in his companion's face. His action was simply fantastical, one of those motiveless movements which the sick soul so often makes; but it was quite unexpected by the other, who fell a step back, and grew red all over, and faltered in his reply.

"Much? I—I—don't know—what you call much. Good heavens, Drummond! are you mad? have you been drinking? Where is Golden?—he at least must know what he is about!"

"Yes," said the painter fiercely, "Golden knows what he is about—he has gone off, out of reach of questions—and you—oh—hound!" He gave a sudden cry and made a step forward. A sudden light seemed to burst upon him. He gazed with his dilated bloodshot eyes at the flushed countenance which could not face him. The attitude of the two men was such that the bystanders took note of it; two or three lingered and looked round holding themselves in readiness to interfere. The slight figure of the painter, his ghastly pale face and trembling hand, made him no antagonist for the burly well-to-do merchant; but English sentiment is always on the side of the portly and respectable, and Mr. Burton had an unmistakable air of fright upon his face. "Now, Drummond!—now, Drummond!" he said, with a certain pleading tone. The painter stood still, feeling as if a horrible illumination had suddenly flashed upon the man before him, and the history of their intercourse. He did in that moment of his despair what he could not have done with his ordinary intelligence. He made a rapid summary of the whole and saw how it was. Had he been happy, he would have been too friendly, too charitable, too kind in his thoughts to have drawn such a conclusion. But at this moment he had no time for anything but the terrible truth.

"I see it all," he said. "I see it all! It was ruined when you gave it over to us. I see it in every line of your face. Oh, hound! hounds all of you! skulking, dastardly demons, that kill a crowd of honest men to save yourselves—your miserable selves. I see it all!"

"Drummond! I tell you you are mad!"

"Hound!" said Robert again between his clenched teeth. He stood looking at him for a moment with his hands clenched too, and a sombre fire in his eyes. Whether he might have been led into violence had he stood there a moment longer it would be impossible to say. But all the habits of his life were against it, and his very despair

restrained him. When he had stood there for a second, he turned round suddenly on his heel without any warning, and almost knocking down a man who was keeping warily behind him ready for any emergency, went away in the opposite direction without saying a word. Burton stood still gazing after him with a mixture of consternation and concern, and something very like hatred. But his face changed when the spectators drew round him to wonder and question. "Something wrong with that poor gentleman, I fear, sir," said one. Mr. Burton put on a look of regret, sighed deeply, put his hand to his forehead, shook his head, murmured—"Poor fellow!" and—walked away. What could he do? He was not his brother's keeper, much less was he responsible for his cousin's husband—the paltry painter-fellow she had preferred to *him*. What would Helen think of her bargain now? Mad or drunk, it did not matter which—a pleasant companion for a woman. He preferred to think of this for the moment, rather than of the other question, which was in reality so much more important. Rivers's! Thank heaven he was no money loser, no more than was respectable. He had seen what was coming. Even to himself, this was all that Mr. Burton said. He hurried on, however, to learn what people were saying of it, with more anxiety in his mind than seemed necessary. He went to the bank itself with the air of a man going to a funeral. "The place I have known so long!" he said to another mournful victim who had appeared on the field of the lost battle, but who was not mad like Robert. "And to think that Golden should have betrayed your confidence! A man I have known since he was *that* height—a man I could have answered for with my life!"

Meanwhile Drummond strayed on he knew not where. He went back into the City, into the depths of those lanes and narrow streets which he had left so lately, losing himself in a bewildering maze of warehouse walls and echoing traffic. Great waggons jammed him up against the side, loads dangled over his head that would have crushed him in a moment, open cellars yawned for his unsteady feet; but he walked as safe through all those perils as if he had borne a charmed life, though he neither looked nor cared where he was going. His meeting with Burton was forced out of his mind in a few minutes as if it had not been. For the moment it had startled him into mad excitement; but so strong was the stupor of his despair, that in five minutes it was as if it had

never been. For hours he kept wandering round and round the scene of his ruin, coming and going in a circle, as if his feet were fast and he could not escape. It had been morning when he left his house. It was late afternoon when he got back. Oh why was it summer and the days so long? if only that scorching sun would have set and darkness fallen over the place. He stole in under cover of the lilac trees, which had grown so big and leafy, and managed to glide down the side way to the garden and get to the studio door, which he could open with his key. He had been doing nothing but think—think—all the time; but "now, at least, I shall have time to think," he said to himself, as he threw himself down on a chair close to the door—the nearest seat—it no longer mattered where he placed himself or how. He sat huddled up against the wall as sometimes a poor model did, waiting wistfully to know if he was wanted,—some poor wretch to whom a shilling was salvation. This fancy, with a thousand others equally inappropriate, flashed across his mind as he sat there, still with his hat pulled down on his brows in the sunny luxurious warmth of the afternoon. The mere atmosphere, air, and sky, and sunshine would have been paradise to the artist in the poorest time he had ever known before, but they did not affect him now. He sat there in his stupor for perhaps an hour, not even able to rouse himself so far as to shut the door of communication into the conservatory, through which he heard now and then the softened stir of the household. He might have been restored to the sense of life and its necessities, might have been brought back out of the delirium of his ruin at that moment, had any one in the house known he was there. Helen was in the drawing-room, separated from him only by that flowery passage which he had made for her, to tempt her to visit him at his work. She was writing notes, inviting some half-dozen people to dinner, as had been arranged between them, but with a heavy and anxious heart, full of misgiving. She had risen from her writing table three or four times to go to the window and look out for her husband, wondering why he should be so long of coming—while he sat so near her. Mrs. Drummond's heart was very heavy. She did not understand what he had said to her in the morning—could not imagine how it could be. It must be a temporary cloud, a failure of some speculation, something unconnected with the ordinary course of life, she said to herself. Money!—he was not a business man—it could not be money. If it

was only money, why that was nothing. Such was the course of her thoughts. And she paused over her invitations, wondering was it right to give them if Robert had been losing money. But they were old friends whom she was inviting—only half a dozen people—and it was for his birthday. She had just finished the last note, when Norah came dancing into the room, claiming her mother's promise to go out with her; and after another long gaze from her window, Helen made up her mind to go. It was her voice speaking to the maid which roused Robert. "If Mr. Drummond comes in before I return," he heard her say, "tell him I shall not be long. I am going with Miss Norah to the Gardens for an hour, and then to ask for Mr. Haldane; but I shall be back by half-past six." He heard the message—he for whom it was intended—and rose up softly and went to his studio window, and peeped stealthily out to watch them as they went away. Norah came first, with a skip and gambol, and then Helen. His wife gave a wistful look back at the house as she opened the little gate under the leafy dusty lilacs. Was it with some premonition of what she should find when she came back? He hid himself so that he could not be seen, and gazed at the two, feeling as if that moment was all that life had yet to give him. It was his farewell look. His wife and child disappeared, and he could hear their footsteps outside on the pavement going farther and farther away on their harmless, unimportant walk, while he—— He woke up as if it had been out of sleep or out of a trance. She would return by half-past six, and it was now approaching five. For all he had to do there was so little, so very little time.

So he said to himself, and yet when he said it he had no clear idea what he was going to do. He had not only to do it, whatever it was, but to make up his mind, all in an hour and a half; and for the first five minutes of that little interval he was like a man dreaming, stretching out his hands to catch any straw, trying to believe he might yet be saved. Could he leave them—those two who had just left the door—to struggle through the rest of life by themselves? Helen was just over thirty, and her daughter nearly twelve. It was a mature age for a woman; but yet for a woman who has been protected and taken care of all her life, how bitter a moment to be left alone!—the moment when life is at its fullest, demands most, feels most warmly, and has as yet given up nothing. Helen had had no training to teach her that

happiness was not her right. She had felt it to be her right, and her whole soul rose up in rebellion against any infringement of that great necessity of being. How was she to live when all was taken from her, even the support of her husband's arm? Robert had never known so much of his wife's character before, but in this awful moment it became clear to him as by an inspiration. How was she to bear it? Credit, honour, money, living—and her husband, too, who could still work for her, shield her. He went to his easel and uncovered the half-finished picture on it, and gazed at it with something that was in reality a dumb appeal to the dumb canvas to help him. But it did not help him. On the contrary, it brought suddenly up before him his work of the past, his imperfect successes, and Helen's kind, veiled, hidden, but unconcealable dissatisfaction. The look of suppressed pain in her face, the subdued tone, the soft languid praise of some detail or accessory, the very look of her figure when she turned away from it, came all before him. Her habit was, when she turned away, to talk to him of other things. How clearly that oft-repeated scene came before him in his despair! She was dutiful, giving him her attention conscientiously as long as was needful; but when he fell back into the fond babble of the maker, and tried to interest her in some bit of drapery, or effect of light, or peculiarity of grouping, she would listen to him sweetly, and—change the subject as soon as possible. It all returned to him—he remembered even the trivial little words she had spoken, the languid air of half-fatigue which would come over her. That—along with the meagrest poverty, the hardest homely struggles for daily bread. Could she bear to go back to it? She would lose everything, the house and all that was in it, everything that could be called hers or supposed hers. The only thing that could not be taken from her would be her £100 a year, her little fortune which was settled on her. "They could live on that," poor Drummond went on in his dreary miserable thoughts. "They could exist, it is possible, better without me than with me. Would they be happier to have me in prison, disgraced, and dishonoured, a drag hanging about their neck—or to hear the worst at once, to know that everything was over, that at least their pittance would be theirs, and their peace respected? Everything would be over. Nobody could have any pretext for annoying her about it. They would be sorry for her—even they would be sorry for me. My policies would

go to make up something—to clear my name a little. And they would let her alone. She could go to the country. She is so simple in her real tastes. They could live on what she has, if they were only rid of me.” A sigh that was almost a sob interrupted him in his musing. He was so worn out; and was it the grave-chill that was invading him already and making him shiver? He took the canvas on the easel and held it up to the light. “The drawing is good enough,” he said to himself, “it is not the drawing. She always owns that. It is—something else. And how can I tell after this that I could even draw? I could not now, if I were to try. My hand shakes like an old man’s. I might fall ill like poor Haldane. Ah, my God!” The canvas fell out of his hands upon the floor—a sudden spasm contracted his heart. Haldane! It was the first time that day that he had thought of him. His ruin would be the ruin of his friend too—his friend who was helpless, sick and yet the support of others. “Oh, my God, my God!” he wailed with a cry of despair.

And there was no one near to hear him, no one to defend him from himself and from the devil, to lay hands upon him, to bid him live and hope and work, and help them to exist whom he had helped to ruin. He was left all alone in that moment of his agony. God, to whom he had appealed, was beyond the clouds, beyond that which is more unfathomable than any cloud, the serene, immeasurable, impenetrable blue, and held out no hand, sent no voice of comfort. The man fell down where his work had fallen, prone upon the ground, realising in a moment all the misery of the years that were to come. And it was his doing, his doing!—though consciously he would have given himself to be cut to pieces, would have toiled his life out, to make it up now to his friend,—how much more to his wife! What passed in his mind in that awful interval is not to be told. It was the supreme struggle between life and despair, and it was despair that won. When he rose up his face was like the face of an old man, haggard and furrowed with deep lines. He stood still for a moment, looking round him vaguely, and then made a little pilgrimage round the room, looking at everything, with a motive, without a motive, who can tell? his whole faculties absorbed in the exaltation, and bewildering, sombre excitement of such a crisis as can come but once to any man. Then he sat down at his writing-table, and sought out some letter-paper (there were so many scraps of drawing-paper that came first to

hand), and slowly wrote a few lines. He had to search for a long time before he could find an envelope to enclose this, and his time was getting short. At last he put it up, and, after another pause, stole through the conservatory, walking stealthily like a thief, and placed the white envelope on a little crimson table, where it shone conspicuous to everybody who should enter. He did more than that; he went and bent over the chair which Helen had pushed away when she rose from it—the chair she always sat on—and kissed it. There was a little bright-coloured handkerchief lying on the sofa, which was Norah’s. He took that up and kissed it too, and thrust it into his breast. Did he mean to carry it with him into the dark and silent country where he was going? God knows what was the thought in his mind. The pretty clock on the mantelpiece softly chimed the quarter as he did this, and he started like a thief. Then he took an old great-coat from the wall, an old travelling hat, which hung beside it, and went back to the studio. There was no more time for thought. He went out, leaving the door unlocked, brushing stealthily through the lilacs. The broad daylight played all around him, revealing him to every one, showing to the world how he stole away out of his own house. He had put up the collar of his coat, and drawn his hat down over his brows to disguise himself in case he met any one he knew. Any one he knew! It was in case he met his wife, to whom he had just said farewell for ever, and his child, whose little kerchief he was going to take with him into this dismal ruin, into the undiscovered world.

All this might have been changed had he met them; and they were crossing the next street coming home, Helen growing more and more anxious as they approached the door. Had he been going out about some simple everyday business, of course they would have met; but not now, when it might have saved one life from destruction and another from despair. He had watched for a moment to make sure they were not in sight before he went out; and the servants had caught a glimpse of a man whom they did not recognise hiding among the bushes, and were frightened; so, it turned out afterwards, had various other passers-by. But Drummond saw no one—no one. The multitudes in the noisier streets upon which he emerged after a while, were nothing to him. They pushed against him, but he did not see them; the only two figures he could have seen were henceforward to be invisible to him for ever.

For ever! for ever! Was it for ever? Would this crime he was about to commit, this last act of supreme rebellion against the will of that God to whom he seemed to have appealed in vain, would it sever him from them not only in this world, but in the world to come? Should he have to gaze upward, like poor Dives, and see, in the far serene above him, these two walking in glory and splendour, who were no longer his? perhaps surrounded by angels, stately figures of the blessed, without a thought to spare in the midst of that glory for the poor soul who perished for love of them. Could that be true? Was it damnation as well as death he was going to face? Was it farewell for ever, and ever, and ever?

So the awful strain ran on, buzzing in his ears, drowning for him the voices of the crowd—for ever, for ever, for ever. Dives forlorn and far away—and up, up high in the heavens, blazing above him, like a star——

Like that star in the soft sky of the evening which came out first and shone down direct upon him in his wretchedness. How it shone! How she shone!—was it she?—as it grew darker drawing a silver line for him upon the face of the darkening water. Was that to be the spot? But it took years to get dark that night. He lived and grew old while he was waiting thus to die. At last there was gloom enough. He got a boat, and rowed it out to that white glistening line, the line that looked like a silver arrow, shining where the spot was——

The boat drifted ashore that night as the tide fell. In that last act, at least, Nature helped him to be honest, poor soul!

CHAPTER XI.

"THE studio door is open, mamma," said little Norah dancing in before her mother, through the lilac bushes. The words seemed to take a weight off Helen's heart.

"Then papa must have come in," she said, and ran up the steps to the door, which was opened before she could knock by an anxious, half-frightened maid. "Mr. Drummond has come in?" she said, in her anxiety, hasting to pass Jane, who held fast by the door.

"No, ma'am, please, ma'am; but Rebecca and me see a man about not five minutes ago, and I can't find master's topcoat as was a-hanging in the hall—Rebecca says, ma'am, as she thought she see——"

"Papa has not been home after all," Helen said to her little daughter; "perhaps Mr. Drummond wore his great-coat last night,

Jane. Never mind just now; he will tell us when he comes in."

"But I see the man, and George was out, as he always is when he's wanted. Me and Rebecca——" said Jane.

"Never mind just now," said Helen languidly. She went into the drawing-room with the load heavier than ever on her heart. What could have kept him so long? What could be making him so miserable? Oh, how cruel, cruel it was not to know! She sat down with a heart like lead on that chair which poor Robert had kissed—not fifteen minutes since, and he was scarcely out of reach now.

"Oh, mamma," cried Norah, moving about with a child's curiosity; "here is a letter for you on the little red table. It is so funny, and blurred, and uneven. I can write better than that—look! isn't it from papa?"

Helen had not paid much attention to what the child said, but now she started up and stretched out her hand. The name on the outside was scarcely legible, it was blurred and uneven, as Norah said; and it was very clear to see, could only be a message of woe. But her worst fears, miserable as she felt, had not approached the very skirts of the misery that now awaited her. She tore the envelope open, with her heart beating loud in her ears, and her whole body tingling with agitation. And this was what she read:—

"MY HELEN, MY OWN HELEN,—I have nothing in the world to do now but to bid you good-bye. I have ruined you, and more than you. If I lived I should only be a disgrace and a burden, and your little money that you have will support you by yourself. Oh, my love, to think I should leave you like this! I who have loved you so. But I have never been good enough for you. When you are an angel in heaven, if you see me among the lost, oh, bestow a little pity upon me, my Helen! I shall never see you again, but as Dives saw Lazarus. Oh, my wife, my baby, my own, you will be mine no longer; but have a little pity upon me! Give me one look, Helen, out of heaven.

"I am not mad, dear. I am doing it knowing it will be for the best. God forgive me if I take it upon me to know better than Him. It is not presumption, and perhaps He may know what I mean, though even you don't know. Oh my own, my darlings, my only ones—good-bye, good-bye!"

There was no name signed, no stops to make the sense plain. It was written as

wildly as it had been conceived; and Helen, in her terrible excitement, did not make out at first what it could mean. What could it mean? where was he going? The words about Dives and Lazarus threw no light upon it at first. He had gone away. She gave a cry, and dropped her hands upon her lap, with the letter in them, and looked round her—looked at her child, to make sure to herself that she was not dreaming. Gone away! But where, where, and why this parting? “I don’t understand it—he has gone and left us,” she said feebly, when Norah, in her curiosity, came rushing to her to know what it was. “I don’t know what it means. O God, help us!” she said, with an outburst of miserable tears. She was confused to the very centre of her being. Where had he gone?

“May I read it, mamma?” little Norah asked, with her arms round her mother’s neck.

But Helen had the feeling that it was not fit for the child. “Run and ask who brought it,” she said, glad to be alone; and then read over again, with a mind slowly awakening to its reality, that outburst of love and despair. The letter shook in her hands, salt tears fell upon it as she read. “If I lived:—*I am doing it, knowing.*” God, God, what was it he had gone to do? Just then she heard a noise in the studio, and starting to her feet rushed to the conservatory door, crying, “Robert! Robert!” She was met by Jane and Norah, coming from it; the child was carrying her father’s hat in her arms, with a strange look of wonder and dismay on her face.

“Mamma, no one brought the letter,” she said in a subdued, horror-struck tone; “and here is papa’s hat—and the picture is lying dashed down on the floor with its face against the carpet. It is all spoiled, mamma,” sobbed little Norah—“papa’s picture! and here is his hat. Oh, mamma, mamma!”

Norah was frightened at her mother’s face. She had grown ghastly pale. “Get me a cab,” she said to the maid, whose curiosity was profoundly excited. Then she sat down and took her child in her arms. “Norah, my darling,” she said, making a pause between every two words, “something dreadful has happened. I don’t know what. I must go—and see. I must go—and find him—O my God, where am I to go?”

“And me, too,” said the child, clinging to her fast; “me, too—let us go to the City, mamma!”

“Not you, Norah. It will soon be your bedtime. Oh, my pet, go and kneel down and pray—pray for poor papa.”

“I can pray just as well in the cab,” said

Norah; “God hears all the same. I am nearly twelve—I am almost grown up. You shall not, shall not go without me. I will never move nor say a word. I will run up and get your cloak and mine. We’ll easily find him. He never would have the heart to go far away from you and me.”

“He never would have the heart,” Helen murmured the words over after her. Surely not. Surely, surely he would not have the heart! His resolution would fail. How could he go and leave the two whom he loved best—the two whom alone he loved in this world. “Run, then, dear, and get your cloak,” she said faintly. The child seemed a kind of anchor to her, holding her to something, to some grasp of solid earth. They drove off in a few minutes, Norah holding fast her mother’s hand. They overtook, if they had but known it, and passed in the crowd, the despairing man they sought; and he with his dim eyes saw the cab driving past, and wondered even who was in it—some other sufferer, in the madness of excitement or despair. How was he to know it was his wife and child? They drove to the City, but found no one there. They went to his club, to one friend’s house after another, to the picture-dealers, to the railway stations. There, two or three bystanders had seen such a man, and he had gone to Brighton, to Scotland, to Paris, they said. Coming home, they drove over the very bridge where he had been standing waiting for the dark. It was dark by that time, and Helen’s eye caught the line of light on the water, with that intuitive wish so common to a painter’s wife, that Robert had seen it. Ah, good Lord! he had seen and more than seen. The summer night was quite dark when they got home. Those gleams of starlight were lost in clouds, and all was gloom about the pretty house. Instead of the usual kindly gleam from the windows, nothing was visible as they drew up to the door but the light of a single candle which showed its solitary flame through the bare window of the dining-room. No blind was drawn, or curtain closed, and like the taper of a watcher shone this little miserable light. It chilled Helen in her profound discouragement and fatigue, and yet it gave her a forlorn hope that perhaps he had come. Norah had fallen fast asleep leaning against her. It was all she could do to wake the child as they approached the door; and Jane came out to open the gate with a scared face. “No, ma’am, master’s never been back,” she answered to Helen’s eager question; “but Dr. Maurice, he’s here.”

Mrs. Drummond put Norah into the woman's arms, and rushed into the house. Dr. Maurice met her with a face almost as white as her own, and took her hands compassionately. "You have heard from him? What have you heard? where is he?" said poor Helen.

"Hush, hush!" he said, "perhaps it is not so bad as it appears. I don't understand it. Rest a little, and I will show you what he has written to me."

"I cannot rest," she said; "how can I rest when Robert— Let me see it. Let me see it. I am sure to understand what he means. He never had any secrets before. Oh, show it me—show it me!—am not I his wife?"

"Poor wife, poor wife!" said the compassionate doctor, and then he put her into an easy-chair and went and asked for some wine. "I will show it you only when you have drank this," he said; "only when you have heard what I have to say. Drummond is very impulsive you know. He might not do really as he said. A hundred things would come in to stop him when he had time to think. His heart has been broken by this bank business; but when he felt that it was understood he was not to blame—"

"Give me your letter," she said, holding out her hand to him. She was capable of no more.

"He would soon find that out," said the doctor. "Who could possibly blame *him*? My dear Mrs. Drummond, you must take this into account. You must not give him up at once. I have set on foot all sorts of inquiries—"

"The letter, the letter!" she said hoarsely, holding out her hand.

He was obliged to yield to her at last, but not without the consciousness which comforted him that she had heard a great deal of what he had to say. She had not listened voluntarily; but still she had not been able to keep herself from hearing. This was not much comfort to poor Helen, but it was to him. He had made her swallow the wine too; he had done his best for her; and now he could but stand by mournfully while she read her sentence, the words which might be death.

"Maurice, I want you to go to my wife. Before you get this, or at least before you have got to her, I shall be dead. It's a curious thing to say, but it's true. There has been a great crash at the bank, and I am ruined and all I care for. If I lived I could do no good, only harm; but they will be sorry for her if I die. I have written to her, poor darling, to

tell her; but I want you to go and stand by her. She'll want some one; and kiss the child for me. If they find me, bury me anywhere. I hope they will never find me, though, for Helen's sake. And poor Haldane. Tell him I knew nothing of it; nothing, nothing! I would have died sooner than let them risk his money. God help us, and God forgive me! Maurice, you are a good fellow; be kind to my poor wife."

There was a postscript which nobody read or paid any attention to: that is to say, they read it and it died from their minds for the moment as if it meant nothing. It was this, written obliquely like an after-thought—

"The bank was ruined from the first; there was never a chance for us. I found this out only to-day. Burton and Golden have done it all."

These were the words that Helen read, with Dr. Maurice standing mournfully behind watching her every movement. She kept staring at the letter for a long time, and then fell back with a hysterical sob, but without any relief of tears. Dr. Maurice stood by her as his friend had asked him. He soothed her, adding every possible reason he could think of (none of which he himself believed in the smallest degree) to show that "poor Drummond" might change his mind. This was written in the first impulse of despair, but when he came to think—Helen did not listen; but she heard what Dr. Maurice said vaguely, and she heard his account of what he had done; he had given information at once to the police; he had engaged people everywhere to search and watch. News would be heard of him to-morrow certainly, if not to-night. Helen rose while he was speaking. She collected herself and restrained herself, exerting all the strength she possessed. "Will you come with me?" she said.

"Where? where? Mrs. Drummond, I entreat you to believe I have done everything—"

"Oh, I am sure of it!" she said faintly; "but I must go. I cannot—cannot rest. I must go somewhere—anywhere—where he may have gone—"

"But, Mrs. Drummond—"

"You are going to say I have been everywhere. So we have, Norah and I—she fell asleep at last, poor child—she does not need me—I must go—"

"It is getting late," he said; "it is just ten; if news were to come you would not like to be out of the way. Stay here and rest, and I will go to-morrow; you will want all your strength."

"I want it all now," she said, with a strange smile. "Who thinks of to-morrow? it may never, never come. It may—— You are very kind—but I cannot rest."

She was in the cab again before he could say another word. But fortunately at that moment one of his messengers came in hot haste to say that they thought that they had found some trace of "the gentleman." He had come off to bring the news, and probably by this time the others were on their way bringing him home. This intelligence furnished Maurice with a weapon against Helen.

She allowed herself to be led into the house again, not believing it, feeling in her heart that her husband would never be brought back, yet unable to resist the reasonable conclusion that she must stay to receive him. The short summer darkness passed over her thus; the awful dawn came and looked her in the face. One of the maids sat up, or rather dozed in her chair in the kitchen, keeping a fire alight in case anything might be wanted. And Helen sat and listened to every sound; sat at the window gazing out, hearing carriage wheels and footsteps miles off, as it



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seemed to her, and now and then almost deceived into hope by the sound of some one returning from a dance or late party. How strange it seemed to her that life should be going on in its ordinary routine, and people enjoying themselves, while she sat thus frozen into desperation, listening for him who would never come again! Her mind was wandering after him through every kind of dreadful scene; and yet it was so difficult, so impossible to associate him with anything terrible. He, always so reasonable, so tender of others, so free from selfish folly. The waking of the

new day stole upon the watcher before she was aware; those sounds which are so awful in their power, which show how long it is since last night, how life has gone on, casting aside old burdens, taking on new ones. It was just about ten o'clock, when the morning was at its busiest outside, and Helen, refusing to acknowledge the needs of the new day, still sat at the window watching, with eyes that were dry and hot and bloodshot, with the room all in mournful disorder round her, when Dr. Maurice's brougham drew up to the door. He sprang out of it, carrying a

coat on his arm; a rough fellow in a blue Jersey and sailor's hat followed him. Maurice came in with that look so different from the look of anxiety, that fatal air, subdued and still and certain, which comes only from knowledge. Whatever might have happened he was in doubt no more.

Helen's long vigil had worn her into that extremity of emotion which can no longer avail itself of ordinary signs. She had not even risen to meet the news. She held out her hand feebly, and gave him a piteous look of inquiry, which her dry lips refused to sound. She looked as if it were possible that she had grown into an idiot as she sat there. He came forward to her and took her hand in his.

"Dear Mrs. Drummond," he said, "you will need all your courage; you must not give way; you must think of your child."

"I know," she said; her hand dropped out of his as if by its mere weight. She bowed her head as if to let this great salt bitter wave go over her—bowed it down till it sank upon her lap hidden in her clasped hands. There was nothing to be said further, not a word was necessary. She knew.

And yet there was a story to tell. It was told to her very gently, and she had to listen to it, with her face hidden in her hands. She shuddered now and then as she listened. Sometimes a long convulsive sob escaped her, and shook her whole frame; but she was far beyond the ordinary relief of weeping. It was poor Robert's coat which Dr. Maurice had brought with him, making all further doubt impossible. The gentleman had thrown it off when he took that boat at Chelsea. It was too warm, he said; "and sure enough it was mortal warm," the man added who had come to verify the mournful story. The gentleman had taken a skiff for a row. It was a clear, beautiful night, and he had been warned to keep out of the way of steamers and barges. If any harm came to him, the boatman said, it was not for want of knowing how to manage a boat. The little skiff had drifted in bottom up, and had been found that morning a mile down stream. That was all. Jane, who was the housemaid, went away crying, and drew down all the blinds except that of the room in which her mistress was. "Surely missis will have the thought to do that," she said. But poor Helen had not the thought.

And thus it all came to an end—their love, their prosperity, and that mitigated human happiness which they had enjoyed together—happiness not too perfect, and yet

how sweet! Norah still slept through the bright morning, neglected by her usual attendant, and tired out by her unusual exertions on the previous night. "She ought to know," the maids said to each other, with that eagerness to make evil tidings known which is so strangely common; but the old nurse, who loved the child, would not have her disturbed. It was only when Helen rejected all their entreaties to lie down and rest that Martin consented to rouse the little girl. She came down, with her bright hair all about her shoulders, wrapped in a little white dressing-gown, flying with noiseless bare feet down the staircase, and, without a word of warning, threw herself upon her mother. It was not to console her mother, but to seek her own natural refuge in this uncomprehended calamity. "Oh, mamma!" said Norah; "oh, mamma, mamma!" She could find no other words of consolation. Torrents of youthful tears gushed from the child's eyes. She wept for both, while Helen sat tearless. And the blinds were not down nor the shutters closed in that room, as the servants recollected with horror, and the great golden light of morn shone in.

Thus they were left undisturbed in the full day, in the sweet sunshine; scarcely knowing, in the first stupor of misery, how it was that darkness had gathered in the midst of all their world of light.

CHAPTER XII.

HELEN had not remarked that postscript to her husband's letter, but Dr. Maurice had done so, to whom it was addressed; and while she was hiding her head and bearing the first agony of her grief without thought of anything remaining that she might yet have to bear, many things had been going on in the world outside of which Helen knew nothing. Dr. Maurice had been Robert's true friend; and after that mournful morning a day and night had passed in which he did not know how to take comfort. He had no way of expressing himself as women have. He could not weep; it even seemed to him that to close out the cheerful light, as he was tempted to do (for the sight of all that brightness made his heart sick), would have been an ostentation of sorrow, a show of sentiment which he had no right to indulge in. He could not weep, but there was something else he could do; and that was to sift poor Robert's accusation, if there was any truth in it; and, if there was, pursue—to he could not tell what end—the murderers of his friend. It is the old savage way; and

Dr. Maurice set his teeth, and found a certain relief in the thought. He lay down on the sofa in his library, and ordered his servant to close his doors to all the world, and tried to snatch a little sleep after the watch of the previous night. But sleep would not come to him. The library was a large, lofty room, well furnished, and full with books. It was red curtained and carpeted, and the little bit of the wall which was not covered with book-cases was red too, red which looked dark and heavy in the May sunshine, but was very cozy in winter days. The one spot of brightness in the room was a picture of poor Drummond's—a young picture, one of those which he was painting while he courted Helen, the work of youth and love, at a time when the talent in him was called promise, and that which it promised was genius. This little picture caught the doctor's eye as he lay on his sofa, resting the weary frame which had known no rest all night. A tear came as he looked at it—a tear which flowed back again to its fountain, not being permitted to fall, but which did him good all the same. "Poor fellow! he never did better than that," Dr. Maurice said to himself with a sigh; and then he closed up his eyes tight, and tried to go to sleep. Half an hour after, when he opened them again, the picture was once more the first thing he saw. "Better!" he said, "he never did so well. And killed by those infernal curs!" The doctor took himself off his sofa after this failure. It was of no use trying to sleep. He gathered his boots from the corner into which he had hurled them, and drew them on again. He thought he would go and have a walk. And then he remarked for the first time that though he had taken his coat off, the rest of his dress was the same as he had put on last night to go out to dinner. When he went to his room to change this, the sight of himself in the glass was a wonder to him. Was that red-eyed, dishevelled man, with glittering studs in his shirt, and a head heavy with watching and grief—was that the trim and irreproachable Dr. Maurice? He gave a grin of horror and fierce mockery at himself, and then sat down in his easy-chair, and hid his face in his hands; and thus, all contorted and doubled up, went to sleep unawares. He was good for nothing that day.

The next morning, before he could go out, Mr. Burton called upon him. He was the man whom Dr. Maurice most wanted to see. Yet he felt himself jump as he was announced, and knew that in spite of himself his counten-

ance had changed. Mr. Burton came in undisturbed in manner or appearance, but with a broad black hatband on his hat—a band which his hatter had assured him was much broader than he had any occasion for—"deep enough for a brother." This gave him a certain air of solemnity, as it came in in front of him. It was "a mark of respect" which Dr. Maurice had not thought of showing; and Maurice, after poor Haldane, was, as it were, Robert's next friend.

"I have come to speak to you about poor Drummond," said Mr. Burton, taking a chair. "What a terrible business this has been! I met with him accidentally that morning—the very day it happened. I do not know when I have had such a shock!"

"You met him on the day he took his life?"

"The day he—died, Dr. Maurice. I am his relative, his wife's nearest friend. Why should we speak so? Let us not be the people to judge him. He died—God knows how. It is in God's hands."

"God knows I don't judge him," said Dr. Maurice; and there was a pause.

"I cannot hear that any one saw him later," said Mr. Burton. "I hear from the servants at St. Mary's Road that he was not there. He talked very wildly, poor fellow. I almost thought—God forgive me!—that he had been drinking. It must have been temporary insanity. It is a kind of consolation to reflect upon that *now*."

The doctor said nothing. He rustled his papers about, and played impatiently with the pens and paper-cutter on his table. He bore it all until his visitor heaved a demonstrative sigh. That he could not bear.

"If you thought he spoke wildly, you might have looked after him a little," he said. "It was enough to make any man look wild; and you, who knew so well all about it—"

"That is the very thing. I did not know about it. I had been out of town, and had heard nothing. A concern I was so much interested in—by which I am myself a loser—"

"Do you lose much?" said Dr. Maurice, looking him in the face. It was the same question poor Robert had asked, and it produced the same results. An uneasy flush came on the rich man's countenance.

"We City men do not publish our losses," he said. "We prefer to keep the amount of them, when we can, to ourselves. You were in yourself, I believe? Ah! I warned poor Drummond! I told him he knew nothing

of business. He should have taken the advice of men who knew. How strange that an ignorant, inexperienced man, quite unaware what he was doing, should be able to ruin such a vast concern!"

"Ruin such a vast concern!" Dr. Maurice repeated, stupefied. "Who?—Drummond? This is a serious moment and a strangely-chosen subject for a jest. I can't suppose that you take me for a fool——"

"We have all been fools, letting him play with edge tools," said Mr. Burton, almost sharply. "Golden tells me he would never take advice. Golden says——"

"Golden! where is he?" cried Maurice. "The fellow who absconded? By Jove, tell me but where to lay my hands on him——"

"Softly," said Mr. Burton, putting his hand on Maurice's arm, with an air of soothing him which made the doctor's blood boil. "Softly, doctor. He is to be found where he always was, at the office, making the best he can of a terribly bad job, looking fifteen years older, poor fellow. Where are you going? Let me have my ten minutes first!"

"I am going to get hold of him, the swindler!" cried Maurice, ringing the bell furiously. "John, let the brougham be brought round directly. My God! if I was not the most moderate man in existence I should say murderer too. Golden says, forsooth! We shall see what he will say before a jury——"

"My dear Dr. Maurice—listen a little—take care what you are doing. Golden is as honourable a man as you or I——"

"Speak for yourself," said the doctor roughly. "He has absconded—that's the word. It was in the papers yesterday morning; and it was the answer I myself received at the office. Golden, indeed! If you're a friend of Drummond's, you will come with me and give that fellow into custody. This is no time for courtesy now."

"How glad I am I came!" said Mr. Burton. "You have not seen, then, what is in the papers to-day? Dr. Maurice, you must listen to me; this is simply madness. Golden, poor fellow, has been very nearly made the victim of his own unsuspecting character. Don't be impatient, but listen. When I tell you he was simply absent on Tuesday on his own affairs—gone down to the country, as I might have been myself, if not, alas! as I sometimes think, sent out of the way. The news of Shenken's bankruptcy arrived that morning. Well, I don't mean to say Drummond could have helped that; but he seized the opportunity. Heaven knows how sorry I am to suggest such a thing; it has nearly

broken Golden's heart. But these are the facts; what can you make of them? Maurice, listen to me. What did he go and do *that* for? He was still a young man; he had his profession. If he could have faced the world, why did he do *that*?"

Dr. Maurice replied with an oath. I can make no excuse for him. He stood on his own hearth, with his hand clenched, and blasphemed. There are moments in which a man must either do that, or go down upon his knees and appeal to God, who nowadays sends no lightning from heaven to kill the slayer of men's souls where he stands. The doctor saw it all as if by a gleam of that same lightning which he invoked in vain. He saw the spider's web they had woven, the way of escape for themselves which they had built over the body of the man who was dead, and could not say a word in reply. But his friend could not find a word to say. Scorn, rage, stupefaction, came upon him. It was so false, so incredible in its falsity. He could no more have defended Robert from such an accusation than he would have defended himself from the charge of having murdered him. But it would be believed: the world did not know any better. He could not say another word—such a horror and disgust came over him, such a sickening sense of the power of falsehood, the feebleness of manifest, unprovable truth.

"This is not a becoming way in which to treat such a subject," said Mr. Burton, rising too. "No subject could be more painful to me. I feel almost as if, indirectly, I myself was to blame. It was I who introduced him into the concern. I am a busy man, and I have a great deal on my hands, but could I have foreseen what was preparing for Rivers's, my own interest should have gone to the wall. And that he should be my own relation too—my cousin's husband! Ah, poor Helen, what a mistake she made!"

"Have you nearly done, sir?" said the doctor fiercely.

"I shall have done at once, if what I say is received with incivility," said Mr. Burton, with spirit. "It was to prevent any extension of the scandal that I came here."

"There are some occasions upon which civility is impossible," said Maurice. "I happen to know Robert Drummond; which I hope you don't, for your own sake. And, remember, a great many people know him besides me. I mean no incivility when I say that I don't believe one word of this, Mr. Burton; and that is all I have to say about it. Not one word——"

"You mean, I lie!"

"I mean nothing of the sort. I hope you are deceived. I mean that this fellow Golden is an atrocious scoundrel, and *he* lies, if you will. And having said that, I have not another word to say."

Then they both stopped short, looking at each other. A momentary doubt was, perhaps, in Burton's mind what to say next—whether to pursue the subject or to let it drop. But no doubt was in Maurice's. He stood rigid, with his back to the vacant fireplace, retired within himself. "It is very warm," he said; "not favourable weather for walking. Can I set you down anywhere? I see my brougham has come round."

"Thanks," said the other shortly. And then he added, "Dr. Maurice, you have taken things in a manner very different from what I expected. I thought you would take an interest in saving our poor friend's memory as far as we can—"

"I take no interest in it, sir, whatever."

"And the feelings of his widow," said Mr. Burton. "Well, well, very well. Friendship is such a wide word—sometimes meaning so much, sometimes so little. I suppose I must do the best I can for poor Helen by myself, and in my own way."

The obdurate doctor bowed. He held fast by his formula. He had not another word to say.

"In that case I need not trouble you any longer," said Mr. Burton. But when he was on his way to the door he paused and turned round. "She is not likely to be reading the papers just now," he said, "and I hope I may depend on you not to let these unfortunate particulars, or anything about it, come to the ears of Mrs. Drummond. I should like her to be saved that if possible. She will have enough to bear."

"I shall not tell Mrs. Drummond," said the doctor. And then the door opened and closed, and the visitor was gone.

The brougham stood before Dr. Maurice's window for a long time that morning. The old coachman grumbled broiling on the box; the horses grumbled, pawing with restless feet, and switching the flies off with more and more impatient swingings of their tails. John grumbled indoors, who could not "set things straight" until his master was out of the way. But the doctor neglected them all. Not one of all the four, horses or men, would have changed places with him could they have seen him poring over the newspaper, which he had not cared to look at that morning, with the wrinkles drawn together

on his forehead. There was fury in his soul, that indignation beyond words, beyond self-command, with which a man perceives the rise and growth of a wrong which is beyond his setting right—a lie which he can only ineffectively contradict, struggle, or rage against, but cannot drive out of the minds of men. They had it in their own hands to say what they would. Dr. Maurice knew that during all the past winter his friend had been drawn into the work of the bank. He had even cautioned Robert, though in ignorance of the extent of his danger. He had said, "Don't forget that you are unaccustomed to the excitements of business. They will hurt you, though they don't touch the others. It is not your trade." These words came back to his mind with the bitterest sense of that absence of foresight which is common to man. "If I had but known!" he said. And then he remembered, with a bitter smile, his visit to Dr. Bradcliffe, his request to him to see poor Drummond "accidentally," his dread for his friend's brain. This it was which had affected poor Robert, worse than disease, worse than madness; for in madness or disease there would have been no human agency to blame.

The papers, as Burton had said, were full of this exciting story. Outside in the very streets there were great placards up with headings in immense capitals, "*Great Bankruptcy in the City.—Suicide of a Bank Director.*" The absconding of the manager, which had been the news the day before, was thrown into the background by this new fact, which was so much more tragical and important. "The latest information" was given by some in a Second Edition, so widespread was the commotion produced by the catastrophe; and even those of the public who did not care much for Rivers's, cared for the exciting tale, or for the fate of the unhappy professional man who had rashly involved himself in business, and ruined not only himself, but so many more. The story was so dramatically complete that public opinion decided upon it at once. It did not even want the grieved, indignant letter which Mr. Golden, injured man, wrote to the *Times*, begging that the report against him should be contradicted. This letter was printed in large type, and its tone was admirable. "I will not prejudice any man, more especially one whose premature end has thrown a cloud of horror over the unfortunate business transactions of the bank with which I have had the honour of being connected for fifteen years," Mr. Golden wrote, "but I cannot permit my temporary, innocent, and

much-regretted absence to be construed into an evidence that I had deserted my post. With the help of Providence, I will never desert it, so long as I can entertain the hope of saving from the wreck a shilling of the shareholders' money." It was a very good letter, very creditable to Mr. Golden; and everybody had read it, and accepted it as gospel, before Dr. Maurice got his hand upon it. In the *Daily Senaphore*, which the doctor did not see, there was already an article on the subject, very eloquent and slightly discursive, insisting strongly upon the wickedness and folly of men who without capital, or even knowledge of business, thus ventured to play with the very existence of thousands of people. "Could the unfortunate man who has hidden his shame in a watery grave look up this morning from that turbid bed and see the many homes which he has filled with desolation, who can doubt that the worst and deepest hell fabled by the great Italian poet would lose something of its intensity in comparison?—the ineffectual fires would pale; a deeper and a more terrible doom would be that of looking on at all the misery—all the ruined households and broken hearts which cry out to-day over all England for justice on their destroyer." Fortunately Dr. Maurice did not read this article; but he did read the *Times* and its editorial comments. "There can be little doubt," that journal said, "that the accidental absence of Mr. Golden, the manager, whose letter explaining all the circumstances will be found in another column, determined Drummond to his final movement. It left him time to secure the falsified books, and remove all evidence of his guilt. It is not for us to explain by what caprice of despair, after taking all this trouble, the unhappy man should have been driven to self-destruction. The workings of a mind in such an unnatural condition are too mysterious to be discussed here. Perhaps he felt that when all was done, death was the only complete exemption from those penalties which follow the evil-doer on this earth. We can only record the fact; we cannot explain the cause. The manager and the remaining directors, hastily summoned to meet the emergency, have been labouring ever since, we understand, with the help of a well-known accountant, to make up the accounts of the company, as well as that can be done in the absence of the books which there is every reason to suppose were abstracted by Drummond before he left the office. It has been suggested that the river should be dragged for them as well as for the body of the unhappy man, which up to this

time has not been recovered. But we doubt much whether, even should such a work be successful, the books would be legible after an immersion even of two or three days. We believe that no one, even the persons most concerned, are yet able to form an estimate of the number of persons to whom this lamentable occurrence will be ruin."

Dr. Maurice put down the paper with a gleam in his face of that awful and heartrending rage which indignation is apt to rise into when it feels itself most impotent. What could he do to stop such a slander? He could contradict it; he could say, "I know Robert Drummond; he was utterly incapable of this baseness." Alas! who was he that the world should take his word for it? He might bring a counter charge against Golden; he might accuse him of abstracting the books, and being the author of all the mischief; but what proof had he to substantiate his accusation? He had no evidence—not a hair's-breadth. He could not prove, though he believed, that this was all a scheme suggested to the plotters, if there were more than one, or to Golden himself, if he were alone in his villany, by the unlooked-for chance of Drummond's suicide. This was what he believed. All the more for the horrible *vraisemblance* of the story, could he see the steps by which it had been put together. Golden had absconded, taking with him everything that was damning in the way of books. He had lain hidden somewhere near at hand waiting an opportunity to get away. He had heard of poor Drummond's death, and an opportunity of a different kind, a devilish yet brilliantly successful way of escape, had suddenly appeared for him. All this burst upon Dr. Maurice as by a revelation while he sat with those papers before him gnawing his nails and clutching the leading journal as if it had been Golden's throat. He saw it all. It came out before him like a design in phosphorus, twinkling and glowing through the darkness. He was sure of it; but—what to do?

This man had a touch in him of the antique friendship—the bond for which men have encountered all odds and dared death, and been happy in their sacrifice. But even disinterestedness, even devotion do not give a man the mental power to meet such foes, or to frame a plan by which to bring them to confusion. He grew himself confused with the thought. He could not make out what to do first—how he should begin. He had forgotten how the hours went—what time of the day it was while he pondered these sub-

jects. The fire in his veins, instead of acting as a simple stimulant, acted upon him like intoxication. His brain reeled under the pressure. "Will you have lunch, sir, before you go out?" said John, with restrained wrath, but a pretence of stateliness. "Lunch!—how dare you come into my room, sir, before I ring!" cried his master, waking up and looking at him with what seemed to John murderous eyes. And then he sprang up, tore the papers into little pieces, crammed them into the fire-place, and, seizing his hat, rushed out to the carriage. The coachman was nodding softly on the box. The heat, and the stillness, and the monotony had triumphed even over the propriety of a man who knew all London, he was fond of saying, as well as he knew his own hands. The coachman almost dropped from his box when Maurice, throwing the door of the little carriage open, startled him suddenly from his slumber. The horses, which were half asleep too, woke also with much jarring of harness and prancing of hoof and head.

"To the *Times* office," was what the doctor said. He could not go and clutch that villain by the throat, though that might be the best way. It was another kind of lion which he was about to beard in his den.

CHAPTER XIII.

NONE of the persons chiefly concerned in this history, except himself, knew as yet whether Reginald Burton was good or bad. But one thing is certain, that there were good intentions in his mind when he startled Dr. Maurice with this extraordinary tale. He had a very busy morning, driving from place to place in his hansom, giving up so many hours of his day without much complaint. He had expected Maurice to know what the papers would have told him, had he been less overwhelmed with the event itself of which they gave so strange a version, and he had intended to have a friendly consultation with him about Mrs. Drummond's means of living, and what was to be done for her. Something must be done for her, there was no doubt about that. She could not be allowed to starve. She was his own cousin, once Helen Burton; and, no doubt, by this time she had found out her great mistake. It must not be supposed that this thought brought with it any lingering fondness of recollection, any touch of the old love with which he himself had once looked upon her. It would have been highly improper had it done anything of the kind. He had a Mrs. Burton of his own, who of course possessed

his entire affections, and he was not a man to indulge in any illegitimate emotion. But still he had been thinking much of Helen since this bewildering event occurred. It was an event which had taken him quite by surprise. He did not understand it. He felt that he himself could never be in such despair, could never take "a step so rash"—the only step a man could take which left no room for repentance. It had been providential, no doubt, for some things. But Helen had been in his mind since ever he had time to think. There was a little glitter in his eye, a little complacent curl about the corners of his mouth, as he thought of her, and her destitute condition, and her helplessness. What a mistake she had made! She had chosen a wretched painter, without a penny, instead of himself. And this was what it had come to. Now at least she must have found out what a fool she had been. But yet he intended to be good to her in his way. He vowed to himself, with perhaps some secret compunction in the depths of his heart, that if she would let him he would be very good to her. Nor was Helen the only person to whom he intended to be good. He went to the Haldanes' as well, with kindest sympathy and offers of help. "Perhaps you may think I was to blame in recommending such an investment of your money?" he said to Stephen, with that blunt honesty which charms so many people. "But my first thought was of you when I heard of the crash. I wish I had bitten my tongue out sooner than recommended it. The first people who came into my head were my cousin Helen and you."

Dismay and trouble were in the Haldanes' little house. They had not recovered from the shock. They were like three ghosts—each endeavouring to hide the blackness from each other which had fallen upon their souls. Miss Jane and her mother, however, had begun to get a little relief in talking over the great misery which had fallen upon them. They had filled the room with newspapers, in which they devoured every scrap of news which bore on that one subject. They sat apart in a corner and read them to each other, while Stephen closed his poor sad eyes and withdrew into himself. It was the only retirement he had, his only way of escape from the monotonous details of their family life, and the constant presence of his nurses and attendants. This man had such attendants—unwearying, uncomplaining, always ready whatever he wanted, giving up their lives to his service—as few men have; and yet there

were moments when he would have given the world to be free of them,—now and then, for half an hour, to be able to be alone. He had been sitting thus in his oratory, his place of retirement, having shut his doors, and gone into his chamber by that single action of closing his eyes, when Mr. Burton came in. The women had been reading those papers to him till he had called to them to stop. They had made his heart sore, as our hearts are being made sore now by tales of wrong and misery which we cannot help, cannot stop, can do nothing but weep for, or listen to with hearts that burn and bleed. Stephen Haldane's heart was so—it was sore, quivering with the stroke it had sustained, feeling as if it would burst out of his breast. People say that much invoked and described organ is good only for tough physical uses, and knows no sentiment; but surely such people have never had a *sore heart*.

Poor Stephen's heart was sore: he could feel the great wound in it through which the life-blood stole. Yesterday he had been stupefied. To-day he had begun to wonder why, if a sacrifice was needed, it should not have been him? He who was good for nothing, a burden on the earth; and not Robert, the kindest, truest—God bless him! yes, God bless him down yonder at the bottom of the river, down with Dives in a deeper depth if that might be—anywhere, everywhere, even in hell or purgatory, God bless him! this was what his friend said, not afraid. And the women in the corner, in the meanwhile, read all the details, every one—about the dragging of the river, about the missing books, about Mr. Golden, who had been so wronged. Mrs. Haldane believed it every word, having a dread of human nature and a great confidence in the newspapers; but Miss Jane was tormented with an independent opinion, and hesitated and could not believe. It had almost distracted their attention from the fact which there could be no question about, which all knew for certain—their own ruin. Rivers's had stopped payment, whoever was in fault, and everything this family had—their capital, their income, everything was gone. It had stunned them all the first day, but now they were beginning to call together their forces and live again; and when Mr. Burton made the little sympathetic speech above recorded it went to their hearts.

"I am sure it is very kind, very kind of you to say so," said Mrs. Haldane. "We never thought of blaming—you."

"I don't go so far as that," said Miss Jane. "I always speak my mind. I blame every-

body, mother; one for one thing, one for another. There is nobody that has taken thought for Stephen, not one. Stephen ought to have been considered, and that he was not able to move about and see to things for himself like other men."

"It is very true, it is very true!" said Mr. Burton, sighing. He shook his head, and he made a little movement of his hand, as if deprecating blame. He held up his hat with the mourning band upon it, and looked as if he might have wept. "When you consider all that has happened," he said in a low tone of apology. "Some who have been in fault have paid for it dearly, at least——"

It was Stephen's voice which broke in upon this apology, in a tone as different as could be imagined—high-pitched, almost harsh. When he was the popular minister of Ormond Street Chapel it was one of the standing remarks made by his people to strangers, "Has not he a beautiful voice?" But at this moment all the tunefulness and softness had gone out of it. "Mr. Burton," he said, "what do you mean to do to vindicate Drummond? It seems to me that *that* comes first."

"To vindicate Drummond!" Mr. Burton looked up with a sudden start, and then he added hurriedly, with an impetuosity which secured the two women to his side, "Haldane, you are too good for this world. Don't let us speak of Drummond. I will forgive him—if I can."

"How much have you to forgive him?" said the preacher. Once more, how much? By this time Mr. Burton felt that he had a right to be angry with the question.

"How much?" he said; "really I don't feel it necessary to go into my own business affairs with everybody who has a curiosity to know. I am willing to allow that my losses are as nothing to yours. Pray don't let us go into this question, for I don't want to lose my temper. I came to offer any assistance that was in my power—to you."

"Oh, Mr. Burton, Stephen is infuriated about that miserable man," said the mother; "he cannot see harm in him; and even now, when he has taken his own life and proved himself to be——"

"Stephen has a right to stand up for his friend," said Miss Jane. "If I had time I would stand up for him too; but Stephen's comfort has to be thought of first. Mr. Burton, the best assistance you could give us would be to get me something to do. I can't be a governess, and needlework does not pay; neither does teaching, for that matter, ever

if I could do it. I am a good housekeeper, though I say it. I can keep accounts with anybody. I am not a bad cook even. And I'm past forty, and never was pretty in my life, so that I don't see it matters whether I am a woman or a man. I don't care what I do or where I go, so long as I can earn some money. Can you help me to that? Don't groan, Stephen; do you think I mind it? and don't you smile, Mr. Burton. I am in earnest for my part."

Stephen had groaned in his helplessness. Mr. Burton smiled in his superiority, in his amused politeness of contempt for the plain woman past forty. "We can't let you say that," he answered jocosely, with a look at her which reminded Miss Jane that she was a woman after all, and filled her with suppressed fury. But what did such covert insult matter? It did not harm her; and the man who sneered at her homeliness might help her to work for her brother, which was the actual matter in hand.

"It is very difficult to know of such situations for ladies," said Mr. Burton, "if anything should turn up, of course—but I fear it would not do to depend upon that."

"Stephen has his pension from the chapel," said Miss Jane. She was not delicate about these items, but stated her case loudly and plainly, without even considering what Stephen's feelings might be. "It was to last for five years, and nearly three of them are gone; and he has fifty pounds a year for the Magazine—that is not much, Mr. Burton, for all the trouble; they might increase that. And mother and I are trying to let the house furnished, which would always be something. We could remove into lodgings, and if nothing more is to be got, of course we must do upon what we have."

Here Mr. Burton cast a look upon the invalid who was surrounded by so many contrivances of comfort. It was a compassionate glance, but it stung poor Stephen. "Don't think of me," he said hoarsely; "my wants, though I look such a burden upon everybody, are not many after all. Don't think of me."

"We could do with what we have," Miss Jane went on—she was so practical, she rode over her brother's susceptibilities and ignored them, which perhaps was the best thing that could have been done—"if you could help us with a tenant for our house, Mr. Burton, or get the Magazine committee to give him a little more than fifty pounds. The work it is! what with writing—and I am sure he writes half of it himself—and reading those odious manuscripts which ruin

his eyes, and correcting proofs, and all that. It is a shame that he has only fifty pounds——"

"But he need not take so much trouble unless he likes, Jane," said Mrs. Haldane, shaking her head. "I liked it as it was."

"Never mind, mother; Stephen knows best, and it is him that we have got to consider. Now, Mr. Burton, here is what you can do for us—I should not have asked anything, but since you have offered, I suppose you mean it—something for me to do, or some one to take the house, or a little more money for the Magazine. Then we could do. I don't like anything that is vague. I suppose you prefer that I should tell you plain?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Burton; and he smiled, looking at her with that mixture of contemptuous amusement and dislike with which a plain middle-aged woman so often inspires a vulgar-minded man. That the women who want to work are always old hags, was one of the articles of his creed; and here was an illustration. Miss Jane troubled herself very little about his amusement or his contempt. She did not much believe in his good-will. But if he did mean it, why, it was best to take advantage of his offer. This was her practical view of the subject. Mr. Burton turned from her to Stephen, who had taken no part in the talk. Necessity had taught the sick man its stern philosophy. He had to listen to such discussions twenty times in a day, and he had steeled his heart to hear them, and make no sign.

"What would you say to life in the country?" he said. "The little help I came to offer in these sad circumstances is not in any of the ways Miss Jane suggests. I don't know anybody that wants to take just this kind of house;" and he glanced round at it with a smile. He to know a possible tenant for such a nutshell! "And I don't know any situation that would suit your sister, though I am sure she would be invaluable. My father-in-law is the man to speak about the Magazine business. Possibly he could manage that. But what I would offer you if you like, would be a lodging in the country. I have a house down at Dura, which is of no use to me. There is good air and a garden, and all that. You are as welcome as possible if you like to come."

"A house in the country," said Mrs. Haldane. "Oh my boy! Oh, Mr. Burton! he might get well there."

Poor soul! it was her delusion that Stephen was to get well. She took up this new hope

with eyes which, old as they were, flashed out with brightness and consolation. "What will all our losses matter if Stephen gets well?" she went on beginning to cry. And Miss Jane rose up hastily, and went away with a tremulous harshness, shutting her lips up tight, to the other side of the room, to get her work, which she had been neglecting. Miss Jane was like a man in this, that she could not bear tears. She set her face against them, holding herself in, lest she too might have been tempted to join. Of all the subjects of discussion in this world, Stephen's recovery was the only one she could not bear; for she loved her brother like a poet, like a starved and frozen woman who has had but one love in her life.

The old mother was more manageable to Mr. Burton's mind than Miss Jane. Her tears and gratitude restored him to what he felt was his proper place,—that of a benefactor and guardian angel. He sat for half an hour longer, and told Mrs. Haldane all about the favour he was willing to confer. "It is close to the gates of my own house, but you must not think that will be an annoyance to us," he said. "On the contrary, I don't mean to tell my father-in-law till he sees you there. It will be a pleasant surprise for him. He has always taken so much interest in Haldane. Don't say anything, I beg. I am very glad you should have it, and I hope it will make you feel this dreadful calamity less. Ah yes; it is wretched for us; but what must it be for my poor cousin? I am going to see her now."

"I don't know her," said Mrs. Haldane. "She has called at the door to ask for Stephen, very regular. That I suppose was because of the friendship between—but I have only seen her once or twice on a formal call. If all is true that I hear, she will take it hard, being a proud woman. Oh! pride's sinful at the best of times; but in a time like this—"

"Mother!"

"Yes, Stephen, I know; and I am sure I would not for the world say a word against friends of yours; but—"

"I must go now," said Mr. Burton, rising. "Good-bye, Haldane. I will write to you about the house, and when you can come in. On second thoughts, I will not prevent you from mentioning it to Mr. Baldwin, if you please. He is sure to ask what you are going to do, and he will be glad to know."

He went out from Victoria Villas pleased with himself. He had been very good to these people, who really were nothing to

him. He was not even a Dissenter, but a staunch Churchman, and had no sympathy for the sick minister. What was his motive, then? But it was his wife who made it her business to investigate his motives, and we may wait for the result of her examination. All this was easy enough. The kindness he had offered was one which would cost him little, and he had not suffered in this interview as he had done in that which preceded it. But now he had occasion for all his strength; now came the tug of war, the real strain. He was going to see Helen. She had been but three days a widow, and no doubt would be in the depth of that darkness which is the recognised accompaniment of grief. Would she see him? Could she have seen the papers, or heard any echo of their news? On this point he was nervous. Before he went to St. Mary's Road, though it was close at hand, he went to the nearest hotel, and had a glass of wine and a biscuit. For such a visit he required all his strength.

But these precautions were unnecessary. The shutters were all closed in St. Mary's Road. The lilacs were waving their plummy fragrant branches over a door which no one entered. Mrs. Drummond was at home, but saw no one. Even when the maid carried his message to her, the answer was that she could see no one, that she was quite well, and required nothing. "Not even the clergyman, sir," said the maid. "He's been, but she would not see him. She is as white as my apron, and her poor hands you could see the light through 'em. We all think as she'll die too."

"Does she read the papers?" said Mr. Burton anxiously. He was relieved when the woman said "No." He gave her half-a-crown, and bade her admit none to the house till he came again. Rebecca promised and curtsied, and went back to the kitchen to finish reading that article in the *Daily Semaphore*. The fact that it was "master" who was there called "this unfortunate man" and "this unhappy wretch," gave the strongest zest to it. "La! to think he could have had all that on his mind," they said to each other. George was the only one who considered it might be "a made-up story," and he was believed to say so more from "contrariness," and a desire to set up for superior wisdom, than because he had any real doubt on the subject. "A person may say a thing, but I never heard of one yet as would go for to put it in print, if it wasn't true," was Rebecca's comment. "I'm sorry for poor master, all the same," said Jane the house-

maid, who was tender-hearted, and who had put on an old black gown of her own accord. The servants were not to get mourning, which was something unheard of; and they had all received notice, and, as soon as Mrs. Drummond was able to move, were to go away.

For that matter, Helen was able to move then—able to go to the end of the earth, as she felt with a certain horror of herself. It is so natural to suppose that physical weakness should come in the train of grief; but often it does not, and the elastic delicate strength of Helen's frame resisted all the influences of her sorrow. She scarcely eat at all; she slept little; the world had grown to her one great sea of darkness and pain and desolation: and yet she could not lie down and die as she had thought she would, but felt such a current of feverish energy in all her veins as she had never felt before. She could have done anything—laboured, travelled, worked with her hands, fought even, not like a man, but like twenty men. She was conscious of this, and it grieved and horrified her. She felt as a woman brought up in conventional proprieties would naturally feel, that her health ought to have been affected, that her strength should have failed her. But it had not done so. Her grief inflamed her rather, and set her heart on fire. Even now, in these early days, when custom

decreed that she ought to be incapable of exertion, "keeping her bed," she felt herself in possession of a very flood of energy and excited strength. She was miserable, but she was not weak. She shut herself up in the darkened house all day, but half the night would walk about in her garden, in her despair, trying to tame down the wild life which had come with calamity. Poor little Norah crept about everywhere after her, and lay watching with great wide-open eyes, through the silvery half-darkness of the summer night, till she should come to bed. But Norah was not old enough to understand her mother, and was herself half frightened by this extraordinary change in her, which affected the child's imagination more than the simple disappearance of her father did, though she wept and longed for him with a dreary sense that unless he came back, life never could be as of old, and that he would never, never come back. But all the day long Mrs. Drummond sat in her darkened room, and "was not able to see any one." She endured the vigil, and would have done so, if she had died of it. That was what was called "proper respect:" it was the conventional necessity of the moment. Mr. Burton called again and again, but it was more than a fortnight before he was admitted. And in the meantime he too had certain preparations to go through.

ON PAUPERISM AS PRODUCED BY WEALTH.

"Il y avait à Jérusalem des riches et par conséquent des pauvres."—RENAN, *St. Paul*, p. 421.

IT is a patent fact that we have in this country, by the side of great and increasing wealth, a very distressing amount of pauperism. This fact is often commented upon as if the co-existence of these two opposites were something strange and abnormal. It was recently brought forward, for example, by Mr. Harcourt in a speech at Oxford, as imperatively calling for a great reduction in the national expenditure. It seems, therefore, to have not been sufficiently observed by those who have given some attention to economic and social questions that the existence of a wealthy class and of rising prosperity in a country has a direct tendency to generate a certain amount of pauperism. A judicious reduction in the national expenditure might stimulate the increase of wealth, but it might possibly, on that very account, be accompanied by an increase rather than a decrease of pauperism. Accumulated wealth certainly tends for the most part to improve the con-

dition of the poorer class; but it also exerts some influences which have the directly opposite tendency.

Pauperism, or the destitution which makes people seek relief from the rates or from charity, may be referred to the following proximate causes.—Inability to work, or to do any work worth paying for, makes a large number of persons incapable of earning a living. This class includes the sickly, the aged, the very young, and widows with children dependent upon them. There is a second class of those who are able to work, but at a given time and place there is no demand for the kind of labour which they have to offer. We may put together in a third class those who are thoroughly idle and will not work, and those who are perpetually thrown out of employment by drunkenness and other moral faults. Physical weakness, want of employment, and depravity are the three immediate causes of pauperism.

The accumulation of new capital, and the consequent impulse given to production, have an obvious tendency to increase the demand for labour, and so to diminish the number of destitute persons of the second class. The same causes tend also in some degree to diminish the number of the first class, which is immensely the largest. They may have some slight effect, by making work more various and more remunerative, and therefore more tempting, in reducing the pauperism of the third class. But we cannot expect that the highest degree of general prosperity should ensure to every one employment at all times and at all places; or that it should abolish sickness, or old age, or orphanage, or widowhood; or that it should make all the poor virtuous. Pauperism will be reduced to a minimum when there is the steadiest regularity of employment or an equivalent flexibility in turning from one kind of work to another; when idleness and drunkenness and dishonesty become rare; when the poor are prudent enough to look forward to the day of failing strength, and therefore to put by savings, and practise insurance, and delay marriage, and when they hold themselves bound to support their aged and their sick.

Now the abundance and increase of wealth are not entirely favourable to constancy of employment, or to the promotion of a sense of responsibility amongst the poorer people. Without attempting anything like an exhaustive statement, I may specify some of the influences by which wealth unsettles both employment and character amongst the working classes.

1. The existing conditions of our prosperity make the transfer of industries from one place to another an easier thing than it used to be. Capital is now *mobilised* to an unprecedented degree; and new discoveries or improved means of locomotion may cause the rapid displacement of a manufacture or a trade. An increase of production will be the total result of such changes, but they may be at the same time attended with some local distress. Families cannot suddenly remove themselves to distant quarters; and if they remain in places from which their work has departed, they may be reduced to positive destitution. Changes of fashion, again—the indispensable amusement of a wealthy class—cause fluctuations of employment, and, in the metropolis and other places frequented by them, the migrations of the rich occasion considerable disturbance of the industry of the poor. The wages that are to be had during “the season” attract some workers,

who forget to look forward to the time when the season will be over. There are months when a good many men connected with cabs and stables, and a good many dressmakers and washerwomen, are sure to be out of work in London; and it is the same with painters, whose work is interrupted partly by social causes and partly by the weather.

2. A rise of wages is of itself somewhat disturbing to steadiness of habit amongst the working people. So, at least, experience has occasionally shown in manufacturing districts. It has been complained that higher wages tempt the workmen to enjoy themselves more liberally, to drink more, and to disdain the hard economies which can never become unnecessary amongst the working people. Just as in a richer class thoughtless persons are sometimes led into extravagance by a sudden accession to their means, and are thereby made poorer than they were before, so a body of working people, having no ingrained habit of thrift, and being weak against the attractions of geniality, may take to spending more than the increment of their wages in a good time, and may be drawn into idle self-indulgent ways, in consequence of which some may find themselves let down into destitution. This, I admit, is not likely to be more than a partial and occasional result of commercial prosperity; but some appreciable part of our existing pauperism is probably thus originated.

3. The general influence descending upon the poorer class from the luxurious use of money is in a great degree unwholesome, and expressly unfavourable to the qualities which guard the poor from destitution.

Vice can keep company with poverty as well as with riches; but there is a great deal of vice which is the manifest offspring of idleness and wealth, and which spreads its contagion amongst those who are not wealthy. Prostitution is a constant feeder of pauperism. And the brilliant careers of the fallen women whom only the extravagance of wealth could maintain are far more widely injurious in this way than the struggling existence of the humbler “unfortunate.” The gay life dazzles and corrupts many; it draws the servants of these women, and other dependents, as well as imitators, into its vortex of recklessness. Drinking habits are invariably fostered by it, and it is a tale told to weariness, how the habit of drinking to excess, more surely than idleness, leads to poverty. Another social mischief—it would scarcely be uncharitable to call it a vice—is horse-racing, which depends entirely on the support of the rich. Any one who has

visited a race-course must have some notion of the quantity of blackguardism which is directly produced, or at least attracted and nourished, by horse-racing. But the mischievous effect of this amusement of the rich is not limited to what can be seen on a race-course. It encourages gambling amongst working men to the remotest corners of the land. According to good evidence, betting upon horses for the great races is the interest which, more than any other, occupies the leisure of the working classes. Politics are nothing to it. The other day, when a good many of the delegates—the picked representatives of industry—were absent at a meeting of the Trades Congress at Nottingham, the experienced Mr. Allan inquired significantly whether there was any horse-racing going on in the neighbourhood. It is needless to say that gambling is antagonistic to thrifty providence. I fear it must be added that game-preserving, another special luxury of the rich, supplies its contingent to the workhouse out of the numbers of those whom it seduces from the dull and poorly paid occupations of agricultural industry.

The rich cannot be blamed for keeping domestic servants. But all who have had any experience in the analysing of pauperism, are aware that a considerable proportion of our destitute persons and families consists of those who were once maintained by domestic service. The phrase “pampered menials” testifies to the prevalent impression as to the nature of service in the households of the wealthy. This phrase of course applies to men only; and I do not know that it could be said with justice that female servants of any class fall more easily than other women into the ranks of pauperism. But men servants are undoubtedly pampered, and they are also trained to a servile deference; and neither of these conditions is favourable to a thrifty and provident independence. It makes a great difference whether the ways* of a household are well regulated or not. There are houses of rich men in which the servants are guarded as far as possible from temptation, and encouraged to look forward to the future, and cared for when they are disabled. But there are also too many houses of an opposite character, where profusion and carelessness tempt the servants to reckless and unscrupulous habits, and where the pampered menials are bribed to submit to caprice and insolence by high wages and opportunities of riotous living.

* Perhaps the time will come when servants will require references from those who wish to engage them.

When an improvident butler or footman loses his health or his character, what is to become of him? He is one of the most helpless of men. And he often has a wife and children, sometimes unacknowledged, to whom he has supplied precarious support out of his wages, and who are inevitably dragged down with him. I know of cases in which very liberal help has been given by rich persons to servants, who have been in their households for longer or shorter periods, and who have fallen through some misfortune into poverty; but these cases are not so numerous as they ought to be, and I am now referring to destitution caused by folly and error more than by misfortune.

I must further mention under this head, that general habit of looking up to the rich and depending upon them, that respectful and somewhat servile attitude of mind, which is encouraged in the country districts by the existence of a patronising landlord class, and elsewhere by the willingness of the rich to pay for civility. When we compare the common people in England with the same class in some other countries, we observe here a much greater humbleness of demeanour towards the upper classes, and a painful want of manners in their behaviour towards one another. It has actually come to be supposed, even by persons of the intelligence of Mr. Auberon Herbert, that when the Catechism teaches children to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters, it is meant that the poor ought to be lowly and reverent towards the rich—as if the Catechism were not to be learnt by the children of the aristocracy. I confess I do not see why, if I walk along a country lane, a respectable father of a family should humbly touch his hat to me whom he does not know, or his children elaborately made curtsies to me, whilst I and my children do not pay the same homage to a duke or a marquis. The truth is that this civility is the expression of a habit of dependence; and, as Lord Nelson courageously testified amongst his own tenantry not long ago, we cannot have the virtues of independence along with the instincts of dependence. Lord Nelson, to his great honour, declared that the rich ought to reverse their customary policy; instead of trying to keep the labouring class dependent, they ought to do their best to compel them to be independent. If any progress could be made in this direction, the rich would lose a part of one of their pleasures, but their wealth is sure to enable them to purchase still too much civility.

There is another attitude of mind towards the rich, not to be wondered at in those who, being themselves poor, observe the free expenditure of the wealthy classes, which is also unfavourable to economic providence. It is that which finds expression in complaints like this: "Why should I pinch myself to save out of my paltry wages, when my labour goes to support all this luxury?" Or, to quote more vivid words, "Why should the English workman live on potato parings, leaving the meaty morsel for his wealthier brother?" It is true that the wealth enjoyed by some is not a good reason why others should allow themselves to sink into dependence; but it must be admitted that a careless disposition may be tempted to find a mischievous excuse for itself in a comparison of the condition of the labouring classes with that of the rich.

4. But the chief way in which wealth breeds pauperism is by administering relief, whether this be done under the poor-law or by voluntary charity. How are the rich—not being cruel or hard-hearted—to see the poor want, and refrain from relieving their distress? That is the question which the pauperism of this country chiefly forces upon us.

It is perfectly certain, clear enough *a priori*, and proved by incessant practical evidence, that if the poor find help liberally afforded to them whenever they are in want, they will not make painful and difficult efforts to provide for themselves. Why should they? But it is equally certain that it requires a strong conviction of duty in the minds of those who are themselves comfortable and well off to restrain them from feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, with ready kindness. The wealth of this country is so great that we could easily spare much more than we now contribute to the support of the indigent. I have made some attempts to ascertain the relation between the poor-rate—I mean the poor-rate proper—and incomes in London; and I believe I am safe in stating that it is not usual to pay so much as one per cent. of income in poor-rates, and that it is so rare as to be virtually unknown for any one to pay as much as two per cent. Now it cannot be said that it would be at all hard to double this payment, if we could thereby add greatly to the happiness of the suffering poor; still less, that it is urgently necessary, for the lightening of the burden on the ratepayers, that the present amount should be diminished. We can afford to relieve the poor liberally, and our kind feeling prompts us to do so; and the con-

sequence is that the poor are encouraged to trust to the poor-law and to charity, and many are thus pauperised.

Let me briefly mention two or three illustrative cases which have recently come under my personal knowledge. First to show how relief is given. S. is a gentleman's coachman; he has married a respectable wife, and has a large family. He falls ill, and goes into a hospital. The wife applies to the parish. Their character is good; there are many young children, and the income of the family is suspended. The guardians humanely allow *ros.* a week. How can we help being glad of it? F. is a labouring man, a little over sixty, still strong and able to work, with a wife of about the same age. They have now only themselves to keep, but Mrs. F. states, with pardonable pride, that she has had fifteen children in addition to five mis-carriages, and that seven of the children are alive and grown up. The man has an attack of bronchitis; they immediately apply to the parish, and within three weeks of his leaving off work they are allowed *3s. 6d.* a week. Now if S. or F. had belonged to a club, he would have had a still larger allowance during sickness without the necessity of applying to the parish, and if F.'s seven children had made a combined effort, they might have done something—at least for a few weeks—to help their parents. But to subscribe to a club would have cost them some weekly pence, and some trouble; and grown-up sons and daughters in this country are not expected, if they are themselves poor, to succour their parents. Now let me mention a case of an opposite kind. Mrs. P. is a widow, whose husband died four years ago, at the age of twenty-nine. He was a bricklayer, and not always in work. But he was a member of a Foresters' club, and paid the extra subscription to its "Widows and Orphans" fund. His total payment was *7d.* a week. In return for this weekly payment he received *14s.* a week during sickness, *£12* were paid at his death to his widow, and she has had a permanent allowance of *2s.* a week for herself, and *6d.* for each child up to twelve years of age. Having five children, she thus received *4s. 6d.* a week. One of the children was born between her husband's death and burial, and the eldest at that time was eight years old; but with these club allowances, and the earnings of a mangle, she has managed to get on without even applying to the parish, the only regular assistance she has received being the payment of her children's school fees. Why she has not

asked help from the parish I cannot understand, for she would have been sure to get it, and her life must often have been a painful struggle. But if we compare this case with the two former, we can see, on the one hand, what can be done by the poor when they are determined to be independent, and, on the other hand, what inducements they have for thinking it not worth while to practise provident self-denial. If our wealth and our humanity make it impossible for us to refuse relief, except on hard terms, to indigent applicants, or to allow worn-out parents to be a burden to their children, we must do as our feelings prompt us; but then let us not hide from ourselves the fact that a large part of the pauperism we deplore is of our own creating, nor delude ourselves with the hope that if we grow richer and more humane this pauperism will disappear.

The encouragement given by charity, with its apparatus of coal and bread tickets, soup-kitchens, and the like, to mendicancy and

falsehood and drunkenness, as well as to improvidence, is too trite a subject to enlarge upon. People listen to the proofs of it, and do not attempt to refute them; but after a while they say to themselves, "How can I enjoy my own comforts, if I refuse a ticket to that poverty-stricken creature?" and in spite of what they have heard, they go on giving the doles which are inadequate to afford real relief, but which unfortunately have power to tempt and degrade the receivers.

These are ways in which general prosperity—which does so much to improve the condition of the working classes, as well as to enrich capitalists—may nevertheless be allowed to engender pauperism. If we earnestly desire to repress pauperism, we must not trust to the natural operation of good times only, but must strive against all influences which we see to be prejudicial to the self-respect and sense of responsibility of the poor.

J. LL. DAVIES.

THE IDIOT COLONY AT CATERHAM.

HAVING received permission from the Metropolitan Asylum Board to visit their establishment at Caterham, I left London one fine morning in last December for the purpose of examining the building and inquiring into the management of the institution. Possibly the reader may conceive that a desire to occupy myself for a whole day in a building containing one thousand six hundred imbeciles and harmless lunatics, whose misfortune I was incompetent in the slightest manner to relieve, betrayed somewhat of a morbid taste. This, however, was hardly the case. I was actuated rather by a desire to witness the gigantic efforts which I had been informed were made at Caterham to relieve such an immense amount of human suffering. Indeed, I laboured under a certain alarm lest the scenes I should witness might prove too painful to me. This alarm increased as I neared the building, till at length it became positively oppressive. My fear, however, was groundless. True, there was a vast amount of misery within the walls of this immense establishment; but the painful sensation which I had felt in a short time became lost in the interest and admiration excited by the untiring humanity, and the admirable skill and discretion displayed in the management of the patients.

I will not stop to give any lengthened description of the building itself. As the reader may imagine, it is of immense size. The façade, though destitute of that meretricious ornament which architects of the present day are inclined to heap on buildings intended for charitable uses, is in good taste and by no means unpicturesque. The blocks of buildings in the rear, dedicated to the use of the patients, are unpretending so far as architectural elevation is concerned, but they seem well constructed; each being three stories in height, with numerous long windows, so as to insure a perfect ventilation. On entering the building I was soon joined by Dr. James Adam, the physician and principal official of the establishment, and Mr. George White, the superintendent. Having delivered my credentials, the doctor proposed that I should at once visit the buildings and offices, and have their uses explained as we proceeded. All questions that I might ask, he assured me, should be fully and candidly answered.

As the dinners for the patients were now ready, it was suggested that I should first visit the kitchen. This is a vast lofty hall in the centre of the building. Had it not been for the smell of cooked food which pervaded the place, and the fact of my having

been told that I was in a kitchen, I should hardly have recognised the uses to which it was devoted. Not a particle of fire was to be seen anywhere, and yet dinners for one thousand six hundred persons, not including the staff of assistants, had been cooked in it. Stoves, furnaces, cauldrons, and other apparatus, were heated by gas, which is manufactured on the premises. All the roasting and baking were done in closed closets, so that the smallest possible quantity of odour escaped into the hall. Huge cauldrons, also heated by gas, were in the centre, and were used for boiling fish, vegetables, and puddings, and for making soup. There were also huge cylindrical machines, the uses of which I did not understand, as they were not in operation at the time of my visit. But I was informed that they were for making tea, coffee, and cocoa for the patients; tea being given them in the evening, and coffee or cocoa for breakfast. I should also mention that a most scrupulous cleanliness was discernible, not only over the whole of the vast kitchen, but in every machine and utensil used for cooking.

I now examined the food, all of which appeared to be of excellent quality, whilst the cooking was perfect. There were roast and boiled joints, minced meat for the aged and epileptic, several kinds of fish, and custard and other puddings, besides excellent *ragouts* of Australian mutton, stewed with fresh vegetables of different descriptions. All was cooked in a manner that would not have disgraced the *chefs* of the Carlton or Reform Clubs.

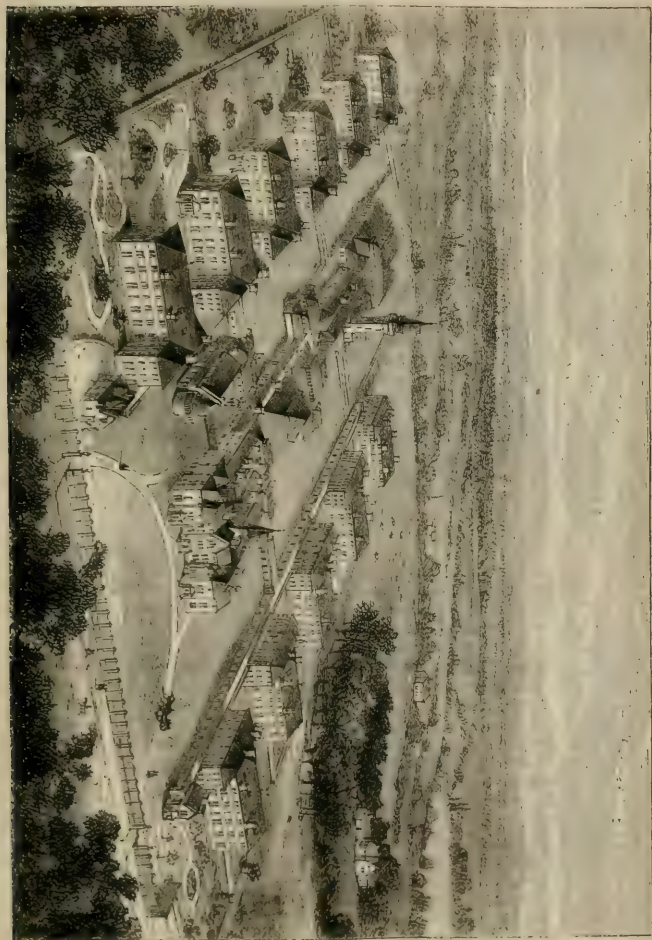
The dinners were now given out to persons in the corridors to be taken into the wards. To accomplish this the whole kitchen staff of officials was in active operation. I inquired of Mr. White, the superintendent, how many cooks were employed. "About thirty," he replied; "four or five are regular cooks or paid assistants; the other twenty-six are patients." Yes, reader, these well-cooked dinners were the handiwork of twenty-six idiots (poor creatures, who at home would not have been trusted to put a kettle on the fire), superintended by three or four skilled servants. And the cooking was not only done by complicated gas machinery, but the gas itself had been manufactured on the premises by the patients, superintended by a few skilled artisans.

After quitting the kitchen I was conducted by the superintendent into the store-room of the victualling department. How shall I

describe it? It was hardly a shop, and yet it was not a warehouse. It appeared to contain as much provisions as the Civil Service Stores, yet not of such various descriptions. There were chests of tea, piled on one another some eight or ten feet from the ground; huge quantities of cheese, butter, sugar, and treacle; whole flitches of bacon, and scores of tins of Australian preserved meat. To prove the quality of the latter, a ten lb. tin was opened, and its contents, which presented a solid mass, in form something like brawn, was severed down the middle for my inspection. Certainly meat of finer quality could not be imagined. There were also large tins of ground coffee and cocoa, ready for the next morning's breakfast. I particularly noticed many huge balls hanging from the ceiling, and I was told that each of these—one hundred and eighty in number—was a Christmas plum-pudding for the patients. Nothing could exceed the order, cleanliness, and regularity of the arrangements.

I was now conducted into the bakehouse, which in size corresponded with the kitchen and the store-room. Here, again, I found the labour of the patients utilised as thoroughly as in the kitchen. Nor was it unskilled labour. The machinery employed for kneading the dough, and shaping the loaves, was of a most complicated description; and yet I was told, the patients are so well used to their work, that an accident had never occurred among them, either from the machines in motion, or from the fire of the ovens. The quality of the bread, I need hardly say, was excellent.

Our next visit was to the laundry, and here my surprise was as great as in the kitchen and bakehouse. No fewer than eighty-six women were employed at the time. Of these, six were professed laundry-maids, the others female patients. Although the place, which is a large, lofty, well-ventilated hall, was a scene of great bustle, yet the most perfect order and regularity prevailed throughout. The heavier portion of the washing was done by machinery. Some of the machines, from their size and the force employed, were not without danger; and yet because of the excellent training no accident had ever occurred. Of the enormous amount of labour got through in the laundry some idea may be gathered from the following fact. Noticing a heap of linen in the centre of the hall, in size somewhat resembling an overturned hay-load, I inquired whether that was the accumulated linen that had been used during the last week?



"Last week, sir!" said one of the laundry-maids. "Why, that is yesterday's washing alone. We wash every day the used linen of the day before."

"How many articles do you, on an average, wash daily?" I inquired.

"Our daily average, sir, is about two thousand pieces."

As to the quality of the washing, it was excellent,—certainly if a snow-white colour is any test, nothing could be better. Noticing some caps very neatly got up, I was told that they belonged to the female patients employed in the laundry, who, profiting by the opportunity afforded them, employed some little portion of their time in this very pardonable love of personal adornment.

The doctor now conducted me to the female wards. The block I first visited consisted of three floors. The ground-floor was used as the day-room of the patients, eighty in number. They were then assembling for dinner, and took their places at the four tables (twenty at each) with the greatest order. A paid official superintended at either end of the table, served the portion to each patient, and carefully watched their behaviour. I inquired whether any difficulty or jealousy arose upon points of precedence or such-like among the female patients.

"Hardly ever, sir," replied the superintendent. "They are, as a rule, very well behaved."

I next visited the two upper or sleeping-wards. The bedding and appointments appeared to be of excellent quality, and a scrupulous cleanliness pervaded the whole. Each ward contained beds for forty inmates. They are under constant supervision day and night; two nurses having the care of every forty patients during the day, and these in the evening are relieved by two others.

I then, in company with Dr. Adam, visited several other of the female wards, in all of which I noticed the same regularity, comfort, and care. It being near Christmas at the time of my visit, the whole of the female wards had been decorated with wreaths and mottoes applicable to the season, and with artificial flowers, all made by the patients under the superintendence of the nurses. Some of the wreaths and groups of flowers were not without artistic taste. Among the mottoes was one of very frequent occurrence—"God bless the Prince of Wales, and may he soon be restored to health;"—another proof that every class of the population sympathised with His Royal High-

ness in the misfortune which had fallen upon him.

I inquired of Dr. Adam whether any other of the inmates were employed in useful occupation besides those I had seen in the kitchen, bakehouse, and laundry. In reply he told me that by far the greater part of the work, both skilled and unskilled, of the immense establishment was performed by the idiots and lunatics: the latter being of that class of patients in whose case it is hardly possible to draw the line between imbecility and insanity. As the whole system adopted in the asylum for the amelioration of the patients is carried to such a degree of perfection—the machinery, though complicated, yet acting harmoniously as a whole—a short description of the theory in addition to the practice may not be uninteresting to the reader. As I understood Dr. Adam, it appeared to be nearly as follows:

Although the history of the great mass of the patients who are brought into the asylum is generally but little known, they are evidently drafted from the poorest portion of the population. The sources from which idiocy, and idiocy combined with insanity, are derived, are evidently want, intemperance, poverty, irregular living, and, in an immense number of cases, habitual drunkenness in the parents. In fact, it may unhesitatingly be stated, that the most prolific cause of idiocy among the poorer of our working classes is drunkenness in the parents. Generally speaking, the case is still further exaggerated by the persecutions and petty annoyances to which many of them have been subjected. To this may be attributed the irascibility and ill-humour they show when first admitted; for the idiot, as proved by the effect of the treatment in the asylum, is not as a rule irritable or wickedly disposed unless under provocation. The first efforts of the superintendents on the admission of fresh patients is to cure them of this irritability and quarrelsomeness. The method adopted, though simple in the extreme, is exceedingly efficacious. No arguments are used to show the poor creatures the wickedness or folly of their behaviour; no threats of punishment are held out to them. The only discipline used is that of unremitting kindness, and thus the exciting cause of irritability being removed, their temper gradually smooths down, and in a very few weeks after their admission into the asylum favourable progress is noticeable. And I may add, so efficacious is this gentle treatment, that there is not in the whole establishment a lock-up room for

refractory patients, or any other means of amusement or physical restraint whatever.

But the wandering life, the privations, orrows, and persecutions which these poor creatures have endured, have caused in a majority of cases a great deterioration of their original mental faculties, slight as they were. The system adopted to remedy this is to try to fix the mind on some definite object combined with labour. For example: in one of the female wards I noticed that some of the windows had netted curtains, and was informed that these had been made by a poor old lady, who when she entered the asylum was irritable and irascible to a troublesome degree. Nor did she appear capable of fixing her thoughts for five minutes on any one subject. At last, by some chance, she became possessed of netting materials, and it was noticed that when occupied with these she was much quieter. A clue was now discovered to the amelioration of her condition, and the doctor asked her whether she would like to net curtains for the whole of the ward. She willingly agreed to do so, and, a quantity of cotton having been provided, she commenced her apparently interminable labour, working on hour after hour, not only pacified, but much pleased with her occupation. After some days a decided improvement was noticed in her tone of mind, and she soon became as tractable as any patient in the ward.

The reader may possibly imagine that in course of time and by practice the old lady would be able while occupied with her work, to turn her mind to other subjects, and the concentration of thought at first attained would thus be lost. But such is not the case. Although persons in perfect mental health may go mechanically through the operation of netting, their minds occupied during the time on some totally different subject, the weak mind of the idiot is fixed constantly on the work, and a healthier tone is soon developed. The same rule is adopted with all the other patients capable of occupation, whether male or female. Those who are drafted off to the kitchen are employed solely in cooking, whilst in the other departments the same individuals are generally kept to the same labour, and their thoughts being thus concentrated on one occupation, the general tone of the mind becomes healthier.

The reader would hardly believe what perfection in several branches of skilled labour has been reached by these poor creatures, the majority of whom, prior to their entrance into the Asylum, had never done a day's

useful labour in their lives. Take one example from among many: Dr. Adam conducted me into the female workroom, where the dresses of the patients were cut out and delivered to the different wards to be made up. It was a long and lofty room, in which were many large tables, covered over with linen and woollen cloth. I forget how many idiots were being employed there at the time, but they were very numerous, and, although superintended by two or three professional dressmakers, the dresses were not only made by themselves, but cut out likewise. The reader may be curious to know the quantity and quality of work done in this co-operative idiot dress establishment. The following items, which I received from the superintendent of the department, will give some idea of the magnitude of the operations carried on in it. During the year 1871 the patients had made no fewer than 1,729 petticoats, 1,816 aprons, 4,537 caps, 1,729 dresses, besides the whole of the linen used in the establishment,—such as sheets, table-cloths, chemises, &c., in all amounting to 18,115 articles.

On the male side the same order and regularity prevailed as on the female. In the workshops I noticed several persons employed on labour which, at first sight, it seemed hardly possible that the idiot's mind could be brought to understand, or his hands to perform. Shoemaking and tailoring employed a great number. Noticing in the workshops of the shoemakers some very dangerous looking knives, I inquired whether it was not imprudent to leave such weapons in the hands of those who might use them offensively. I was told, however, that no accident had ever occurred among the workmen, and that the knives and awls had never been used as weapons of offence. Besides those at work in the shoemaker's shop, I found that no fewer than 79 were employed in the cleansing and general economy of the wards, 17 in the upholsterer's shop, 121 in the grounds, besides several others in the gas-house, the engine-house, the engineer's office, and the mess-room, amounting altogether to 300 of the male patients. These, added to 452 of the female idiots and lunatics, make a grand total of 752 patients employed in what may be termed skilled and profitable labour. The remaining portion of the inmates are either too old, too infirm, or too young to be made useful, though the labour of many of these is occasionally utilised to the fullest degree consistent with their well-being and health.

I afterwards visited the garden and grounds, and the engine-house. Here again I noticed specimens of gardening that might not have disgraced the market-garden grounds of Fulham. Yet by far the largest portion of the labour had been performed by poor creatures, who, till they entered the Asylum, were probably ignorant of the way to handle a spade. I was also shown a piece of ground of about three acres which was being laid out for a cricket-field—the draining and all other work being done by the idiots. In fact, there is no doubt that in the course of a few years the whole of the grounds, about eighty acres, will be brought into very profitable cultivation by the patients, and thus still further carry out the co-operation principle so noticeable in the Caterham Asylum. Nor is this system of co-operation merely a benefit to the health and comfort of the patients themselves; it is a great advantage—and will shortly be more so—to the metropolitan ratepayer. So admirably does this system work, that, notwithstanding the good food, good cooking, and excellent clothing bestowed on the inmates, the cost of each adult is not more at the present time than 1s. 1d. a day; being less, in point of fact, than the cost of a pauper child in the Union schools at Sydenham or Hanwell.

Two other subjects remain to be noticed—the care and management of the adult idiots. In one of the courts in the centre of the building stands a large, handsome, well-fitted chapel, in admirable order. Here prayers are said morning and evening by the chaplain, and service is performed twice on Sundays. No patients are requested to attend, it being left entirely to their own inclination. Possibly the reader may be of opinion that a subject so serious ought not to be left to the unguided discretion of an idiot patient. But even, if without compulsion the idiots were advised to attend service, it would be difficult, to obtain better or better conducted congregations than are to be seen every Sabbath-day in the chapel of the Asylum. Even of those occupied in labour no fewer than three hundred attend, daily, morning and evening prayers. On Sundays the chapel is filled to overflowing, the whole six hundred seats being occupied, and many others would willingly attend were there room. And be it understood that the idiots do not go to chapel with the purpose of obtaining the favourable notice of either the chaplain, physician, or superintendents, but solely from their own love of religion. True, it is possible that they would be

unable to explain many of the prayers offered up, and that some do not clearly understand even one; yet there is a certain quiet, speechless worship among them, exceedingly curious as well as interesting to witness. One portion of the service is performed by the idiots in such a manner as might serve as an admirable example to many of the congregations in our fashionable London churches. The singing is excellent; and, although the hymns are of a very simple description, the singers keep in good time, and well together. It is a singular fact that, while all taste for other branches of the fine arts seems to be unknown or uncared for by these idiots, their ear for music is as acute as that of any portion of the population. Nothing pleases them more than to hear a song well sung.

It must not be imagined, however, that serious employments alone are found for the idiots and lunatics in the Caterham Asylum. There are, on the contrary, few communities of the poor who have so much amusement provided for them. In one of the wards I noticed a stage, with the proscenium of a theatre, the curtain down. I inquired whether they had any theatrical performances, and who were the performers.

“We have them occasionally,” said Dr. Adam, “but not very frequently. The performers, however, are not the patients, but artists engaged for the occasion.”

Entertainments such as those given by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed at the Gallery of Illustration, in Regent Street, are much enjoyed by the idiots; and any portion of the performance which particularly claims their attention is rewarded by loud and uproarious applause. There seems something almost electrical in this lavish applause. Unfortunately, from the plan of the ward, fully one-third of the audience are unable to see or hear, yet this by no means detracts from their enthusiasm. Those who are the worst placed are as well pleased as their more fortunate companions. How little the real merits of the performance are understood and appreciated by the audience may be judged from the fact that the delight they exhibited at the feats of a number of learned dogs and monkeys far exceeded that shown at the more intellectual pastimes provided for them.

Another of their great treats is the weekly ball which takes place on Wednesday evening. Some few of the patients are musicians, but the principal performers are the officials. In all the different wards I passed I noticed books (the Bible invariably), picture-books in considerable variety, and newspapers, not

always of the latest date, or apparently much cared for unless illustrated. In fact, it would be difficult to suggest anything left undone to promote the happiness of the patients, that is consistent with the rights of the rate-payers by whom they are maintained.

My last visit was to the children's ward. Possibly this department was the most painful of all to witness. It was indeed lamentable to see so many poor children (fully sixty in number) condemned to pass their life within the walls of an asylum. And in the majority of instances this was from no fault of their own, nor from unavoidable misfortune attending their birth, but from the drunkenness of their parents. I inquired of Dr. Adam whether he considered that the immense buildings at Caterham as well as Leavesden were not in excess of the exigencies of the metropolis, especially when so many other asylums, both public and private, were in existence. He replied that this was not the case; and that vast as were the asylums of Hanwell, Colney Hatch, Leavesden, Caterham, Bethlehem, St. Luke's, and others, for the reception of the imbecile and insane, they were still too small for the number of applicants waiting for admission. At Caterham they were full to overflowing, and he understood that all the other asylums were in the same condition. I have since learned that so great is the number of patients in excess of the provision made—vastly as this has been increased of late years—that the ratepayers of Middlesex will soon be called upon to spend £200,000 for an additional asylum, capable of holding one thousand persons; and that, should insanity and idiocy increase in the proportion it has been doing for some years past, the new building will hardly be finished before the attention of the magistrates will be called to provide still further house accommodation for the idiots and the insane of the metropolis. Such being the fact, might not the magistrates, while entertaining the question of building fresh asylums for the reception of the victims of drunkenness, do well to take some steps to diminish the number of public-houses?

But to return to the children. Their condition was possibly more to be deplored than that of the adults, because no healthy occupation could be found for them. As it was a cold day on the occasion of my visit, they were all in the wards; and, though playthings and picture-books in abundance had been found for them, they had a listless appearance which was exceedingly depressing. I inquired whether they were generally tractable,

and received the same answer as I did when I put a similar question respecting the adults:—When first they come to the asylum they are generally fractious and irritable, but by quiet and kindly treatment their tempers rapidly improved.

In these wards I met with two cases of that fortunately rare malformation of the skull known as microcephalis—human beings born with so slight a portion of brain, that they have scarcely more perceptible brow than is to be found in the superior species of the canine race. Of the two children so afflicted in the Caterham Asylum, one was a boy between four and five years old, the other a girl about nine, both children of the same mother. As the latter was asleep at the time of my visit, I did not disturb her; but the boy, when he saw me, appeared somewhat alarmed, and gazed in a terrified manner around him till he saw the head attendant of the ward, who, noticing the poor little fellow's frightened look, advanced towards him. As the warder took up the child, the latter placed one of his arms round the man's neck, and the frightened expression vanished, one of perfect security taking its place. He looked at me now without the slightest fear, and even smiled.

With the best willingness to detect any objectionable feature in the Caterham Asylum and its management, I could find but one—its distance from London. Many friends of the patients, all of whom were poor, might on this account be deterred from visiting them as often as they would otherwise do. This objection was readily admitted by Mr. White, the superintendent; but at the same time he told me that it had been greatly modified by the charity and kind feeling of the Board of Directors of the South-Eastern Railway Company. When brought under their notice that the railway fare deprived many of the poor patients of their greatest treat—a visit from their friends—the Directors, with a liberality worthy of all praise, made a reduction of forty per cent. in third class tickets to all persons visiting their relatives in the Asylum. The result is that the number of visitors has increased threefold since the reduction was made.

And now, with thanks to Dr. Cortis, the Chairman of the Caterham Committee, to Dr. Adam, to Mr. White, and to all the officials, and last, not least, to the Directors of the South-Eastern Railway Company for their liberality and humanity, I take my leave of the idiot colony at Caterham.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

II.

THE life, the animation, of Barcelona is charming. As we drove into the town, after leaving the solitudes of Monserrat, it seemed as if the whole of the gay, pleasure-loving population must be in the streets. So crowded were they with people on foot, that a carriage could scarcely pass. The shops, brilliantly lighted, were full of dolls innumerable; for it was the eve of the Bapana—every possible phase of dollhood finding its representative, from old men and women down to babies in cradles. The children themselves were rushing about, blowing tin trumpets and whistles, and beating little drums; organs were grinding, guitars were twanging, fans were flashing through the soft air in the fingers of dark-veiled señoras, and over all extended a cloudless, deep-blue heaven, fretted with brilliant stars.

Through the centre of the town runs for nearly a mile the beautiful Rampla, formed by an avenue of arching plane-trees, enclosing a broad walk for foot-passengers, while the carriage-ways are on either side. The Rampla is the centre and axis of life in Barcelona. Here are all the principal hotels, and hence all the best streets diverge. At its upper extremity, where the peasants chiefly congregate, is the bird and flower market, where multitudes of canaries are sold daily amid the great bunches of heliotrope, and where the most wonderful *mantas* are to be seen, of scarlet, blue, and gold, flowing from the shoulders of rough-looking men, who would be content with the common dress of ploughmen in England; while the lower division is the fashionable walk of the local aristocracy. Where the Rampla ends begins the Muralla del Mar, a delightful terrace, sheltered and sunny, raised high above, but overhanging, the port and shipping, and with views across the still reaches of water to the fortified hill of Montjuich, which rises abruptly from the sea, like Shakespeare's cliff at Dover. To ascend this hill towards sunset is one of the duties of visitors to Barcelona, for from thence, across a foreground of wild aloes, which are here frequently formed into hedges, the whole white town is seen, map-like, lying in its brown, burnt-up plain, surrounded by mountains, the flat tops of the houses giving it a peculiarly eastern appearance, for there are no sloping roofs in Barcelona.

The streets are gloomy and unpicturesque;

and it is after following one of the dingiest of all, bounded by high, damp-coloured walls, that suddenly a wide gothic arch admits one into a vast, arcaded quadrangle, perfectly bathed in light and sunshine. Here huge orange-trees, whose boughs are weighed almost to the ground by their massive bunches of golden fruit, rise amid plantations of tree-like geraniums, and fountains splash gaily in the sunbeams. It is not like one's ideal of a cathedral cloister, yet such it is, and wonderfully interesting is it to watch the ever-varying representations of life here—the solemn canons, with their breviaries, pacing up and down, and toiling through their appointed task of psalm-saying; the polite old beggars, the men in their bright mantas and scarlet barrettas, the women in their blue petticoats and white handkerchiefs over their heads; the children, who shout, and feed the canons' geese with bread—for on the largest of the fountains live the famous geese which have been kept here from time immemorial to guard the treasures of the cathedral, according to the old Catalonian custom, which makes geese serve, and more efficaciously too, the place of watch-dogs at the country houses. In the centre of the Fontana de las Ocas is a little bronze figure of a knight on a horse, which spouts water from its nostrils, while its tail is indicated by a long jet of silvery spray. This is not St. George, but the brave knight Vilardell, full of good works, who was permitted to kill the famous dragon, but who forgot his humility in the moment of triumph, and exclaimed, "Well done, good sword! Well done, brave arm of Vilardell!" upon which a drop of the dragon's poisonous blood fell upon his arm from the sword which he brandished, and he died. This is the first moral inculcated upon the childish mind of Barcelona, which is intimately familiar with Vilardell, who is again represented in his combat with the dragon, over an archway in the street leading to the cathedral.

A grand round-headed arch leads from the cloister into the church, begun in 1298, but chiefly built, from designs by Jaques Fabra, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is beautiful and solemn beyond description, only faintly lighted by the rich stained windows at either end, whose coloured lights are almost lost amid the many chapels and tall, reed-like pillars. Beneath the altar lies

Santa Eulalia, the "well-speaking" virgin, martyred by Diocian in 300, and transferred hither in 878 from Santa Maria del Mar, where she was previously buried, two kings, three queens, and four princesses attending, since which time all Spanish sovereigns, down to Christina and Isabella, have been wont to pass the night in prayers before her shrine. There is another saint here also, Oldagan, invoked in childbirth, who died 1137, and was discovered five hundred years after "quite uncorrupted, except the tip of his nose." His sleeping effigy is raised aloft over the altar of the first chapel on the right of the nave. From beneath the organ hangs a hideous Saracen's head, with gaping mouth, starting eyes, and a vast flowing beard. Such, it is said, were found useful in animating the crusaders. A great deal is written in the various English guidebooks about the peculiar lighting of this cathedral by windows pierced through from the chapels of the nave to the chapels back to back with them, which open upon the cloisters; but if such arrangement ever existed, there is certainly no trace of it now.

Many of the other churches are worth visiting, and are interesting specimens of the peculiar types of architecture to which they belong: San Pablo del Campo and San Pedro de las Puellas, of the very earliest Catalanian, with heavy, low, round-headed arches; Santa Maria del Mar, built 1328—1483, a grand single nave of remarkable simplicity, with enormous octagonal columns; and, most especially, the Collegiata of Santa Ana, of 1146, with a lovely silent Gothic cloister, filled with grand old orange-trees, more beautiful even than those of the cathedral. Here authorised and highly respectable old beggars sit all day long upon chairs, on the chance of a stray cuarto.

"Pardon me, my sister; does not your worship see that I am drawing?" I said to one of them, who had hobbled away from her throne to beg.

"Ah Dios!" she answered. "Blind that I was! woe that I am! so your worship draws. And I—I too am a lover of the arts."

And ever after we were the best of friends, and as I came to the cloister in the morning I received the friendliest of nods from my art-loving sister, who never dreamt of begging again.

The remains of domestic architecture are scarcely less interesting, and many of the older houses retain their graceful patios, with cloistered external staircases, covered with ara-

besques. In the Casa Consistorial is a fine Gothic hall, in which ancient councils were held; but the gem is the Casa de la Disputacion, where a beautiful external stair leads to the rich chapel of St. George, and a lovely Gothic court, full of orange-trees and flowers. The old palace which contains the archives of the kings of Arragon is also well worth visiting. The Archivio is reached by a staircase, adorned with a statue of Vilardell, and with a fine Moorish ceiling, and contains many thousand splendid manuscript volumes and illuminated missals from suppressed convents, all arranged on low stands, that they may be kept constantly dusted and free from worms,—an arrangement rather to the detriment of their effect as a library.

The climate of Barcelona is delightful. During the ten days of early January which we passed there, we never once experienced the slightest sensation of cold; fires were unthought of, and we sat with windows wide open at eight o'clock in the morning. Quite into the middle of the night the Rampla was filled with gay crowds; ladies enjoying the starlight in their transparent mantillas, without veils or shawls. The sturdy growth of the lemons, which perish in three degrees of frost, is an evidence of the warmth; as well as the profusion of delicate Australian gum-trees, and the masses of heliotrope still in bloom. This eastern vegetation is greatly assisted by the dryness of the temperature, only sixty-five days on the average being wet in the whole year; so that Barcelona is an admirable winter residence for invalids.

Many pleasant excursions may be made from hence, especially that to the grand ruined abbey of Ripoll and to San Cugat del Vallis, near Serdanola. From the end of the Rampla, a miniature railway carries passengers in a few minutes to Sarria, a village at the foot of the hills, famous for its pepper-trees, which here attain the most enormous size. Hence a deep lane, overhung with huge aloes, leads in half an hour to the desolated monastery of Pedralles, with its graceful tower and fine stained glass. The hill-side here is occupied by many villas of rich Barcelonese merchants; but these by no means interfere with the wild grace of the view, especially charming at sunset, when behind the dark monastery, with its solemn towers and cypresses, Barcelona is seen glooming in the golden haze, backed by the deep-blue sea.

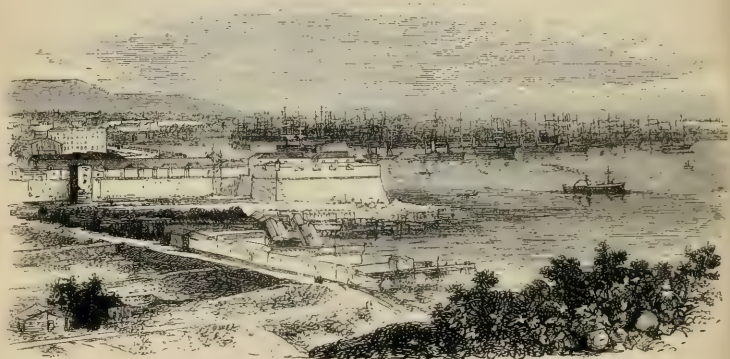
No one should leave the town without visiting the street of the Plateria, entirely

lined with jewellers' shops, filled with ornaments which retain the antique patterns derived from the Moors, or from old Greek designs. The heavy *joyas*, set with amethysts and emeralds, are especially remarkable. There is a small English church at Barcelona—an upper chamber, in a central situation, prettily fitted up.

We had always regretted having been prevented entering Spain from Toulouse, as we should then have seen Perpignan, so remarkable as exhibiting a transitional town, semi-Spanish, semi-French; and St. Elne, which is a most curious link between the early mediæval Spanish and the early mediæval French buildings. On this route we should also have naturally visited Gerona,

to which we determined to retrace our steps from Barcelona.

Four hours of railroad, by the inland line which passes the quaint old town of Hostalrich, gave us the strange experience of leaving sunshine and warmth and blooming heliotrope, and within two hours finding ourselves amidst hoar-frost and ice and a nipped, frozen vegetation. At Gerona, however, the sun had conquered winter, and the old town, under the protection of its fortified hill, gleamed forth with its white balconied houses, topped by the cathedral. We walked from the station to the *Fonda España* (once *Estrella*), in itself an interesting house, with beautiful *ajimez* windows—i.e., Gothic windows—divided by slender, round pillars,



Barcelona, from the Harbour.

generally of marble; the Arabic name meaning, "windows by which the sun enters." The cathedral, reached by a lofty flight of steps, is not interesting outside; but within, the immense width of its nave gives it a certain grandeur, and is of a size which one scarcely realises, except by comparing the dimensions of this church of a fifth-rate Spanish town with those of our finest English cathedrals; the width of Gerona being seventy-three feet, of Canterbury forty-three, York fifty-two, Westminster thirty-eight. The retablo is of silver,—the cloisters, on low but richly-carved Byzantine pillars, are well worth examination; also the Puerta de los Apostolos, with the statues of the saints all standing inside a porch of immense width. Behind the cathedral a rugged path winds up the hill-side beneath the fortifications, and gives

perhaps the best view which can be obtained of the town and its towers standing out against the bright green vega, and delicate distance of pink mountains.

Two other churches should be visited—S. Pedro de los Gallegans, a grand specimen of tenth-century Romanesque,—and S. Feliu (Felix), with a beautiful truncated spire, dedicated to the missionary of Augsburg, and remarkable as containing the image of S. Narcissus, a patriotic doll, which, when its country was menaced with invasion, had the power of immediately becoming purulent, and producing innumerable legions of flies, of so poisonous a nature, that in 1285 they stung to death 40,000 Frenchmen and 24,000 horses, and, as late as 1684, demolished an entire French army; prodigies which not unnaturally led the local junta to

declare S. Feliu their captain-general in 1808, and to lay the staff of command upon his shrine!

Between Barcelona and Tarragona we stayed for a few hours at Martovell to see the bridge which is said by an inscription to have been built by Hannibal in memory of Hamilcar, but which local tradition ascribes to the devil, the supposed architect of so many other curious steep old bridges. Hence, once more, we looked upon the glorious peaks of Monserrat.

Tarragona is disappointing. So much has been said about it lately, and so much that does not contain a particle of truth; for instance, a recent agreeable writer describes the wanderer on its ramparts as looking down upon a green plain, studded with noble palms,—whereas the practical mind sees nothing but a stony wilderness, in which not the vestige of a tree, much less of a palm-tree, is to be found. The so-called Rambla is a dingy, drab avenue of porous whitewashed houses, between which some meagre plane-trees seem vainly struggling into existence, and where the wretched population, promenading in rags, follow you to beg, even up the staircase of your hotel. Yet even Tarragona can offer much compensation for its evil smells, evil meats, and mendicant neighbours. The cathedral, built 1089 to 1131, is magnificent. The west front rises above a steep flight of steps at the end of the principal street, and, though unfinished, has a grand rose window, and a portal surrounded by statues of saints, and some empty niches, to account for which it is said that one of these holy ones, wearied with his stiff position, comes down from his pedestal every hundred years, and goes his way. Within, all is gloriously in keeping, the grand Romanesque arches being uninjured by paint or whitewash, and their gloom relieved by the lower walls being hung with faded tapestries, exceedingly effective, bought in London at the sale of church furniture by Henry VIII., and said to have once decorated St. Paul's. Santa Tacla, the tutelary of Tarragona, who heads the peerage of virgin martyrs, has a fine marble chapel. But here, as in so many Spanish churches, the gem of all is the cloister,—a noble arcaded court of varied, round-headed arches, enclosing a most lovely garden, full of summer beauty and sunshine, even in January.

We walked from Tarragona to the so-called tomb of the Scipios, about three miles distant on the sea-coast. It is a desolate,

massive Roman tomb, like many of those on the Appian way, with two mouldering figures discernible on its front, and is well situated in a fragment of ancient forest pines, with an undergrowth of palmito, or dwarf shrubby palm—quite an oasis in this arid, stormy country. Another day we followed the Lerida road for two miles, to a wild, rocky valley, full of palmito, which is crossed by a grand Roman aqueduct with a double tier of arches. The town itself abounds in Roman fragments, and some huge stones are shown as part of the palace of Augustus, who passed the winter here in 26 B.C. But, in spite of these alterations, travellers, especially invalids, should beware of trusting to the guide-book recommendations of Tarragona, especially that of Murray, who says—"As a winter residence for invalids few places in Europe can equal this, whilst the walks are excellent and varied, and the carriage-drives numerous, leading in various directions through shady pine-woods and oak plantations," &c. The fact being that the situation of the town, high above the sea, on an isolated hill, is exceedingly exposed; that there are three drives, but no decent carriage wherewith to take them; and that the pine-woods are a fiction, while, as for oaks, there is not one in the country.

The most interesting thing to be attained here is the excursion to Poblet, which no Spanish travellers should on any account be induced to omit.

We took our tickets in the dark, by the 6.20 train, to Mont Blanch, on the Lerida line, passing on the way Reus, the birth-place of Prim, where the sword of his African campaigns is preserved as a precious relic in the town-hall. At eight we reached Mont Blanch, and from the crowd of ragged people at the station, disentangled a man who said that he had a tartana at our service, and followed him to it through the deep mire of the wretched streets. It was the humblest of vehicles—a rude round framework of unplanned open bars, nailed one to the other, and covered with carpet; and with no bottom, but ropes, knotted together. A headstrong mule was found, which with difficulty could be induced to move, but which, when once it set off, put its head up into the air, and galloped straight forward, regardless of obstacles, sending us violently from side to side of the tartana, as it pitched and jerked over a road which alternated between bare rock and deep sloughs of mud. In vain did the

driver beseech us to sit forward; we had no sooner climbed to the front, and seized tight hold of its bars, than a tremendous lurch sent us all rolling backward, with our feet twisted through the open ropes beneath. The driver, however, never ceased to shriek, yelp, and scold at the mule; and though the road grew worse at every bound we made, we got along somehow—till, when the towers of Poblet were rising in view, we could bear it no longer, and, begging to be let out, found we advanced much more quickly on foot.

The sun was just breaking through the clouds, which had obscured the earlier morning, and lit up the lovely hollow of the hills in which the convent is situated. Venerable olive trees, their trunks gnarled and twisted into myriad strange forms, lined the rugged, rock-hewn way; and behind them stretched ranges of hills; here, rich and glowing with woody vegetation where the sun caught their projecting buttresses,—there, lost in the purple mists of their deep rifts. The approach to a great religious house was indicated, first by a tall stone cross rising on a lofty pedestal, stained with golden lichen and with myrtle and lentisk growing in the hollows of its grey stones; then by a strange group of saintly figures in stone, standing aloft amid a solitary grove of pillars at a crossway, and marking, as we were afterwards told, the afternoon walk of the friars. Hence an avenue, with broken stone seats at intervals on either side, leads up to the convent walls,—a clear, sparkling mountain torrent singing by its side, in a basin overhung with fern and tall water-plants. There, after skirting the walls for some distance, an ancient gateway admits one to the interior of what, till within a few years ago, was the largest religious house, and one of the largest buildings in Europe.

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English view, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and

rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stranger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Beranger IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit, who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it, not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Arragon were brought to be buried. As the long lines of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time the conventual life. And thus, though no sovereign ever actually assumed the cowl at Poblet, several left orders that their effigy should there be twice represented on their monuments, once in royal robes, and again in the monastic habit. Five hundred monks of St. Bernard occupied, but did not fill, the magnificent buildings; their domains became almost boundless, their jewelled chalices and gorgeous church furniture could not be reckoned. The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of waggons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons, who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquises and counts, less honoured, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house, where numbers of their venerable effigies, typical of dignity and repose, may still be seen, having been hastily covered over at the time of the invasion. Gradually, the monks

of Poblet became more exclusive; their number was reduced to sixty-six, but into that sacred circle no novice was introduced in whose veins ran other than the purest blood of a Spanish grandee. He who became a monk of Poblet had to prove his pedigree, and the chapter sate in solemn deliberation upon his quarterings. Every monk had his two servants, and rode upon a snow-white mule. The mules of the friars were sought through the whole peninsula at an enormous expense. Within the walls, every variety of trade was represented; no monk need seek for anything beyond his cloister; the tailors, the shoemakers, the apothecaries, had each their wing or court. Hospitals were raised on one side for sick and ailing pilgrims: on the other rose a palace appropriated to the sovereigns who sought the cure of their souls. The vast produce of the vineyards of the mountainous region which depended upon Poblet, was brought to the great convent wine-presses, and was stowed away in its avenue of wine-vats. "El Pírorato" became one of the most reputed wines in the country: the pipes, the presses, the vats where it was originally prepared, still remain almost entire.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell, had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumours began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighbouring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle; all the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones, and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety: they

escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection; nothing was taken away.

Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. All gave way before them; nothing was spared. "Destroy, destroy!" was the universal outcry. Every weapon of destruction was pressed into service. No fatigue, no labour was evaded. Picture, and shrine, and tomb, and fresco, fell alike under the destroying hammer; till, wearied with devastation, the frantic mob could work no more, and fire was set to the gorgeous sacristy, while the inestimable manuscripts of the library, piled heap upon heap, were consumed to ashes.

At the present time the story of that day of destruction is engraved on every wall. At first, you are unprepared. The little decorated chapel of St. George, on the right of the second entrance, is so little injured, that it might be taken for an ordinary ruin; then, passing the gate, one finds the remains of a series of frescoes, which tell the story of the Moorish invasion. Only the figure of one warrior and of the avenging angel are left, the rest is torn away; the lower pillars are gone, but their beautiful capitals, of monks seated amid rich foliage, are left.

Here one reaches the original front of the convent. On the left is another chapel, windowless and grass-grown, and behind it the remains of the hospital, which is reduced to a mere shell. In front, rise on one side the heavy machicolated towers which once flanked the main entrance, now bricked up,—and on the other, between statues of San Bernardo and San Benito, the entrance of the church. Here, in the ante-chapel, donkeys have their stalls around the tombs of kings; fragments of the royal sepulchres lie piled one upon another. On the right, in a dark niche, is the Easter sepulchre, richly wrought in marble: only the figure of the Saviour has been spared; the Virgin and saints, legless, armless, and noseless, stand weeping around. Below, a sleeping archbishop has escaped with less injury.

The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble, but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retable of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the

infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs: Jaime El Conquistador; Alonzo II.; Ferdinand I. and his two sons, Juan II. and Alonzo V.; Pedro IV. and his three queens; Juan I. and his two, with many princes and princesses of royal blood. The monuments remain, but so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, where the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain, once of many streams, where the monks in summer afternoons were wont to be regaled with chocolate. This was voluntary chocolate; but another room is shown in which it is remembered that obligatory chocolate was served every morning, for fear any brother should faint during the celebration of mass.

Beyond the great cloister, which is of the richest pointed architecture,—every capital varied in fresh varieties of sculpture,—is an earlier cloister, formed by low, narrow, round-headed, thick-set arches of the twelfth century. Above one side of the great cloister, rich in the delicate tracery of its still remaining windows, rises the shell of the palace of Martino El Humilde. Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful, in the agony of its unexpected destruction?

In the summer, the solitude is broken by a perfect school of young architects, from Italy, Prussia, and America, who come hither to study; but in England Poblet is little known. The time is so short since its destruction, that of the sixty-six monks who occupied the convent at the time, many are still living. At Poblet they wore the white Bernardine habit, and at mass they officiated in long trains of white; but the feeling against them is still so bitter, that if one of them reappeared in his former costume he would be immediately assassinated. Each has retired to his family. We asked the guide if none had ever revisited their former home. "Yes," he said, "five of the friars came last summer; but they could not bear to look. They wept and sobbed the whole time they were here; it was piteous to see them."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"PITY THE POOR BLIND."

II.

MANY of the blind are both very quick and very sensitive. Before my former paper had been out a fortnight I found that it had been rather angrily discussed at meetings of the Poor Blind in London. I was accused of having been hard upon the blind in my descriptions and remarks. I can only say that I am heartily sorry that I should have given pain to these poor people. God knows that I meant no "hardness." I merely wished to give a fair statement of facts.

Since I wrote the former paper I have run through "Blindness and the Blind" (Chap-

man and Hall, 1872), dedicated by the intelligent author, the blind director, to the benevolent blind foundress of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. The book is an almost complete cyclopædia of interesting facts in connection with those who have lost their sight, and certainly the compiler deeply sympathises with those who share his affliction. Nevertheless, Mr. Levy fully bears me out in what I said or hinted, as to exceptional cases of indolence and immorality amongst the blind—indeed, he is far more severe upon

them than I was, as any one can see by referring to pp. 469-70 of the work.

But not to go into such an unpleasant subject as this, let us look in for a few minutes upon a Blind Class in Marylebone. It is held in a spacious church school-room. At first it seems strange that there should be only one gas-jet burning, and that half-turned down; but even that, one soon remembers, without, however, really realising the fact, is not needed by the blind people present. Fourteen or fifteen blind men and women are seated on the two sides of an oblong table. Some of them are chatting and laughing most merrily, making jokes, heartily appreciated not only by the makers, but also, a far rarer thing, by those for whose amusement they are made. All have books for the blind open on the table before them. Most of these look very much like the oblong music-books which swollen-cheeked cherubs hold in dim, yellow, old engravings. The little "sighted" guides who have brought the adult blind to the meeting, wander about the room curiously, or sit listlessly on the steps of the two school-galleries. The school-clock, in the dusky recess between the two galleries, looks so mournfully dim that it makes one think of an eye consciously losing its sight. But, as I have intimated, some of the blind folk are very merry, and almost all seem cheerful. The wag of the party evokes much laughter by describing a blind musician, known to the company, as possessing a fiddle nearly as high as himself. At the bottom of the table sit a blind woman and her blind daughter, evidently of a superior social grade to that of their companions. The pleasantly and educatedly spoken blind girl is teaching three blind children—two girls and a boy—to read. The youngsters lark over their lessons—not to shirk them, but because they thoroughly enjoy them. The boy is getting instructed in vowels, and when, so to speak, he laughingly grabs one, he is as delighted as a little boy with eye-sight would be if he had caught the warm, palpitating little bird on whose tail he had been directed to put salt. When the class is dismissed the little blind boy goes about with his blind sisters, making good-night jokes; turning to mirth all things of earth as only childhood can—blind childhood included, thank God! On the left of the top of the table sits a brown-faced, good-tempered looking woman in an abbreviated black straw bonnet, noiselessly moving her lips, as her patient fingers traverse her book from left to right, and from right to left

βουστροφῆδον. Some of the readers mutter. Others proudly read aloud.

Next to my friend, Black Bonnet, sits an old woman, dreamily resting her grey-haired brow upon the hand of the arm she rests upon her book. Opposite Black Bonnet sits a bald-headed man, who is musing like the grey-haired old woman. He is almost deaf, as well as quite blind; his face brightens up when he puts into his ear the little trumpet-apparatus, by means of which, he says, he can *nearly* hear everything *distinctly*. Next to him sits a man with a sensible face, who engages in an argument—sensible on both sides—with the wag as to the respective merits of different modes of printing for the blind. Next to *him* sits another good-natured-looking, plumper, woman in spectacles. She does not know that I am present, but, so far as I can make out, she is saying that it was too bad of GOOD WORDS to make the blind out to be worse than they are. It is very interesting—often painfully interesting—to listen to the shrewd, well-chosen words in which the Poor Blind discuss subjects mooted before them, or which they start for themselves. The case of a blind man who has become insane is mentioned. "Ah, *that* is the greatest affliction that the Almighty can allow to come upon any man—lose your reason, and what is left?" is the exclamation which springs simultaneously, in almost identical words, from a dozen pair of lips. "Yes, that—and fits," adds quiet Black Bonnet.

In his book—a very interesting book to any one who takes any kind of interest in blindness—Mr. Levy has laid claim to the possession of what he calls "Facial Perception." This power of "seeing through the face," as they call it, the Marylebone blind people, to whom the portion of Mr. Levy's book describing it has been previously read, unanimously declare to be utterly foreign to their personal and recollected experience. As there can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Levy believes in the personal experiences he has recorded, I will quote his account of this "unrecognised sense," as either a physiological or else a psychological curiosity:—

"Whether within a house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, although quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence, whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooded fence, a brick or stone wall, or a

quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than my shoulder; but sometimes very low objects can be detected. . . . The currents of air can have nothing to do with this power, as the state of the wind does not directly affect it; the sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when snow lies thickly on the ground objects are more distinct, although the footfall cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impressions immediately transmitted to the brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face. . . . Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. . . . Dr. Saunderson could tell when a cloud obscured the horizon. At one time I could do this with great accuracy, but cannot now trust myself in this respect. . . . The presence of fog interferes greatly with facial perceptions, the impressions of objects are faint and untrustworthy. . . . Ordinary darkness is no inconvenience; anything, however, which attracts the other senses, such as noise, partially occupies the attention of the mind, and so interferes with the impressions received through facial perception. . . . When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the door and windows, &c., and this whether the doors be shut or open. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass, it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. . . . When objects below the face are perceived, the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend in Forest Lane, Stratford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, 'Those rails are not quite as high as my shoulder.' He looked at them, and said they were higher. We, however, measured, and found them about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the rails. . . . When the lower part of a fence is brickwork, and the upper part rails, the fact can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily perceived. Irregularities in height and projections, and indentations in walls, can also be discovered" (pp. 64-6).

"Is he quite dark, do you know?" is the question with which Mr. Levy's claim to facial perception is dismissed.

The quietly pleasant, hard-working superintendent of the class—a Fifeshire ex-Presbyterian, rather curiously developed into an

Episcopalian Scripture reader in London, retaining only the faintest flavour of his native accent—goes round the class, having a little friendly chat with every member of it, making remarks on what is being read, and so on. The wag tells him that Thanksgiving Day has "fair ruined London for the blind street-folk." When asked to explain, he says that what with money given for seats, and the new dresses that were got, no one has any money left to lay out upon the poor.

"Well, but Easter and Whitsuntide are coming," a woman puts in.

"Ay," retorts the wag, "and whilst the grass is growing, the steed must starve."

The broad-shouldered, jolly-faced fellow looks so unlike starving that his dolorous prediction provokes a laugh. He joins in it heartily. "My looks will never pity my feelings, I know," he adds. "That's what I said to the matron when I'd been lying seventeen weeks and three days in hospital, living on tea and bread and butter and weak broth, and she came in one day to ask me how I were."

The Scripture reader reads an extract from a book on physiology, making and encouraging remarks on what is read. Some one says that blood may be too rich as well as too poor.

"Well, richness won't be the fault of mine, I don't expect," says the wag with a chuckle. Then the blind people stand up and sing, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c., one deep bass rumbling like an organ-swell. A roguish little "sighted" boy tries to make his blind father laugh, instead of singing so solemnly. Afterwards short prayers are read, or rather recited, and then a parable and a miracle are chosen for the Scripture readings. The healing of blind Bartimæus is the miracle selected. I fancy for the moment that it may make the poor people repine at the thought that no one nowadays goes about restoring sight; but I can discover no trace of such a feeling. The general cheerfulness of the Poor Blind is the characteristic of theirs which chiefly strikes me. Of course they must feel their affliction, but, as a rule, one would fancy that, so far as the mere pleasures of sight are concerned, they were not merely resigned, but quite contented under its loss. An old man who is asked to state what he knows about Jericho, fluently relates, with the self-satisfied glee of a child, the history of its siege and capture as given in Joshua.

A verse is next sung, and the benediction uttered, and threepence a-piece is given to

the blind people as payment for guides. When the rest have groped their way out into the rain, I get into conversation with a few who have remained to tell me something about themselves. The man I have called Wag and his blind wife are sitting together on a form. Wag says that "it is no good to let our spirits go down;" but he drops his funny tone in giving me the history of his hard life. Thus it runs:—

"Yes, sir, my name is Cattle. I live in the Marylebone Road. I sell with a hawker's license, and toil hard. I am out from ten till tea, and then am often obliged to go out again after class here to get a bit of bread. On Saturdays I am out till ten at night. I am led by a dog. I sell pens, pencils, almanacks—such things as are called stationery. Of course, I buy them at trade-price. I could not live if I bought them at a retail shop. I have been blind for twenty-eight years. I went to school and learnt to read and write well. I was a carrier's porter before the railways spoil that business. Well—no, yes, no—I cannot say as to the police being hard on me. Well, yes, they will make me keep moving on. I was born in London. I make, perhaps, from eighteenpence to eightpence a day—sometimes not that. If I could make one and ninepence a day I should be well satisfied. I'd broke my leg, when I lay seventeen weeks in hospital. On Sundays I go to church and chapel."

A merry-toned street-musician, of the name of Alexander, next tells me his story:—

"I play the piccolo now, sir; what I can afford to buy I play on; instruments wear out, you know. I'm out from eleven to six, and then again till twelve—sometimes one in the morning. Saturday and Monday are my two best nights, when men are in work. Portland Town and Cambridge and Oxford Terrace are my best places. Once a week I go;—never go anywhere oftener than once a week. I like to give every one a fair chance. Oh, yes, of course, Christmas is the best time of the year for me. Everybody has got good feeling then. That's a settled case. No, I've no pension. You want influential friends to get any of the gifts."

"How do I get on at the crossings? Very well, thank you. I can manage. No, it's a mistake to suppose that people are ready to help blind folks over them. That's about the worst thing England has. There they'll let you stand without offering to help you, unless mayhap a lady or a gentleman will come up and lead you across themselves. Yes, I sometimes play in public. I'm bound

to, and I'm forced to drink by the customers. If I'll taste their beer they'll give me a copper, and if I won't, they won't. That's a regular case, and I've got a wife and three children, and five shillings and sixpence a week to pay for rent. It was through cold I lost my eyesight—inflammation, sore eyes. I'd a glimmer up to ten. Fever settled me. Oh, as to style of music, I suit it to my customers. Some like one thing, some another." (I tell him about Tittlebat Titmouse asking for "a little of both" to settle the *Before Jehovah's awful throne, and Battle of Prague* controversy.) "There now, that's what I call business. Oh, no, I don't mind telling you what I make. I like straightforward questions, because then I can give straightforward answers. From one shilling and sixpence to two shillings a day I reckon I ought to get, but I don't. Oh, yes" (bursting into a laugh), "I've heard that about blind musicians getting two pounds a day in London streets in *former* times. In *present* times you'd be two months about it. Sometimes I get hired for a dance, but very seldom, and then only by some one that knows me well. Sighted musicians, you see, are more amusing. I've been knocked down once or twice, but escaped, thanks be to God for it. I play by ear, but then, you see, one player has told me one thing, and another another, so that now I can understand notes when they're read to me. My missus and my children are not like me. The missus is sure of her money; she goes out charing. Well, the children a'n't old enough to work yet. The girl is fourteen, and the boys eight and five. Sometimes I take one of 'em out with me. Not that I want him, but he'll say, 'Father, take me for a walk,' and, of course, I can't say no. The missus is too busy to take 'em. Well, yes, the police are pretty good—I've no complaint to make."

"Thursday is my worst night of all. Yes, I tap as I go along; but it's only to give folks warning to get out on my way. As you want to get the truth, I'll give it you."

The last blind-man with whom I talk is the old man who gave the account of the siege of Jericho. His blind wife sits beside him. "Oh, dear, no, sir," he says, "that's quite a mistake. I'm not a musician. I can read music, but I cannot sing or play at all. My name is Newton. I live in Paradise Place. I sell stationery, note-paper, and so on. I used to sell periodicals—*London Journal*, *Bow Bells*, and such-like—in Somers Town. Oh, dear, no, sir, the police cannot interfere with me, I have my

licence. I have a dog to guide me—this one I've got here" (the dog's chain is twisted round the old man's wrist). "I used to have a girl, but she was more bother than she was worth, and a dog won't tell lies, and cheat you, and keep the halfpence. My dog takes good care of me. If he sees a scaffold-pole, or a cellar-flap open, he makes a sudden stop. He's over-cautious of the carriages, and often loses me a good chance of getting over a crossing. He won't move if he fancies there's any danger for me. His name is Jack. No, sir, I don't think he's a terrier. He's of some German breed, I'm told. The only fault I have to find with him is that he is excessively dainty. I feed him on greaves and crusts of bread and meat twice a week. It's very seldom I make two shillings a day; sometimes I don't take more than one shilling gross. Last Saturday I took the magnificent sum of eightpence halfpenny. Any fine evening in summer is good for me. Saturday is my best day. Yes, I go into publichouses, and if I don't drink for the good of the house when a customer offers to treat me, the landlady won't let me inside again. I don't go into public much now as when I sold peri-

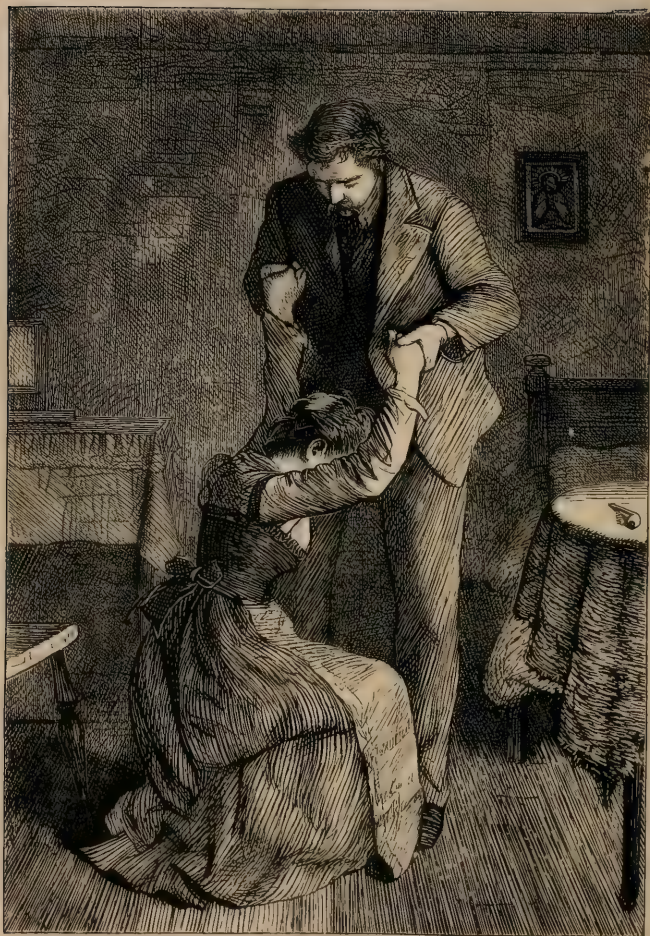
odicals in Somers Town. I had nineteen publicans there regular customers. I've been very ill for eighteen months—diabetes. My wife here sometimes goes out with me. Yes, she's blind, and so the Indigent Blind Society knocked off my one shilling a month for my marrying of her. But a blind woman keeps a blind man's house a deal tidier and comfortable than a sighted woman would. I mend shoes. I learnt the chair-caning after I was sixty years old, but I'm not quick enough at it. This is my third blindness. From eight to seventeen I could read diamond type. I became totally dark twenty-four years ago. I was operated upon at —, and left in darkness for ever. They care more there for the pupils getting practice than for the patients' welfare. A great many people date their total darkness from having been operated on there. Mr. — told me that five out of six of the incurable blind that came to him, came from —. Oh, yes, sir, my Jack will take me just wherever I want to go. If I was to say to him "Go to Whitechapel, Jack," he'd lead me there straight. And now, sir, if you've no more questions to ask, I think we'll be moving."

CHARLES CAMDEN.

TRUST.

I HAVE no rule, O Saviour, but Thy will;
 I have no chart but Thine unerring word;
 I have no guide but Thy clear whisper, heard
 Above, behind, around, within me still.
 I cannot trust my reason; questions fill
 My mind, if e'er I seek to walk alone:
 I cannot trust my heart; 'tis only known
 To Thee, who searchest all its depths of ill:
 I cannot trust my fellows; weak like me,
 They have no strength or skill which is not Thine:
 Lo! in Thy light, O Lord, true light I see:
 Behold, I lean on Thy dear arm divine:
 All my fresh springs, Redeemer, are in Thee:
 So life, love, joy, and heaven itself are mine!





"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XII.



IT became necessary as George Voss sat at supper with his father and Madame Voss that he should fix the time of his return to Colmar, and he did so for the early morning of the next day but one. He had told Madame Faragon that he expected to

stay at Granpere but one night. He felt, however, after his arrival that it might be difficult for him to get away on the following day, and therefore he told them that he would sleep two nights at the Lion d'Or, and then start early so as to reach the Colmar inn by mid-day. "I suppose you find the old lady rather fidgety, George?" said Michel Voss in high good humour. George found it easier to talk about Madame Faragon and the hotel at Colmar than he did of things at Granpere, and therefore became communicative as to his own affairs. Michel too preferred the subject of the new doings at the house on the other side of the Vosges. His wife had given him a slight hint, doing her best, like a good wife and discreet manager, to prevent ill-humour and hard words. "He feels a little sore, you know. I was always sure there was something. But it was wise of him to come and see her, and it will go off in this way." Michel swore that George had no right to be sore, and that if his son did not take pride in such a family arrangement as this, he should no longer be son of his. But he allowed himself to be counselled by his wife, and soon talked himself into a pleasant mood, discussing Madame Faragon, and the horses belonging to the Hôtel de la Poste, and Colmar affairs in general. There was a certain important ground for satisfaction between them. Every-

body agreed that George Voss had shown himself to be a steady man of business in the affairs of the inn at Colmar.

Marie Bromar in the meanwhile went on with her usual occupation round the room, but now and again came and stood at her uncle's elbow, joining in the conversation, and asking a question or two about Madame Faragon. There was, perhaps, something of the guile of the serpent joined to her dove-like softness. She asked questions and listened to answers,—not that in her present state of mind she could bring herself to take a deep interest in the affairs of Madame Faragon's hotel, but because it suited her that there should be some subject of easy conversation between her and George. It was absolutely necessary now that George should be nothing more to her than a cousin and an acquaintance; but it was well that he should be that and not an enemy. It would be well too that he should know, that he should think that he knew, that she was disturbed by no remembrance of those words which had once passed between them. At last she trusted herself to a remark which perhaps she would not have made had the serpent's guile been more perfect of its kind. "Surely you must get a wife, George, as soon as the house is your own."

"Of course he will get a wife," said the father.

"I hope he will get a good one," said Madame Voss after a short pause,—which, however, had been long enough to make her feel it necessary to say something.

George said never a word, but lifted his glass and finished his wine. Marie at once perceived that the subject was one on which she must not venture to touch again. Indeed, she saw further than that, and became aware that it would be inexpedient for her to fall into any special or minute conversation with her cousin during his short stay at Granpere.

"You'll go up to the woods with me to-morrow;—eh, George?" said the father. The son of course assented. It was hardly possible that he should not assent. The whole day, moreover, would not be wanted for that purpose of throwing his thunderbolt; and if he could get it thrown it would be well that he should be as far away from Marie as possible for the remainder of his visit. "We'll start early, Marie, and have a bit of breakfast before we go. Will six be

too early for you, George, with your town ways?" George said that six would not be too early, and as he made the engagement for the morning he resolved that he would if possible throw his thunderbolt that night. "Marie will get us a cup of coffee and a sausage. Marie is always up by that time." Marie smiled, and promised that they should not be compelled to start upon their walk with empty stomachs from any fault of hers. If a hot breakfast at six o'clock in the morning could put her cousin into a good humour it certainly should not be wanting.

In two hours after supper George was with his father. Michel was so full of happiness and so confidential that the son found it very difficult to keep solemn about his own sorrow. Had it not been that with a half obedience to his wife's hints Michel said little about Adrian, there must have been an explosion. He endeavoured to conform himself to George's prospects, as to which he expressed himself thoroughly pleased. "You see," said he, "I am so strong of my years, that if you wished for my shoes, there is no knowing how long you might be kept waiting."

"It couldn't have been too long," said George.

"Ah well, I don't believe you would have been impatient to put the old fellow under the sod. But I should have been impatient, I should have been unhappy. You might have had the woods, to be sure; but it's hardly enough of a business alone. Besides, a young man is always more his own master away from his father. I can understand that. The only thing is, George,—take a drive over, and see us sometimes." This was all very well, but it was not quite so well when he began to speak of Marie. "It's a terrible loss her going, you know, George; I shall feel it sadly."

"I can understand that," said George.

"But of course I had my duty to do to the girl. I had to see that she should be well settled, and she will be well settled. There's a comfort in that;—isn't there, George?"

But George could not bring himself to reply to this with good-humoured zeal, and there came for a moment a cloud between the father and son. But Michel was wise and swallowed his wrath, and in a minute or two returned to Colmar and Madame Faragon.

At about half-past nine George escaped from his father and returned to the house. They had been sitting in the balcony which runs round the billiard room on the side of the court opposite to the front door. He

returned to the house, and caught Marie in one of the passages up-stairs, as she was completing her work for the day. He caught her close to the door of his own room and asked her to come in that he might speak a word to her. English readers will perhaps remember that among the Vosges mountains there is less of a sense of privacy attached to bedrooms than is the case with us here in England. Marie knew immediately then that her cousin had not come to Granpere for nothing,—had not come with the innocent intention of simply pleasing his father,—had not come to say an ordinary word of farewell to her before her marriage. There was to be something of a scene, though she could not tell of what nature the scene might be. She knew, however, that her own conduct had been right; and therefore, though she would have avoided the scene, had it been possible, she would not fear it. She went into his room; and when he closed the door, she smiled, and did not as yet tremble.

"Marie," he said, "I have come here on purpose to say a word or two to you." There was no smile on her face as he spoke now. The intention to be savage was written there, as plainly as any purpose was ever written on a man's countenance. And Marie read the writing without missing a letter. She was to be rebuked, and sternly rebuked;—rebuked by the man who had taken her heart, and then left her;—rebuked by the man who had crushed her hopes and made it absolutely necessary for her to give up all the sweet poetry of her life, to forget her dreams, to abandon every wished-for prettiness of existence, and confine herself to duties and to things material! He who had so sinned against her, was about to rid himself of the burden of his sin by endeavouring to cast it upon her. So much she understood; but yet she did not understand all that was to come. She would hear the rebuke as quietly as she might. In the interest of others she would do so. But she would not fear him,—and she would say a quiet word in defence of her own sex if there should be need. Such was the purport of her mind as she stood opposite to him in his room.

"I hope they will be kind words," she said. "As we are to part so soon, there should be none unkind spoken."

"I do not know much about kindness," he replied. Then he paused and tried to think how best the thunderbolt might be hurled. "There is hardly room for kindness where there was once so much more than

kindness ; where there was so much more,—or the pretence of it.” Then he waited again, as though he expected that she should speak. But she would not speak at all. If he had aught to say let him say it. “Perhaps, Marie, you have in truth forgotten all the promises you once made me?” Though this was a direct question she would not answer it. Her words to him should be as few as possible, and the time for such words had not come as yet. “It suits you no doubt to forget them now, but I cannot forget them. You have been false to me, and have broken my heart. You have been false to me, when my only joy on earth was in believing in your truth. Your vow was for ever and ever, and within one short year you are betrothed to another man! And why?—because they tell you that he is rich and has got a house full of furniture! You may prove to be a blessing to his house. Who can say? On mine, you and your memory will be a curse,—lasting all my lifetime!” And so the thunderbolt had been hurled.

And it fell as a thunderbolt. What she had expected had not been at all like to this. She had known that he would rebuke her; but, feeling strong in her own innocence and her own purity, knowing or thinking that she knew that the fault had all been his, not believing—having got rid of all belief—that he still loved her, she had fancied that his rebuke would be unjust, cruel, but bearable. Nay; she had thought that she could almost triumph over him with a short word of reply. She had expected from him reproach, but not love. There was reproach indeed, but it came with an expression of passion of which she had not known him to be capable. He stood before her telling her that she had broken his heart, and, as he told her so, his words were half choked by sobs. He reminded her of her promises, declaring that his own to her had ever remained in full force. And he told her that she, she to whom he had looked for all his joy, had become a curse to him and a blight upon his life. There were thoughts and feelings too beyond all these that crowded themselves upon her heart and upon her mind at the moment. It had been possible for her to accept the hand of Adrian Urmand because she had become assured that George Voss no longer regarded her as his promised bride. She would have stood firm against her uncle and her aunt, she would have stood against all the world, had it not seemed to her that the evidence of her cousin's indifference was complete. Had

not that evidence been complete at all points it would have been impossible to her to think of becoming the wife of another man. Now, the evidence on that matter which had seemed to her to be so sufficient was all blown to the winds.

It is true that had all her feelings been guided by reason only, she might have been as strong as ever. In truth she had not sinned against him. In truth she had not sinned at all. She had not done that which she herself had desired. She had not been anxious for wealth, or ease, or position; but had, after painful thought, endeavoured to shape her conduct by the wishes of others, and by her ideas of duty, as duty had been taught to her. Oh, how willingly would she have remained as servant to her uncle, and have allowed M. Urmand to carry the rich gift of his linen chest to the feet of some other damsel, had she believed herself to be free to choose! Had there been no passion in her heart she would now have known herself to be strong in duty, and would have been able to have answered and to have borne the rebuke of her old lover. But passion was there, hot within her, aiding every word as he spoke it, giving strength to his complaints, telling her of all that she had lost, telling her of all she had taken from him. She forgot to remember now that he had been silent for a year. She forgot now to think of the tone in which he had asked about her marriage when no such marriage was in her mind. But she remembered well the promise she had made, and the words of it. “Your vow was for ever and ever.” When she heard those words repeated from his lips, her heart too was broken. All idea of holding herself before him as one injured but ready to forgive was gone from her. If by falling at his feet and owning herself to be vile and mansworn she might get his pardon, she was ready now to lie there on the ground before him. “O George!” she said; “O George!”

“What is the use of that now?” he replied, turning away from her. He had thrown his thunderbolt and he had nothing more to say. He had seen that he had not thrown it quite in vain, and he would have been contented to be away and back at Colmar. What more was there to be said?

She came to him very gently, very humbly, and just touched his arm with her hand. “Do you mean, George, that you have continued to care for me—always?”

“Care for you? I know not what you call caring. Did I not swear to you that I

would love you for ever and ever, and that you should be my own? Did I not leave this house and go away,—till I could earn for you one that should be fit for you,—because I loved you? Why should I have broken my word? I do not believe that you thought that it was broken."

"By my God that knows me, I did!" As she said this she burst into tears and fell on her knees at his feet.

"Marie," he said, "Marie;—there is no use in this. Stand up."

"Not till you tell me that you will forgive me. By the name of the good Jesus who knows all our hearts, I thought that you had forgotten me. O George, if you could know all! If you could know how I have loved you; how I have sorrowed from day to day because I was forgotten! How I have struggled to bear it, telling myself that you were away, with all the world to interest you, and not like me, a poor girl in a village, with nothing to think of but my lover! How I have striven to do my duty by my uncle, and have obeyed him, because,—because,—because, there was nothing left. If you could know it all! If you could know it all!" Then she clasped her arms round his legs, and hid her face upon his feet.

"And whom do you love now?" he asked. She continued to sob, but did not answer him a word. Then he stooped down and raised her to her feet, and she stood beside him, very near to him with her face averted. "And whom do you love now?" he asked again. "Is it me, or is it Adrian Urmand?" But she could not answer him, though she had said enough in her passionate sorrow to make any answer to such a question unnecessary, as far as knowledge on the subject might be required. It might suit his views that she should confess the truth in so many words, but for other purpose her answer had been full enough. "This is very sad," he said; "sad indeed, but I thought that you would have been firmer."

"Do not chide me again, George."

"No;—it is to no purpose."

"You said that I was—a curse to you?"

"O Marie, I had hoped,—I had so hoped that you would have been my blessing!"

"Say that I am not a curse to you, George!"

But he would make no answer to this appeal, no immediate answer; but stood silent and stern while she stood still touching his arm, waiting in patience for some word at any rate of forgiveness. He was

using all the powers of his mind to see if there might even yet be any way to escape this great shipwreck. She had not answered his question. She had not told him in so many words that her heart was still his, though she had promised her hand to the Basle merchant. But he could not doubt that it was so. As he stood there silent, with that dark look upon his brow which he had inherited from his father, and that angry fire in his eye, his heart was in truth once more becoming soft and tender towards her. He was beginning to understand how it had been with her. He had told her, just now, that he did not believe her, when she assured him that she had thought that she was forgotten. Now he did believe her. And there arose in his breast a feeling that it was due to her that he should explain this change in his mind. "I suppose you did think it," he said suddenly.

"Think what, George?"

"That I was a vain, empty, false-tongued fellow, whose word was worth no reliance."

"I thought no evil of you, George,—except that you were changed to me. When you came you said nothing to me. Do you not remember?"

"I came because I was told that you were to be married to this man. I asked you the question, and you would not deny it. Then I said to myself that I would wait and see." When he had spoken she had nothing further to say to him. The charges which he made against her were all true. They seemed at least to be true to her then in her present mood,—in that mood in which all that she now desired was his forgiveness. The wish to defend herself, and to stand before him as one justified, had gone from her. She felt that having still possessed his love, having still been the owner of the one thing that she valued, she had ruined herself by her own doubts; and she could not forgive herself the fatal blunder. "It is of no use to think of it any more," he said at last. "You have to become this man's wife now, and I suppose you must go through with it."

"I suppose I must," she said; "unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Nothing, George. Of course I will marry him. He has my word. And I have promised my uncle also. But, George, you will say that you forgive me?"

"Yes;—I will forgive you." But still there was the same black cloud upon his face,—the same look of pain,—the same glance of anger in his eye.

"O George, I am so unhappy! There can be no comfort for me now, unless you will say that you will be contented."

"I cannot say that, Marie."

"You will have your house, and your business, and so many things to interest you. And in time,—after a little time—"

"No, Marie, after no time at all. You told me at supper to-night that I had better get a wife for myself. But I will get no wife. I could not bring myself to marry another girl. I could not take a woman home as my wife if I did not love her. If she were not the person of all persons most dear to me, I should loathe her."

He was speaking daggers to her, and he must have known how sharp were his words. He was speaking daggers to her, and she must have felt that he knew how he was wounding her. But yet she did not resent his usage, even by a motion of her lip. Could she have brought herself to do so, her agony would have been less sharp. "I suppose," she said at last, "that a woman is weaker than a man. But you say that you will forgive me?"

"I have forgiven you."

Then very gently she put out her hand to him, and he took it and held it for a minute. She looked up at him as though for a moment she had thought that there might be something else,—that there might be some other token of true forgiveness, and then she withdrew her hand. "I had better go now," she said. "Good night, George."

"Good night, Marie." And then she was gone.

As soon as he was alone he sat himself down on the bed-side and began to think of it. Everything was changed to him since he had called her into the room, determining that he would crush her with his thunder-bolt. Let things go as they may with a man in an affair of love, let him be as far as possible from the attainment of his wishes, there will always be consolation to him if he knows that he is loved. To be preferred to all others, even though that preference may lead to no fruition, is in itself a thing enjoyable. He had believed that Marie had forgotten him,—that she had been captivated either by the effeminate prettiness of his rival, or by his wealth and standing in the world. He believed all this no more. He knew now how it was with her and with him, and, let his countenance say what it might to the contrary, he could bring himself to forgive her in his heart. She had not forgotten him! She had not ceased to love him!

There was merit in that which went far with him in excuse of her perfidy.

But what should he do now? She was not as yet married to Adrian Urmand. Might there not still be hope;—hope for her sake as well as for his own? He perfectly understood that in his country—nay, for aught he knew to the contrary, in all countries—a formal betrothal was half a marriage. It was half the ceremony in the eyes of all those concerned; but yet, in regard to that indissoluble bond which would indeed have divided Marie from him beyond the reach of any hope to the contrary, such betrothal was of no effect whatever. This man whom she did not love was not yet Marie's husband;—need never become so if Marie could only be sufficiently firm in resisting the influence of all her friends. No priest could marry her without her own consent. He—George—he himself would have to face the enmity of all those with whom he was connected. He was sure that his father, having been a party to the betrothal, would never consent to a breach of his promise to Urmand. Madame Voss, Madame Faragon, the priest, and their Protestant pastor would all be against them. They would be as it were outcasts from their own family. But George Voss, sitting there on his bed-side, thought that he could go through it all, if only he could induce Marie Bromar to bear the brunt of the world's displeasure with him. As he got into bed he determined that he would begin upon the matter to his father during the morning's walk. His father would be full of wrath;—but the wrath would have to be endured sooner or later.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the next morning, Michel Voss and his son met in the kitchen, and found Marie already there. "Well, my girl," said Michel, as he patted Marie's shoulder, and kissed her forehead, "you've been up getting a rare breakfast for these fellows, I see." Marie smiled, and made some good-humoured reply. No one could have told by her face that there was anything amiss with her. "It's the last favour of the kind he'll ever have at your hands," continued Michel, "and yet he doesn't seem to be half grateful." George stood with his back to the kitchen fire, and did not say a word. It was impossible to him even to appear to be pleasant when such things were being said. Marie was a better hypocrite, and, though she said little, was able to look as though she could sympathise with her uncle's pleasant mirth. The

two men had soon eaten their breakfast and were gone, and then Marie was left alone with her thoughts. Would George say anything to his father of what had passed upstairs on the previous evening?

The two men started, and when they were alone together, and as long as Michel abstained from talking about Marie and her prospects, George was able to converse freely with his father. When they left the house the morning was just dawning, and the air was fresh and sharp. "We shall soon have the frost here now," said Michel, "and then there will be no more grass for the cattle."

"I suppose they can have them out on the low lands till the end of November. They always used."

"Yes; they can have them out; but having them out and having food for them are different things. The people here have so much stock now, that directly the growth is checked by the frost, the land becomes almost bare. They forget the old saying—'Half stocking, whole profits; whole stocking, half profits!' And then, too, I think the winters are earlier here than they used to be. They'll have to go back to the Swiss plan, I fancy, and carry the food to the cattle in their houses. It may be old-fashioned, as they say; but I doubt whether the fodder does not go further so." Then as they began to ascend the mountain, he got on to the subject of his own business and George's prospects. "The dues to the Commune are so heavy," he said, "that in fact there is little or nothing to be made out of the timber. It looks like a business, because many men are employed, and it's a kind of thing that spreads itself, and bears looking at. But it leaves nothing behind."

"It's not quite so bad as that, I hope," said George.

"Upon my word then it is not much better, my boy. When you've charged yourself with interest on the money spent on the mills, there is not much to boast about. You're bound to replant every yard you strip, and yet the Commune expects as high a rent as when there was no planting to be done at all. They couldn't get it, only that men like myself have their money in the mills, and can't well get out of the trade."

"I don't think you'd like to give it up, father."

"Well, no. It gives me exercise and something to do. The women manage most of it down at the house; but there must be a change when Marie has gone. I have hardly looked it in the face yet, but I know there must be a change. She has grown up among

it till she has it all at her fingers' ends. I tell you what, George, she is a girl in a hundred,—a girl in a hundred. She is going to marry a rich man, and so it don't much signify; but if she married a poor man, she would be as good as a fortune to him. She'd make a fortune for any man. That's my belief. There is nothing she doesn't know, and nothing she doesn't understand."

Why did his father tell him all this? George thought of the day on which his father had, as he was accustomed to say to himself, turned him out of the house because he wanted to marry this girl who was "as good as a fortune" to any man. Had he then been imprudent in allowing himself to love such a girl? Could there be any good reason why his father should have wished that a "fortune," in every way so desirable, should go out of the family? "She'll have nothing to do of that sort if she goes to Basle," said George moodily.

"That is more than you can say," replied his father. "A woman married to a man of business can always find her share in it if she pleases. And with such a one as Adrian Urmand her side of the house will not be the least considerable."

"I suppose he is little better than a fool," said George.

"A fool! He is not a fool at all. If you were to see him buying, you would not call him a fool. He is very far from a fool."

"It may be so. I do not know much of him myself."

"You should not be so prone to think men fools till you find them so; especially those who are to be so near to yourself. No;—he's not a fool by any means. But he will know that he has got a clever wife, and he will not be ashamed to make use of her."

George was unwilling to contradict his father at the present moment, as he had all but made up his mind to tell the whole story about himself and Marie before he returned to the house. He had not the slightest idea that by doing so he would be able to soften his father's heart. He was sure, on the contrary, that were he to do so, he and his father would go back to the hotel as enemies. But he was quite resolved that the story should be told sooner or later,—should be told before the day fixed for the wedding. If it was to be told by himself, what occasion could be so fitting as the present? But, if it were to be done on this morning, it would be unwise to harass his father by any small previous contradictions.

They were now up among the scattered, prostrate logs, and had again taken up the

question of the business of wood-cutting. "No, George; it would never have done for you; not as a mainstay. I thought of giving it up to you once, but I knew that it would make a poor man of you."

"I wish you had," said George, who was unable to repress the feeling of his heart.

"Why do you say that? What a fool you must be if you think it! There is nothing you may not do where you are, and you have got it all into your own hands, with little or no outlay. The rent is nothing; and the business is there ready made for you. In your position, if you find the hotel is not enough, there is nothing you cannot take up." They had now seated themselves on the trunk of a pine tree, and Michel Voss having drawn a pipe from his pocket and filled it, was lighting it as he sat upon the wood. "No, my boy," he continued, "you'll have a better life of it than your father, I don't doubt. After all, the towns are better than the country. There is more to be seen and more to be learned. I don't complain. The Lord has been very good to me. I've had enough of everything, and have been able to keep my head up. But I feel a little sad when I look forward. You and Marie will both be gone; and your stepmother's friend, M. le Curé Gondin, does not make much society for me. I sometimes think, when I am smoking a pipe up here all alone, that this is the best of it all;—it will be when Marie has gone." If his father thus thought of it, why did he send Marie away? If he thus thought of it, why had he sent his son away? Had it not already been within his power to keep both of them there together under his roof-tree? He had insisted on dividing them, and dismissing them from Granpere, one in one direction and the other in another;—and then he complained of being alone! Surely his father was altogether unreasonable. "And now one can't even get tobacco that is worth smoking," continued Michel, in a melancholy tone. "There used to be good tobacco, but I don't know where it has all gone."

"I can send you over a little prime tobacco from Colmar, father."

"I wish you would, George. This is foul stuff. But I sometimes think I'll give it up. What's the use of it? A man sits and smokes and smokes and nothing comes of it. It don't feed him, nor clothe him, and it leaves nothing behind,—except a stink."

"You're a little down in the mouth, father; or you wouldn't talk of giving up smoking."

"I am down in the mouth,—terribly down

in the mouth. Till it was all settled, I did not know how much I should feel Marie's going. Of course it had to be, but it makes an old man of me. There will be nothing left. Of course there's your step-mother,—as good a woman as ever lived,—and the children; but Marie was somehow the soul of us all. Give us another light, George. I'm blessed if I can keep the fire in the pipe at all."

And this, thought George, is in truth the state of my father's mind! There are three of us concerned who are all equally dear to each other, my father, myself, and Marie Bromar. There is not one of them who doesn't feel that the presence of the others is necessary to his happiness. Here is my father declaring that the world will no longer have any savour for him because I am away in one place, and Marie is to be away in another. There is not the slightest real reason on earth why we should have been separated. Yet he,—he alone has done it; and we,—we are to break our hearts over it! Or rather he has not done it. He is about to do it. The sacrifice is not yet made, and yet it must be made, because my father is so unreasonable that no one will dare to point out to him where lies the way to his own happiness and to the happiness of those he loves! It was thus that George Voss thought of it as he listened to his father's wailings.

But he himself, though he was hot in temper, was slow, or at least deliberate in action. He did not even now speak out at once. When his father's pipe was finished he suggested that they should go on to a certain run for the fir-logs, which he himself—George Voss—had made—a steep grooved inclined plane by which the timber when cut in these parts could be sent down with a rush to the close neighbourhood of the saw mill below. They went and inspected the slide, and discussed the question of putting new wood into the groove. Michel, with the melancholy tone that had prevailed with him all the morning, spoke of matters as though any money spent in mending would be thrown away. There are moments in the lives of most of us in which it seems to us that there will never be more cakes and ale. George, however, talked of the children, and reminded his father that in matters of business nothing is so ruinous as ruin. "If you've got to get your money out of a thing, it should always be in working order," he said. Michel acknowledged the truth of the rule, but again declared that there was no money to be got out of the thing. He yielded, however, and

promised that the repairs should be made. Then they went down to the mill, which was going at that time. George, as he stood by and watched the man and boy adjusting the logs to the cradle, and listened to the apparently self-acting saw as it did its work, and observed the perfection of the simple machinery which he himself had adjusted, and smelt the sweet scent of the newly-made sawdust, and listened to the music of the little stream, when, between whiles, the rattle of the mill would cease for half a minute,—George as he stood in silence, looking at all this, listening to the sounds, smelling the perfume, thinking how much sweeter it all was than the little room in which Madame Faragon sat at Colmar, and in which it was, at any rate for the present, his duty to submit his accounts to her, from time to time,—resolved that he would at once make an effort. He knew his father's temper well. Might it not be that though there should be a quarrel for a time, everything would come right at last? As for Adrian Urmand, George did not believe,—or told himself that he did not believe,—that such a cur as he would suffer much because his hopes of a bride were not fulfilled.

They stayed for an hour at the saw-mill, and Michel, in spite of all that he had said about tobacco, smoked another pipe. While they were there, George, though his mind was full of other matter, continued to give his father practical advice about the business;—how a new wheel should be supplied here, and a lately invented improvement introduced there. Each of them at the moment was care-laden with special thoughts of their own, but nevertheless, as men of business, they knew that the hour was precious and used it. To saunter into the woods and do nothing was not at all in accordance with Michel's usual mode of life, and though he hummed and hawed, and doubted and grumbled, he made a note of all his son said, and was quite of a mind to make use of his son's wit. "I shall be over at Epinal the day after to-morrow," he said as they left the mill, "and I'll see if I can get the new crank there."

"They'll be sure to have it at Heinman's," said George, as they began to descend the hill. From the spot on which they had been standing the walk down to Granpere would take them more than an hour. It might well be that they might make it an affair of two or three hours, if they went up to other timber cuttings on their route; but George was sure that as soon as he began to tell his story his

father would make his way straight for home. He would be too much moved to think of his timber, and too angry to desire to remain a minute longer than he could help in company with his son. Looking at all the circumstances as carefully as he could, George thought that he had better begin at once. "As you feel Marie's going so much," he said, "I wonder that you are so anxious to send her away."

"That's a poor argument, George, and one that I should not have expected from you. Am I to keep her here all her life, doing no good for herself, simply because I like to have her here? It is in the course of things that she should be married, and it is my duty to see that she marries well."

"That is quite true, father."

"Then why do you talk to me about sending her away? I don't send her away. Urmand comes and takes her away. I did the same when I was young. Now I'm old, and I have to be left behind. It's the way of nature."

"But she doesn't want to be taken away," said George, rushing at once at his subject.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say, father. She consents to be taken away, but she does not wish it."

"I don't know what you mean. Has she been talking to you? Has she been complaining?"

"I have been talking to her. I came over from Colmar when I heard of this marriage on purpose that I might talk to her. I had at any rate a right to do that."

"Right to do what? I don't know that you have any right. If you have been trying to do mischief in my house, George, I will never forgive you,—never."

"I will tell you the whole truth, father; and then you shall say yourself whether I have been trying to do mischief, and shall say also whether you will forgive me. You will remember when you told me that I was not to think of Marie Bromar for myself."

"I do remember."

"Well;—I had thought of her. If you wanted to prevent that, you were too late."

"You were boys and girls together;—that is all."

"Let me tell my story, father, and then you shall judge. Before you had spoken to me at all, Marie had given me her troth."

"Nonsense!"

"Let me at least tell my story. She had done so, and I had given her mine, and when you told me to go I went, not quite knowing then what it might be best that we should do,

but feeling very sure that she would at least be true to me."

"Truth to any such folly as that would be very wicked."

"At any rate I did nothing. I remained there month after month; meaning to do something when this was settled,—meaning to do something when that was settled; and then there came a sort of rumour to me that Marie was to be Urmand's wife. I did not believe it, but I thought that I would come and see."

"It was true."

"No;—it was not true then. I came over and was very angry because she was cold to me. She would not promise that there should be no such engagement; but there was none then. You see I will tell you everything as it occurred."

"She is at any rate engaged to Adrian Urmand now, and for all our sakes you are bound not to interfere."

"But yet I must tell my story. I went back to Colmar, and then, after a while, there came tidings, true tidings, that she was engaged to this man. I came over again, yes—



terday, determined,—you may blame me if you will, father, but listen to me,—determined to throw her falsehood in her teeth."

"Then I will protect her from you," said Michel Voss, turning upon his son as though he meant to strike him with his staff.

"Ah, father," said George, pausing and standing opposite to the innkeeper, "but who is to protect her from you? If I had found that that which you are doing was making her happy,—I would have spoken my mind indeed; I would have shown her once, and once only, what she had done to

me; how she had destroyed me.—and then I would have gone and troubled none of you any more."

"You had better go now, and bring us no more trouble. You are all trouble."

"But her worst trouble will still cling to her. I have found that it is so. She has taken this man not because she loves him; but because you have bidden her."

"She has taken him and she shall marry him."

"I cannot say that she has been right, father; but she deserves no such punishment

as that. "Would you make her a wretched woman for ever, because she has done wrong in striving to obey you?"

"She has not done wrong in striving to obey me. She has done right. I do not believe a word of this."

"You can ask her yourself."

"I will ask her nothing,—except that she shall not speak to you any further about it. You have come here wilfully-minded to disturb us all."

"Father, that is unjust."

"I say it is true. She was contented and happy before you came. She loves the man, and is ready to marry him on the day fixed. Of course she will marry him. You would not have us go back from our word now?"

"Certainly I would. If he be a man, and she tells him that she repents,—if she tells him all the truth, of course he will give her back her troth. I would do so to any woman that only hinted that she wished it."

"No such hint shall be given. I will hear nothing of it. I shall not speak to Marie on the subject,—except to desire her to have no further converse with you. Nor will I speak of it again to yourself; unless you wish me to bid you go from me altogether, you will not mention the matter again." So saying, Michel Voss strode on, and would not even turn his eyes in the direction of his son. He strode on, making his way down the hill at the fastest pace that he could achieve, every now and then raising his hat and wiping the perspiration from his brow. Though he had spoken of Marie's departure as a loss that would be very hard to bear, the very idea that anything should be allowed to interfere with the marriage which he had planned was unendurable. What,—after all that had been said and done, consent that there should be no marriage between his niece and the rich young merchant! Never. He did not stop for a moment to think how much of truth there might be in his son's statement. He would not even allow himself to remember that he had forced Adrian Urmand as a suitor upon his niece. He had had his qualms of conscience upon that matter,—and it was possible that they might return to him. But he would not stop now to look at that side of the question. The young people were betrothed. The marriage was a thing settled, and it should be celebrated. He had never broken his faith to any man, and he would not break it to Adrian Urmand. He strode on down the mountain, and there was not a word more said between him and his son till

they reached the inn doors. "You understand me," he said then. "Not a word more to Marie." After that he went up at once to his wife's chamber, and desired that Marie might be sent to him there. During his rapid walk home he had made up his mind as to what he would do. He would not be severe to his niece. He would simply ask her one question.

"My dear," he said, striving to be calm, but telling her by his countenance as plainly as words could have done all that had passed between him and his son,—*"Marie, my dear, I take it for—granted—there is nothing to,—to,—to interrupt our plans."*

"In what way, uncle?" she asked, merely wanting to gain a moment for thought.

"In any way. In no way. Just say that there is nothing wrong, and that will be sufficient." She stood silent, not having a word to say to him. "You know what I mean, Marie. You intend to marry Adrian Urmand?"

"I suppose so," said Marie in a low whisper.

"Look here, Marie,—if there be any doubt about it, we will part,—and for ever. You shall never look upon my face again. My honour is pledged,—and yours." Then he hurried out of the room, down into the kitchen, and without staying there a moment went out into the yard, and walked through to the stables. His passion had been so strong and uncontrollable, that he had been unable to remain with his niece and exact a promise from her.

George when he saw his father go through to the stables, entered the house. He had already made up his mind that he would return at once to Colmar, without waiting to have more angry words. Such words would serve him not at all. But he must if possible see Marie, and he must also tell his stepmother that he was about to depart. He found them both together, and at once, very abruptly, declared that he was to start immediately.

"You have quarrelled with your father, George," said Madame Voss.

"I hope not. I hope that he has not quarrelled with me. But it is better that I should go."

"What is it, George? I hope it is nothing serious." Madame Voss as she said this looked at Marie, but Marie had turned her face away. George also looked at her, but could not see her countenance. He did not dare to ask her to give him an interview alone; nor had he quite determined what he

would say to her if they were together. "Marie," said Madame Voss, "do you know what this is about?"

"I wish I had died," said Marie, "before I had come into this house. I have made hatred and bitterness between those who should love each other better than all the world!" Then Madame Voss was able to guess what had been the cause of the quarrel.

"Marie," said George very slowly, "if you will only ask your own heart what you ought to do, and be true to what it tells you, there is no reason even yet that you should be sorry that you came to Granpere. But if you marry a man whom you do not love, you will sin against him, and against me, and against yourself, and against God!" Then he took up his hat and went out.

In the courtyard he met his father.

"Where are you going now, George?" said his father.

"To Colmar. It is better that I should go at once. Good-bye, father," and he offered his hand to his parent.

"Have you spoken to Marie?"

"My mother will tell you what I have said. I have spoken nothing in private."

"Have you said anything about her marriage?"

"Yes. I have told her that she could not honestly marry the man she did not love."

"What right have you, sir," said Michel, nearly choked with wrath, "to interfere in the affairs of my household? You had better go, and go at once. If you return again before they are married, I will tell the servants to put you off the place!" George Voss made no answer, but having found his horse and his gig, drove himself off to Colmar.

HOW WE WENT YACHTING.

By LADY BARKER.

IT was on a very hot morning during the brief ten days' summer of last year that a letter came to me containing a delightfully cool suggestion. Cool in every sense of the word, for it proposed that I, being in perfect health, and therefore without a shadow of excuse on that score, should immediately desert my family, my friends, my work, even those tyrants of existence, my housekeeping books—and start the following day for the Isle of Wight. The invitation held forth the prospect of long cruises in a beautiful little 40-ton yacht, and of refreshing sea-breezes. The writer, with the impertinence peculiar to brothers, wound up by giving me—his sister, who has spent half her life in making long sea-voyages—sundry hints about costume, &c., which could only have been useful to the most utter landswoman.

Now I have always observed that if you really want anybody to do anything perfectly foreign to their tastes and pursuits, you have only to take it for granted that there will be no difficulty and hesitation on their part, and arrange for your plan to be carried out immediately. The chances are a hundred to one that cool audacity will carry the day. If H. had said, "Come next week," I should have been able to think over, and perhaps refuse, his invitation; but he said, "Come to-morrow," and gave no signs of anticipating the least

delay, so I had no time to reflect over the wild scheme, and whilst declaring that I never would go,—went.

Who does not remember that broiling week in August last, when the heat which should have been diffused over our wintry June and wet July was all at once let loose on our devoted heads? We had become so accustomed to our severe summer by that time, that the sudden blaze of sunshine found us with closed windows and roaring fires, and we had quite forgotten, how to keep ourselves cool. This particular morning of which I write was the hottest of its fellows. Not a breath of air stirred, and the only pleasant sound to be heard was the plash of the watering-cart in the dry and dusty streets. "What nonsense!" I cried, on reading my letter over again; "how can I suppose that I should leave home at a moment's warning like that? Do you think you could do without me?" I proceeded, inconsequently, to inquire of my inferior half, who replied dreamily, without raising his eyes from that tiresome *Times*, "Well, yes, I dare say I could." That unlucky speech determined me; I rose with a mingled air of majesty and disdain, and left the room to announce first to the cook and then to the nurse that I intended to go away from home for a few days. My wounded

vanity was much appeased by the outcry of these two functionaries, who evidently disliked my thus suddenly dropping the reins of government. However, it was too late to retract; a telegram had been despatched to say I was coming early next day, and before my fit of huffiness had half-subsided I was sitting, hotter than ever, in a railway-carriage, and moving slowly out of Waterloo station.

During my tedious, solitary journey, the atmosphere grew more and more oppressive, for a tremendous thunderstorm was brewing, which only waited until we were well on board the little steamer, and had begun to warp our way out from the crowd of heterogeneous craft which crowds up Lymington Harbour, before it burst in a down-pour of rain over our devoted and defenceless heads. By the time Yarmouth was reached (in half an hour) everything had been soaked through; my muslin dress hung in limp, dragged folds around my wet feet, and H. surveyed me with an air of disgust when he came on board to meet me, and inquired—

"Haven't you brought anything better than that?" pointing to my light dust cloak, the only wrap I had kept out.

"It was so hot and so dry when I left London at eleven," I pleaded.

"Well, well, come along. Women never can be made to look forward at all," H. murmured as he led the way to the roughest little pony equipage I ever saw, which was already nearly filled by a large wooden box. If I had not been so subdued and so damp I should have thought of some speeches I had lately listened to at a Woman's Rights meeting, and overwhelmed H. with arguments to prove how superior we are to men; but I could not, for the life of me, remember anything suitable to the case in point. Besides which the sudden coolness in the air forced one to recollect that it had been too hot for breakfast, too dusty for thoughts of a railway-station lunch, and now it was tea-time, and we were miles and miles away from Sea-View Lodge.

"What is that?" I inquired, pointing to the huge case.

"Oh, only provisions for the yacht," replied H., good-humouredly. "It won't be in your way, will it?"

"No," I said, meekly, and proceeded to squeeze myself into a portion of the remaining space. H. sat on the extreme edge of the wicker framework of the seat, shook the reins, and the fat, shaggy pony put his head down, and set off at a most satisfactory pace.

Relations are generally silent, I find, when they meet after ever so short an absence. Friends and acquaintances seem always to have plenty of pretty speeches and nice little small-talk, but your nearest relative is generally more or less speechless and awkward for some time. H. and I were no exception to this rule; we were delighted to see each other, and yet we sat almost quite silently side by side for a mile or so. At last we came to a long, steep hill, and H. jumped out to walk up it. He lit his pipe, and after a few whiffs looked round at me benignantly and remarked—

"She's *such* a beauty."

"Who does he mean?" I thought to myself. "Can that remark be intended in derision of my forlorn appearance, or does it refer to his wife, or to his newest and prettiest little daughter?"

"I give you my word she's as stiff as a crutch in a breeze," he continued; and then it dawned upon me it was the yacht he spoke of. I answered as discreetly as possible, and took as much interest as a very tired and hungry traveller could take in anything which was not good to eat. We reached home at last, and the day which had begun with a breakfast off iced water, and a burning sun blazing overhead in London, ended by the side of a good fire, with the wind howling and the rain beating against the little bungalow-like house in our wee island play-ground.

Next morning I came out to breakfast in my serge yachting-dress, gilt buttons and all, but H. looked at my toilette with still greater disgust than he had done the day before, and said, "Ugh; do you think you are going out for a sail to-day?"

I went to the window. A thick, dense fog had settled down upon everything. The postman was the only living creature which loomed through the white vapour, and he was speedily swallowed up and disappeared in it. The blazing fire seemed to be the only cheerful thing in the room, for H.'s face looked gloomy and wretched, and I felt oppressed by the consciousness of having made a mistake in putting on my yachting dress. Everything I said or did seemed to be wrong that morning. After cudgelling my brains to find a new and appropriate observation, I remarked desperately—

"Where is the *joy* now, H.?"

Worse and worse. H. glanced at me with mingled pity and contempt, saying—

"I suppose she's in the bay somewhere; but it is hard to say after the storm of last

night. She may be at the bottom of the sea or all I know."

This was evidently an unfortunate topic to sit upon, so I hastened to ask H. about his former cruises, over which he became quite enthusiastic.

Towards the middle of the day the wind rose, although it did not lift the fog, which appeared to roll in from seaward in great soft, fleecy folds, ever increasing in density. Through the thick white curtain we heard, four after hour, the muffled sound of the fog-bell at the lighthouse; and although the day was just beneath the high cliff on which Sea-View Lodge stood, not a spar of the *Joy* could be seen. All night the wind blustered, seeming to collect its strength every now and then for a blow against our low dwelling.

When I opened my eyes next morning, great was my surprise to see a flood of brilliant sunshine streaming in at the window. Everything indoors felt damp and oozy, but the outdoor world was radiant and lovely. In the flower-beds the great double poppies flaunted freshly-opened buds, which concealed the old storm-beaten and discoloured petals drooping on their stem. That most beautiful of all garden flowers, the common white lily, held up her pure white cups, all sparkling with diamond dewdrops, whilst the mignonette called attention to its insignificant self by smelling so sweetly that it was impossible to pass it by without stooping to gather a little bit. The mowing machine was making a delightful whirring on the scrap of lawn, the downs shut in the land view by their softly-rounded outlines, folding us in so gently in rolling curves, and on the steep cliff hard by stood H., spy-glass in hand, sweeping the horizon with anxious care. I joined him immediately, full of glee and hope, but instantly contrived to make another blunder—

"How delicious it is!" I exclaimed, adding hastily; "but where is the *Joy*?"

Where, indeed? H. did not condescend to answer, but went on with his examination of the sea, which lay sparkling and smiling at our feet, its long, smooth swell being the only trace of our past rough weather. In the bay below us we could plainly see the *Joy's* moorings, and a tiny boat (which I afterwards learned was the captain's gig) rose and fell helplessly as each slow roller heaved itself inshore, hardly breaking as it touched the shining, wet shingle.

"You don't think anything has happened to her, do you?" I inquired, nervously.

H. was evidently pleased by my genuine

sympathy, for he shut up his glass, and said quite cheerfully—

"Oh dear, no; she's all right, depend upon it. She has probably had to run for shelter to Yarmouth. Let us go and have some breakfast, and we'll drive in directly after, and see about her."

Now this was very nice, but it was not yachting. I had come down to yacht, and not to take inland drives. But still there seemed to be no help for it, and we made the best of our frustrated plans. We got out the shaggy pony, whose coat steamed a good deal, I remember, the moment he began to move, and we started off through beautiful green lanes, with tall trees growing in the hedges, which cast a delicious, flickering green shade over the winding, flower-walled road. The drive gave me the impression, which subsequent and far too many inland excursions confirmed, that the Isle of Wight is not remarkable for its tillage. The chief produce of the place, next to yachts, may be said to be cannon; for I could not stir half a mile without coming to some tremendous fortification bristling with guns.

About a mile from the little village we met a smart-looking individual, half fresh-water sailor, half seafaring skipper, being driven in a gig by a dapper little man, who afterwards turned out to be an attorney's clerk.

"How do, Miller?" said H., pulling up short, and looking rather uneasy.

Miller jumped out of the trap instantly, and coming round to H.'s side of the carriage, touched his gold-laced cap, and said—

"I was wishful to see you, capting. The *Joy*, you see, she's met with a bit of a haccident, like."

"What's the matter?" asked H., looking keenly at him.

"Well, sir, you see she'd have been on them there rocks in no time, if we hadn't cut and run for Yarmouth. There ain't a bit o' shelter in that little cove, you know, sir, and so, when it comes on to blow like that, I ups my anchor, and makes for a 'arbour. It wor a very dirty night, capting, and we was in a deuce of a hurry, and so a mate o' mine on shore as was looking on pints out to me wot he calls a moorin'; but it was nothing but a bit of rotten rope, which parted as soon as we touched it; and—and—" continued Miller, touching his hat again, as if politeness softened bad news, "the *Joy's* got a bit of a hole knocked in her, if *you* please, sir."

"H'm," said H. angrily; "and who's that fellow?"

"That, sir, is a young man from Emmett

and Jackson's, who came out lest you should want advice."

H. looked somewhat contemptuously on his pale, pimply-faced, and very youthful adviser, and, jumping out of the pony-chaise, bade me drive it home, whilst he walked on to Yarmouth to look at his shattered *Joy*. I obeyed in silence, and spent the rest of the day imagining and wondering how much mischief had been done.

H.'s report when he returned on foot, just in time for dinner, was tolerably reassuring. The yacht had come in contact with a brig as she swung round from her parted moorings, and sustained a compound fracture of her shapely side; but a number of men had immediately been set to work on the repairs, and in a few days we might hope to see her at her proper anchorage in the bay below.

We tried to amuse ourselves as well as we could during this interval of enforced idleness by making little excursions all about, though it seemed to me that half an hour's steady driving in any direction always brought us straight to the sea-shore. We had then nothing to do except to say, "What a strong fortification that is to the right" (or left, as might chance), and drive home again. Once we whiled away the time by going to the lighthouse and examining it all over. The couple of parboiled men, who live there two months at a time, seemed very glad of our presents of vegetables and newspapers, and showed us most civilly all about their highly-polished and oil-pervaded abode. I never felt so sea-sick in my life as I did when standing in the topmost lamp tower, with the fierce sunshine beating down on me through the powerful glass reflectors, and the smell of oil arising from a giant moderator-lamp. Another day we hired a little steam launch, and went fizzing about the Solent for some hours. Our faces soon became very dirty from the smoke out of her tiny funnel, and our only laugh all day arose from an observation of her captain. He was complaining how hard to please some of his passengers were, and as an instance, adduced a satirical remark which one gentleman had made a few days before.

"We was steaming away as merrily as could be, sir, going all round the island. We had started very early, and we was to breakfast on board. The company had just had their wittles served up to 'em in the state cabin, and I was easing her a bit out of consideration to their feelings, when one gentleman calls out, 'Why is she going so slow, skipper?' Before I can answer a word, or explain why I was going half-speed, a young

gentleman—he was very sick before the day was over—sings out, 'Oh, don't you know The steward has just filled up our tea-pot and in coorse the boiler is empty; it only hold a pint or so!' Now I put it to you, sir, that wasn't a mortifying thing to say to a man on board his own boat?"

At last H. announced, after one of his many excursions to Yarmouth, that the yacht was coming round the same evening, and that if wind and weather were propitious, we should go for a sail the very next day. It would have been hard to find a happier pair than H. and I, as we sat in the verandah looking seaward, that soft summer evening. We had a little table between us to hold our coffee cups, and H.—his old sailor hat set jauntily on his head—smoked the pipe of perfect peace and content, whilst I knitted away in happy silence. H. never ceased scanning the sky, and when I anxiously inquired if it were possible to have any misgivings about to-morrow's weather, when everything around looked so serene, and the oft-tapped glass could not be made to say anything except SET FAIR, he answered, "If we only have wind enough." Now, in my secret heart, I thought "the less wind we have the better," but I said nothing. We sat there until the balmy darkness dropped gradually and lovingly down over the sea, whose waves were lapping a dreamy lullaby, and over the fragrant earth, with its "odours of rest: and of love" stealing up through the silent night.

What a contrast the warmth and glitter of next morning's awakening! Every blade of grass had a splendid sparkle, every crisp wavelet a cheery voice of its own. Our small household had very little rest after day-dawn, and the crew of the *Joy* seemed equally busy, for we could see tremendous sluicing and scrubbing going on on board, we could hear Miller giving his orders, often forgetting his own dignity sufficiently to bear a hand himself. As for me, I was up and dressed long before there was any possibility of the yacht's being ready for us to go on board, and breakfast had been over for at least a couple of hours before we saw a little boat, with two smart oarsmen, put off from the *Joy*'s glistening sides, and pull towards the rickety wooden jetty. H. and I scrambled and ran down the cliffs with the agility of goats, and we were in the boat and alongside of the *Joy* before we had hardly realised that we had started.

"How's the tide, Miller?" was H.'s first question, whilst the sailors were fixing the two-step ladder into its brightly burnished sockets.

"Been slack water some time, and just

going to turn, captain," replied that functionary, as calmly as if he were not, in fact, announcing the failure of our day's plans. Still the light breeze held in our favour, and if we *could* only get past the Narrows before it fell calm, as it usually did at noon, we might hope to creep up to Cowes, just five miles off, before evening.

I felt that now or never was the moment to try a certain charm, in the efficacy of which I firmly believed. I produced a small flat box, unwrapped sundry sheets of tissue paper, and took from their pink folds a real horseshoe, brightly gilt and burnished. There was nothing to hinder the spell from working properly. It was an old much-worn hind shoe. I had picked it up myself when the moon was exactly in its proper quarter. I had waved it solemnly over my left shoulder three times, and unless the gilding process had smartened all its auspicious qualities out of it, we ought with such a talisman on board to have exactly the weather we wanted. In this firm belief, my first act on stepping on board the smart little *Joy* had been to demand a hammer and nail, and to affix this shining piece of good luck to the mainmast. But it was all in vain. The light, coy south wind seemed to die away altogether from that moment, and before one broiling hour had passed over our heads we lay helplessly becalmed, and drifting with the turning tide towards the sharp-pointed Needles, which were sticking up like spires out of the calm water. There was nothing for it except to cast anchor, which we accordingly did, so as to insure our not progressing backwards like a crab. Then we went all over the *Joy*, and admired her immensely. She was coquettishly clean, and trim, and natty; I felt as if my brown holland gown was not nearly smart enough to wear on board such a dainty little vessel. The sun sought out every bit of her shining brass to establish thereon a focus of glittering rays which made you turn away winking, if your eyes were entrapped into looking at the polished metal. Every rope was neatly coiled and stowed; and except that H. was somewhat hurt and disgusted at my remarks on the small size of his *Joy*, I could not find words enough to express my delight with her trim beauty. I apologised for my involuntary astonishment when H. asked me satirically "How big I thought a yacht of forty tons was?" by explaining that I had hardly ever been in so small a vessel, and that my last experience of a ship was one of three thousand tons' register.

"Great, awkward beast she must have been," said H. "I'm glad I've nothing to do with her. Come below, and look at the saloon."

The saloon was lovely, but would only hold two children comfortably, and opened into the kitchen,—I beg its pardon, we were strictly nautical in our phrases—the cooking-galley, which was about as big as the palm of my hand. H.'s own cabin was the perfection of neat comfort, but a cabinet-sized photograph of his two eldest children, which was framed and hung up, made the effect of a large family portrait, in proportion to the space it took up on the panel.

After we had admired everything, the state-cabin, with its tiny sofa and scrap of a mirror, the fo'castle, where I *don't* believe the men could sleep, though there was a fiction on board that they did so; the sail-room, which looked exactly like the cases artists use to put their pencils and crayons in, and which was very little bigger, we came on deck again. This was a painful process, and entailed great danger both to the ship's chronometer, which hung inside the companion, and to the unwary passenger's head. We looked around. On one hand low wooded cliffs running down to the water's edge, not a leaf on all their thousand branches stirring on the other a peaceful expanse of water. All nature was apparently taking its siesta. H. called for the steward to bring him his white hat and canvas shoes, and having invested his head and feet in these tropical-looking garments, he deliberately sat himself down by the tiller, which must have been too hot to touch by that time, and said in the laziest voice, filling his pipe as he spoke, "I call this quite perfect, don't you?" But I didn't think it perfect at all. It was much too hot on deck to please me, and I could not derive the exquisite enjoyment from gazing silently at spars and ropes which H. did; besides which he had the rest of the summer before him, and I was obliged to go back to town next morning, and wanted to go somewhere by sea to-day. I crouched under the shade of the great mainsail, which flapped idly as the current moved our little ship gently from side to side; but I found it such dull, cramping work to sit for hours on a little hassock under the draught of a sail! My only amusement was to note how often the men changed their caps or their shoes. First, they had on black glazy hats with *Joy* in black letters on a gold band; these they changed for dark blue flat caps with *Joy*

worked in red ; an hour later they appeared in white hats, with *Joy* in gold letters on a black ribbon ; then there was another change which I quite forget, and then they each put on a red woollen headgear like a nightcap. But this is anticipating ; we did not get to the red nightcaps for a long time. By-and-by we had lunch ; but it was not such a very good one, although the big wooden box was on board, for H. kept saying lazily, "Oh, there's so and so (mentioning all sorts of appetising dainties) in that box, but it is not worth while to open

it for only you and me ; we could not eat half of it, you know, and it would only spoil." Besides these reasons, he confided to me in a tragic whisper that he felt certain the steward made a point of eating everything up as fast as it was unpacked ; so under these circumstances I agreed in the wisdom of leaving the packing-case untouched.

No breeze, all through those broiling mid-day hours, no sound or sigh of the faintest summer air. We can hardly detect the lap of the water against the ship's side, and only now and then does the cool liquid sound



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refresh our weary and impatient ears. H. still says it is delicious, and goes upon deck to have another pipe. I really cannot face the glare again, and after the steward has cleared away the remains of our modest repast, contrive to fit myself as if I were a puzzle into one of the pretty little sofas in the saloon. It is of no use thinking of those in the state-cabin aft, for they are at least two feet too short. After I have established myself on the sofa, I raise my eyes to a swing shelf above my head, and proceed to select a volume—there are only three and

a half. One is a sort of seaman's ready-reckoner, another is a Nautical Almanac, and the third is—oh, horror of horrors !—a very stupid novelette of my own, of which I cannot bear the sight. The current is still dead against us, there is not a breath of air stirring, there is nothing to do between luncheon and dinner, and that is all the literature on board. H. and I were much too excited to remember to bring the morning's papers, so there is nothing else of any kind to read. I replace the books desperately on the shelf, and wish I could smoke.

At this juncture Miller begins a minute narration to one sailor after another of his feelings, opinions, and sentiments on the eventful day when the *Joy* parted from her moorings the week before. They are on deck, forrard, smoking, but they might just as well be in the cabin with me, so distinctly do I hear every word of the interminable story. All the *Joy's* crew were on board at the time, and of course knew the circumstances as well as Miller did; but he ignores this fact, and tells his story as if to strangers. I cannot help admiring the patience and good-breeding of his auditors, who succeed each other in turn, for they grunt, and—shall I say it?—spit, exactly at the proper point of the narrative. It has no beginning and no end, only a sort of *refrain*, "Well, as I was saying;" but it possesses the mesmerism charm of monotony, and I am soon fast asleep.

It must have been well on in the warm afternoon when I was awakened by a little stir and bustle on board the *Joy*. Miller left the sequel of his story, which did not seem to have made any considerable progress, for another opportunity, and answered "Ay, ay, sir." I went into the state-cabin, and, by dint of manipulating one feature at a time, managed to wash my face. Then I stood exactly in the middle, under the skylight, and smoothed my hair, gathered up my gloves and hat, &c., and went on deck. It was a delicious afternoon; light puffs of air were rippling the water into ever-vanishing cats-paws; our anchor was up, and we were stealing through the lovely liquid blue around us. The Solent was gay with cutters and yachts, whose fluttering pennants told their own and their owners' names. Of course, each as she passed was compared unfavourably with the *Joy*, who acted up to all the good things said beforehand of her. She was steady, she was fast, and, above all, as her fond lord and master remarked, "she looked such a little lady." Presently we heard a whirr and a thrashing of the water from paddle-wheels, and one of Her Majesty's yachts steamed by with a royal guest on board. This effulgent and snowy barque looked like a ship in a picture-book, her numerous crew dressed in their summer suits of white and blue, her fresh paint shining in the sun, and all her gilding and lacquer-work spick and span new. The *Joy* and her sister yachts make their curseys, sea-fashion, to the royal ensign, whose heavy folds are scarcely stirred by the breeze which is attempting to fill our toy mainsail.

By dint of crowding on every scrap of canvas aloft, we manage to get into Cowes harbour, and I admire the deft way in which H. singles out and steers straight for a good place to anchor. We easily creep in between the shore and the crowd of yachts in harbour; for the great regatta is coming off next week, and nearly all the yachts of England are there to see.

I must say the dry land felt delightful to walk upon once more. I immediately went into a shop and bought some toys, just to show myself that I was on shore again; then we ordered dinner at the best hotel, and, until it was ready, we strolled about the dirty narrow streets of the exquisitely situated town of Cowes. Everybody walked in the middle of the road, as the pavements were mere strips of stones. I don't think I ever saw so many pretty girls in groups going about apparently by themselves, and attired in the most wonderful but becoming costumes. To match these wandering mermaids were crowds of landsmen, all attired in blue yachting suits, but with a very perceptible *in-landish* air about them, in spite of their nautical turn-out. The young ladies looked in blooming health and beauty, I must say; but many of the summer sailors seemed dreadfully pale and bilious; they had evidently been too far out to sea that day!

Our good dinner put us in the best of humours; but still I thought H. rather inclined to dawdle. However, it turned out that he knew the ways of the place better than I did, and that there really was no hurry at all. When at last, in consequence of my fidgeting, we went on board the *Joy* again in the deepening twilight of nine o'clock of an August night, Miller announced, without being asked this time, "Slack water, sir; tide just a-going to turn against us; no wind, sir." I groaned, for I thought of my early start next day. We had taken some ten hours to get to Cowes; and what would become of me if we took ten to get back? But fortune so far favoured us that we made the return voyage in only eight hours. Long before it was of any use weighing anchor, we sat on deck looking at the mysterious outlines of the shore, and the glimmer of the yachts' lights thickly studding the harbour, and listening to the music of a band on board a man-of-war lying at anchor near. I was getting very cold and sleepy, when Miller said, coming aft, "I think we may have a try for home now, Captaining." So we got up our anchor, and literally *felt* our way out of the crowd of shipping. The breeze, which rose about midnight, was not actually behind

us, but still we managed to make a fair wind of it by tacking, and we held our way through the pitchy darkness. I never saw such a dark night. When we crept into our own little bay, H., as a precaution, sent a couple of men before us in the gig to find out where some very dangerous sunken rocks lay, for it was impossible to discover otherwise their lurking-place. The precaution was a wise one, for in a minute or two the men called out that they had found them, and that they were only a boat's length ahead of the course the *Joy* was steering. H. felt sure these rocks were nearer to us than Miller supposed, and I was very glad he insisted on having his own way. Fancy the ignominy of such old voyagers as he and I are, being wrecked on a dark summer's night, within a couple of hundred yards of our own house!

Silently and speedily as our landing was effected, the coast-guard's men were too quick for us. If sixpenny toys and wooden spades and pails had been contraband, we should have had no chance of a successful "run"

that dark night; for no sooner had the boat's keel touched the shingle than two stalwart guardians of her Majesty's Customs, armed to the teeth, appeared from behind the rocks, with a business-like challenge on their lips. I felt directly as if I must be doing something wrong, and thought H. quite foolhardy for answering them laughingly. Still more surprised did I feel at these officials' friendly manner and bearing; one of them actually carried my parasol and shawl up the steep cliff, whilst the other loaded himself with whatever H. would let him get hold of. Five o'clock had struck, and the early worms, at all events, must have been thinking of getting up, even if their murderers the early birds were still sleeping, by the time we reached Sea-View Lodge.

And so ended my only day's sail. To this hour I have never acknowledged how little we accomplished; but when any of my friends inquired why I disappeared so suddenly at the end of the season, I answered vaguely, "Oh, I have been yachting!"

A BLESSING.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "CHILD-WORLD."

A LITTLE child hath bless'd me;
 I wonder what it means!
 It seems a brighter blessing
 Than a bishop's or a queen's.
 In her snowy nightgown drest,
 Standing up to be carest,
 Softly lisping in my ear
 Pretty words, "God bless you, dear."

They fill my heart with wonder:
 Of God what can she know?
 She cannot tell the meaning
 Of the words that please me so.
 Like the church's silver bell
 Winning souls to heav'n from hell,
 Knowing not what glory lives
 In the message that it gives.

It is so sweet to hear her—
 Her rosy mouth to see
 Form the pretty syllables
 That give such joy to me.
 Like a little mocking bird,
 Deftly she repeats each word,
 But they sink into my breast,
 And I know that I am blest.

TOWN GEOLOGY.

V.—THE LIME IN THE MORTAR.

I SHALL presume in all my readers some slight knowledge about lime. I shall take for granted, for instance, that all are better informed than a certain party of Australian black fellows were a few years since.

In prowling on the track of a party of English settlers, to see what they could pick up, they came—oh, joy!—on a sack of flour, dropped and left behind in the bush at a certain creek. The poor savages had not had such a prospect of a good meal for many a day. With endless jabbering and dancing, the whole tribe gathered round the precious flour-bag with all the pannikins, gourds, and other hollow articles it could muster, each of course with a due quantity of water from the creek therein, and the chief began dealing out the flour by handfuls, beginning, of course, with the boldest warriors. But, horror of horrors, each man's porridge swelled before his eyes, grew hot, smoked, boiled over. They turned and fled, man, woman, and child, from before that supernatural prodigy; and the settlers coming back to look for the dropped sack, saw a sight which told the whole tale. For the poor creatures, in their terror, had thrown away their pans and calabashes, and each one filled with that which it was likely to contain, seeing that the sack itself had contained, not flour, but quick-lime. In memory of which comi-tragedy, that creek is called to this day, "Flour-bag Creek."

Now I take for granted that you are all more learned than these black fellows, and know quick-lime from flour. But still you are not bound to know what quick-lime is. Let me explain it to you.

Lime, properly speaking, is a metal, which goes among chemists by the name of calcium. But it is formed, as you all know, in the earth, not as a metal, but as a stone, as chalk or limestone, which is a carbonate of lime; that is, calcium combined with oxygen and carbonic acid gases.

In that state it will make, if it is crystalline and hard, excellent building stone. The finest white marbles, like those of Carrara in Italy, of which the most delicate statues are carved, is carbonate of lime altered and hardened by volcanic heat. But to make mortar of it, it must be softened and then brought into a state in which it can be hardened again; and ages since, some man or other, who deserves to rank as one of the great inventors,

one of the great benefactors of his race, discovered the art of making lime soft and hard again, in fact of making mortar. The discovery was probably very ancient; and made, probably like most of the old discoveries, in the East, spreading westward gradually. The earlier Greek buildings are cyclopean, that is, of stone fitted together without mortar. The earlier Egyptian buildings, though the stones are exquisitely squared and polished, are put together likewise without mortar. So, long ages after, were the earlier Roman buildings, and even some of the later. The famous aqueduct of the Pont du Gard, near Nîmes, in the south of France, has, if I recollect right, no mortar whatever in it. The stones of its noble double tier of circular arches have been dropped into their places upon the wooden centres, and stand unmoved to this day, simply by the jamming of their own weight; a miracle of art. But the fact is puzzling; for these Romans were the best mortar-makers of the world. We cannot, I believe, surpass them in the art even now; and in some of their old castles, the mortar is actually to this day harder and tougher than the stones which it holds together. And they had plenty of lime at hand if they had chosen to make mortar. The Pont du Gard crosses a limestone ravine, and is itself built of limestone. But I presume the cunning Romans would not trust mortar made from that coarse Nummulite limestone, filled with gritty sand, and preferred, with their usual carefulness, no mortar at all to bad.

But I must return, and tell my readers, in a few words, the chemical history of mortar. If limestone be burnt, or rather roasted in a kiln, the carbonic acid is given off—as you may discover by your own nose; as many a poor tramp has discovered too late, when, on a cold winter night, he has laid down by the side of the burning kiln to keep himself warm, and woke in the other world, stifled to death by the poisonous fumes.

The lime then gives off its carbonic acid, and also its water of crystallization, that is, water which it holds (as do many rocks) locked up in it unseen, and only to be discovered by chemical analysis. It is then anhydrous—that is, waterless—oxide of lime, what we call quick-lime; that which figured in the comi-tragedy of "Flour-bag Creek;" and then, as you may find if you get it under

your nails or into your eyes, will burn and blister like an acid.

This has to be turned again into a hard and tough artificial limestone, in plain words, into mortar; and the first step is to slack it—that is, to give it back the water which it has lost, and for which it is as it were thirsting. So it is slacked with water, which it drinks in, heating itself and the water till it steams and swells in bulk, because it takes the substance of the water into its own substance. Slacked lime, as we all know, is not visibly wetter than quicklime; it crumbles to a dry white powder in spite of all the water which it contains.

Then it must be made to set, that is, to return to limestone, to carbonate of lime, by drinking in the carbonic acid from water and air, which some sorts of lime will do instantly, setting at once, and being therefore used as cements. But the lime usually employed must be mixed with more or less sand to make it set hard; and how that sand makes it set, I do not know, and I cannot find man or book to tell me. Possibly the angular grains of sand may serve as points round which the lime paste can crystallise itself again, as it becomes carbonate of lime.

Be that as it may, the mortar paste has now to do two things; to dry, and to take up carbonic acid from the air and water, enough to harden it again into limestone, and that it will take some time in doing. A brick wall, I am informed, requires several years before it is set throughout, and has acquired its full hardness, or rather toughness; and good mortar, as is well known, will acquire extreme hardness with age, probably from the very same cause that it did when it was limestone in the earth. For, as a general rule, the more ancient the strata is in which the limestone is found, the harder the limestone is—except in cases where volcanic action and earthquake pressure have hardened limestone in more recent strata, as in the case of the white marbles of Carrara, in Italy, which are the limestones of the age of our Oolites, the freestone of Bath, &c., hardened by the heat of intruded volcanic rocks.

But now, what is the limestone? and how did it get where it is? Not into the mortar, I mean, but into the limestone quarry? Let me tell you, or rather, help you to tell yourselves, by leading you, as before, from the known to the unknown. Let me lead you to places unknown indeed to most; but there may be sailors or soldiers among my readers who know them far better than I do. Let me lead you, in fancy, to some island in the

Tropic seas. After all, I am not leading you as far away as you fancy by several thousand miles, as you will see, I trust, ere I have done.

Let me take you to some island: what shall it be like? Shall it be a high island, with cliff piled on cliff, and peak on peak, all rich with mighty forests, like a furred mantle of green retreat, mounting up and up till it is lost among white clouds above? Or shall it be a mere low reef, which you do not see till you are close upon it? on which nothing rises above the water, but here and there a knot of cocoa-nut palms or a block of stone, or a few bushes, all swarming with innumerable sea-fowl and their eggs? Let it be which you will, both are strange enough, both beautiful, both will tell us a story.

The ship will have to lie-to, and anchor if she can, it may be a mile, it may be only a few yards, from the land. For between it and the land will be a line of breakers, raging in before the warm trade-wind. And this, you will be told, marks the edge of the coral reef.

You will have to go ashore in a boat, over a sea which looks unfathomable, which may be a mile or more in depth, and search for an opening in the reef, through which the boat can pass without being knocked to pieces.

You find one: and in a moment, what a change! The deep has suddenly become shallow; the blue white, from the gleam of the white coral at the bottom. But the coral is not all white, only indeed a little of it; for as you look down through the clear water, you find that the coral is starred with innumerable live flowers, blue, crimson, grey, every conceivable hue; and that these are the coral polypes, each with its ring of arms thrust out of its cell, are building up their common habitations of lime. If you want to understand, by a rough but correct description, what a coral polype is, all who have been to the seaside know, or at least have heard of, sea-anemones. Now coral polypes are sea-anemones, which make each a shell of lime, growing with its growth. As for their shapes, the variety of them, the beauty of them, no tongue can describe them. If you want to see them, go to the Coral Rooms of the British or Liverpool Museums, and judge for yourselves. Only remember that you must re-clothe each of their exquisite forms with a coating of lime jelly, of some delicate hue, and put back into every one of the thousand cells its living flower; and into the beds, or rather banks, of the salt-water flower garden, the gaudiest of shell-less sea-anemones, such

as we have on our coasts, rooted in the cracks, and live shells and sea-slugs, as gaudy as they, rawling about, with fifty other forms of fantastic and exuberant life. You must not overlook, too, the fish, especially the parrot-fish, some of them of the gaudiest colours, who spend their lives in browsing on the live coral, with strong clipping and grinding teeth, just as a cow browses the grass, keeping the animal matter, and throwing away the lime in the form of an impalpable white mud, which fills up the interstices in the coral beds.

The bottom, just outside the reef, is covered with that mud, mixed with more lime-mud, which the surge wears off the reef; and if you have, as you should have, a dredge on board, and try a haul of that mud as you row home, you may find, but not always, animal forms rooted in it, which will delight the soul of a scientific man. One I hope would be some sort of Terebratula, or shell akin to it. You would think it a cockle, with forked beaks, you would be wrong. The animal which dwells in it has about the same relationship to a cockle as a dog has to a bird. It is a Brachiopod; a family with which the ancient seas once swarmed, but which is rare now, all over the world, having been supplanted and driven out of the seas by nearer and stronger forms of shelled animals. The nearest spot at which you are likely to dredge a live Brachiopod will be in the deep water of Loch Fyne, in Argyleshire, where the species still linger, fastened strangely enough to the smooth pebbles of a submerged glacier, found in the open air during the age of ice, but sunk now to a depth of eighty fathoms. The first time I saw these shells come up in the dredge out of the dark and motionless abyss, I could sympathise with those feelings of mingled delight and awe which, so my companion told me, the great professor Owen had in the same spot first beheld these lingering remnants of a primæval world.

The other might be (but I cannot promise you even a chance of dredging that, unless you were off the coast of Portugal, or the windward side of some of the West India Islands) a live Crinoid, an exquisite starfish, with long and branching arms, but rooted in the mud by a long stalk, and that stalk throwing out barren side branches, the whole a living plant of stone. You may see in museums specimens of this family, now so rare, all but extinct. And yet fifty or a hundred different forms of the same type swarmed in the ancient seas: whole masses

of limestone made up of little else but the fragments of such animals.

But we have not landed yet on the dry part of the reef. Let us make to it, taking care meanwhile that we do not get our feet cut by the coral, or stung as by nettles by the coral insects. We shall see that the dry land is made up entirely of coral, ground and broken by the waves, and hurled inland by the storm sometimes in huge boulders, mostly as fine mud; and that, under the influence of the sun and of the rain, which filters through it, charged with lime from the rotting coral, the whole is setting, as cement sets, into rock: and what is this? A long bank of stone standing up as a low cliff, ten or twelve feet above high-water mark. It is full of fragments of shell, of fragments of coral, of all sorts of animal remains, and the lower part of it is quite hard rock; moreover, it is bedded in regular layers, just such as you see in a quarry. But how did it get there? for it must have been formed at the sea-level, some of it, indeed, under the sea; for here are great masses of madrepora and limestone corals unshedded just as they grew. What lifted it up? Your companions, if you have any, who know the island, have no difficulty in telling you. It was borne up, they say, in the earthquake in such and such a year; and they will tell you, perhaps, that if you will go on shore, on the main island which rises inside the reef, you may see dead coral beds just like these, lying on the old rocks, and sloping up along the flanks of the mountains to several hundred feet above the sea. I have seen such many a time.

And so you find the coral being converted gradually into a limestone rock, either fine and homogeneous, composed of coral grown into pulp, or filled with corals and shells, or with angular fragments of older coral rock. Did you never see that last? No? Yes, you have a hundred times. You have but to look at the marbles commonly used about these islands, with angular fragments imbedded in the mass, and here and there a shell, and the whole cemented together by water, holding in solution carbonate of lime, and to see the very same phenomenon perpetuated to this day.

Thus, I think, we have got first from the known to the unknown; and from a tropic coral island back here to the limestone hills of these islands; and I did not speak at random when I said, that I was not leading you away as far as you fancied by several thousand miles.

Examine any average limestone quarry from Bristol to Berwick, and you will see

there all that I have been describing ; that is, all of it which is not soft animal matter, certain to decay. You will see the lime-mud hardened into rock beds ; you will see the shells embedded in it ; you will see the corals in every stage of destruction ; you will see whole layers made up of innumerable fragments of Crinoids—no wonder they are innumerable, for, it has been calculated, there are in a single animal of some of the species 140,000 joints, 140,000 bits of lime to fall apart when its soft parts decay. But was it not all there ? And why should it not have got there by the same process by which similar old coral beds get up the mountain sides in the West Indies and elsewhere, namely, by the upheaving force of earthquakes ? When you see similar effects, you have a right to presume similar causes. If you see a man fall off a house here, and break his neck, and some years after, in London or New York, or anywhere else, you find another man lying at the foot of another house, with his neck broken in the same way, is it not a very fair presumption that he has fallen off a house likewise ?

You may be wrong. He may have come to his end by a dozen other means ; but you must have proof of that. You will have a full right, in science and in common sense, to say that man fell off the house, till some one proves to you that he did not.

In fact, there is nothing which you see in the limestones of these isles—save and except the difference in every shell and coral—which you would not see in the coral beds of the West Indies, if such earthquakes as that famous one at St. Thomas's, in 1866, became common and periodic, upheaving the land (they needs upheave it a very little, only two hundred and fifty feet), till St. Thomas's and all the Virgin Isles, and the mighty mountain of Porto Rico, which looms up dim and purple to the west, were all joined into dry land once more, and the lonely coral-shoal of Anegada were raised, as it would be raised then, into a limestone table-land, like that of Central Ireland, of Galway, or of County Clare.

But you must clearly understand, that however much these coralline limestones have been upheaved since they were formed, yet the sea-bottom, while they were being formed, was sinking and not rising. This is a fact which was first pointed out by Mr. Darwin, in his observations made in the world-famous voyage of the *Beagle* ; and the observations of subsequent great naturalists have all gone to corroborate his theory.

It was supposed at first, you must understand, that when you found a coral island rising steeply to the surface of the sea out of blue water, perhaps a thousand fathoms or more, that that was plain proof that the little coral polypes had begun at the bottom of the sea, and, in the course of ages, built up the whole island out of that enormous depth.

But it soon came out that that theory was no correct ; for the coral polypes cannot live and build save in shallow water—say thirty to forty fathoms. Indeed, some of the strongest and largest species work best at the very surface and in the cut of the strongest surf. And so arose a puzzle as to how coral was formed at vast depths, and of vast thickness, which Mr. Darwin explained. His theory was, and there is no doubt now that it is correct, that in these cases the sea-bottom is sinking, so that as it sinks, carrying the coral beds down with it, the coral dies, and a fresh live crop of polypes builds on the top of the house of their dead ancestors ; and as the depression goes on, generation after generation build upwards, the living on the dead, keeping the upper surface of the reef at the same level while its base is sinking downward into the abyss.

And by applying this theory to the coral reef of the Pacific Ocean, the following interesting facts were made out :—

That where you have an island rising out of deep water, with a ring of coral round it, a little way from the shore,—or, as in Easter Australia, a coast with a fringing reef (the Flinders reef of Australia is eleven thousand miles long)—that is a pretty sure sign that that shore, or mountain, is sinking slowly beneath the sea. That where you have, as you often have in the Pacific, a mere atoll or circular reef of coral, with a shallow pool of smooth water in the centre, and deep sea round, that is a pretty sure sign that the mountain-top has sunk completely into the sea, and that the corals are going on building where its peak once was.

And more. By working out the geography of the South-Sea Islands by the light of this theory of Darwin's, the following extraordinary fact has been discovered :—

That over a great part of the Pacific Ocean sinking is going on, and has been going on for ages ; and that the greater number of the beautiful and precious South-Sea Islands are only the remnants of a vast continent and archipelago, which once stretched for thousands of miles between Australian and South America.

Now, applying the same theory to limestone beds, which are, as you know, only fossil coral reefs, we have a right to say, when we see in England, Scotland, Ireland, limestones several thousand feet thick, that while they were being laid down as coral reef, the sea-bottom, and probably the neighbouring land, must have been sinking to the amount of their thickness—to several thousand feet—before that later sinking which made several hundred feet of millstone grit to be laid down on the top of the limestone.

This millstone grit is a new and a very remarkable element in our strange story. From Derby to Northumberland it forms vast and lofty moors, capping, as at Whenside and Penygent, the highest limestone hills with its hard, rough, barren, and unfossiliferous strata. Everywhere, where it is found, it lies on the top of the mountain, or carboniferous limestone. Almost everywhere, where coal is found in England, it lies on the millstone grit. I speak roughly, for fear of confusing my readers with details. The three deposits pass more or less, in many places, into each other; but always in the order of mountain limestone below, millstone grit on it, and coal on that again.

Now what does its presence prove? What but this? That after the great coral reefs which spread over Somersetshire and South Wales, around the present estuary of the Severn,—and those, once perhaps joined to them, which spread from Derby to Perwick, with a western branch through North-east Wales,—were laid down—after all this, I say, some change took place in the sea bottom, and brought down on the reefs of coral sheets of sand, which killed the corals and buried them in grit. Does any reader wish for proof of this? Let him examine the “cherty,” or flinty, beds which so often appear where the bottom of the millstone grit is passing into the top of the mountain limestone—the beds, to give an instance,

which are now quarried on the top of the Halkin Mountain in Flintshire, for chert, which is sent to Staffordshire to be ground down for the manufacture of China—he will find layers of those beds, of several feet in thickness, as hard as flint, but as porous as sponge. And on examining their cavities he will find them to be simply hollow crusts of innumerable joints of Crinoids, so exquisitely preserved even to their most delicate markings that it is plain they were never washed about upon a beach, but have grown where, or nearly where, they lie. What then, has happened to them? They have been killed by the sand. The soft parts of the animals have decayed, letting the 140,000 joints (more or less) belonging to each animal fall into a heap, and be imbedded in the growing sand-rock; and then, it may be long years after, water filtering through the porous sand has removed the lime of which the joints were made, and left their perfect casts behind.

So much for the millstone grits. How long the deposition of sand went on, how long after it that second deposition of sands took place, which goes by the name of the “gannister,” or lower coal measure, we cannot tell. But it is clear at least that parts of that ancient sea were filling up and becoming dry land. For coal, or fossilized vegetable matter, becomes more and more common as we ascend in the series of beds; till at last in the upper coal measures the enormous wealth of vegetation growing, much of it, where it is now found, prove the existence of some such sheets of fertile and forest-clad lowland as I described in my last paper.

Thousands of feet of rich coral reef, thousands of feet of barren sands, then thousands of feet of rich alluvial forest,—and all these sliding into each other, if not in one place, then in another, without violent break or change. This is the story which the lime in the mortar and the coal on the fire—between the two—reveal.

C. KINGSLEY.



WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

III.

WE travelled all night from Tarragona to Valencia, a most fatiguing journey of eleven hours, in a train which rattled and shook beyond description, making sleep quite impossible. Day broke in time to show us the first vision of tall palms, with their feathery foliage rising black against one of Tennyson's "daffodil skies," which above, still deep blue, was filled with stars. A truly southern mob greeted our arrival, shrieking out the merits of the opposition hotels, and trying to appropriate us and our packages by force. Woe betide the traveller who on such occasions has not chosen his resting-place; but its

name had made us already decide upon the Fonda del Cid, which well deserves recommendation, and was, in fact, the first tolerably comfortable hotel we had met with in Spain. Opposite the windows rises the tall semi-Moorish tower of the Miguelete, built by Juan Franck, 1381—1418, which, with the magnificent gate called Puerta de Serranos (1349), and the Gothic Lonja, or town-hall (1482), are almost the only mediæval buildings of importance which remain in Valencia, where, unlike other Spanish towns, a perfect warfare against the antiquities has been carried on for some years past, the ajimez



Valencia.

windows having been almost all modernised, and the whole of the grand old walls having been pulled down after the king's visit in 1871, "in order to give employment to the poor" (!), though the condition of the streets is disgraceful, and the roads are left in such a state of neglect as to be utterly impassable; the principal one, leading to El Grao, the port of Valencia, being like a ploughed field, with the furrows a yard deep. For some unaccountable reason the avenue of fine old trees which lined this road, was demolished at the same time as the walls. The most interesting historical fragment in the town was pulled down by its idiotic authorities in 1865, and its site is now only marked by an inscription on a wall. This was the tower Albufat, upon which the cross was first hoisted when the Cid took Valencia from

the Moors, after a twenty years' siege, in 1094, with the famous gate adjoining, the Puerta del Cid, by which he entered the town. From hence, in the moment of triumph, he sent back a command that the enemy should be permitted to bury their dead, and when the Moorish chieftain, touched by the unexpected clemency, sent two beautiful slaves for his acceptance, replied that to him, for whom the welcome of his own Ximena was waiting, no other charms could offer any attraction. Here, his first act was to take Ximena with her daughters, Sol and Elvira, to the top of the tower, and bid them look down upon the glories of the Huerta, the garden of Spain, which his perseverance at length had conquered. Here, in 1099, he lay upon his death-bed, surrounded by all his beloved ones, even his famous war-steed,

Babieca, being brought into the chamber, and "standing there like a lamb" to gaze upon his dying master. From this gate also once more the Cid rode forth upon Babieca, upright in death, his corpse arrayed in full armour, with the face uncovered and his white beard falling down over his breastplate, supported by Gil Diaz and the Bishop Geronimo, and followed by the faithful Ximena and his warriors; a sight so awful that the Moors—who, regaining courage at the news of his death, had again encamped against the town—fled in terror, leaving the strange funeral procession to carry out the chieftain's last wish that he should be laid in S. Pedro de Cordona, and abandoning so great a booty to the Christians that, in the words of the old ballad, the Cid, even after death, won such riches

from the heathen that "the poorest became rich."

No breath from these heroic days now blows upon Valencia, which is a very concentration of dulness, stagnation, and ugliness; its cathedral, chiefly Corinthian, is poor and featureless; none of the churches are fine; the dusty gardens of Alameda and Glorieta are ill-kept and rubbishy, and the handsome bridges, even in January, cross only a dry bed, without the smallest streamlet of water. In the market many picturesque costumes, however, may be seen and admired; swarthy labourers of the Huerta, with sandals, linen drawers, velvet jackets, flowing mantas of scarlet and blue, and their heads bound tight with a gaily-covered handkerchief, knotted behind, with the ends hanging down; women of the



Castle of Sagunto.

lower classes, in bright handkerchiefs also over their black hair, and of the upper classes, invariably in the mantilla, which is so much the rule here, that English ladies who do not wear them are followed, much as an Indian in feathers would be in Regent Street, and those of our party who went to see Ribera's pictures at the Colegio Patriarca, were forcibly ejected from the church for venturing to enter in bonnets.

We stayed till Friday afternoon, in order to be present at the morning ceremonies of that day in the chapel of Corpus Christi in this college. At ten A.M. the congregation in black take their places near the high-altar, which on ordinary occasions is surmounted by a Last Supper of Ribera; around this many tapers are burning, but the rest of the naturally gloomy church is darkened.

In front of the altar the priests kneel in silence, while the penitential psalms are sung by a hidden choir. Then, as the *Miserere* swells in thrilling notes through the gloom, the picture over the altar descends by an invisible machinery, and violet curtains are seen within. Gradually, as the chant proceeds, one veil after another is withdrawn; lilac, grey, black, till, when the imagination is fully roused, appears, deeply recessed and dimly seen by a quickening torch-light, the figure of the dying Saviour upon the Cross, only the bent head fully lighted up into a vividness of reality; the rest of the figure rather expressed than seen. The whole service is most impressive and touching, and can scarcely be witnessed without emotion. The last veil is only drawn for a few minutes, and as it is closed again, and

the people rise from their knees, the joyful notes of the organ, accompanied by a chorus of voices, tell of the Resurrection and a new life.

The painters of Valencia form a separate school of their own, and are largely represented in their native town. The most remarkable were Juanes (1523—1597), who answers in Spain to Raphael; Francisco di Ribalta (1551—1628), who is compared with Domenichino; Josef Ribera or Spagnuolo (1588—1666); Espinoza (1600—1680); and Orrente (1560—1644), who is chiefly remarkable as a painter of cattle. The confiscated convent of El Carmen is now the Museo, and contains, amid a vast amount of trash, some pictures of Ribera and Ribalta, powerful, but chiefly of the black-agony school, excruciating representations of ecstasies, St. Francis, Santa Teresa, &c. • One specimen of Ribalta, however, rises far above the rest, "The Nailing to the Cross," in which the Saviour, seated upon the slightly-inclined cross, on which He is being fastened, looks up to heaven in rapt contemplation, while one of the thieves, standing near, with his hands bound, watches with intense interest the preparations of the cross to which He is to be fixed. In striking contrast to these subjects, dark both in conception and execution, are some lovely works of Juanes, especially the Saviour instituting the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is quite sublime in its touching solemnity of expression, and the picture called "La Purissima," painted, after long fasting and prayer, to represent the Virgin as she was described by the Jesuit, Martin de Alvaro, as having appeared to him in a vision. Still more beautiful works of Juanes may be seen over two altars in the Church of St. Nicolas, which contains a perfect gallery of this flower of Spanish painters, its masterpiece being a *Cenacolo* of matchless beauty. Our Saviour is standing in awful beauty and solemnity, and is about to administer the sacramental wafer, which He raises in one hand, while the other rests upon the beloved St. John, who bends beneath Him in ecstatic adoration; the other disciples lean breathlessly forward; in the foreground is the dark figure of Judas with his money-bag.

All around Valencia lies the Huerta, the most fertile district in Europe, and in the highest state of cultivation. Here lucerne is mown fifteen times in one year, and the rest of the crops are in proportion. Peas (January 20) were already in pod, and other vegetable in perfection. But the miasma from the stagnant waters—the whole course

of the river being diverted for purposes of artificial irrigation—is unwholesome, and, combined with the frequent sirocco, fresh from African deserts, renders the climate very depressing. We delighted to escape for one day by the railway to the more exhilarating air of Saguntum,—the old, well-known Roman name being that marked on our railway tickets, though the place is generally known in modern times as Murviedro. It is a wild and interesting place, a huge rock crowned with the remains of a Moorish castle, and clothed with prickly pear, and, on one of its sides, grand remains of a Roman theatre. While we were drawing, the simple, hospitable people crowded round us, full of eager questions as to England and other places of which they knew nothing, and peeled for us the delicious, juicy cactus fruit. "Saguntum," they said, "was, next to Rome, the most important place in the world, and their Parroquia ranked only next to St. Peter's, on which account it had been decided that if the Holy Father should leave Rome, Saguntum was to be his residence. The Moors, who lived before the Romans, were the founders of Saguntum, and the ruined theatre was their Plaza de Toros."

We broke the long land journey to Alicante by sleeping at Jativa, which is just beyond the bounds of a lovely garden about ten miles' ride, which separates the Huerta from the stony deserts of inland Spain. Here the boughs of the orange-trees swept the carriage windows as we passed, and the vibrations of the train shook off showers of the over-ripe golden fruit. Groves of palms, often gathered around solitary, desolate *cartejas*, bent and nestled in the breeze. Jativa itself is full of fountains—a perfect city of clear rushing water—and its light little Alameda is fragrant with fruit and flowers. Behind the town, the mountain-side is full of hermitages and chapels, lined amid groves of old garrobo-trees and thickets of prickly pear. Altogether, it is a place one would like to linger in; but the extreme wretchedness of the inn drove us across the dismal plains, seven hours, to Alicante, where there is an excellent hotel, one of the best in Spain.

This is, however, the best thing about the place—this and the climate—for Alicante is one of the driest places in the world. Not a particle of vegetation is to be seen, except the palm-trees on its Alameda. Everything has an Eastern look. The flat-roofed houses, the roads, the tanny, desolate plains which stretch around for miles and miles, are alike dust-coloured. The huge castle-crowned

mass which overhangs the town and port is scarcely a rock, it is rather an immense dust-heap. Yet, even here, sunshine and shadow can work their ever-changing miracles, and can send great purple shadows across the mountains, which change their drab steeps, as by an enchanter's wand, into sapphires and amethysts. A small English colony exists at Alicante, with a consul, a chaplain, and a pleasant, hospitable little society. They told us that if we stayed long, we should learn to delight in the place, and even to think it beautiful; but to us it appeared so miserably abject and squalid, we could not believe it possible.

The drive from Alicante to Elche was our first experience of a Spanish diligence. We thought its discomforts greatly exaggerated, as the speed is far greater in proportion than that of the railway, without the trial to one's patience of perpetual unnecessary pottering at the small stations, which occur every five minutes. On the outside, the fresh air blowing over the vast plains was delightful, and the old Aragonese coachman in his quaintly decorated velveteen suit, with a large sombrero, vied in civilities with the Valencian *mayoral*. "To the right; to the left; go on, you creatures; Ave Maria Purisima, more to the left, you first one; go along with God, you outsider;" thus they talk to their horses, in a loud, stormy voice. There is very little guidance used, literally no driving at all; the horses hear and obey, or if the leader takes advantage of his distance, far beyond the reach of whip, to become wilful, stones are thrown at his tail, from a little hillock prepared all ready on the coach-box,—the object of which, on setting out, had greatly puzzled us.

After two hours' drive, a serrated line of palms rose upon the horizon, and soon we entered their forests. Far in the air, sometimes sixty feet high, rose the beautiful fans, with their enormous pendent bunches of dates, the golden fruit hanging from stems of so gorgeous an orange, that no mere description of colour can give the faintest idea of their effect when they are lighted up by the sun, and backed by a deep blue sky, as we first saw them. Their variety also is most beautiful: some of the older trees growing perfectly straight, others bending in the most picturesque attitudes, some buttressed up with little stone walls, and beside them younger palms rising in full youthful vigour, tens upon tens of thousands, for miles around.

Only the female trees bear fruit, and this only when they are impregnated with dust from the males, which is consequently done artificially. The male palms are often tied

up and blanched to be cut for the Palma-Sunday festivals, and they are also sold to be stuck up in balconies as a protection against lightning, being considered quite as efficacious, and being certainly much cheaper, than an iron conductor. £2,000 worth are sold annually in Elche for this purpose, and £14,000 worth of dates. The latter were being gathered during our visit (January) by the eleven little *hortelanos* who climb the branchless trunks like cats, a rope being passed round it and their waists, upon which they rest their whole weight in a horizontal position, lowering their baskets when filled, and raising them again by a pulley. The defective palm-leaves are sent to the manufactories and used as cigarettes. By the roadside, before every cottage-door, are quantities of dates in baskets, no one watching them; any passer-by can eat as many as he likes, fill his pockets, and leave his halfpenny in payment. It is generally left, for where Spaniards are trusted they scarcely ever abuse a trust. When we walked in the groves the hospitable peasants were only too anxious to load us with branches of the best fruit, and would accept no payment at all.

We spent three days in Elche, which, though the Roman *Illica*, is completely Moorish in character. There is a humble but decent *posada*. Ever-increasing was our delight in the enchanting walks; sometimes through the thick groves of magnificent date-palms, where all is richness and splendour of colour; sometimes in the deep brown ravine of the dried-up Vinalapo, which reminded us of the Valley of Jehoshaphat,—Elche, entirely Moorish, rising above like Jerusalem, with its flat-roofed houses, old walls, and crowning mosque; sometimes by the banks of little streams bordered with prickly pear and pomegranates; and sometimes out upon the desolate gravelly plain beyond all these, which assumes a wonderful colour towards sunset, and where the extreme clearness of the air makes the most distant objects, even to the violet mountains on the horizon, appear supernaturally distinct.

It is across a mere track in this plain that you set forth in the Murcia diligence, a track so ill-defined, so broken by large stones and even rocks, that an overturn seems inevitable every minute. Sometimes you reach the brink of an abandoned stone-quarry; further progress seems impossible, but the *mayoral* shouts and cracks his whip, down go the leaders by the merest semblance of a road, the lumbering diligence tumbles after, and at the bottom the horses just shake

themselves and scramble on again not a bit the worse. But the road improves as it reaches Orihuela, an old cathedral city, where all the handsome girls were walking about with fresh roses stuck jauntily behind their ears, and where the country is so excessively fertile that an old proverb says, whether it rains or not, corn will grow in Orihuela—"Llueva or no llueva, trigo in Orihuela." Merrily, with jangling bells, we drove on through the starlight to Murcia, a pleasant place with an interesting Gothic cathedral, and one of the most especially Moorish places in Spain, said, from the stagnation of its long existence, to be the only place Adam would recognise if he returned to earth.

In Murcia we take leave of the eastern coast (for Carthage is not worth visiting), with much gratitude for the enjoyment it has afforded us: No one who has not seen it can imagine the changes of scene it offers, the pictures it enables one to store up in one's mental gallery. The climate is delicious, not the burning sun by day with the cold frosty nights of a Roman winter, which send you to shiver in the evenings over a hopeless wood fire, but the clear equable bracing warmth of a fine early English September. Since the New Year to the present date (Feb. 2), we have had no rain. But what has most surprised us has been the exceeding facility of travelling and the charm of the treatment we have met with. We have quite laid aside now all thought of the mistrust which is a necessary habit in Italy. The fixed prices of the different hotels, which include board as well as lodging, prevent all trouble and preclude all notion of bargaining; and, whether in a first-rate fonda or a humble posada, you are received and treated, not as mere customers, but like honoured and welcome

guests at a country-house; and, being so treated, you learn to behave as such. The master of the house is your friend, who considers himself as your equal, and invariably expects to be shaken hands with on taking leave; the waiters and chamber-men (there are no female servants in Spanish hotels) are also your friends, but at a more respectful distance. Cheating and extortion seem incompatible with the Spanish character. Even the poorest peasant who has shown us our way, and who has walked a considerable distance to do so, has invariably refused to receive anything for his services; yet all are most willing and anxious to help strangers. The same liberal spirit seems to breathe through everything, and was equally shown at our little posada at Elche—equivalent to a small English public-house—where a number of maimed, blind, and halt collected daily to receive the broken viands from the table-d'hôte, which the mistress distributed to them, and in the delicate blacksmith's wife opposite, who keeps two lamps burning nightly at her own expense, before the little shrine of "Our Lady of the Unprotected" in her balcony. The temporal works of mercy—to give bread to the hungry and drink to the thirsty, to take care of the sick, to visit the captives, and to bury the dead, these are the common duties which none shrink from.

As I write, a handsome dark-eyed brown boy in rags, who looks as if he had stepped out of one of Murillo's pictures, is leaning against the opposite wall in the moonlight watching a shrine of the Virgin. It is a picture typical of Spain, ruined and superstitious, but still most beautiful—and so is the cry of the watchman which is ringing through the silent air, "Ave Maria Santissima, it is a quarter to twelve o'clock."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

THE MOUNTAIN WELL.

HERE, on the sultry mountain's face,
 Although the heat broods bright around,
 The runlet, in a mossy place,
 Drips, drop by drop, without a sound,
 Into a basin cool yet bright,
 Crag-shaded from the golden light.

All is as still as sleep; on high
 The clouds float soft and white as wool;
 Fern-fringed crags and boulders lie
 Sun-parch'd around the dewy pool;
 Beneath, the mountain pathway twines,
 Above, peaks rise and sunlight shines.

How still it is ! nought moves or stirs.
Afar below, the lake of blue,
With purple islands dark with firs,
Gleams smooth as glass and dim as dew :
And mountain, isle, and woodland rest
Within the mirror of its breast.

All motionless on yonder stone
The white grouse crouches in the light ;
On high among the crags, alone,
The eagle sheathes his piercing sight,
Clasping the peak amid the heat,
His shadow black'ning at his feet.

No living thing that flies or creeps
Comes near the well this noontide hour ;
The sunlight scorches crags and steeps,
The heather shrinks its purple flower ;
The wild brook glisters in its bed,
Silent and faded to a thread.

But when the sun is in the west,
And sheds soft crimson o'er the place,
The gray-hen creeping from her nest,
Leaving her dull brown eggs a space,
Comes hither, pausing on the brink
With quick sharp eyes, and stoops to drink.

Or from the stones the founmart slim
Doth hither steal at eve, to cool
His bloody mouth ; or on the brim
The blue hare shadow'd in the pool
Sits up erect, or thro' the rocks
Springs, at the coming of the fox.

How many a strange and gentle thing
Hath seen its face reflected here !
How oft at gloaming hath the spring
Mirror'd the moist eyes of the deer,
While glen and corry, peak and height,
Were redd'ning in the rosy light !

Here stain'd with blood and foaming lept,
The stag of ten hath paused for breath,
His blood in the sad pool hath drept
Dark drop by drop, before his death,
While he has watched, with looks of woe,
The hunter toiling from below.

How sweet it lies ! how dark and cool !
Still shaded by the crag on high,
A tiny place, a shallow pool,
Yet with its own dark depth of sky—
Renewed for ever with no will
By the soft trickling of the hill.

All thro' the dim and dewy night
 It gathers coolness drop by drop,
 While in the moon the crags gleam white,
 And on the silent mountain top
 The evening star of liquid dew
 Gleams like a diamond in the blue.

A never-empty hand, a dim
 Dark eye for dews of love to fill,
 A constant cup full to the brim,
 Art thou, O fount upon the hill.
 I stoop and kiss thy lips; and so,
 Refresh'd, I bless thee as I go.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

By A. P. STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

[From a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on Sunday Evening, April 7th, on the text, "Peace be unto you."]

THERE is a name which was given in the old Pagan religion of ancient Rome to its chief ministers,—the name of *Pontiff*; and from them the name has descended to the chief ministers of the Christian religion in modern Rome. The name, as it was first applied, meant *the makers of bridges*. Why it was so used, in the first instance, we now hardly know. They were, perhaps, specially employed in constructing those mighty instruments of earthly peace and civilisation,—the great roads and bridges by which those old Romans tamed and subdued the world. But in a moral and spiritual sense we ought all to be *makers of bridges* still,—Pontiff or no Pontiff, minister or no minister, every Christian who walks in his Master's steps, but especially those who are Pontiffs, those who do hold a high place in the Christian hierarchy, and most of all those who by their noble spiritual gifts have the power to reconcile and bring together their fellow-men.

Churches need not be united in order to be at peace. Men need not be alike in order to be at peace. Not as the world giveth, not as outward appearance giveth, is the peace which Christ gives to us. It was the saying of a great monarch of France, looking out on the neighbouring country of Spain, "There are no more Pyrenees." The power of the human will, the vaulting ambition of one man, was—so he thought—sufficient to remove even this greatest of natural boundaries. But so, even literally, it may be said that Faith and Charity have power to remove mountains. Mountains of difficulty, mountains of misunderstanding, may vanish before the power of knowledge, before the depth of philosophical analysis, before the courage which despises

difficulties, before the insight which sees into a heart of stone. In those same Pyrenean mountains there is a huge cleft called the Breach of Roland, because it was believed to be hewn out by the magic sword of that renowned paladin on his passage to the field of Roncesvalles. Such a Breach of Roland, such a cleft through the hardest granite barriers that have ever parted the families of mankind asunder, has been ere now cut through by the magic sword of the paladins of true philosophy, of true theology, of the true Christian discernment of the spirits of men.

* * * * *
 'Such an example of the gift of peace in all its senses has been shewn forth in a revered and saintly teacher, who on the early dawn of Easter Monday was removed from this world of strife to the peace which shall never be broken. Many in this church may have seen—many others, high and low, may have heard of—the lifelong labours in behalf of Christian truth and Christian love, which have endeared to thousands of his countrymen the name of Frederick Maurice. In one sense it was a life not of peace, but of constant warfare—of war against all that was mean and base and false—whenever and wherever he saw, or thought he saw, any one wronged or oppressed, always in the foremost rank; the champion of the fallen cause, of the forgotten truth, of the things which being eternal are not seen, because they are hid behind the things which being seen are temporal. It was a life, too, not of peaceful ease, but of incessant, unwearied toil, a bush ever burning; and, as it burned, consumed with its own inextinguishable zeal for God's house and God's honour, devouring as a burning

flame the mind and the body that enclosed it; bearing every one's burden and relieving every one's grief; suffering with the sufferings of the poor and afflicted; struggling with the struggles of the inquiring soul. Who was weak and he was not weak? Who was offended and he burned not? It was a life, too, not withdrawn from earthly concerns, not wrapt up in abstruse contemplation. He lived in the very thick of the stirring influences of our time. He, if any one, was an English citizen, even more than he was an English churchman. He, whilst clinging passionately, devotedly, to the ages of the past, yet was, if any one, full of all the thoughts and events of our own momentous century. Not a wave of speculation in Europe, not a public event of joy or sorrow in England, but called forth a sympathetic or indignant cry from that travelling soul. None of our time have in this respect so visibly been as the ancient prophets, reflecting all the movements of the age, yet themselves not led captive by them.

For this was the contrast which makes his life so deeply instructive. In the midst of all this, he was in all those senses in which we have spoken of peace, the most peaceful, the most pacific, the most peace-making of men.

Peace in himself; for, amidst the strife of tongues and the war of parties, he remained self-poised, independent, in a world above this world, in a land that was very far away, with utterances sometimes obscure, sometimes flashing with lightning splendour, yet always speaking from his own heart and conscience that which there he had truly found.

Peace for others; for he was ever striving to make himself heard and felt across the boundaries which part us asunder, a fountain of fire which irradiated even where it did not penetrate, a trumpet that awaked even where it did not convince, a music that soothed even where it was not understood. In any sacred word, whether of the Bible or of the Church, in all the great words of human speech, he laboured, perhaps too eagerly, to discern—not its commonplace, earthly, party meaning, but its heavenly ideal, catholic significance. He has been, in the high sense in which I used the word, a true Pontiff of the English Church, a true paladin in the English State. He has built bridges that will not easily be broken across the widest chasms that separate class from class, and mind from mind. He has, with a more piercing sword than Roland's Durandel, made a breach in the mountain-wall of prejudice and ignorance that will never be entirely closed.

Peace in God.—In that voice trembling

with emotion each time he said the Lord's Prayer or the Apostles' Creed, as though he was reading them always for the first time, as though they came to him fresh with their original freshness, yet laden with all the meaning of ages; in those eyes bright with faith in the eternal goodness and justice of God; in that mighty mouth, fixed in defiance against all falsehood, in which the heart seemed to speak, as with lips of its own, the very message which he was sent into the world to deliver,—the veriest stranger could see the "Peace not as the world giveth," but as He giveth who is the giver of all that is good in every prayer, in every creed, in every truth human or divine. By that prophetic countenance, by that inspiring voice, by that ennobling presence, the youthful listener felt that a mind higher than his own was feeling for him; the old man perceived that from the generations that were to come there was as much to be learnt as from the generations that were passed and gone; the student saw the unity of theology and of philosophy, of time and of eternity; the poor man felt that there was one who was filled even to overflowing with the sense of the brotherhood, the community of all men. The secret of all this (if we may venture to divine) was that of a trust absolute, unbroken, yet with a perfect understanding of what he believed, in the greatness and goodness of God and of God's dealings with the whole race of mankind. The religions of the world were all to him manifestations, more or less imperfect, of the religion of Jesus Christ. The various developments of the Christian Church were all to him various provinces of the Kingdom of Christ. The threefold name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, was not to him a dark insoluble mystery, but a glorious revelation of the depths of the moral being of God. Believing in the truth of this revelation as positively as the strictest Pharisee or fanatic of any Jewish or Christian sect, he could afford to be as reverent as he was free, as fearlessly bold as he was perfectly humble; he was not, he could not be, afraid of any evil tidings, of any inquiry, of any research, for his heart stood fast, and believed in the eternal God.

Such was the vision of Peace which he presented to the world whilst he lived; and his reward even on earth has been that when his end came, the strife that had been provoked by the long warfare of life, the earthly passions which had cast out his name whilst he was amongst us, were hushed into respectful silence when he was taken from us.

And amongst those who gathered round his grave or who honoured his memory were many who met but there, and who there met in the Peace of God. For he, in whom the ancient faith in Jesus Christ and His Gospel could enkindle such a bright and shining light, had given the best proof that the truth of that Gospel can make us free, that where the Spirit of Christ is, there is liberty.

And from himself there came in those last

hours the most touching, the most impressive, because the most characteristic, of all the utterances that could have fallen from his lips. On that early Easter morning, when the end drew near, out of the extremity of bodily weakness, out of the darkness of death, he gathered himself up and pronounced calmly, distinctly, and with the slight variation which was necessary to include himself as well as others within its range, the solemn



[From a Photograph by Elliot and Fry.]

benediction with which the Church of England at the close of its most solemn service gives its peace not as the world giveth,—the benediction which had been endeared to him through the long years of his faithful ministrations, every word of which was to him instinct with a peculiar life of its own, a peculiar reflex of his own profoundest feelings. With that benediction let me venture to conclude, in the humble hope

that something of his spirit may breathe upon us through this his last legacy—his last message to English Christendom. "The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst us and remain with us always."

AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIV.



R. BURTON was a man who was accustomed in his own house to have, in a great degree, his own way; but this was not because his wife was disinclined to hold, or incapable of forming an opinion of her own. On the contrary, it was because he was rather afraid of her

than otherwise, and thought twice before he promulgated any sentiments or started any plan which was likely to be in opposition to hers. But he had neither consulted her, nor, indeed, thought much of what she would say in the sudden proposal he had made to the Haldanes. He was not a hasty man; but Dr. Maurice's indignation had made an impression upon him, and he had felt all at once that in going to the Haldanes and to Helen, he must not, if he would preserve his own character, go with merely empty sympathy, but must show practically his pity for them. It was perhaps the only time in his life that he had acted upon a hasty idea without taking time to consider; and a chill doubt, as to what Clara would say, was in his mind as he turned his face homewards. Dura was about twenty miles from town, in the heart of one of the leafiest of English counties; the station was a mile and a half from the great house, half of which distance, however, was avenue; and Mr. Burton's phaeton, with the two greys—horses which matched to a hair, and were not equalled in the stables of any potentate in the county—was waiting for him when the train arrived. He liked to live home in this glorious way, rousing the village folks and acting as a timepiece for them, just as he liked the great dinner-bell, which the old Harcourts sounded only on great occasions, to be rung every day, letting

the whole neighbourhood know that their local lord, their superior, the master of the great house, was going to dinner. He liked the thought that his return was an event in the place almost justifying the erection of a standard, as it was erected in a royal castle not very far off, when the sovereign went and came. Our rich man had not gone so far as yet, but he would have liked it, and felt it natural. The village of Dura was like a collection of beads threaded on the long white thread of road which ran from the station to the house—and occupied the greater part of the space, with single houses straggling at either end, and a cluster in the middle. The straggling houses at the end next the station were white villas, built for people whose business was in town, and who came home to dinner by the same train which brought Mr. Burton, though their arrival was less imposing; but where the clump of dwelling-places thickened, the houses toned down into old-fashioned deeply-lichened brick, with here and there a thatched roof to deepen, or a whitewashed gable to relieve, the composition. At the end nearest the great house the village made a respectful pause, and turned off along a slanting path, which showed the tower of the church behind over the trees. The rectory, however, a pretty house buried in shrubberies, fronted the high road with modest confidence; and opposite it was another dwelling-place, in front of which Mr. Burton drew up his horses for a moment, inspecting it with a careful and anxious eye. His heart beat a little quicker as he looked. His own gate was in sight, and these were the very grounds of Dura House, into which the large walled garden of this one intruded like a square wedge. In front there were no shrubberies, no garden, nothing to divide it from the road. A double row of pollard limes—one on the edge, of the footpath, one close to the house—indicated and shaded, but did not separate it from the common way. The second row of limes was level with the fence of the Dura grounds, and one row of white flagstones lay between them and the two white steps, the green door, and shining brass knocker of the Gatehouse. It was a house which had been built in the reign of the first George, of red brick, with a great many windows, three-storied, and crowned by a pediment, with that curious mixture of the useful and (supposed) ornamental, which

by this time has come to look almost picturesque by reason of age. It had been built for the mother of one of the old Harcourts, a good woman who had been born the Rector's daughter of the place, and loved it and its vicinity, and the sight of its comings and goings. This was the origin of the Gatehouse; but since the days of Mrs. Dunstable Harcourt it had rarely been inhabited by any of the family, and had been a trouble more than an advantage to them. It was too near the hall to be inhabited by strangers, and people do not always like to establish their own poor relations and dependents at their very gates. As the Harcourts dwindled and money became important to them, they let it at a small rate to a maiden household, two or three old ladies of limited means, and blood as blue as their own. And when Dura ceased, except on county maps, to be Harcourt-Dura, and passed into the hands of the rich merchant, he, too, found the Gatehouse a nuisance. There had been talk of pulling it down, but that would have been waste; and there had been attempts made to let it to "a suitable tenant," but no suitable tenant had been found. Genteel old ladies of blue blood had not found the vicinity of the Burtons a comfort to them as they did that of the Harcourts. And there it stood empty, echoing, void, a place where the homeless might be sheltered. Did Mr. Burton's heart glow with benevolent warmth as he paused, drawing up his greys, and looked at it, with all its windows twinkling in the sun? To one of these windows a woman came forward at the sound of his pause, and, putting her face close to the small pane, looked out at him wondering. He gave her a nod, and sighed; and then flourished his whip, and the greys flew on. In another moment they had turned into the avenue and went dashing up the gentle ascent. It was a pretty avenue, though the trees were not so old as most of the Dura trees. The sunset gleamed through it, slanting down under the lowest branches, scattering the brown mossy undergrowth with lumps of gold. A little pleasant tricky wind shook the branches and dashed little mimic showers of rain in the master's face: for it had been raining in the afternoon, and the air was fresh and full of a hundred nameless odours; but Mr. Burton gave forth another big sigh before he reached the house. He was a little afraid of what his wife would say, and he was afraid of what he had done.

He did not say anything about it, however, till dinner was over. The most propitious moment seemed that gentle hour of dessert,

when the inner man is strengthened and comforted, and there is time to dally over the poetic part of the meal—not that either of the Burtons were poetical. They were alone, not even the children being with them, for Mrs. Burton disapproved of children coming to dessert; but all the same, she was beautifully dressed; he liked it, and so did she. She made very little difference in this particular between her most imposing dinner parties and those evenings which she spent *à tête à tête* with her husband. When her aunts, who had old-fashioned ideas about extravagance, remonstrated with her, she defended herself, saying she could afford it, and he liked to see her well dressed. Mr. Burton hated to have any scrap of capital unemployed; and the only interest you could get from your jewels was the pleasure of wearing them, and seeing them worn, he said. So Mrs. Burton dined with her husband in a costume which a French lady of fashion would have considered appropriate to a ball or royal reception, with naked shoulders and arms, and lace and ornaments. Madame la Duchesse might have thought it much too fine, but Mrs. Burton did not. She was a pale little woman, small and thin, but not without beauty. Her hair was not very abundant, but it was exquisitely smooth and neat. Her uncovered shoulders were white, and her arms round and well-formed; and she had clear blue eyes, so much brighter than anybody expected, that they took the world by surprise: they were cold in their expression, but they were full of intelligence, and a hundred times more vivid and striking than anything else about her, so that everybody observed and admired Mrs. Burton's eyes.

"What has been going on to-day? What have you been doing?" she asked, when the servants went away. The question sounded affectionate, and showed at least that there was confidence between the husband and wife.

"Very much as usual," Mr. Burton said, with colloquial ease; and then he stopped and cleared his throat. "But for my own part I have done something rather foolish," he said, with an almost imperceptible tremor in his voice.

"Indeed?" She gave a quick glance up at him; but she was not excited, and went on calmly eating her strawberries. He was not the kind of man of whose foolish actions a wife is afraid.

"I have been to see the Haldanes to-day," he said, once more clearing his throat; "and I have been to Helen Drummond's, but did

not see her. The one, of course, I did out of regard for your father; the other—I was so distressed by the sight of that poor fellow in his helplessness, that I acted on impulse, Clara. I know it's a foolish thing to do. I said to myself, here are two families cast out of house and home, and there is the Gatehouse——”

“The Gatehouse!”

“Yes, I was afraid you would be startled; but reflect a moment: it is of no use to us. We have got nobody to occupy it. You know, indeed, how alarmed you were when your aunt Louisa took a fancy to it; and I have tried for a tenant in vain. Then, on the other hand, one cannot but be sorry for these poor people. Helen is my cousin; she has no nearer friend than I am. And your father is so much interested in the Haldanes——”

“I don't quite understand,” said Mrs. Burton, with undisturbed composure; “my father's interest in the Haldanes has nothing to do with the Gatehouse. Are they to live there?”

“That was what I thought,” said her husband, “but not, of course, if you have any serious dislike to it—not if you decidedly object——”

“Why should I decidedly object?” she said. “I should if you were bringing them to live with me; but otherwise—— It is not at all suitable—they will not be happy there. It will be a great nuisance to us. As it is, strangers rather admire it—it looks old-fashioned and pleasant; but if they made a squalid place of it, dirty windows, and cooking all over the house——”

“So far as *my* cousin is concerned, you could have nothing of that kind to fear,” said Mr. Burton, ceasing to be apologetic. He put a slight emphasis on the word *my*; perhaps upon this point he would not have been sorry to provoke his wife, but Clara Burton would not gratify her husband by any show of jealousy. She was not jealous, she was thinking solely of appearances, and of the possible decadence of the Gatehouse.

“Besides, Susan must stay,” he continued, after a pause: “she must remain in charge; the house must be kept as it ought to be. If that is your only objection, Clara——”

“I have made no objection at all,” said Mrs. Burton; and then she broke into a dry little laugh. “What a curious establishment it will be—an old broken-down nurserymaid, a Dissenting minister, and your cousin! Mr. Burton, will she like it? I cannot say that I should feel proud if it were offered to me.”

His face flushed a little. He was not anxious himself to spare Helen's feelings. If he had found an opportunity, it would have been agreeable to him to remind her that she had made a mistake; but she was his own relation, and instinct prompted him to protect her from his wife.

“Helen is too poor to allow herself to think whether she likes it or not,” he said.

His wife gave a sharp glance at him across the table. What did he mean? Did he intend to be kind, or to insult the desolate woman? Clara asked herself the question as a philosophical question, not because she cared.

“And is your cousin willing to accept it from you, after—that story?” she said.

“What story? You mean about her husband. It is not my story. I have nothing to do with it; and even if I had, surely it is the man who does wrong, not the man who tells it, that should have the blame; besides, she does not know.”

“Ah, that is the safest,” said Clara. “I think it is a very strange story, Mr. Burton. It may be true, but it is not like the truth.”

“I have nothing to do with it,” he exclaimed. He spoke hotly, with a swelling of the veins on his temples. “There are points of view in which his death was very providential,” he said.

And once more Clara gave him a sharp glance.

“It was the angel who watches over Mr. Golden that provided the boat, no doubt,” she answered, with a contraction of her lips; then fell back into the former topic with perfect calm. “I should insist upon the house being kept clean and nice,” she said, as she rose to go away.

“Surely—surely; and you may tell your father when you write, that poor Haldane is so far provided for.” He got up to open the door for her, and, detaining her for a moment, stooped down and kissed her forehead. “I am so much obliged to you, Clara, for consenting so kindly,” he said.

A faint little cold smile came upon her face. She had been his wife for a dozen years; but in her heart she was contemptuous of the kiss which he gave her, as if she had been a child, as a reward for her acquiescence. It is to be supposed that she loved him after her fashion. She had married him of her free will, and had never quarrelled with him once in all their married life. But yet had he known how his kiss was received, the sting would have penetrated even through the tough covering which protected Reginald

Burton's *amour propre*, if not his heart. Mrs. Burton went away into the great drawing-room, where her children, dressed like little princes in a comedy, were waiting for her. The Harcourts, in the old days, had made a much smaller room their family centre; but the Burtons always used the great drawing-room, and lived, as it were, in state from one year's end to another. Here Clara Burton dwelt—a little anonymous spirit, known to none even of her nearest friends. They were all puzzled by her "ways," and by the blank many-sided surface like a prism which she presented to them, refusing to be influenced by any. She did not know any more about herself than the others did. Outside she was all glitter and splendour; nobody dressed so well, nobody had such jewels, or such carriages, or such horses in all the county. She used every day, and in her homeliest moments, things which even princes reserve for their best. Mrs. Burton made it a boast that she had no best things; she was the same always, herself—and not her guests or anything apart from herself—being the centre of life in her house and in all her arrangements. The dinner which the husband and wife had just eaten had been as varied and as dainty, as if twenty people had sat down to it. It was her principle throughout her life. And yet within herself the woman cared for none of these things. Another woman's dress or jewels was nothing to her. She was totally indifferent to the external advantages which everybody else believed her to be absorbed in. Clara was very worldly, her aunts said, holding up their hands aghast at her extravagance and costly habits; but the fact was, that Clara made all her splendours common, not out of love for them, but contempt for them: a thing which nobody suspected. It is only a cynical soul that could feel thus, and Mrs. Burton's cynicism went very deep. She thought meanly of human nature, and did not believe much in goodness; but she seldom disapproved, and never condemned. She would smile and cast about in her mind (unawares) for the motive of any doubtful action, and generally ended by finding out that it was "very natural," a sentence which procured her credit for large toleration and a most amiable disposition, but which sprang really from the cynical character of her mind. It did not seem to her worth while to censure or to sermonise. She did not believe in reformation; and incredulity was in her the twin-brother of despair; but not a tragical despair. She took it all very calmly, not feeling that it was worth while to be

disturbed by it; and went on unconsciously tracking out the mean motives, the poor pretensions, the veiled selfishness of all around her. And she was not aware that she herself was any better, nor did she claim superiority—nay, she would even track her own impulses back to their root, and smile at them, though with a certain bitterness. But all this was so properly cloaked over that nobody suspected it. People gave her credit for wisdom because she generally believed the worst, and was so very often right; and they thought her tolerant because she would take pains to show how it was nature that was in fault, and not the culprit. No one suspected the terrible little cynic, pitiless and hopeless that she was in her heart.

And yet this woman was the mother of children, and had taught them their prayers, and was capable at that or any other moment of giving herself to be torn in pieces for them, as a matter of course, a thing which would not admit a possibility of doubt. She had thought of that in her many thinkings, had attempted to analyse her own love, and to fathom how much it was capable of. "As much as a tiger or a bear would do for her cubs," she had said to herself, with her usual smile. The strangest woman to sit veiled by Reginald Burton's fireside, and take the head of his table, and go to church with him in the richest, daintiest garments which money and skill could get for her! She was herself to some degree behind the scenes of her own nature; but even she could not always discriminate, down among the foundations of her being, which was false and which was true.

She went into the drawing-room, where her little Clara and Ned were waiting. Ned was thirteen, a year older than Norah Drummond. Mr. Burton had determined that he would not be behind the cousin who refused him, nor allow her to suppose that he was pining for her love, so that his marriage had taken place earlier than Helen's. Ned was a big boy, very active, and not given to book-learning; but Clara, who was a year younger, was a meditative creature like her mother. The boy was standing outside the open window, throwing stones at the birds in the distant trees. Little Clara stood within watching him, and making her comments on the sport.

"Suppose you were to kill a poor little bird. Suppose one of the young ones—one of the baby ones—were to try and fly a little bit, and you were to hit it. Suppose the poor papa when he comes home——"

"Oh, that's enough of your supposes," said the big boy. "Suppose I were to eat you? But I don't want to. I don't think you would be nice."

"Ned!" said a voice from behind Clara, which thrilled him through and through, and made the stones fall from his hands as if they had been suddenly paralysed, and were unable to grasp anything. "I know it is natural to boys to be cruel, but I had rather not have it under my own eyes."

"Cruel!" cried Ned, with some discontent. "A parcel of wretched sparrows and things that can't sing a note. They have no business in our trees. They ought to know what they would get."

"Are boys always cruel, mamma?" said little Clara, laying hold upon her mother's dress. She was like a little princess herself, all lace and embroidery and blue ribbons and beautifulness. Mrs. Burton made no answer. She did not even wait to see that her boy took no more shots at the birds. She drew a chair close to the window, and sat down; and as she took her seat she gave vent to a little fretful sigh. She was thinking of Helen, and was annoyed that she had actually no means of judging what were the motives that would move her should she come to Dura. It was difficult for her to understand simple ignorance and unsuspectingness, or to give them their proper place among the springs of human action. Her worst fault philosophically was that of ignoring these commonest influences of all.

"Mamma, you are thinking of something," said little Clary. "Why do you sigh, and why do you shake your head?"

"I have been trying to put together a puzzle," said her mother, "as you do sometimes; and I can't make it out."

"Ah, a puzzle," said Ned, coming in; "they are not at all fun, mamma. That beastly dissected map Aunt Louisa gave me—by Jove! I should like to take the little pieces and shy them at the birds."

"But, mamma," said Clary, "are you sure it is only that? I never saw you playing with toys."

"I wonder if I ever did?" said Mrs. Burton, with a little gleam of surprise. "Do you remember going to London once, Clary, and seeing your cousin, Norah Drummond? Should you like to have her here?"

"She was littler than me," said Clary, promptly, "though she was older. Papa told me. They lived in a funny little poky house. They had no carriages nor anything. She had never even tried to ride; fancy, mamma!

When I told her I had a pony all to myself, she only stared. How different she would think it if she came here!"

Her mother looked at the child with a curious light in her cold blue eyes. She gave a little harsh laugh.

"If it were not that it is natural, and you cannot help it," she said, "I should like to whip you, my dear!"

CHAPTER XV.

NEXT morning the family at Dura paid a visit to the Gatehouse, to see all its capabilities, and arrange the changes which might be necessary. It was a bright morning after the rain, and they walked together down the dewy avenue, where the sunshine played through the network of leaves, and the refreshed earth sent up sweet odours. All was pleasant to sight and sound, and made a lightsome beginning to the working day. Mr. Burton was pleased with himself and everything surrounding him. His children (he was very proud of his children) strolled along with their father and mother, and there was in Ned a precocious imitation of his own walk and way of holding himself which at once amused and flattered the genial papa. He was pleased by his boy's appreciation of his own charms of manner and appearance; and little Clary was like him, outwardly, at least, being of a larger mould than her mother. His influence was physically predominant in the family, and as for profounder influences these were not much visible as yet. Mrs. Burton had a *toilette fraîche* of the costliest simplicity. Two or three dogs attended them on their walk—a handsome pointer and a wonderful hairy Skye, and the tiniest of little Maltese terriers, with a blue ribbon round its neck such as Clary had, of whose colours her dog was a repetition. When she made a rush now and then along the road, herself like a great white and blue butterfly, the dogs ran too, throwing up their noses in the air, till Ned, marching along in his knickerbockers, with his chest set out, and his head held up like his father's, whistled the bigger ones to his masculine side. It was quite a pretty picture this family procession; they were so well off, so perfectly supplied with everything that was pleasant and suitable, so happily above the world and its necessities. There was a look of wealth about them that might almost have seemed insolent to a poor man. The spectator felt sure that if fricasseed bank-notes had been good to eat, they must have had a little dish of that for breakfast. And the crown of all

was that they were going to do a good action—to give shelter and help to the homeless. Many simple persons would have wept over the spectacle, had they known it, out of pure delight in so much goodness—if Mrs. Burton, looking on with those clear cold blue eyes of hers, had not thrown upon the matter something of a clearer light.

The inspection was satisfactory enough, revealing space sufficient to have accommodated twice as many people. And Mr. Burton found it amusing too; for Susan, who was in charge, was very suspicious of their motives, and anxious to secure that she should not be put upon in any arrangement that might be made. There was a large, quaint, old drawing-room, with five glimmering windows—three fronting to the road and two to the garden—not French sashes, cut down to the ground, but old-fashioned English windows with a sill to them, and a solid piece of wall underneath. The chimney had a high wooden mantelpiece with a little square of mirror let in, too high up for any purpose but that of giving a glimmer of reflection. The carpet, which was very much worn, was partially covered by a tightly strained white cloth, as if the room had been prepared for dancing. The furniture was very thin in the legs and angular in its proportions; some of the chairs were ebony, with bands of faded gilding and covers of minute old embroidery, into which whole lives had been worked. The curtains were of old-fashioned, big-patterned chintz—like that we call Cretonne nowadays—with brown linings. Everything was very old and worn, but clean and carefully mended. The looker-on felt it possible that the entrance of a stranger might so break the spell that all might crumble into dust at a touch. But yet there was a quaint, old-fashioned elegance—not old enough to be antique, but yet getting venerable—about the silent old house. Mr. Burton was of opinion that it would be better with new red curtains and some plain, solid mahogany; but, if the things would do, considered that it was unnecessary to incur further expense. When all the necessary arrangements had been settled upon, the family party went on to the railway station. This was a very frequent custom with them. Mr. Burton liked to come home in state—to notify his arrival by means of the high-stepping greys and the commotion they made, to his subjects; but he was quite willing to leave in the morning with graceful humility and that exhibition of family affection which brings even the highest potentates to a level with common men. When he

arrived with his wife and his children and his dogs at the station, it was touching to see the devotion with which the station-master and the porters and everybody about received the great man. The train seemed to have been made on purpose for him—to have come on purpose all the way out of the Midland Counties; the railway people ran all along its length as soon as it arrived to find a vacant carriage for their demigod. "Here you are, sir!" cried a smiling porter. "Here you are, sir!" echoed the station-master, rushing forward to open the door. The other porter, who was compelled by duty to stand at the little gate of exit and take the tickets, looked gloomily upon the active service of his brethren, but identified himself with their devotion by words at least, since nothing else was left him. "What d'ye mean by being late?" he cried to the guard. "A train didn't ought to be late as takes gentlemen to town for business. You're as slow, you are, as if you was the ladies' express."

Mr. Burton laughed as he passed, and gladness stole into the porter's soul. Oh, magical power of wealth! when it laughs, the world grows glad. To go into the grimy world of business, and be rubbed against in the streets by men who did him no homage, must be hard upon such a man, after the royal calm of the morning and all its pleasant circumstances. It was after just such another morning that he went again to St. Mary's Road, and was admitted to see his cousin. She had shut herself up for a fortnight obstinately. She would have done so for a year, in defiance of herself and of nature, had it been possible, that all the world might know that Robert had "the respect" due to him. She would not have deprived him of one day, one fold of crape, one imbecility of grief, of her own will. She would have been ill, if she could, to do him honour. All this was quite independent of that misery of which the world could know nothing, which was deep as the sea in her own heart. That must last let her do what she would. But she would fain have given to her husband the outside too. The fortnight, however, was all that poor Helen could give. Already stern need was coming in, and the creditors, to whom everything she had belonged. When Mr. Burton was admitted, the man had begun to make an inventory of the furniture. The pretty drawing-room was already dismantled, the plants all removed from the conservatory; the canvases were stacked against the wall in poor Robert's studio, and a picture-dealer was there valuing them. They were

of considerable value now—more than they would have been had it still been possible that they should be finished. People who were making collections of modern pictures would buy them readily as the only “Drummonds” now to be had. Mr. Burton went and looked at the pictures, and pointed out one that he would like to buy. His feelings were not very delicate, but yet it struck a certain chill upon him to go into that room. Poor Drummond himself was lying at the bottom of the river—he could not reproach any one, even allowing that it was not all his own fault. And yet—the studio was unpleasant to Mr. Burton. It affected his nerves; and in anticipation of his interview with Helen he wanted all his strength.

But Helen received him very gently, more so than he could have hoped. She had not seen the papers. The world and its interests had gone away from her. She had read nothing but the good books which she felt it was right to read during her seclusion. She was unaware of all that had happened, unsuspecting, did not even care. It had never occurred to her to think of dishonour as possible. All calamity was for her concentrated in the one which had happened, which had left her nothing more to fear. She was seated in a very small room opening on the garden, which had once been appropriated to Norah and her playthings. She was very pale, with the white rim of her cap close round her face, and her hair concealed. Norah was there too, seated close to her mother, giving her what support she could with instinctive faithfulness. Mr. Burton was more overcome by the sight of them than he could have thought it possible to be. They were worse even than the studio. He faltered, he cleared his throat, he took Helen's hand and held it—then let it drop in a confused way. He was overcome, she thought, with natural emotion, with grief and pity. And it made her heart soft even to a man she loved so little. “Thanks,” she murmured, as she sank down upon her chair. That tremor in his voice covered a multitude of sins.

“I have been here before,” he said.

“Yes, so I heard; it was very kind. Don't speak of *that*, please. I am not able to bear it, though it is kind, very kind of you.”

“Everybody is sorry for you, Helen,” he said, “but I don't want to recall your grief to your mind—”

“Recall!” she said, with a kind of miserable smile. “That was not what I meant;

but—Reginald—my heart is too sore to bear talking. I—cannot speak, and—I would rather not cry—not just now.”

She had not called him Reginald before since they were boy and girl together; and that, and the piteous look she gave him, and her tremulous protest that she would rather not cry, gave the man such a twinge through his very soul as he had never felt before. He would have changed places at the moment with one of his own porters to get out of it—to escape from a position which he alone was aware of. Norah was crying without restraint. It was such a scene as a man in the very height of prosperity and comfort would hesitate to plunge into, even if there had not risen before him those ghosts in the newspapers which one day or other, if not now, Helen must find out.

“What I wanted to speak of was your own plans,” he said hastily, “what you think of doing, and—if you will not think me impertinent—what you have to depend upon? I am your nearest relation, Helen, and it is right I should know.”

“If everything has to be given up, I suppose I shall have nothing,” she said faintly. “There was my hundred a year settled upon me. The papers came the other day. Who must I give them to? I have nothing, I suppose.”

“If your hundred a year was settled on you, of course you have that, heaven be praised,” said Mr. Burton, “nobody can touch that. And, Helen, if you like to come back to the old neighbourhood, I have part of a house I could offer you. It is of no use to me. I can't let it; so you might be quite easy in your mind about that. And it is furnished after a sort; and it would be rent free.”

The tears which she had been restraining rushed to her eyes. “How kind you are!” she said. “Oh, I can't say anything; but you are very, very kind.”

“Never mind about that. You used to speak as if you did not like the old neighbourhood—”

“Ah!” she said, “that was when I cared. All neighbourhoods are the same to me now.”

“But you will get to care after a while,” he said. “You will not always be as you are now.”

She shook her head with that faint little gleam of the painfulest smile. To such a suggestion she could make no answer. She did not believe her grief would ever lighten. She did not wish to feel differently. She had

not even that terrible experience which teaches some that the broken heart must heal one way or other—mend of its wound, or at least have its wound skinned over; for she had never been quite stricken down to the ground before.

"Anyhow, you will think of it," Mr. Burton said in a soothing tone. "Norah, you would like to come and live in the country, where there was a nice large garden and plenty of room to run about. You must persuade your mother to come. I won't stay now to worry you, Helen, and besides, my time is precious; but you will let me do this much for you, I hope."

She stood up in her black gown, which was so dismal and heavy, without any reflection of light in its dull blackness, and held out to him a hand which was doubly white by the contrast, and thin with fasting and watching. "You are very kind," she said again. "If I ever was unjust to you, forgive me. I must have a home—for Norah; and I have nowhere—nowhere to go!"

"Then that is settled," he said with eagerness. It was an infinite relief to him. Never in his life had he been so anxious to serve another. Was it because he had loved her once? because he was fond of her still? because she was his relation? His wife at that very moment was pondering on the matter, touching it as it were with a little sharp spear, which was not celestial like Ithuriel's. Being his wife, it would have been natural enough if some little impulse of jealousy had come across her, and moved her towards the theory that her husband did this out of love for his cousin. But Mrs. Burton had not blood enough in her veins, and she had too clear an intelligence in her head to be jealous. She came to such a very different conclusion, that I hesitate to repeat it; and she, too, half scared by the long journey she had taken, and her very imperfect knowledge of the way by which she had travelled, did not venture to put it into words. But the whisper at the bottom of her heart was, "Remorse! Remorse!" Mrs. Burton herself did not know for what, nor how far her husband was guilty towards his cousin.

But it was a relief to all parties when this interview was over. Mr. Burton went away drawing a long breath. And Helen applied herself courageously to the work which was before her. She did not make any hardship to herself about those men who were taking the inventory. It had to be, and what was that—what was the loss of everything in com-

parison—— The larger loss deadened her to the smaller ones, which is not always the case. She had her own and Norah's clothes to pack, some books, a few insignificant trifles which she was allowed to retain, and the three unfinished pictures, which indeed, had they not been given to her, she felt she could have stolen. The little blurred sketch from the easel, a trifling subject, meaning little, but bearing in its smeared colours the last handwriting of poor Robert's despair; and that wistful face looking up from the depths, up to the bit of blue sky far above and the one star. Was that the Dives he had thought of, the soul in pain so wistful, so sad, yet scarcely able to despair? It was like his letter, a sacred appeal to her not on this earth only, but beyond—an appeal which would outlast death and the grave. "The door into hell," she did not understand, but she knew it had something to do with her husband's last agony. These mournful relics were all she had to take with her into the changed world.

A woman cannot weep violently when she is at work. Tears may come into her eyes, tears may drop among the garments in which her past is still existing, but her movements to and fro, her occupations stem the full tide and arrest it. Helen was quite calm. While Norah brought the things for her out of the drawers she talked to the child as ordinary people talk whose hearts are not broken. She had fallen into a certain stillness—a hush of feeling. It did her good to be astir. When the boxes were full and fastened she turned to her pictures, enveloping them carefully, protecting the edges with cushions of folded paper. Norah was still very busy in finding the cord for her, and holding the canvases in their place. The child had rummaged out a heap of old newspapers, with which the packing was being done. Suddenly she began to cry as she stood holding one in her hand.

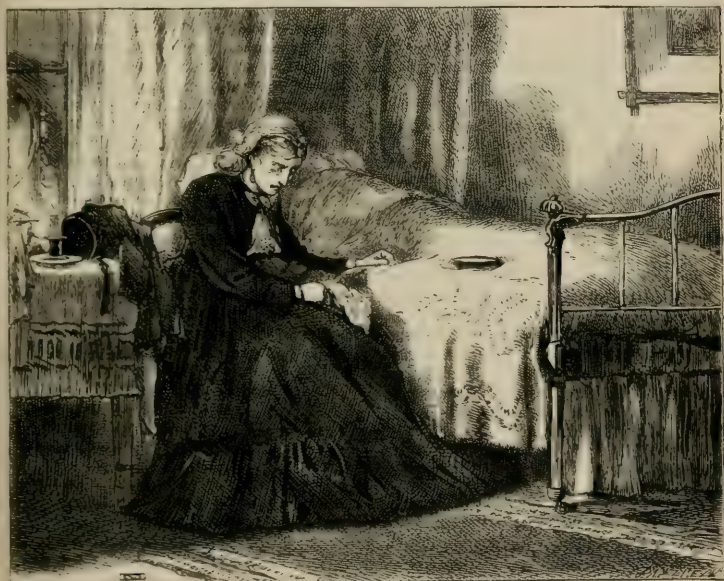
"Oh, mamma!" she said, looking up with big eyes in Helen's face. Crying was not so rare in the house as to surprise her mother. She said—

"Hush, my darling!" and went on. But when she felt the paper thrust into her hand, Helen stopped short in her task and looked, not at it but at Norah. The tears were hanging on the child's cheeks, but she had stopped crying. She pointed to one column in the paper and watched her mother with eyes like those of Dives in the picture. Helen gave a cry when she looked at it,

"Ah!" as if some sharp blow had been given to her. It was the name, nothing but her husband's name, that had pierced her like a sudden dagger. But she read on, without doubting, without thinking. It was the article written two days before on the history of the painter Drummond, "the wretched man," who had furnished a text for a sermon to the *Daily Semaphore*.

Norah had read only a sentence at the beginning which she but partially understood. It was something unkind, something untrue about "poor papa." But she read her

mother now instead, comprehending it by her looks. Helen went over the whole without drawing breath. It brought back the blood to her pale cheeks; it ran like a wild new life into every vein, into every nerve. She turned round in the twinkling of an eye, without a pause for thought, and put on the black bonnet with its overwhelming crape veil which had been brought to her that morning. She had not wanted it before. It was the first time in her life that she had required to look at the world through those folds of crape.



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"May I come too, mamma?" said Norah softly. She did not know where they were going; but henceforward where her mother was there was the place for Norah, at home or abroad, sleeping or waking. The child clung to Helen's hand as they opened the familiar door, and went out once again—after a lifetime—into the once familiar, the changed and awful world. A summer evening, early June, the bloom newly off the lilacs, the first roses coming on the trees; the strange daylight dazzled them, the sound of passing voices buzzed and echoed as if they had been the

centre of a crowd. Or rather, this was their effect upon Helen. Norah clinging to her hand, pressed close to her side, watched her, and thought of nothing more.

Dr. Maurice was going to his solitary dinner. He had washed his hands and made himself daintily nice and tidy, as he always was; but he had not changed his morning coat. He was standing with his back against the writing-table in his library, looking up dreamily at poor Drummond's picture, and waiting for the sound of the bell which should summon him into the next

room to his meal. When the door bell sounded instead impatience seized him.

"What fool can be coming now?" he said to himself, and turned round in time to see John's scared face peeping into the room before he introduced those two figures, those two with their dark black dresses, the one treading in the very steps of the other, moving with her movement. He gave a cry of surprise. He had not seen them since the day after Drummond's death. He had gone to inquire, and had left anxious kind messages, but he, too, had conventional ideas in his mind and had thought the widow "would not be able" to see any one. Yet now she had come to him—

"Dr. Maurice," she said, with no other preliminary, coming forward to the table with her newspaper, holding out no hand, giving him no salutation, while Norah moved with her step for step, like a shadow. "Dr. Maurice, what does this mean?"

CHAPTER XVI.

I WOULD not like to say what despairing thought Dr. Maurice might have had about his dinner in the first moment when he turned round and saw Helen Drummond's pale face under her crape veil, but there were many thoughts on the subject in his household, and much searchings of heart. John had been aghast at the arrival of visitors, and especially of such visitors at such a moment; but his feelings would not permit him to carry up dinner immediately, or to sound the bell, the note of warning.

"I canna do it, I canna do it—don't ask me," he said, for John was a north-countryman, and when his heart was moved fell back upon his old idiom.

"Maybe the lady would eat a bit herself, poor soul," the cook said in insinuating tones. "I've known folks eat in a strange house, for the strangeness of it like, when they couldn't swallow a morsel in their own."

"Don't ask me!" said John, and he seized a stray teapot and began to polish it in the trouble of his heart. There was silence in the kitchen for ten minutes at least, for the cook was a mild woman till driven to extremities; but to see fish growing into wool and potatoes to lead was more than any one could be expected to bear.

"Do you see that?" she said in despair, carrying the dish up to him, and thrusting it under his eyes. John threw down his teapot and fled. He went and sat on the stairs to be out of reach of her remonstrances. But the spectre of that fish went with him, and

would not leave his sight; the half-hour chimed, the three-quarters—

"I canna stand this no longer!" John said in desperation, and rushing up to the dining-room, sounded the dinner bell.

Its clang disturbed the little party in the next room who were so differently occupied. Helen was seated by the table with a pile of papers before her; her hands trembled as she turned from one to another, but her attention did not swerve. She was following through them every scrap that bore upon that one subject. Dr. Maurice had procured them all for her. He had felt that one time or other she must know all, and that then her information must be complete. He himself was walking about the room with his hands in his pocket, now stopping to point out or explain something, now taking up a book, unsettled and unhappy, as a man generally looks when he has to wait, and has nothing to do. He had sought out a book for Norah, to the attractions of which the poor child had gradually yielded. At first she had stood close by her mother. But the contents of those papers were not for Norah's eye, and Helen herself had sent her away. She had put herself in the window, her natural place; the ruddy evening light streamed in upon her, and found out between the black of her dress and that of her hat, a gleam of brown hair, to which it gave double brightness by the contrast; and gradually she fell into her old attitude, her old absorption. Dr. Maurice walked about the room, and pondered a hundred things. He would have given half he possessed for that fatherless child who sat reading in the light, and forgetting her childish share of sorrow. The mother in her mature beauty was little to him—but the child—a child like that! And she was not his. She was Robert Drummond's, who lay drowned at the bottom of the river, and whose very name was drowned too in those bitter waters of calumny and shame. Strange providence that metes so unequally to one and to another. The man did not think that he too might have had a wife and children had he so chosen; but his heart hankered for this that was his neighbour's, and which no magic, not even any subtle spell of love or protecting tenderness could ever make his own.

And Helen, almost unconscious of the presence of either, read through those papers which had been preserved for her. She read Golden's letter, and the comment upon it. She read the letter which Dr. Maurice had written, contradicting those cruel assertions.

She read the further comments upon that. How natural it was: how praiseworthy was the vehemence of friends in defence of the dead—and how entirely without proof! The newspaper pointed out with a cold distinctness, which looked like hatred to Helen, that the fact of the disappearance of the books told fatally against "the unhappy man." Why did he destroy those evidences which would no doubt have cleared him had he acted fairly and honestly? Day by day she traced the course of this controversy which had been going on while she had shut herself up in the darkness. It gleamed across her as she turned from one to another that this was why her energy had been preserved and her strength sustained. She had not broken down like other women, for this cause. God had kept her up for this. The discussion had gone on down to that very morning, when a little editorial note, appended to a short letter—one of the many which had come from all sorts of people in defence of the painter—had announced that such a controversy could no longer be carried on "in these pages." "No doubt the friends of Mr. Drummond will take further steps to prove the innocence of which they are so fully convinced," it said, "and it must be evident to all parties that the columns of a newspaper is not the place for a prolonged discussion on a personal subject." Helen scarcely spoke while she read all these. She did not hear the dinner-bell. The noise of the door when Dr. Maurice rushed to it with threatening word and look, to John's confusion, scarcely moved her. "Be quiet, dear," she said unconsciously, when the doctor's voice in the hall, where he had fallen upon his servant, came faintly into her abstraction. "You rascal! how dare you take such a liberty when you knew who was with me?" was what Dr. Maurice was saying, with a tone in his voice. But to Helen it seemed as if little Norah, forgetting the cloud of misery about her, had begun to talk more lightly than she ought. "Oh, my child, be quiet," she repeated; "be quiet!" All her soul was absorbed in this. She had no room for any other thought.

Dr. Maurice came back with a flush of anger on his face. "These people would think it necessary to consider their miserable dishes if the last judgment were coming on," he said. He was a kind man, and very sorry for his friend's widow. He would have given up much to help her; but perhaps he too was hungry, and the thought of the spoilt dishes increased his vehemence. She looked

at him, putting back her veil with a blank look of absolute incomprehension. She had heard nothing, knew nothing. Comfort, and dinners, and servants, and all the paraphernalia of ordinary life, were a hundred miles away from her thoughts.

"I have read them all," she said in a tone so low that he had to stoop to hear her. "Oh, that I should have lost so much time in selfish grieving! I thought nothing more could happen after. Dr. Maurice, do you know what I ought to do?"

"You!" he said. There was something piteous in her look of appeal. The pale face and the gleaming eyes, the helplessness and the energy, all struck him at a glance—a combination which he did not understand.

"Yes—me! You will say what can I do? I cannot tell the world what he was, as you have done. Thanks for that," she said, holding out her hand to him. "The wife cannot speak for her husband, and I cannot write to the papers. I am quite ignorant. Dr. Maurice, tell me if you know. What can I do?"

Her gleam of wild indignation was gone. It had sunk before the controversy, the discussion which the newspapers would no longer continue. If poor Robert had met with no defenders, she would have felt herself inspired. But his friends had spoken, friends who could speak. And deep depression fell over her. "Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, "must we bear it? Is there nothing—nothing I can do?"

Again and again had he asked himself the same question. "Mrs. Drummond," he said, "you can do nothing; try and make up your mind to it. I hoped you might never know. A lady can do nothing in a matter of business. You feel yourself that you cannot write or speak. And what good would it do even if you could? I say that a more honourable man never existed. You could say, I know, a great deal more than that; but what does it matter without proof? If we could find out about those books——"

"He did not know anything about books," said Helen; "he could not even keep his own accounts—at least it was a trouble to him. Oh, you know that; how often have we—laughed—Oh, my God, my God!"

Laughed! The words brought the tears even to Dr. Maurice's eyes. He put his hand on her arm and patted it softly, as if she had been a child. "Poor soul! poor soul!" he said: the tears had got into his voice too, and all his own thoughts went out of his mind in the warmth of his sympathy.

He was a cautious man, not disposed to commit himself; but the touch of such emotion overpowered all his defences. "Look here, Mrs. Drummond," he said; "I don't know what we may be able to do, but I promise you something shall be done—I give you my word. The shareholders are making a movement already, but so many of them are ruined, so many hesitate, as people say, to throw good money after the bad. I don't know why I should hesitate, I am sure. I have neither chick nor child." He glanced at Norah as he spoke—at Norah lost in her book, with the light in her hair, and her outline clear against the window. But Helen did not notice, did not think what he could mean, being absorbed in her own thoughts. She watched him, notwithstanding, with dilating eyes. She saw all that at that moment she was capable of seeing in his face—the rising resolution that came with it, the flash of purpose. "It ought to be done," he said, "even for justice. I will do it—for that—and for Robert's sake."

She held out both her hands to him in the enthusiasm of her ignorance. "Oh, God bless you! God reward you!" she said. It seemed to her as if she had accomplished all she had come for, and had cleared her husband's name. At least his friend had pledged himself to do it, and it seemed to Helen so easy. He had only to refute the lies which had been told; to prove how true, how honest, how tender, how good, incapable of hurting a fly; even how simple and ignorant of business, more ignorant almost than she was, he had been; a man who never had kept any books, not even his own accounts; who had a profession of his own, quite different, at which he worked; who had not been five times in the City in his life before he became connected with Rivers's. After she had bestowed that blessing, it seemed to her almost as if she were making too much of it, as if she had but to go herself and tell it all, and prove his whitest innocence. To go herself—but she did not know where.

Dr. Maurice came down with a little tremulousness of excitement about him from the pinnacle of that resolution. He knew better what it was. Her simple notion of "going and telling" resolved itself, in his mind, to an action before the law-courts, to briefs, and witnesses, and expenditure. But he was a man without chick or child; he was not ruined by Rivers's. The sum he had lost had been enough to give him an interest in the question, not enough to injure his powers of operation. And it was a question

of justice, a matter which some man ought to take up. Nevertheless it was a great resolution to take. It would revolutionise his quiet life, and waste the substance which he applied, he knew, to many good uses. He felt a little shaken when he came down. And then—his dinner, the poor friendly unfortunate man!

"Let Norah come and eat something with me," he said, "the child must be tired. Come too and you shall have a chair to rest in, and we will not trouble you; and then I will see you home."

"Ah!" Helen gave an unconscious cry at the word. But already, even in this one hour, she had learned the first hard lesson of grief, which is that it must not fatigue others with its eternal presence—that they who suffer most must be content often to suffer silently, and put on such smiles as are possible—the ghost must not appear at life's commonest board any more than at the banquet. It seemed like a dream when five minutes later she found herself seated in an easy-chair in Dr. Maurice's dining-room, painfully swallowing some wine, while Norah sat at the table by him and shared his dinner. It was like a dream; twilight had begun to fall by this time, and the lamp was lighted on the table—a lamp which left whole acres of darkness all round in the long dim room. Helen sat and looked at the bright table and Norah's face, which turning to her companion began to grow bright too, unawares. A fortnight is a long age of trouble to a child. Norah's tears were still ready to come, but the bitterness was out of them. She was sad for sympathy now. And this change, the gleam of light, the smile of her old friend—his fond, half-mocking talk, felt like happiness come back. Her mother looked on from the shady corner where she was sitting, and understood it all. Robert's friend loved him; but was glad now to pass to other matters, to common life. And Robert's child loved him; but she was a child, and she was ready to reply to the first touch of that same dear life. Helen was growing wiser in her trouble. A little while ago she would have denounced this changeableness, and struggled against it. But now she understood and accepted what was out of her power to change.

And then in the pauses of his talk with Norah, which was sweet to him, Dr. Maurice heard all their story—how the house was already in the creditors' hands, how they had prepared all their scanty possessions to go away, and how Mr. Burton had been very kind. Helen had not associated him in any

way with the assault on her husband's memory. She spoke of him with a half gratitude which filled the doctor with suppressed fury. He had been very kind—he had offered her a house.

"I thought you disliked Dura," he said with an impatience which he could not restrain.

"And so I did," she answered drearily, "as long as I could. It does not matter now."

"Then you will still go?"

"Still? Oh, yes; where should we go else? The whole world is the same to us now," said Helen. "And Norah will be happier in the country; it is good air."

"Good air!" said Dr. Maurice. "Good heavens, what can you be thinking of? And the child will grow up without any one to teach her, without a—friend. What is to be done for her education? What is to be done—Mrs. Drummond, I beg your pardon. I hope you will forgive me. I have got into a way of interfering and making myself ridiculous, but I did not mean——"

"Nay," said Helen gently, half because she felt so weary, half because there was a certain comfort in thinking that any one cared, "I am not angry. I knew you would think of what is best for Norah. But, Dr. Maurice, we shall be very poor."

He did not make any reply; he was half ashamed of his vehemence, and yet withal he was unhappy at this new change. Was it not enough that he had lost Drummond, his oldest friend, but he must lose the child too, whom he had watched ever since she was born? He cast a glance round upon the great room, which might have held a dozen people, and in his mind surveyed the echoing chambers above, of which but one was occupied. And then he glanced at Norah's face, still bright, but slightly clouded over, beside him, and thought of the pretty picture she had made in the library seated against the window. Burton, who was their enemy, who had been the chief agent in bringing them to poverty, could give them a home to shelter their houseless heads. And why could not he, who had neither chick nor child, who had a house so much too big for him, why could not he take them in? Just to have the child in the house, to see her now and then, to hear her voice on the stairs, or watch her running from room to room, would be all he should want. They could live there and harm nobody, and save their little pitance. This thought ran through his mind, and then he stopped and confounded Burton.

But Burton had nothing to do with it. He had better have confounded the world, which would not permit him to offer shelter to his friend's widow. He gave a furtive glance at Helen in the shadow. He did not want Helen in his house. His friend's wife had never attracted him; and though he would have been the kindest of guardians to his friend's widow, still there was nothing in her that touched his heart. But he could not open his doors to her and say, "Come." He knew if he did so how the men would grin and the women whisper; how impertinent prophecies would flit about, or slanders much worse than impertinent. No, he could not do it; he could not have Norah by, to help on her education, to have a hand in her training, to make her a child of his own. He had no child. It was his lot to live alone and have no soft hand ever in his. All this was very ridiculous, for, as I have said before, Dr. Maurice was very well off; he was not old nor bad-looking, and he might have married like other men. But then he did not want to marry. He wanted little Norah Drummond to be his child, and he wanted nothing more.

Helen leaned back in her chair without any thought of what was passing through his heart. That her child should have inspired a *grande passion* at twelve had never entered her mind, and she took his words in their simplicity and pondered over them. "I can teach her myself," she said with a tremor in her voice. This man was not her friend, she knew. He had no partial good opinion of her, such as one likes one's friends to have, but judged her on her merits, which few people are vain enough to put much trust in; and she thought that very likely he would not think her worthy of such a charge. "I have taught her most of what she knows," she added with a little more confidence. "And then the great thing is, we shall be very poor."

"Forgive me!" he said; "don't say any more. I was unpardonably rash—impertinent—don't think of what I said."

And then he ordered his carriage for them and sent them home. I do not know whether perhaps it did not occur to Helen as she drove back through the summer dusk to her dismantled house what a difference there was between their destitution and poverty and all the warm glow of comfort and ease which surrounded this lonely man. But there can be no doubt that Norah thought of it, who had taken in everything with her brown eyes, though she said little. While they were driving along in the luxurious smoothly-rolling brougham, the child crept close to her

mother, clasping Helen's arm with both her hands. "Oh, mamma," she said, "how strange it is that we should have lost everything and Dr. Maurice nothing, that he should have that great house and this nice carriage, and us be driven away from St. Mary's Road! What can God be thinking of, mamma?"

"Oh, Norah, my dear child, we have each other; and he has nobody," said Helen; and in her heart there was a frenzy of triumph over this man who was so much better off than she was. The poor so often have that consolation; and sometimes it is not much of a consolation after all. But Helen felt it to the bottom of her heart as she drew her child to her, and felt the warm, soft clasp of hands, the round cheek against her own. Two desolate, lonely creatures in their black dresses—but two, and together; whereas Dr. Maurice, in his wealth, in his strength, in what the world would have called his happiness, was but one.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE pretty house in St. Mary's Road—what a change had come upon it! There was a great painted board in front describing the desirable residence, with studio attached, which was to be let. The carpets were half taken up and laid in rolls along the floor, the chairs piled together, the costly, pretty furniture, so carefully chosen, the things which belonged to the painter's early life, and those which were the product of poor Drummond's wealth, all removed and jumbled together, and ticketed "Lot 16," "Lot 20." "Lot 20" was the chair which had been Helen's chair for years—the one poor Robert had kissed. If she had known that, she would have spent her last shilling to buy it back out of the rude hands that turned it over. But even Helen only knew half of the tragedy which had suddenly enveloped her life. They threaded their way up-stairs to their bedroom through all those ghosts. It was still early; but what could they do down-stairs in the house which no longer retained a single feature of home? Helen put her child to bed, and then sat down by her, shading the poor little candle. It was scarcely quite dark even now. It is never dark in June. Through the open window there came the sound of voices, people walking about the streets after their work was over. There are so many who have only the streets to walk in, so many to whom St. Mary's Road, with its lilacs and laburnums and pretty houses, was pleasant and fresh as if it had been in the depths of the country. Helen saw them

from the window, coming and going, so often two, arm in arm, two who loitered and looked up at the lighted house, and spoke softly to each other, making their cheerful comments. The voices sounded mellow, the distant rattle of carriages was softened by the night, and a soft wind blew through the lilacs, and some stars looked wistfully out of the pale sky. Why are they so sad in summer those lustrous stars? Helen looked out at them, and big tears fell softly out of her eyes. Oh, face of Dives looking up! Oh, true and kind and just and gentle soul! Must she not even think of him as in heaven, as hidden in God with the dead who depart in faith and peace, but gone elsewhere, banished for ever? The thought crossed her like an awful shadow, but did not sting. There are some depths of misery to which healthy nature refuses to descend, and this was one. Had she *felt* as many good people feel on this subject, and as she herself believed theoretically that she felt, I know what Helen would have done. She would have gone down to that river and joined him in his own way, wherever he was, choosing it so. No doubt, she would have been wrong. But she did not descend into that abyss. She kept by her faith in God instinctively, not by any doctrine. Did not God *know*? But even the edge of it, the shadow of the thought was enough to chill her from head to foot. She stole in from the window, and sat down at the foot of the bed where Norah lay, and tried to think. She had thought there could be no future change, no difference one way or other; but since this very morning what changes there were!—her last confidence shattered, her last comfort thrust from her. Robert's good name! She sat quite silent for hours thinking it over while Norah slept. Sometimes for a moment it went nigh to make her mad. Of all frantic things in the world, there is nothing like that sense of impotence—to feel the wrong and to be unable to move against it. It woke a feverish irritation in her, a *sour* resentment, a rage which she could not overcome, nor satisfy by any exertion. What could she do, a feeble woman, against the men who had cast this stigma on her husband? She did not even know who they were, except Golden. It was he who was the origin of it all, and whose profit it was to prove himself innocent by the fable of Robert's guilt. Robert's guilt! It was the most horrible farce, a farce which was a tragedy, which every one who knew him must laugh at wildly among their tears. But then the

world did not know him; and the world likes to think the worst, to believe in guilt as the one thing always possible. That there were people who knew better had been proved to her—people who had ventured to call out indignantly, and say, "This is not true," without waiting to be asked. Oh, God bless them! God bless them! But they were not the world.

When the night was deeper, when the walkers outside had gone, when all was quiet, except now and then the hurried step of a late passer-by, Helen went to the window once more, and looked out upon that world. What a little bit of a world it is that a woman can see from her window!—a few silent roofs and closed windows, one or two figures going and coming, not a soul whom she knew or could influence; but all those unknown people, when they heard her husband's name, if it were years and years hence, would remember the slander that had stained it, and would never know his innocence, his incapacity even for such guilt. This is what gives force to a lie, this is what gives bitterness, beyond telling, to the hearts of those who are impotent, whose contradiction counts for nothing, who have no proof, but only certainty. What a night it was!—like Paradise even in London. The angels might have been straying through those blue depths of air, through the celestial warmth and coolness, without any derogation from their high estate. It was not moonlight, nor starlight, nor dawn, but some heavenly combination of all three which breathed over the blue arch above, so serene, so deep, so unfathomable; and down below the peopled earth lay like a child, defenceless and trustful in the arms of its Maker. "Dear God, the very city seems asleep!" But here was one pair of eyes that no sleep visited, which dared not look up to heaven too closely lest her dead should not be there; which dared not take any comfort in the pity of earth, knowing that it condemned while it pitied. God help the solitary, the helpless, the wronged, those who can see no compensation for their sufferings, no possible alchemy that can bring good out of them! Helen crept to bed at last, and slept. It was the only thing in which there remained any consolation; to be unconscious, to shut out life and light and all that accompanies them; to be for an hour, for a moment, as good as dead. There are many people always, to whom this is the best blessing remaining in the world.

The morning brought a letter from Mr.

Burton, announcing that the house at Dura was ready to receive his cousin. Helen would have been thankful to go but for the discovery she had made on the previous day. After that it seemed to her that to be on the spot, to be where she could maintain poor Robert's cause, or hear of others maintaining it, was all she wanted now in the world. But this was a mere fancy, such as the poor cannot indulge in. She arranged everything to go to her new home on the next day. It was time at least that she should leave this place in which her own room was with difficulty preserved to her for another night. All the morning the mother and daughter shut themselves up there, hearing the sounds of the commotion below—the furniture rolled about here and there, the heavy feet moving about the uncarpeted stairs and rooms that already sounded hollow and vacant. Bills of the sale were in all the windows; the very studio, the place which now would have been sacred if they had been rich enough to indulge in fancies. But why linger upon such a scene? The homeliest imagination can form some idea of circumstances which in themselves are common enough.

In the afternoon the two went out—to escape from the house more than anything else. "We will go and see the Haldanes," Helen said to her child; and Norah wondered, but acquiesced gladly. Mrs. Drummond had never taken kindly to the fact that her husband's chief friend lived in Victoria Villas, and was a Dissenting minister with a mother and sister who could not be called gentlewomen. But all that belonged to the day of her prosperity, and now her heart yearned for some one who loved Robert—some one who would believe in him—to whom no vindication, even in thought, would be necessary. And the Haldanes had been ruined by Rivers's. This was another bond of union. She had called but once upon them before, and then under protest; but now she went nimbly, almost eagerly, down the road, past the line of white houses with their railings. There had been much thought and many discussions over Mr. Burton's proposal within those walls. They had heard of it nearly a fortnight since, but they had not yet made any formal decision; that is to say, Mrs. Haldane was eager to go; Miss Jane had made a great many calculations, and decided that the offer ought to be accepted as a matter of duty; but Stephen's extreme reluctance still kept them from settling. Something, however, had occurred that morning which had added a sting

to Stephen's discouragement, and taken away the little strength with which he had faintly maintained his own way. In the warmth and fervour of his heart, he had used his little magazine to vindicate his friend. A number of it had been just going to the press when the papers had published Drummond's condemnation, and Haldane, who knew him so well—all his weakness and his strength—had dashed into the field and proclaimed, in the only way that was possible to him, the innocence and excellence of his friend. All his heart had been in it; he had made such a sketch of the painter, of his genius (poor Stephen thought he had genius), of his simplicity and goodness and unimpeachable honour, as would have filled the whole denomination with delight, had the subject of the sketch been one of its potentates or even a member of Mr. Haldane's chapel. But Robert was not even a Dissenter at all, he had nothing to do with the denomination; and, to tell the truth, his *éloge* was out of place. Perhaps Stephen himself felt it was so after he had obeyed the first impulse which prompted it. But at least he was not left long in doubt. A letter had reached him from the magazine committee that morning. They had told him that they could not permit their organ to be made the vehicle of private feeling; they had suggested an apology in the next number; and they had threatened to take it altogether out of his hands. Remonstrances had already reached them, they said, from every quarter as to the too secular character of the contents; and they ventured to remind Mr. Haldane that this was not a mere literary journal, but the organ of the body, and intended to promote its highest, its spiritual interests. Poor Stephen! he was grieved, and he writhed under the pinch of this interference. And then the magazine not only brought him in the half of his income, but was the work of his life—he had hoped to “do some good” that way. He had aimed at improving it, cutting short the gossip and scraps of local news, and putting in something of a higher character. In this way he had been able to persuade himself through all his helplessness, that he still possessed some power of influence over the world. He had been so completely subdued by the attack, that he had given in about Mr. Burton's house, and that very day the proposal had been accepted; but he had not yet got the assault itself out of his head. All the morning he had been sitting with the manuscripts and proofs before him which

were to make up his new number, commenting upon them in the bitterness of his heart.

“I suppose I must put this in now, whether I like it or not,” he said. “I never suspected before how many pangs ruin brings with it, mother; not one, but a legion. They never dreamt of interfering with me before. Now look at this rabid, wretched thing. I would put it in the fire if I dared, and free the world of so much ill-tempered folly; but Bateman wrote it, and I dare not. Fancy, I *dare* not! If I had been independent, I should have made a stand. And my magazine—all the little comfort I had—”

“Oh Stephen, my dear! but what does it matter what you put in if they like it? You are always writing, writing, wearing yourself out. Why shouldn't they have some of the trouble? You oughtn't to mind—”

“But I do mind,” he said, with a feeble smile. “It is all I have to do, mother. It is to me what I am to you; you would not like to see me neglected, fed upon husks, like the prodigal.”

“Oh, Stephen dear, how can you talk so?—you neglected!” said his mother with tears in her eyes.

“Well, that is what I feel, mother. I shall have to feed my child with husks—tea-meetings and reports of this and that chapel, and how much they give. They were afraid of me once; they dared not grumble when I rejected and cut out; but—it is I who dare not now.”

Mrs. Haldane wisely made no reply. In her heart she had liked the magazine better when it was all about the tea-meetings and the progress of the good cause. She liked the bits of sectarian gossip, and to know how much the different chapels subscribed, which congregation had given its minister a silver teapot, and which had given him his dismissal. All this was more interesting to her than all Stephen's new-fangled discussions of public matters, his eagerness about education and thought, and a great many other things that did not concern his mother. But she held this opinion within herself, and was as indignant with the magazine committee as heart could desire. The two fell silent for some time, he going on with his literature, and she with her sewing, till the only servant they had left, a maiden, called *par excellence* “the girl,” came in with a tray laden with knives and forks to lay the cloth for dinner. The girl's eyes were red, and a dirty streak across one cheek showed where her tears had been wiped away with her apron.



"AT HIS GATES."

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Haldane.

"Oh, please it's Miss Jane," cried the handmaid. "She didn't ought to speak so; oh, she didn't ought to. My mother's a seat-holder in our chapel, and I'm a member. I'm not a-going to bear it! We ain't folks to be pushed about."

"Lay the cloth, and do it quietly," said the old lady. And with a silent exasperation, such as only a woman can feel, she watched the unhandy creature. "Thank heaven, we shall want no girl in the country," she said to herself. But when her eye fell on Stephen, he was actually smiling—smiling at the plea for exception, with that mingled sadness and bitterness which it pained his mother to see. The girl went on sniffing and sobbing all the same. She had already driven her other mistress almost frantic in the kitchen. Miss Jane had left a little stew, a savoury dish such as Stephen's fanciful appetite required to tempt it, by the fire, slowly coming 'to perfection. "The girl" had removed it to the fender, where it was standing, growing cold, just at the critical moment when all its juices should have been blending under the gentle, genial influence of the fire. Common cooks cannot stew. They can boil, or they can burn; but they never catch the delicious medium between. Only such persons as cook for love, or such as possess genius, can hit this more than golden mean. Miss Jane combined both characters. She did it *con amore* and *per amore*; and when she found her fragrant dish set aside for the sake of "the girl's" kettle, her feelings can be but faintly imagined by the uninitiated. "I wish I could beat you," she said, with natural exasperation. And this to "a joined member," a seat-holder's daughter! Stephen laughed when the tale was repeated to him, with a laugh which was full of bitterness. He tried to swallow his portion of the stew, but it went against him. "It is the same everywhere," he said; "the same subjection of the wise to the foolish, postponing of the best to the worst. Rubbish to please the joined members—silence and uselessness to us."

"Oh, Stephen!" said Mrs. Haldane, "you know I am not always of your way of thinking. After all there is something in it; for when a girl is a church member, she can't be quite without thought; and when she neglects her work, it is possible, you know, that she might be occupied with better things. I don't mean to say that it is an excuse."

"I should think not, indeed," said Miss Jane. "I'd rather have some one that knew her work, and did it, than a dozen church members. A heathen to-day would have been as much use to me."

"That may be very true," said her mother; "but I think, considering Stephen's position, that such a thing should not be said by you or me. In my days a person stood up for chapel, through thick and thin, especially when he had a relation who was a minister. You think you are wiser, you young ones, and want to set up for being liberal, and think church as good as chapel, and the world, so far as I can make out, as good as either. But that way of thinking would never answer me."

"Well, thank heaven," said Miss Jane in a tone of relief, "in the country we shall not want any 'girl.'"

"That is what I have been thinking," said Mrs. Haldane with alacrity; and in the painful moment which intervened while the table was being cleared and the room put in order, she painted to herself a fancy picture of "the country." She was a Londoner born, and had but an imperfect idea what the word meant. It was to her a vague vision of greenness, parks and trees and great banks of flowers. The village street was a thing she had no conception of. A pleasant dream of some pleasant room opening on a garden, and level with it, crossed her mind. It was a cottage of romance, one of those cottages which make their appearance in the stories which she half disapproved of, yet felt a guilty pleasure in reading. There had been one, an innocent short one, with the gentlest of good meanings, in the last number of Stephen's magazine, with just such a cottage in it, where a sick heroine recovered. She thought she could see the room, and the invalid chair outside the door, in which he could be wheeled into the garden to the seat under the apple-tree. Her heart overflowed with that pleasant thought. And Stephen might get well! Such a joy was at the end of every vista to Mrs. Haldane. She sat and dreamed over this with a smile on her face while the room was being cleared; and her vision was only stayed by the unusual sound of Helen's knock at the door.

"It will be some one to see the house," said Miss Jane, and she went away hurriedly, with loud-whispered instructions to the girl, into "the front drawing-room," to be ready to receive any applicant; so that Miss Jane was not in the room when Helen with her heart beating, and Norah clinging close to

her as her shadow, was shown abruptly into the invalid's room. "The girl" thrust her in without a word of introduction or explanation. Norah was familiar in the place, though her mother was a stranger. Mrs. Haldane rose hastily to meet them, and an agitated speech was on Helen's lips that she had come to say good-bye, that she was going away, that they might never meet again in this world,—when her eye caught the helpless figure seated by the window, turning a half-surprised, half-sympathetic look upon her. She had never seen poor Stephen since his illness, and she was not prepared for this complete and lamentable overthrow. It drove her own thoughts, even her own sorrows, out of her mind for the moment. She gave a cry of mingled wonder and horror. She had heard all about it, but seeing is so very different from hearing.

"Oh, Mr. Haldane!" she said, going up to him, forgetting herself—with such pity in her voice as he had not heard for years. It drove out of his mind, too, the more recent and still more awful occasion he had to pity her. He looked at her with sudden gratitude in his eyes.

"Yes, it is a change, is it not?" he said with a faint smile. He had been an Alpclimber, a mighty walker, when she saw him last.

Some moments passed before she recovered the shock. She sat down by him trembling, and then she burst into sudden tears—not that she was a woman who cried much in her sorrow, but that her nerves were affected beyond her power of control.

"Mr. Haldane, forgive me," she faltered. "I have never seen you since—and so much has happened—oh, so much!"

"Ah, yes," he said. "I could cry too—not for myself, for that is an old story. I would have gone to you, had I been able—you know that; and it is very, very kind of you to come to me."

"It is to say good-bye. We are going away to the country, Norah and I," said Helen; "there is no longer any place for us here. But I wanted to see you, to tell you—you seem—to belong—so much—to the old time."

Ah, that old time! the time which softens all hearts. It had not been perfect while it existed, but now how fair it was! Perhaps Stephen Haldane remembered it better than she did; perhaps it might even cross his mind that in that old time she had not cared much to see him, had not welcomed him to her house with any pleasure. But he was too

generous to allow himself even to think such a thought, in her moment of downfall. The depths were more bitter to her even than to him. He would not let the least shadow even in his mind fret her in her great trouble. He put out his hand, and grasped hers with a sympathy which was more telling than words.

"And I hope your mother will forgive me too," she said with some timidity. "I thought I had more command of myself. We could not go without coming to say good-bye."

"It is very kind—it is more than I had any right to expect," said Mrs. Haldane. "And we are going to the country too. We are going to Dura, to a house Mr. Burton has kindly offered to us. Oh, Mrs. Drummond, now I think of it, probably we owe it to you."

"No," said Helen, startled and mystified; and then she added slowly, "I am going to Dura too."

"Oh, how very lucky that is! Oh, how glad I am!" said the old lady. "Stephen, do you hear?" Of course, Mr. Burton is your cousin; it is natural you should be near him. Stephen, this is good news for you. You will have Miss Norah, whom you were always so fond of, to come about you as she used to do—that is, if her mamma will allow her. Oh, my dear, I am so glad! I must go and tell Jane. Jane, here is something that will make you quite happy. Mrs. Drummond is coming too."

She went to the door to summon her daughter, and Helen was left alone with the sick man. She had not loved him in the old time, but yet he looked a part of Robert now, and her heart melted towards him. She was glad to have him to herself, as glad as if he had been a brother. She put her hand on the arm of his chair, laying a kind of doubtful claim to him. "You have seen what they say?" she asked, looking in his face.

"Yes, all; with fury," he said, "with indignation! Oh my God, that I should be chained here, and good for nothing! They might as well have said it of that child."

"Oh, is it not cruel, cruel!" she said.

These half-dozen words were all that passed between them, and yet they comforted her more than all Dr. Maurice had said. He had been indignant too, it is true; but not with this fiery, visionary wrath—the rage of the helpless, who can do nothing.

When Miss Jane came in with her mother, they did the most of the talking, and Helen

shrunk into herself; but when she had risen to go away, Stephen thrust a little packet into her hand. "Read it when you go home," he said. It was his little dissenting magazine, the insignificant brochure which she would have scorned so in the old days. With

what tears, with what swelling of her heart, with what an agony of pride and love and sorrow she read it that night!

And so the old house was closed, and the old life ended. Henceforward, everything that awaited her was cold and sad and new.

HOW A FORT DITCH WAS PLUMBED.

An Episode in an Indian Campaign.

DURING an Indian campaign, about a quarter of a century ago, it was necessary to take a very strongly fortified city. The name need not be given. Some of the allusions in the following story will probably enable those conversant with recent Indian history to identify it.

The city held a commanding position; planted on the only knoll of high ground in the district, it was visible for miles around. The massive mud walls of the city,—and with the old-fashioned siege trains they were the hardest to batter down,—heavily mounted with guns, many of which bore the stamp of European manufacture, frowned defiance far and wide; while high above the rest, and most defiant of all, rose the *enclinte*, the fort itself. Many a siege had it withstood, and it still boasted of being one of the fast-decreasing number of "maiden forts of Hindostan." The surrounding country was very arid, bordering on desert, with scarcely a tree of any growth, beyond some conspicuous avenues of palms, exotics here, which a former chief had introduced. One of the old, broad, classic rivers of India flowed near, and supplied the water for the ditch or moat, with which the whole city was surrounded. The besieging camp was on the whole well placed, and had been favoured with more than an average of healthiness; for, as a rule, in India verdure and health are found in inverse proportions. Still so large a force as was now hurriedly gathered together here, though free from any strong local provocatives to disease, could not long show a lean bill of health. The hillmen of the frontier were beginning to droop, as they sighed for the more bracing air of their native heights. The Hindostanis, despite all the sanitary precautions of the quarter-master-general's department, showed signs of failing strength and heart; and the European part of the force were daily giving in increasing sick returns. Time pressed, for the sake of the troops—and for other reasons; the surround-

ing country was becoming disturbed, while the more remote districts, denuded of troops, who had been all wanted for the siege, were growing restless. The city *must fall*. England's honour must be vindicated speedily; the blood of the two brave young Englishmen, the representatives of their country, who had been cruelly done to death beside its walls, must be avenged without further delay.

Impatience had now begun to show itself in camp. Weary of the protracted siege, with its monotonous duties of systematic investment; the men were eager for the excitement of the crowning assault; and it was generally considered to be close at hand. Spies had reported that disease and famine were daily claiming their victims by hundreds in the city,—that desertions were of nightly occurrence. They could not hold out much longer; yet it would be no bloodless achievement. The enemy knew that they deserved no mercy, they expected no quarter, and they meant to sell their lives dearly. All this was generally known in camp; and it only made men the more eager for the end.

The city walls had been fast crumbling away under the pounding of our siege guns, and would offer no great difficulties. But then the real work of the day would begin. However easily they might be mounted, the fort, which stood out in an extreme corner, would still remain to be gained. It was the stronghold of the besieged; here they would make their last stand. To reach it would be a march of death to many. They would have to fight their way foot by foot; and of all fighting street-fighting in an old Indian city is the most deadly. Every roof, every window, every loop-hole in the walls has its matchlock-men, where, under cover, they can pick off their enemy calmly, and with unerring aim; while the fort guns, which always command the city itself, as a precaution against

an *emcute*, as well as the glacis against an attack from without, would sweep down the long narrow streets, and hundreds of brave fellows fall without being able to strike a blow in fair fight. This, too, was well known in camp, and the general hope was that, while feints might be made at different points on the city walls, the grand assault would be on the fort itself, on its water-face; for the main ditch ran under its very walls.

While the camp was in this state of excitement and impatience, and everything indicated that the assault would be made within a week at furthest, one evening there was the usual gathering of officers in the artillery mess-tent, which, as a rule, included those of the engineer corps, who were too few in number to establish a mess of their own. It happened that the old brigadier-general, and the chief engineer, were both present. Naturally, the coming assault was the topic of conversation. On the faces of the elder men the glow of hope for success and for honourable mention in General Orders, was perceptibly subdued by the thought of absent dear ones, whose future for weal or woe hung on the results of that assault; while among the youngsters light-hearted enthusiasm seemed to hold unbroken sway.

In the course of the conversation there passed some remarks, loud enough to reach the brigadier's ear, about the attack being made on the fort itself, as the more brilliant and the less bloody course; and all the youngsters were in favour of it. The brigadier, turning to the chief engineer, said, as though quite casually, "Well, colonel, I suppose you are prepared, whenever the order comes? All the ladders, and those sort of things, ready? By the way, do you know the exact depth of the ditch on the fort face?" "Not *exactly*," was the reply, "but, I fancy, near enough for our purpose." "I wish I knew to a foot," said the brigadier. "It might save many lives;" he added gravely. Then, looking at the young men who had been the loudest in their remarks about making the assault direct on the fort, he said, "Well, young gentlemen, I admire your zeal; but, considering that we know the ditch is much deeper opposite the fort than round the city, I can't say much for your united forethought, when not one of you has had—I will not say the pluck, for that I don't doubt—but the wit to go and plumb it."

The remark was like the bursting of a shell; nearly every man at the table felt himself hit, and hit hard.

Soon after, the party broke up and began

to disperse. A young subaltern of engineers—we will call him Norval—as he was passing a group of officers waiting at the door of the mess-tent for a few last words, was thus greeted by a young captain of artillery, named Wilson: "A pretty good wiggling all you young engineers got to-night, Norval; and I must say you deserved it." "Perhaps so," was Norval's quiet remark, as he walked away.

This was not the first sneer Captain Wilson had launched at Norval; for before coming into camp, they had been together in cantonments. A few words will explain the different characters of these two men, and their attitude towards each other. Norval was a man of mark, though he could hardly be said to be a popular man. Indeed, a natural reserve prevented this; but, his readiness to help (and his position as an engineer officer in cantonments, gave him many opportunities of helping), and his gentle, thoughtful bearing commanded regard and, young though he was, respect; while Wilson's more genial manner—for he was a first-rate companion, and the very life of a mess—made him a more general favourite among youngsters. But unhappily, Wilson's early training had been very different from Norval's. That of the latter had been precisely of the kind out of which the consistent practical Christian is the most likely to be developed; for in his early home religion had been a quiet, unpretending principle of daily life. Wilson, on the other hand, had been accustomed from childhood to the most rigid observance of religious forms, and had seen in the inner life of his home so much that was unreal and untrue, that his naturally quick, discriminating mind had grown to regard the profession of religion as an imposture. He remembered bitterly how many a hard ungrateful task had been imposed, and duty exacted, in the name of religion. He held in contempt—and he made no secret of it—all those who were supposed to be influenced by religious motives. He had the character among his acquaintances of being a scoffer, yet he was so clever, so able to hold his own in argument, and so amusing, that, in spite of what they disapproved, he was very popular among his brother officers, especially the younger ones; and to be popular was the great aim of his life. Norval recognised his abilities, but shrunk from the man who so perverted them. Wilson, again, was so utterly incapable of appreciating Norval, that he lost no opportunity of showing his dislike towards him. Norval was a first-rate cricketer, and ever ready to join in

a match, a more than average billiard player, and a keen sportsman; but, the very fact that a bet on any game, and still more an oath, was hateful to him; that he was always in his place at church, and known to take an interest in the spiritual needs of the men under him, was enough to brand him in Wilson's mind as a hypocrite, and to draw forth, whenever opportunity offered, the cutting sneer. He was Wilson's *bête noire*.

Hence arose that remark after mess on the evening already referred to. It so happened, that the rebuke of the old chief applied least of all to Norval, for he had only a few days before joined the camp, and had had plenty to do in learning the duties of his own post, and had never thought of inquiring what his seniors knew, or did not know, regarding the state of the siege.

Nevertheless, from the moment the brigadier's words were uttered, Norval made up his mind. He would wipe off the reproach. As he left the mess-tent, little heeding Wilson's words, or perhaps exulting in the thought that he would very soon give him cause to regret them, he crossed over to the lines of the European regiment which lay beyond the artillery, and, picking his way between tent-ropes or over insidious tent-pegs, to the tent on the extreme left, he there found the man he wanted, Captain Parker, who commanded the Light Company of the 10—th Regiment.

"Parker," he said, "I am bent on a little spree to-night, and I want you to join me."

"What's up now? You out on a spree! Well, yes, I'll join you; for I am very sure friend Norval will go in for no spree, as he calls it, in which I should be ashamed to join him."

"Well, look here, old fellow, just now at mess the old brigadier startled us all by asking us, as we were crying so loud for an assault on the fort, whether we knew the exact depth of the ditch on that side. And to our shame be it said, not a man had ever thought of it. I can't take much blame to myself, because I have so lately joined; but I should like, for the fun of the thing, to go and take soundings, as my old father the commodore would say, and present it to the old boy before he turns in for the night. Will you come and help me?"

"Will I not? When do you go?"

"Well, we ought to have some fellows with us in case of a scrimmage; for we may have to fight our way back. So, if you can bring half a dozen of your best "Lights," I should be glad. I needn't say, don't bring drunkards; but bring clear-headed fellows—

men who don't fancy they require a tot of grog to brace up their pluck, forgetting that it muddles their brains. We must have men who have brains and pluck at command."

"All right," said Parker; "you shall have the best I can give; men in whose hands I can trust my own life, and yours too, if need be."

"Then let us meet at the battery on the extreme left of our lines—that will bring us pretty straight in front of the fort. Now I'll go and arrange with old Jones, who is field officer, and get him to let us pass the sentries. It's past eight now; the moon won't be up till nearly one, and, luckily for us, it's the dark side of the moon, as a native would say, so it will be all the darker and better for us. If we start at ten, we shall be back—if we ever do get back—before the moon rises."

"So be it—ten, sharp."

They parted. Parker went to think over his company, and pick the men he thought would be the most reliable for such a venture. Success was of vital importance; for he knew that nothing but success would justify such a step without orders, and save him perhaps from a court-martial. Norval at once proceeded to find Major Jones, and talk him into letting them pass; which was no easy matter, for the old man, personally as brave as any of them, had a provokingly strong regard for "Rules and Regulations," and had no fancy for being privy to hair-brained adventures. He was, however, won over, and consented. "Remember, Norval, it may cost me my commission, if you chance to come to grief; yet for your sake I'll run the risk."

That settled, Norval had much to do, and not much over the hour to do it in. His habits of ready resource now stood him in good stead; he had at once grasped the idea, and soon formed his plans. He was an enthusiastic angler; and knowing that while the force had been lying so many weeks before the fort, they had had many a day's good fishing in the old classic river that skirted the camp, he had stowed away some tackle among his baggage in the hope of getting his share of the sport. This he now turned to good account. At the artillery canteen he got a large bung cork; this he cut into a float by tapering it upwards to a point, leaving the bottom flat; through the middle he slipped a quill, inside which he fixed a piece of mainspring, and ran through it a strong line he had—strong enough to land a *mahseer**

* A *mahseer* is a large fish met with in the rivers of Northern India, and highly prized by anglers as the Indian salmon.

of ten or a dozen pounds weight. Thus he contrived a first-rate float, through which the line would run freely one way, but would not slip one inch the other way. On one end of the line he fastened a large-sized plummet, and wound it all up on a short piece of bamboo. This was all his apparatus—simplicity itself, yet deserving a patent.

It was now nine o'clock. One hour more he could call his own. That hour—how it was spent was only known by the subsequent disclosures of his "bearer," who said that when he had gone into the tent to take his master a cup of tea, he found him very busy writing; that, when he afterwards lifted up the *pardah* (curtain) to take away the cup, his master was on his knees; and that, as he left the tent to go out, his master placed in his hand a thick packet, with orders that, if he did not return by morning, it was to be given to the Paymaster.

As the stillness of the night-air was broken by the several regimental *gongs* striking ten, Norval appeared at the rendezvous. Parker and his men were already there, and good Major Jones was there too, to protest once more, almost with tears—and to let them pass the sentries.

It was now quite dark. The sentries of the enemy formed a *cordon* about three hundred yards outside the city walls, and about twice as far in front of the advance line of the English pickets, and their presence was only to be detected by the sound of their voices, as they met at the end of each beat, and passed on the word "*Sub achchha!*" ("All's well!") from end to end of the line. The little party were now fairly on their way; treading softly and slowly they stole along till within about fifty yards of the enemy's sentries. Here they stopped. Two sentries were in the act of meeting straight in front of them; they passed the word to each other, and parted on their return way. Norval now counted how long it took them to reach the other end of their beats, and back again. They went, and came, and parted. Norval waited still,—with his little band, their hearts beating quick and loud, so as almost to be heard in the dead stillness of the night,—waited till he knew that the sentries must be close at the end of their beats with their backs still turned, and a clear two hundred yards between them. Then at a word from him all the party sprang forward as noiselessly as possible, were soon beyond the sentries, and up to the bank of the ditch itself.

There, a few yards in front of them, rose up, looming out against the dark sky, they

towers of the fort, and at their feet the ditch of unknown depth. A glance betrayed the real state of affairs. The flanking bastions had been sadly pounded by the heavy guns, and in some parts the curtains between had been entirely demolished, and crumbled down till the *débris* gave an easy ascent from the water's edge.

As the bank of the moat had been somewhat raised, it furnished cover and shelter on its outer side. Here Parker and his men lay down concealed. Norval arranged his apparatus for the cast. Unwinding his line from the stick and fastening the end round his body, he hung it in loose coils on his right arm, and took the plummet in his right hand. Then noiselessly crossing the pathway on the bank, he stole down to the water's edge, and threw the plummet sufficiently high to insure a good arc and straight fall. It carried with it, coil after coil, the line off his arm, and fell in the very middle of the ditch. It dropped with a sharp plash, a single sound; it made but a slight noise, not more than a fair-sized fish would make as he snapped at a fly,—yet that slight noise "sounded an alarm on the dull ear" of night. Instantly all was life. The sentries started out of their half-sleeping stroll, and fired off their matchlocks; the guards sprang to the battlements, and blazed away in the direction from which the sound had come. The sentries on the glacis followed suit without aim or object. Norval, the instant he had made his cast, had sprung back across the bank, and was lying concealed by the side of Parker. Slowly raising his head over the bank, he could see the guards hurrying to and fro along the ramparts, running down the sloping *débris* to the brink of the water, and there standing aghast. But there was nothing to be seen—nothing to account for the noise. The sound was not repeated. There was evidently nothing astir. So the firing gradually ceased; the men returned to their posts, or their slumbers; and Norval heard on the ramparts an occasional laugh, as the joke was passed along, "*Kali muchhli tha!*" ("It was only a fish!")

That danger passed, it now remained to draw out the line with its register float, and to make good the retreat. But Norval waited till all was perfectly quiet before he stirred from his lair. He waited—it seemed hours—when the gongs in camp began to sound eleven. "Now for it," he thought, "or I shan't be back by midnight." So he crept up the bank again, across the path, and down the other side, close to the water, where the grass was longer and helped to conceal him

as he lay full length on the very brink. Then began the work of drawing in the line: round and round he turned slowly, over and over, noiselessly winding the line round his chest, converting himself into a winch—until he had the cork in his hand. In the excitement he forgot himself for a moment; turning less cautiously than usual, his foot touched the water. The splash was heard. Again all were on the *qui vive* on the walls; but nothing seemed to come of it; so the sentries relapsed into quiescent confidence, and contented themselves with the thought, "There goes that fish again!" But it brought Norval back to his former prudence: more slowly and silently than ever he gathered round him the few feet of line that remained.

At last it was all done, and the plummet was in his hand! He now crawled back to Parker, touched him; the signal was passed on to the men, and the retreat began. This was a far more tedious and delicate affair; they now had the enemy, already startled, behind as well as in front. The slightest sound would have betrayed them, and all might have been undone. So one by one, in single file, at short intervals, on hands and knees, they crept along, until they were within some fifty yards of the enemy's sentries. Now Norval, who was in advance, pulled up; all closed in; not a word was uttered. With bated breath they waited till the sentries had met and parted, and were on the extreme end of their beat again; then they rose cautiously on their feet, and with a simultaneous spring made for the lantern, which, by agreement, had been placed to guide them back to the battery; and were again safe and sound within their own lines.

There was Major Jones only too ready to welcome them. Between night-rounds he had been constantly at the battery; for his anxiety was so intense that he could not rest in his tent. It is due to him to say that, during those two weary hours of agonizing suspense, the brave old man had thought more of the danger of that "young mad-cap Norval," than of his own imperilled commission. The trembling voice and the convulsive grip with which he greeted the young engineer told how much he had gone through.

With a very fervent "good night" and "God bless you" to him and to Parker, and with a kindly shake of the hand to each of the men, and the assurance that he should never forget how they had joined him in a venture of life or death, Norval made straight for the brigadier's tent. The old man was

asleep; so, seeing a light in the chief engineer's tent close by, he walked in and said, "Colonel, I find the brigadier has turned in, so I come to you. If you'll kindly *unwind me*, you'll know the depth of the ditch under the fort rampart. Please tell the brigadier I will vouch for its accuracy."

"Tell me how you did it," said he eagerly. "Let me off for to-night, colonel. You shall hear all to-morrow, when in reporting it I may have to ask your forgiveness for unauthorised absence from camp after tattoo."

He had not left the tent many minutes when the general awoke, and was told by his bearer that "Norval sahib" had been to see him, and had gone to the chief engineer. A note at once brought the colonel, with the line in his hand. Nothing would now satisfy the brigadier but that Norval should be sent for, as he could not sleep again till he had heard how it had been done.

"Captain Wilson," he called out—for Wilson was his orderly officer, and was in attendance close at hand—"will you oblige me by telling Lieutenant Norval that I wish to see him at once. He has actually gone and plumbed the ditch!"

Captain Wilson, who was very comfortable, as he lay back in his easy-chair dozing over his *cheroot*, was not over well pleased to be thus disturbed, and still less for such an object. So he went on his errand in no very gracious mood. On reaching Norval's tent he made straight for the *purdah*, and was going to lift it, when the bearer stopped him, "*Hookum na*," he said (which means "the order is not to admit any one").

"I must see your master," Captain Wilson retorted haughtily, and was again moving to lift the *purdah*; but the bearer again interfered, and, joining his hands, deprecating Captain Wilson's entering the tent, said, "*Sahib girja parhita hai*" ("My master is saying his prayers").

Wilson turned contemptuously on his heel, saying, loud enough for Norval to hear, "Tell your master the brigadier sahib wants him immediately."

"Saying his prayers!" hum! more cant and humbug, eh? Yet did he expect I would come for him at this moment? No, it can't be!" (so Wilson thought within himself as he walked back). "There is no hypocrisy in this at any rate. That man must be sincere. 'Saying his prayers!'" The sound of his own voice this time in such very different tone from that in which the words were first uttered, set him musing; and his uncertain steps, now slow, now quick, betrayed that a

struggle was going on in his mind as he wended his way back to the brigadier's tent.

Norval the while had been, as his bearer had truly said, "saying his prayers!"—prayers overflowing with thankfulness that his life had been preserved. As he rose, he called to his servant and asked for the packet he had put into his care. He opened it with tearful eye and trembling hand, as he thought how

the contents might have told to his mother and to her whom he hoped in time to make the partner of his life, the tale of his soldier's death. Again ascended from his heart the prayer of gratitude to Him into whose hands he had committed himself, for that he had gained his object, and was safe.

He proceeded at once to the brigadier's tent. As he reached it he was accosted by



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Captain Wilson. "Norval, can you ever forgive me the wrongs I have done you in thought and act? I feel now how I have wronged you. Can you ever forgive me? May we not be friends? such a friend as you I need, or I am lost."

From that hour they were friends indeed.

The assault was made on the fort itself.

And in a few months—the Victoria Cross not having then been established—the *Gazette* which announced Lieutenant Norval's promotion to a regimental captaincy proclaimed him brevet-major.

Thus was the ditch plumbed, and many a life saved—and one heart was plumbed too, and set in the way of being saved.

J. CAVE BROWNE.



THE STORY OF THE SOUTH WARWICKSHIRE LABOURERS' UNION.

BY EDWARD JENKINS, AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY," ETC.

HODGE, Hind, Yokel, Chaw-bacon, or whatever other name, descriptive or contemptuous, you may be disposed to assign to that being who, stolid, rugged, and sometimes picturesque, toils through the changing year to woo and win the harvests from a reluctant soil; whom you may see of a Sunday sitting with uncomfortable but decorous resignation in the village church, a spectator of ministrations with which he seldom has much sympathy; who affords to rural vicars and wealthy dowagers or rusticated maiden-ladies, a constant and passive object of ingenious charity; whose utmost excitement has been to listen to some county member at a ploughing-match descant on the virtues of straight furrows; or hear, amused, the wandering claimants for the county representation proclaim their opposite opinions from the White Hart or the Talbot windows—Hodge in heroics is a sight so wonderful and so portentous that England may well stand up and regard it with some excitement. For how long a time, while all the world has been moving around him, has he stood still! has got up to his work in the morning and gone to his bed at night with unintermitting regularity as the weeks, and months, and years, came and went! has worked like the man in "Pilgrim's Progress" with his face to the ground fixed on the stubble and the straw, and with no upturned glance towards a beaming heaven! Men have gone and looked at him, have talked to him, have reported upon him, have vaccinated him, have analyzed his condition, have framed blue-books about him, have statistically recorded him, his wife, and his many children; have theorized respecting him: but it seemed as if reform, economy, politics, statistics and philanthropy could never do more than depict him, and then hopelessly leave him to his fate. But here, at length, in Warwickshire, in Herefordshire, in Oxfordshire, in Cambridgeshire, and in Lincolnshire, he has suddenly himself awaked, stretched his stiff limbs and turned his eyes upwards towards better things!

The story of the origin of the Union in South Warwickshire is peculiarly interesting and significant. Far from being, as is asserted by some of the farmers, the effect of trades-union "agitation," it was the spontaneous outcome of circumstances which must

have very generally impressed themselves upon the labourers of the district, or the movement could never have acquired such rapid strength and force. From Weston-under-Whathley came the first voice that gave the key-note to the excitement. Some men of Weston-under-Whathley, a village three or four miles to the north-east of Leamington, wrote a letter to a local paper, in which they expressed their discontent, setting forth the difficulties of living on the existing wages, and propounding the novel and astounding question whether a day's work for a man was not worth 2s. 6d. or 3s. at least? This letter fell into the hands of a few men who were working at Charlcote, a village close to Wellesbourn, and a few miles from Warwick. Talking it over among themselves, one propounded the question how were they to remedy it? Whereupon said another, "Whoy let us do loike the trades an' 'ave a Union. Oi'll give somethin' an soign a päper if you wull." Eleven of them thereupon agreed to put down their names or their marks as members and to pay the entrance fee. The news of this little incident spread rapidly in the neighbourhood, and created no little stir. It was resolved to enlarge the area of operation, and the pioneers feeling themselves to be in need of advice, one of them suggested that "he knowed Joseph Arch o' Barford was acquaaänted with they sort o' things, 'an if 'ee could get 'im oäver, 'ee'd tell 'ee 'ow to manage it." No sooner said, than two good men were appointed to wait on Joseph Arch of Barford, a man living there in a humble way, but decently, a man God-fearing, respectable, and no doubt well known all round the country for his independence and good sense. He had been an active, thrifty man all his life, and worked about twenty perches of ground at Barford on his own account. His father, and his father's father, lived in Barford before him, and the grandfather had left him the cottage and piece of land on which he dwelt. Arch's father lived not in the days of National schools, was a very indifferent scholar and rather stuck to the Church. His mother was better educated, and was somewhat of a Dissenter and radical. The family, I fear, has always been a thorn in the Conservative and clerical flesh at Barford. Arch tells with some pride that his father was one of two in the village who

refused to sign a petition in favour of the corn-laws. He suffered for it to the day of his death. It is only one intimately acquainted with the rural life of our mid-land counties who can thoroughly appreciate the intensities of memory upon points like these in its small, sequestered communities. Arch as a boy was fond of reading and thinking, writing six copy-books full of his sprouting thoughts and fancies. After a short period of carelessness and intimacy with the lounging youth of the village, a day came when he thought over his life, and "became convinced," to use his own words, "he ought to be doing all he could to improve himself." He read whatever he could get to read, and as the price of papers was reduced to fivepence and twopence half-penny he was enabled to buy them. It was by poring over these in the evenings that he acquired his "political education." If you talk to him, you will find that few great events of the last twenty years have passed without his intelligent appreciation of their bearing and consequences, and he can even on occasion use the history of them to illustrate and enforce the points of his speeches. Married at twenty-one, and, by-and-by, having a wife and two children to support, a time came when Joseph Arch found one-and-sixpence a day an utterly impracticable standard of livelihood, much less of comfort. Determined to have more, he appealed to his master, who told him he had no more to give, whereon, as Arch puts it, "he struck." He resolved to seek work elsewhere, which, as he was tied to the old homestead, necessitated his leaving his family week by week while he journeyed into other counties. There, sleeping sometimes on straw, now and then on boards or even on wood-stacks, Arch for the good of the woman he had solemnly promised to cherish, and of the children God had confided to his care, alone and manfully fought a battle for independence. Painful indeed must have been some of the struggles, the temptations, and hardships of those days, but they were acting on a man of mettle, and he has, I would fain believe, come forth a better man for them all. As a local preacher he has preached about the country, sometimes in chapels, oftener perhaps under trees and hedges. His independence and integrity won him friends even among those who disliked his religious opinions. Occasionally he has been entrusted with contracts for job work which required the hiring of more than a score of hands, and it is his boast that were he to send a bell-man round Barford, Charl-

cote, Wellesbourn and the neighbourhood, he could get as many men as he wanted to undertake a job under his foremanship. With this sketch of the man's career before him the reader can easily understand why the wiseacre at Charlcote proposed to send over for Joseph Arch to come and help them.

Willing enough was Arch to go, when he had taken their assurance that they were in earnest, that they wanted nothing but what was "just and right," and had resolved to form an union. Long had he been thinking of such a movement, and long had he waited for its day to come. It had come at last. So, this being on a Monday, he agreed to attend a meeting on Wednesday, to be called at Wellesbourn in the "large room" of a small inn.

Charming is that Warwickshire country as one drives from Warwick, through Barford to Wellesbourn. The houses of wealthy gentlemen embowered in trees, surrounded by their young plantations or park-like meads; the clean villages, with their picturesque timber-tied, gabled houses: here the rich brown fields waiting for the sower's hand; here the light green of a great stretch of autumn-sown corn, or here again, within the fresh-clipt hedges, the undulating acres, where the white sheep and their whiter lambs dot the green surface; or there a dip in the landscape where the course of the gentle Avon is marked out sinuously by the pollards on its banks with their great broomlike tops all feathered with springing leaves. Altogether, to one passing through this fair country, looking as it does so fresh, so bright and clean, it seems as if here if anywhere on earth labour should find an Eden. Yet stay—here on the right in the middle of a large field stands a solitary tree; a stunted, gnarled, and hoary oak, with its gaunt branches clearly marked out against the grey sky—so crooked and elbowed, so knotted, flung up with such a strange wild caprice, in snaky forms, like a huge Medusa's head! It looks as if, in spite of the rich loam where its roots are struck, the sky had not favoured it; as if time and the winds of heaven had roughly handled it, checking its growth and twisting its gouty fibres into these uncouth shapes. Whenever I pass it I regard it as a type of the living labourer whose feet tread the ground about it. It looks out upon its rich neighbours the great branching elms, the ancient, sturdy beeches, the high drooping chestnuts or the umbrageous oaks, and says as plainly as attitude can speak—"I am an outcast. Though I live out of and by the same soil I have neither kinship nor concourse with such as you."

These stunted labourers in whose veins the poor blue blood flows slowly; with their knock-knees, their jutting and rheumatic joints and stooping gesture, stand thus before their well-fed and finely-developed masters—looking to the ground whereon they work, a picture of unequal fate, a sample of the chill and blight of poverty on hard oak frames—hard enough to bid want defiance.

When, walking through the scenes we have described, Arch reached Wellesbourn and the trying inn, he found, instead of a few score, nearly a thousand men crowding about its doors. It was useless to try a room. A trough was brought out and placed near a wall opposite the great chestnut tree that stood upon a green in the middle of the village. "Now," said he, when they had forced him on the platform, "what is it you want?"

"We want more money," was the reply.

"And less hours," was added.

"Then you wish to form a union to get it?"

"Yes."

"Very well, if you are in earnest, and will go about it in an honest way I will help you all I can."

And forthwith Arch opened up his heart, his heart which had been warming so many years for this work; and one can fancy how the burning thoughts welled forth, and how they kindled the hearts of those who were waiting for the touch of the flaming fire. The organization was partially begun that evening, and a second meeting called for the following Wednesday. The news spread rapidly and, with the news, the infection of the union idea. To Tachbrook, to Claverdon, to Studleigh, Snitterfield, and Alveston, one after another was the spirit carried, and in each branches were established. At Wellesbourn a large number of labourers, about the 1st of March, served this notice on the employers:—

"Sir,—We jointly and severally request your attention to the following requirements, namely 2s. 8d. per day for our labour; hours from six to five, and to close at three on Saturday, and 4d. per hour overtime. Hoping you will give this your fair and honest consideration,

"We are, Sir,

"Your humble servants," &c.

The surprise of the masters at this audacious epistle was so great that they took no notice of it. Accordingly on the 9th the men struck. Within a short time some were taken on at the rate demanded and others at

fifteen shillings, the previous rates having been twelve and thirteen.

Then at Harbury, Tyso, at Cubbington,— "Black Cubbington" yclept, for the men of Cubbington are a stern and rugged lot,—at Honingham, at Tachbrook, at Wolverton, at Claverdon, in a circle round Warwick, branch after branch was formed. South Warwickshire was aglow. In the third or fourth week of the movement the Trades-Unionists of Leamington began to take an active part in assisting it. They formed a joint committee with some of the leading agricultural labourers. Mr. Taylor, a Leamington joiner, became secretary of this provincial committee, and by his energy and experience contributed very much to set the new organization on its feet. Several other town unionists promoted the cause by their speeches and counsel in various parts of the county. But it should clearly be understood that the revival originated among the agricultural labourers themselves, and had acquired considerable dimensions before the Trades-Unionists had any hand in it. Thoroughly earnest were the men. At Wellesbourn, the first week of the strike was a hard week for the infant Union, for out of its narrow funds only a few married men could be assisted; but some of these, when they had succeeded in getting work the next week, brought back their contributions for the help of those who were less fortunate. At Harbury arose the poet of the crisis, one "E. R.," who wrote the following rough song, which to the miraculous tune of "Winkey Wam," is the battle-song of the Union.

The Farm Labourers of South Warwickshire
Have a right to a rise for many a year,
Although bread often has been dear.

But now they've formed a Union.

In most large towns, it is quite true,
The artisan and tradesman too
Have made their masters look quite blue,
Because they've joined the Union.

* * * * *
The Farmers' Men have long been down,
They've had to put up with many a trown,
But now they've asked for another crown,
For they have joined the Union.

Then up, be doing, brave-hearted men,
Stand shoulder to shoulder, again and again,
Then ask for your rights, and you will have them, when
Each man has joined the Union.

Be temperate, manly, true and brave,
Let each combine his comrades to save;
Then, tho' his master may storm and rave,
He may shout and sing of Union.

We won't be idle, we won't stand still,
We're willing to work, to plough and till;
If we don't get a rise we'll strike, we will,
For we all are joined in Union.

Then farmers be wise, and treat men well,
You'd work well for you, you know that well;
Come, join with us to-day, the men of the day,
'Tis good to join the Union.

CHORUS.—The Union, the Union,
There's nothing else the Union;
So if you want to have your rights,
Then come and join the Union.

But Arch felt that the men must do more than sing the Union song, wherefore he walked, and talked, and worked day and night to form the basis of an organization that should give the movement real power. A great meeting was resolved upon to be held in Leamington on Good Friday, previous to which a meeting of delegates of the various infant branches was to be held to frame a constitution. Several well-known friends of the labouring classes were invited to attend the meeting, among them the Hon. Auberon Herbert, who, fortunately, with Lady Florence Herbert, was able to visit Leamington and spend some days there at this critical time of the Union's life. How he left at home the politician and the republican, how he and his wife went simply and indefatigably to work to help these people in their main object and to prevent their being diverted from it; how, with earnest plodding, small details were examined and every effort was made to remove discrepancies of opinion; and how the genial, winning kindness of the woman supplemented and gave grace to the earnestness of the man—all this only the labourers themselves will ever fully appreciate, and only the cynic who denies to an opponent the credit of any good, would refuse to honour.

The Good Friday meeting exceeded all expectations. Early in the morning Leamington was pervaded by drenched, corderoy-clad fellows, who lounged awkwardly about the streets, and sought hiding-places as soon as possible. In the afternoon the hall of meeting was crowded, while an excited audience listened to the improvised harangues of volunteer speakers. Meanwhile the delegates met to consider a draft of the rules previously prepared by the provisional committee. There were too many outside advisers present, I say who was one; but several of the delegates developed considerable power of raising points and arguing them. When a proposal was made that six Trades-Unionists should be elected on the council, the appeal of a friend that they should rely on themselves and not risk the misconception, however unjust, of such a coalition was immediately appreciated, and thus the movement was rescued from a dangerous imputation. The amount of entrance and weekly payments was discussed warmly and lengthily—the quaint tone and language of several local preachers predominating in the argument, until a sturdy Cubbington man, tall and powerful-looking, who disdained the frippery of shirt-collars, and wore coiled around his manly neck a plethoric scarf, stood on his chair and commanded attention by his

stentorian voice. He was for a higher scale of payments than the others had been advocating. Cubbington is the resort of hardy labourers, who lodge there and work in the country round. They deem themselves worth, and no doubt are worth, more than the hinds who have been bound to the soil; and being better off they wished to be indulged in more generous contributions. "Sixpence an' tuppence aint worth mentionin'," shouts Stanley of Cubbington. "When I jines a Yunion oi loikes to jine decent, oi does. Yow wont 'ave enough money to go on with, with that there subscription. Oi loikes to 'ave somethin' to stand on, oi does." Stanley reiterates this, energetically, but it was a significant fact, that the most experienced delegates were of opinion that it would be impossible for the majority of their fellow-labourers to pay a shilling entrance and threepence a week.

In the evening the hall was besieged. Every corner and staircase was occupied, while outside some fifteen hundred were clamouring for admission. It was then, that a table having been carried out to the portico, a man was speedily lifted upon it, and I heard, for the first time, the leader of the movement. Both within and without the enthusiasm was tremendous. On that day, it became clear to all observers, that the Union was a living and established thing. From that day it has continued to grow in power and numbers.

Arch is a man of about five feet eight in height, with a good physique, broad shouldered and deep-chested, standing erect without that painful stoop which as often distinguishes the tiller of the soil as it does the plodder in the fields of literature. The head is well-formed and well-balanced, hair brown, whiskers dark; his face never unintelligent, his eye when he speaks brightens with a vivid light: his firm lips are constantly compressed as he is moved by some inward excitement. Small-pox has left its marks upon his countenance; yet the expression is pleasing; it strikes you as the face of a man who has conquered and who governs himself. Amongst hundreds of his fellows you could hardly fail to pick him out as the man of them all.

Here he is standing, one cold damp evening, on a rough platform at the Bowling Green Inn, Southam; the inn so called from the quarter acre space behind it where bowls are wont to be played. As we pass through the low narrow passage and emerge from the back-door, the sound of a clear manly voice reaches us from some fifty yards off. Every

word is distinctly audible as we approach a large straggling crowd—straggling, for the very reason that he can be heard so easily. The rapid utterance, rarely-failing vocabulary, copious illustration, the rush and swing of oratorical passion, the fondness for climax and anti-climax, and the peculiar preachy intonation—mark the man trained in the Methodist school of preaching. But Arch does not bring his sermons with him to these meetings. He is there to talk business, and everything he says is *ad rem*. It is only now and then when he refers, perhaps, to the secretary as “his friend and brother”—the secretary, Mr. Russell, being also a local preacher—or for an instant flashes out a reference to the relation of a bettered condition to higher moral and spiritual aims for themselves and their children, that you are reminded he can speak on greater themes than he is now handling. “Why,” says he, “the farmers say they can do without us—then we will show them that we can do without them. If any of you are sacked to-morrow come to me, and I will send him off and pay his expenses to a place where he can get constant labour at 25s. a week. I shall have no difficulty in finding places for hundreds. Let the farmers do without us! their fields want hoeing now. Are they going to leave them alone? (“Very loikely!”) They think they will let the crop go on, and then when the time comes for cutting it, they’ll send in their machines and get in the harvest without our aid. But if there are any farmers listening to me, they know what I am going to say is true. They can’t use their machines if the ground is rough and foul. And if they don’t get the men to hoe for them now, when the time comes to cut they’ll have to cut two crops instead of one, and they’ll reap more straw than wheat, and the weeds will have taken all the strength out of the ground. (“Ay, ay! there you are!” cry the men who are standing about in smocks listening with all their might and thoroughly appreciating the inexorable logic of the practical husbandman.) The fact of the matter is, brothers, we have the farmers on their backs, and in a short time we shall have to go and take hold of their hands and lift them up on their feet.” This idea is, to Hodge, too gloriously funny, and he laughs and cheers delightedly at the same time. It must not be supposed that Arch’s diction is perfect or his grammar or phraseology faultless: the h’s sometimes get astray—now and then a word is used in a wrong relation, more from want of practice in applying the word than from

ignorance of its meaning. Like all true orators, he has an almost inexorable rhythm, and he must get the word to satisfy this, whether it be appropriate or not.

This meeting was at Southam, a considerable village seven or eight miles east of Leamington, in the centre of an agricultural population, though in the town itself few farm-labourers live. Most of the resident labourers are employed in the blue lias cement manufacture. The banker of the village heartily supports the Union, and is the local treasurer. The night of this meeting several more were added to the forty-five members who had already joined it. After it is over, some one proposes to take up a collection to defray Mr. Arch’s expenses, and a good many pennies rattle into the “Jim-crow” of the honest man who has acted as candlestick to the reporters, with three candles firmly welded into one in his horny grip—their tallow dribbling copiously over his knuckles, and, I fear, occasionally defacing the reporter’s coats. Such were the meetings. The simplicity and earnestness of the people impressed me wherever I went. They were not concerned about ceremony or appearance. Everything was rough and ready. Good-humour and keen appreciation of any funny incident was invariable, and drunkenness unknown.

Mr. Arch is organizing secretary. The other secretary, Mr. Russell, is a Primitive Methodist local preacher. But he has had wider experience than any of his coadjutors. He says he has travelled through England and Ireland engaging in various occupations. With a long clerical-looking coat, and with the brown wavy hair combed back from his large face and over a great head, he gives one far more of the impression of the local preacher than Arch. In speaking he is by no means a tyro, and can be alternately serious or vivacious—can vary his voice and his rhetoric with very creditable skill. Both the secretaries are teetotallers. They have been trained in a school of enterprise. Their own energy and superiority of character has taken them beyond the little world of their birthplace,—too often the bounds at once of the hind’s knowledge, experience and ambition,—and by mixing with those without, they have learned so many of those ideas which they are now utilising for the benefit of their fellow-labourers. This and the constant intercourse with their ministers, co-operation in religious work, and association in church business, has created the men who are fit for the task of both arousing and organizing the

hitherto stolid and disintegrated, mass of rural labour. The movement has been fortunate in having men so moderate to conduct it.

The feeling developed amongst the farmers by the creation of the Union in their midst has not been happy. "Sir," said one of them to Mr. Auberon Herbert, "we all treat this movement with contempt. It has been got up by fellows of no character who could not get work in Wellesbourn and have been away to Birmingham and other places to pick up a living. And they've come back here with their union ideas. Why that fellow Joseph Arch, what is he? He's a Primitive Methodist preacher, and he was in gaol three or four years ago." To him the gaol and the chapel seemed equally monstrous and intolerable, and no doubt it would have appeared right that such a rural Bunyan with union ideas should spend the best of his life in a county prison. The same spirit was exhibited by Mr. W. Fowler, a gentleman who spoke at the meeting of the Midland Farmers' Club at Birmingham on Thursday, the 4th of April. "He would never," he said, "so far as in him lay, tolerate the introduction of that system of unions and strikes into the agricultural districts. He, for instance, had a man who had been with him from boyhood, who would go through fire and water for him and his family, and he would, if need be, do the same for the man. He paid him 18s. a week and his beer. Last year the man was laid up for six months. He got 7s. per week from his club, and he (Mr. Fowler) made up the 18s. per week. If that man were to join the Union he would discharge him on Saturday." This was too much for the Farmers' Club, to their honour be it spoken, and they cried out "No, no:" but Mr. Fowler was firm. "He would as he was a living man." The illogical nature of this position need hardly be pointed out. It may be and is a fair question whether or no the labourers are demanding a fair rate of wages; but to raise an issue upon their right to combine for mutual assistance, is to raise an issue on a question not only settled by law, which has now distinctly recognised the right of combination, but on which the balance of moral opinion among the public has as clearly given a decision. In the interests of peace, of the well-being of the farmers themselves, and of the future agricultural prosperity of this country, it is to be hoped that this prejudice may speedily be removed from the farmers' minds. There probably never was a combination of labourers

formed under circumstances so favourable to the interests of the employers, and in which the elements of animosity were so rigidly subdued; but the language and attitude of the farmers are calculated to endanger this peaceful aspect, and anyone who knows the agricultural labourer is aware that there smoulders beneath his stolid exterior a fire which on occasion can burst forth with disastrous fierceness. On every account, therefore, I earnestly hope, that the farmer, casting away his fear of those bugbears—"Trade-Unions"—"professional agitators"—and whatever other ghosts and griffs his lively imagination may have awakened for him, will look upon the movement in a common-sense, matter-of-fact way, and consider whether in the long-run he is not likely to gain more than he loses by being able to deal with a practical responsible body who can, when necessary, bring as much pressure to bear on their own members as they can upon him.

It is not within the scope of this article to do more than give as accurate and detailed an account as I could of the rise and incidents of this agricultural agitation. The discussion of its graver issues, of the exact relations between the farmers and their labourers, and of the various social or economical questions arising out of them, may be left for other opportunities. On one of the points of difference, however, between the labourers and the farmers, it is right that I should adduce one or two facts that came within my own knowledge. It is asserted that the rate of wages is but an inexact criterion of the actual resources of the labourer, and that he is better off on twelve shillings a week in the country than the artisan on a guinea a week in the town. Were the statement correct, the comparison would not necessarily be relevant. Ill-conditions can hardly be justified either by precedent or coincidences. The instance reported by the *Daily News*, in which "tea-kettle broth" and mere shreds of bacon to give flavour to the poor fibrous and saline vegetables which are to stay the stomach of people living constantly in a tonic air; "the red herring among seven" was perfectly authentic, and I met with tallying instances wherever I went. The reminiscences of such hardships go very far back. "I remember," said one of the secretaries, "when I was a boy, I used to visit my grandfather and grandmother. And I remember distinctly that all they could give me was parsnip broth—that is, sir, parsnips boiled in water, and nothing else—

and we used to dip pieces of bread into it. And I remember I used to say to my grandmother, 'Grandmother, it's very sweet;' and she used to say, 'Take a nip o' salt with it, my lad. Take a nip o' salt with it.'

How men and women have lived and worked and brought up children on such fare as this, "God only knows," as many of the poor women say. To have withheld from these the quarts of soup "in which a spoon would stand up," or the blankets which were to hold in a warmth that there was no food to create, would have been a barbarity defaming to English good-nature; but the gift of it can hardly be a ground for maintaining the propriety of conditions at once so terrible and importunate.

The social degradation of many of these people is very great. Crowded into their cottages, the youths of both sexes sleeping promiscuously in the narrow garrets called rooms, ill-health and immorality go hand in hand. [I was in a rather decent house at Southam, where the family consisted of ten persons, a great lad of twenty or more living at home and earning 9s. a week; a daughter happily at service, but before she went away—and no doubt now when she visits her "home"—all were sleeping together in the twelve or fifteen feet square space up-stairs under the sloping roof of their cottage. A Wellesbourn farmer said to me, "You have no idea what a miserable lot they are! Why, sir, there's more immorality in Wellesbourn than you could find in a day's travel." One may be content to take his statement, but what does it imply?

When the names of persons who desired to migrate were being taken down under the Wellesbourn chestnut, it was mortifying to see how few could avail themselves of the proffered benefits of other places. Skilled teamsters were required who could read and write. "O'i'll go," cries one. "Can you read and write." "Naw, I kent read an' wroite." "Then I'm afraid you won't do."

"Theer's moy son," said an old man, taking me aside, "'ee's a 'andy feller. 'Ee an do anythin' a'most. 'Ee can droive a pair o' osses, an plough a straight furrow, an et his han' to any sort o' work. D'y'e think 'e'd do for the railway?" Unfortunately the railway required two of the R's at least, and the lad was left a burden on his home. At a meeting at Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Thomas

Smith stood up and gave his experience. "He had known the time when, with a wife and four children, he only had 11s. a week, though able-bodied, and then bread and meat was uncommonly dear. For thirteen weeks he lived on bread and onions, and was too weak to work. Sometimes he had not broken his fast all day, except with some sop—(a voice, "And pepper")—at night. Once being hard up he offered to mow four acres of barley for 8s., but the farmer knocked him down to 6s. What was he to do? He was already in debt at the shops of the village to the amount of £9, and through their poverty they were put into court and had to pay 30s. in the pound. When one farmer wished him to take a shilling a day, he said, 'Do you want to make me a rogue?' for it was impossible to keep a family upon that money."

The migration of labourers from South Warwickshire has already been considerable. Applications come to the executive from all parts of the country for teamsters, waggoners, navvies, &c.—some accompanied with offers of advances to pay travelling expenses, and all offering wages from 20s. a week or upwards. The secretaries have been actively engaged in sending off men who were locked out for joining the Union, and in this way scores at a time of some of the best labourers have gone to various parts of the country. Emigration agents are at work imbuing the minds of the men with new ideas, and offering free passages and free homesteads in Canada or New Zealand. The immediate results, therefore, of the union movement must be considerably to deplete the labour-market of South Warwickshire. The farmers, who of late years have in harvest time often found it difficult to procure the labour they required, will find that difficulty increased in the future. How great and how widespread the changes introduced into the agricultural system by this state of things, no one can venture to predict. Here it has not been my object to enter into those considerations. The movement has begun, and for good or evil must go on. Any one who has come into personal contact with it, must believe that it has in it elements and promises of good. The stir of life, of thought, of that spirit of enterprise which is the making of men, has begun among these dry bones; and surely, if it be but slowly and painfully, they shall be clothed with flesh and inspirited, and arise to their true power of manhood and of duty.

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

AUTUMN winds sighing,
Autumn leaves falling,
Drooping and dying,
Past all recalling,
Summer has fled.

Ling'ring and lonely,
Mourning its fleetness,
Memory only,
Full of its sweetness,
Lives with the dead.

Winter winds wailing,
Winter skies weeping,
All unavailing,
Past from earth's keeping,
Summer has fled.

On the wall gleamings
From the red embers
Wake up fond dreamings,
Each one remembers
Days with the dead!



Spring's gentle breathing
Over life yearning,
Garlands enwreathing
For her returning,
Summer is near.

Nature awaking
Hails the newcomer,
And her locks shaking
Whispers—"Dear Summer
Soon will be here."

Radiant in glory,
Wrapt round her meety,
Still the old story,
Told out so sweetly,
Summer is come.

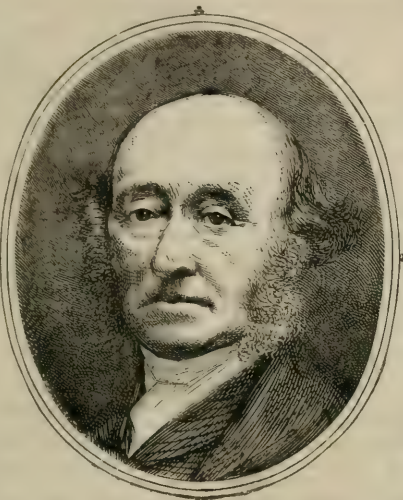
Farewell dejection!
When we are grieving,
Life's resurrection
Tells the believing,
"Summer will come."

JOHN MONSELL.

JOHN MACLEOD CAMPBELL, D.D.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are few intelligent and educated persons, in Scotland at least, who have not heard the name of Dr. John Macleod Campbell, about whom several brief notices, full of affection and admiration, have lately appeared in our newspapers. His name, I know, is associated in some minds only with his old parish of Row, from which, alas! he was deposed by our General Assembly upwards of forty years ago, for what was then called "The Row Heresy." A large circle



of thinking men know him solely by his remarkable volume on "The Doctrine of the Atonement," and from other works of a similar character, such as "Christ the Bread of Life," "Thoughts on Revelation," &c.† A larger circle still includes very many who revere his memory as that of a spiritual father; and personal friends also, belonging to all churches and "schools" in the kingdom, who deeply loved him. I am happy to know that I am addressing many such, who will feel thankful if I am able, however inadequately, to convey to others the impression which he made upon us.

I dare say there are some who will think that in speaking about him as I intend doing I must be guilty of exaggeration, from being unconsciously influenced by personal affection. But I feel how impossible it is for me to have known and loved one who was truth and honour itself, one who possessed such a deep humility of spirit, springing from the desire that Christ only should be glorified in

him and by him, to be tempted to say anything in the least untruthful about him, with the desire that others should sympathize with me. Let me say, as a ground of confidence in the justness of my delineation and estimate of his character, that he was one of the most intimate friends I had in the world. Since the earliest days of my childhood I remember him; and since I grew to manhood I have known him, loved him, trusted him, and learned from him as from no other. We have had the

closest intercourse of thought and affection, and have shared common joys and sorrows, trials and difficulties; so that I can speak of him with the confidence of a knowledge such as is possessed by comparatively few, and in the perfect assurance of the full sympathy of all who enjoyed the same privilege.

Dr. Campbell was the best man, without exception, I have ever known. This is my first, most decided, and unqualified statement. His character was the most perfect embodiment I have ever seen of the character of Jesus Christ. A biographer of the great and good Archbishop Leighton, says in effect (for I am quoting from memory), that he never saw him at any moment in a state of mind other than what he himself would gladly be in when he came to die. This, too, I can assert regarding my friend. In speaking of him to others during his life, I often remarked that, while I worshipped on this side of idolatry such men as the Apostles Paul and John, yet had I known and seen them as they lived and acted in all the varied circumstances of life, amid its daily commonplaces, and in its most solemn moments, and in those circumstances described in the Acts and Epistles, as I had known and seen

* The above sketch was preached to my congregation immediately after Dr. Campbell's death. I prefer thus reproducing it in the original form, with all its imperfections, as best expressing the first fresh impressions of my heart, rather than attempting at present anything more artistic or elaborate.

† All published by Macmillan.

my friend act, they would not, in so far as their characters were concerned, be held by me in less reverence, nor be lowered in any degree in my estimation. As an illustration of the impression made on others by the totality of his character, I may repeat what I heard from one who knew him well, and who on the day after his funeral, while listening in one of our city churches to the "Beatitudes" read from the pulpit, as a portion of the Morning Scripture Lesson, was made to feel how truly each was attached to a grace possessed by him. She felt, as I do, how he was characterised by that "poverty of spirit" which receives the richness of the kingdom of God; how he "mourned" for himself and others because of sin, yet found comfort in God as his abiding peace; how he possessed that "meekness" in the quiet acceptance of God's will, which inherits all the real good to be found on earth; how he, more than any one she had ever known, "hungered and thirsted after righteousness" for his own sake, and found how it filled him as his very meat and drink; how he was so tender and "merciful" to others, so "pure" in spirit, having that "single eye" which can alone see God; how very pre-eminently he was a "peace-maker," ever seeking to bring men to peace with God as their Father, and with each other as brethren; and, finally, how he too had been by some "persecuted for righteousness' sake," and how very many, alas! had said "all manner of evil against him, *falsely*," while he himself amidst the strife of tongues, "rejoiced and was exceeding glad" in God. This the hearer felt as she heard these words, and in the solitude of her own heart thought such things. But great was her surprise and satisfaction when the clergyman, as if reading her thoughts, said on finishing the lesson, "I never knew any man who so realised this whole character which our Lord here blesses, as did Dr. Campbell, who was buried yesterday, whose name is familiar to us all, and whose loss we all so keenly feel and mourn."

But I must consider his holy character more in detail.

Being a truly Christian one, his character consisted, I need hardly say, in due love to God and man, or in the possession, and that in a wonderful degree, of the same kind of life which was perfectly realised in humanity by Jesus Christ. Towards God, accordingly, his love was deep, constant, and, what I dare to describe as an all-absorbing personal affection, combined with a profound reverence and awe. God, as his Father, was the ultimate rest of his whole being, the life of all

his actions, the source of his secret inner joy, and his infinite reward. In this light he saw and judged of all persons and things, and examined whatever demanded his faith as moral or spiritual truth. All he enjoyed or hoped for, was inseparable from thoughts of God. Hence he sought his glory in the doing of God's will with all his heart, for in that will be recognised the only glory of the creature and of creation, and the only security for their blessedness. The prayer "Not my will, but thine, be done," was by him the response to a Father of a child who appreciated and rejoiced in the righteousness of that Father's will. I never perceived in any other such a constant sense of God's presence. This impression was not necessarily conveyed by anything he said, nor by what is called religious conversation; but one felt as if there was another person, though unseen, always with him. This sense of God's presence was also seen in the reverent awe with which he spoke of Him or uttered his name, and in the solemn manner also in which he read the Scriptures. No prophet of old repeating to others what to himself was as the audible voice of God could have done so with more impressive tones than those in which Dr. Campbell read the same words from Scripture. This was very far from being in him a mere matter of taste or propriety due to what was recognised as God's Word. His reverence was prompted by the deepest inward conviction, the clearest inward vision of the Word as God's Word. To him the written word presented to the outer eye or ear what was in harmony with all he saw or heard of God as seen by the inner eye, or heard by the inner ear of his spirit, as taught of God. More touching still were his prayers. These were, indeed, an opening up of his whole being in the very presence of his Father—a pouring out of his whole heart in holy awe and loving confidence in God, and in righteous sympathy with His will.

Such love to God as this was the necessary and organic growth of what he believed regarding God's relationship to himself and to all men, as revealed in Christ, and confirmed by experience. His theology and life were but a development of his knowledge of God as a Father, whose name is Love. The incarnation and the meaning of the life and death of Christ were seen in this light of love, and as manifesting that love in Christ to man.

I need hardly add that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ as the ever-living and ever-present Saviour. The eternal duality of Father and Son he saw realised in the one Divine

Being; and in that duality he also saw the full-orbed idea of moral perfection,—the perfection of mutual love; the perfection at once of righteous government, and of righteous obedience: the perfection of giving and of receiving—and all harmonized through an Eternal Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son. He thus recognised in Jesus, as the Eternal Son of God, the outcoming of a Father's love towards man, to which he, as a son, responded, saying, "Lo I come to do Thy will," receiving the acknowledgment, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Accordingly, in all that Jesus was, in all He did, in all He suffered, in his works of mercy, in his constant self-sacrifice while doing his Father's will, in his tears of sympathy with suffering and of sorrow for sin, in His invitation to all to come to Him for rest, in his offers of pardon and of life—in all he recognised not only a revelation of the mind of Christ, but also a direct revelation of the Father's heart to man; so that in seeing what the Son was towards man we see what the Father also ever has been, is, and ever will be to us. In Jesus too, as the Son of man, he saw at once realised the character of perfect sonship towards God, and perfect brotherhood towards man. Christianity, true religion, and Christ were thus one, inasmuch as the Son loved the Lord his God with all his heart, soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself, which is the sum and substance of the religion of all holy beings everywhere. What the man Christ Jesus was in character at once expressed God's purpose in creating man, and in redeeming him. For the purpose of the incarnation and the whole work of Christ on earth and in heaven, so far as it concerns us, was and is to reproduce Christ's own character in us, to impart to us, and sustain in us, and finally perfect, his life of sonship and of brotherhood, which *is* life eternal!

It is unnecessary here to attempt to compress into a few sentences Dr. Campbell's views on the doctrine of the Atonement, which he treats so elaborately in his work on the subject. Let it suffice to say this much only in its relationship to practical Christianity, that he recognised it as a necessary development of the love revealed in the Incarnation and life of Christ; that he believed it to have been made for all men without exception, and to be the most constraining moral power to make every man trust in God, with the full assurance of faith, receiving the forgiveness of sin and a new life in Christ by the Spirit. It is evident

from what I have said that to him there was no separation between religion and morality. For he believed that man could be truly apprehended and loved as a brother only, when God is apprehended and loved as a Father, and this could be only in Christ.

It was thus that Dr. Campbell, being rooted and grounded in love to God in Christ, and his spiritual sympathy with God becoming stronger, formed the habit of seeing himself and all men in the light of God's love ever seeking their highest good and joy. To see all men as God sees them, to love them as He loves them, to share the charity, the patience, the forbearance, the good-will of God towards them—this was his constant aim; and how marvellously he realised it! He did all things with the charity which "seeketh not her own."

No doubt Dr. Campbell possessed the beautiful gift of God from his birth, in his having a very tender, sensitive, and affectionate nature; but never would that gift, by any culture apart from the grace of God, have grown into that kind of love, so deep, so real, so constant and practical as that which I have described.

His love to others, let me further say, was such that I never, in my whole intercourse with him, discovered in him a trace of envy, dislike, jealousy, malice, or revenge towards any human being. Had such emotions entered his spirit, they would have been at once checked by a sense of horror, and a "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Hence he felt the evil in another man, even were he his worst enemy, as a real burden to his own heart. How vividly I can recall his expression, as if from sharp pain, when any instance of sin or evil was mentioned in his presence! His suffering from wrong done towards himself, however great, was occasioned chiefly by his sense of the evil in the wrong-doer; and his conduct towards that wrong-doer would be determined by the desire of delivering him from evil, and restoring him to God.

In him also, above all I have ever known, I saw realised the sorrow of St. Paul, who wrote "even weeping" regarding those degraded animal minds who gloried in their shame and were "enemies to the cross of Christ,"—that same kind of sorrow which was endured by the Perfect One, who wept over Jerusalem, and from whose heart has come to all true disciples what may be called the grief of love. Hence it was that, while no one who had ever met him, or had the capacity of understanding him, would have dared to bring under his notice any form of evil, in act or feeling, hoping for his approval

or sympathy, without being made to feel how alien it was to his whole being; yet the worst sinner, the most degraded wretch, would have received from him, if willing to be taught, a patient hearing and got from him fitting advice. The weary and heavy laden might fly to him, and confess all their sins, and let him know the very worst, sure that all a true brother could do *he* would do to comfort and strengthen them, and to bring them to God.

It thus often seemed to me as if it were selfishness to tell him anything which was a sorrow or a burden to oneself; for, as the phrase is, he "so took it to heart." Little might be said by him at the time, and the only response might be thoughtful silence, a look of deepest interest, or a pressure of the hand. But, having once laid it up in his heart, you felt it would remain there until he had pondered over it, and found how he could best advise or comfort. If anything in another was communicated to him, which seemed to be erroneous, either in sentiment, purpose, or action, if duty demanded it, he would, if possible fittingly deal with it at the time; but if he was not prepared to do so, he would embrace the best opportunity of giving a helping hand with the finest tact of considerate love. He would perhaps quietly lead the conversation without any expressed reference to his object, in a line of thought which, entering into your mind and spirit, ended in bringing you, apparently without design on his part, into the conviction or state of mind which was best.

His treatment of opponents was characterized by the same goodness and sympathy, and by the truest sense of justice. He never thought it a gain to put men in the wrong, but to lead them to the right. To pervert intentionally their arguments, was as impossible for him as to tempt them to falsehood. He not only stated their position fairly, but often in a far better form than they themselves were capable of doing. For he so felt the sacredness of truth, and his own responsibility for helping others to accept and rejoice in it, that he spoke what he believed to be true with the awe of one who assumed to speak for a God of truth. When he was deposed by his Church for what it deemed heresy, the same righteous love was manifested towards those who, in an evil hour, had cast him out. He felt that event to the quick. Hundreds of the best in the land sympathized with him then, thousands do so now. Yet never did he betray the slightest revenge or hatred. Ninety per cent. of his old parishioners, many of whom had been

led by him into the new life, and all of whom recognised the holiness of his character, petitioned the General Assembly to refrain from deposing him. But when, in spite of this and many things more, the deed was done, and another minister appointed to succeed him, he built no church, formed no sect in his parish. He called for the newly-appointed minister, whom he much respected, and called also for his old parishioners who were most attached to himself, and, knowing how "God fulfils Himself in many ways," he begged as a last favour that they would endeavour to obtain spiritual good from his successor, and show him all respect, and do him all justice as their minister. Among the many who attended his funeral, no one mourned him more sincerely than his successor. Never did Dr. Campbell utter one bitter word against the Church which had ejected him; nor did he leave her communion.

As illustrating this, I may state that when an address expressive of affection and reverence was presented to him, along with a piece of plate, by leading men of all Churches and parties, on his leaving his residence in Glasgow for Roseneath, it was suggested by one of the Committee that the presentation should take place *in* his old parish of Row, as the most fitting place in which to record their admiration of all he had done there. But he at once declined this suggestion, on the ground that it would be looked upon as a condemnation of his Church, and thus issue in an antagonism which he could not acquiesce in. He had hitherto acted according to his sense of duty and would vindicate himself when necessary, but he would not go beyond this by even appearing to condemn others.

I have already alluded to his reverent manner of reading the Bible; but let me here add a few words as to his faith in it. As a general principle, he used to say that Jesus Christ accepted the Old Testament Scriptures as a whole, without taking any exception to them. In his temptation, for example, He said, in reply to each suggestion of Satan, "It is written;" and, after He rose from the dead, He appealed to what was written by Moses and in the psalms and in the prophets concerning Him. What thus sufficed Christ, sufficed him. He had no doubt regarding the fact of a supernatural or direct revelation from God; yet he believed also that the ultimate judge of the truth of any Revelation professing to be given by God, was the "verifying faculty" of the conscience and spirit, not the intellect or

understanding, which had no more to do with discerning what was of God, whose "name is love," than the eye has to do with music, or the ear with scenery or pictorial art. He heartily believed in miracles, not as evidences of works of wonder-revealing power, which did not reveal God, but as being works of love which *did* reveal an Almighty Father, who was seeking the good of his children. Therefore, he would not, according to apostolic teaching, be convinced by the mere *ipse dixit* of even an angel from heaven, unless what was said abode the test of conscience, and was discerned to be true by the spiritual mind. So far from this principle of interpretation leading him to scepticism regarding the truth of Scripture, it had the reverse effect. In spite of a most subtle mind, naturally disposed to wander far into the realms of speculative thought, his spirit was so cultivated as to balance his intellect, and to lead him into a child-like faith and reverence for the Bible. His habit, when he could not harmonize anything in Scripture with what he had been taught of God, was to pause and wait humbly and patiently for light. If he could not believe what he did not *see* to be true—for with him seeing, spiritually, *was* believing; it did not follow that he must disbelieve it as being necessarily false. Knowing from experience how often light had come out of seeming darkness; and how often he had been left in doubt because dealing not with God's Word, but with a false or mere traditional interpretation of it; he assumed in the meantime that the truth was there, and sought a better telescope for discovering it, or a better atmosphere, or more light in which to see it; and was accordingly rewarded in the end by his faith in the Bible becoming deeper and stronger. He did not avoid but welcomed all criticisms upon it with open mind and heart, if only they were commended by their scholarship and love of truth, and he always gathered from them more knowledge of God's Word, and more love to it. Should any darkness still remain, he was able to bear it because of the light in which he dwelt, and which, as it increased, widened the circle of darkness beyond—a darkness that must finally disappear in a fuller knowledge of God, in whom is no darkness at all.

In what I have here so imperfectly stated regarding Dr. Campbell, I may possibly have given to those who did not know him the impression of one who was "too good for

human nature's daily food;" or of one who had about him something *outré*, fantastic or affected; or of one who dealt in the narrow shibboleths of a sect or religious coterie; or of one who assumed a something which practically said, "Stand back, I am holier than thou;" and whose religion had a considerable mixture of vanity and Pharisaical pride. But from everything of this kind he was absolutely free. He was of a higher type than those who are merely called, and, it may be, called truly, "very religious people." He was by habit too much of "the thorough gentleman," in the real sense of the phrase, to have had anything false or untruthful in his outward manner; and he was too loving both towards God and man to be anything else than transparent, simple, and unaffected in all that he said or did. His manner was, no doubt, silent and grave, and devoid of all flashes of wit or humour. He exercised great self-restraint, and was not characterized while dealing with ordinary things, by those conversational powers which are good gifts, and constitute what is called an agreeable, genial man in every-day society. Yet how paltry and perishing are such possessions as compared with his! I admit too that he wore an aspect, as of one ever "playing with an inward bait" of deep, serious thought. Yet he was never morose, never repulsive. An undescribable quiet peace like sunshine rested on him even when a silent and patient listener, as his wont was. It was only in the inner circle of congenial minds that he brought forth, with most subtle thought, those treasures of Christian knowledge and experience which lay concealed in the depth of his calm and meditative spirit. Yet he was ever open to all good and happiness in the world, to all truth, beauty, and joy, whether from nature or science, literature or art. His laughter was as genuine as his sorrow. He could sympathise with young children as well as with aged saints. He appreciated a good story or a good joke with all his heart. For to him "the world" was only what was *not* of the Father; while all that was of the Father—all that is worth knowing and loving in social life, all that is according to God's will in nature, from the flowers of earth to the stars in heaven, he rejoiced in. As an evidence of this harmonious culture of the whole man, I may state that he read aloud or heard read to him with intense relish, during what proved to be the last days of his life, the novels of Scott. He put nothing away

from him but what was wrong either in itself or because of circumstances which to him, or for the sake of others, rendered it wrong or inexpedient. He was, in one word, a holy *man*, who lived according to the will of the loving and wise God, revealed in *man*.

You may now ask me how came such a man to be ejected from any Church? To reply to this question would not only occupy more space than is allotted to me, but would also be too painful to consider here. I will only say that he was grievously misunderstood as to many of his doctrines, and too well understood in regard to others, to justify the ordinary preaching of not a few who tried him. He was supposed to be one of a party of which Edward Irving was the leader or inspiring genius, and which created great excitement at that time, near his parish in the west of Scotland, in connection with the supposed gift of tongues, with the working of miracles, certain views of prophecy, &c. But, while willing to listen meekly to any one who professed to have learned of God, and while valuing also the personal friendship of many dear friends belonging to this party, Irving himself among the rest, he never gave in his adherence to any of their peculiarities, and rejected the whole system and characteristic doctrines of what culminated in the "Holy Apostolic Church." The place it gave to outward order, to Church authority, and to the virtue of the sacraments, was utterly alien to his deepest convictions as to the relationship between God and man, the nature of true faith, and the means by which spiritual life could be imparted to and sustained in the soul. He and Irving were to the last much attached friends, though wide apart in their views. Said Irving to him, on one occasion, "I will be to thee a staff of strength on which thou canst lean, and, John, thou shalt be to me a pillow of love, on which I can rest my weary head. Let us pray." This was in a Glasgow counting-house. On another occasion, when urging him to join the Church, and finding his friend Campbell inflexible, Irving, like an ancient Prophet, rose up in all his imposing dignity, and said with solemn voice, "John! I command thee to believe!" But had an angel from heaven thus spoken, whatever effect his "authority" might have had on Irving, yet if without the light of truth to commend his words to the conscience, he would no more have affected his friend than would the same command if uttered by one of the angels of Irving's Church.

Then I may say that the times have much

changed since then, and also the manner in which differences of opinion in Christian men are judged and treated. To this change, in its most healthy aspect, Dr. Campbell has contributed more than any other man in Scotland. His case too was discussed very hastily, being disposed of after midnight in a very thin house; when not half the members were present. Dr. Chalmers was a member of that assembly; but he absented himself on the plea that it would take him a month to master the literature of the question in order to discuss it with satisfaction. Had he been present, it may be doubted whether he would have voted against a man whom he called "the holy Campbell," and whom he is said, on good authority, to have afterwards blamed only for "rash statements." That such a man could be deposed in our day, we deem to be in the highest degree improbable, although legally possible. But why recall the bitter theological disputes of forty years ago? The good men on both sides are almost all gone to their rest, and they dispute no more, while Dr. Campbell has affected, and will continue to affect for good, the Christian life of his Church and country.

That such a man has lived amongst us is an unspeakable gain. A life like his is the greatest possible strength and encouragement to seek that faith in God through Jesus Christ, from which it grew. One realises in the contemplation of his character the power of that evidence for the truth of Christianity for which our Lord prayed when He desired that all his followers might be one, that so the world might believe that God had sent Him to save it. For this Christian life of love to God and man, in spite of all diversities of individual temperament, outward circumstances, country, or Church, witnesses to an inward unity of character, which cannot possibly be accounted for otherwise than by the fact of there being an ever-living, ever-present Saviour, from whom all Christians humbly and gratefully acknowledge that it is constantly received. And if the same life was embodied and expressed in the Church, as it is in some of its individual members, then would it be, if anything could, what our Lord intends it to be, the one great missionary society—the light of life and of love manifested in the flesh, and fitted to illuminate and convert the world, as it cannot be done by any mere opinions, or dogmas, however true. Thank God, there are many now, and many more have been on earth, who have possessed the same spirit as Dr. Campbell did—in kind,

at least—and in innumerable instances, in degree also. I have had the happiness of knowing, and of meeting once all together in his house, the late Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, the late principal Scott of Owen's College, Manchester, and Professor Maurice; and such men of culture, both of intellect and of spirit, such "outbuilt" holy, loving men, breathing an atmosphere of such lofty thought and deep devotion, I cannot hope again to meet together on this side the grave.*

Never have I seen beyond the influence of Christ such a product of character towards God and man as these men possessed. Had they been asked by what power they were enabled thus to live, but one response would have been given by each and all from their deepest convictions and experience:—"The life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Let me add a few facts regarding Dr. Campbell's outer life. He was born in the manse of Kilninver, Argyllshire, in 1800. His father, Dr. Campbell, was much beloved and respected as a gentleman, a pastor, and a friend. He died when he was upwards of fourscore years. His son was presented to the beautiful parish of Row, immediately opposite the residence of the Duke of Argyll at Roseneath, and was ordained in 1825. After his deposition by the General Assembly in 1831, he was wont to minister in different places to those who sought his teaching; and from 1833 till 1859 he had a church in Glasgow, not with the view of forming a sect, but to be accessible to those who clung to him, and were built up by him in the divine life. His services were without "charge." But he had never enjoyed robust health, and was ever struggling with weakness of the chest, which laid him off duty in 1838 and in 1857. Being enabled, from his patrimony, to live in a simple way and rear up his children, he retired after 1859 into private life, residing in Glasgow, there to influence society and an ever increasing circle of friends by personal intercourse and by his thoughtful publications. His last two years were spent at Roseneath, in sight of the place which to all who knew him will be connected with his name and memory. When about to leave Glasgow for Roseneath, I had the honour of presenting to him a piece of plate, which was subscribed for by clergymen and laymen of all churches, together with an address expressing

our common love for him, and admiration of his character.*

Death came upon him unexpectedly. About the week before his decease he enjoyed a great measure of health. Five days only before his death, on the 15th of February last, and when feeling well, he wrote a characteristic letter—which we give in a note—to the orphan son and daughter of two of his old adherents in Glasgow, on the occasion of their losing a sister.†

* The following is an extract from this address:—

"In thus addressing you we are assured that we only give expression to feelings widely prevalent; for, although your name has been much associated with religious controversy, we believe that all would now recognise you as one who, in his fearless adherence to that which he held to be the truth of God, has never been tempted to forget the meekness and gentleness of Christ. And, without entering upon any disputed questions, we desire for ourselves to express the conviction that your labours and example have been the means of deepening religious thought and life in our country; that your influence has been a source of strength and light to the Churches, and that in your writings, as in your words, you have ever united independence of mind with humility and reverence for divine truth, and deep spiritual insight with the purity and tenderness of Christian love."

Dr. Campbell replied that he felt deeply this expression of personal feeling towards himself. He desired to thank the Committee and the Subscribers for their kindness, and the more that they had expressed that kindness through one who was so old and valued a friend; but his deepest thankfulness was for the testimony borne to his labours, that they had not been in vain. He felt, indeed, some measure of confidence that they had not; and he welcomed this acknowledgment all the more because he believed it to be rendered for Christ's sake—for "we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord." He did not feel that he could well speak in reference to his own circumstances, of which Dr. Macleod had spoken. He would only say that he felt grateful that the being without and not within the Church of Scotland had never lessened his deep feeling towards the Church, his interest in her ministry, and his thankfulness for the good effected by her ministrations. Perhaps the change in his position had been favourable to his thinking and writing, as he might not have done had he remained to the close a hard-working parish priest. But these things were in the hands of God.

† After alluding to their loss, he says:—

"How much has such dealing of God with you been in itself solemn teaching, and fitted to give weight to all other teaching which has been helping you to value Christ, who has 'abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel!'"

"Your bereavements must make you more to each other, and you ought to be each a great comfort to the other—each saving the other from the extreme loneliness that the one would feel without the other."

"But the comfort which your Heavenly Father bids you seek together and both share in (while yet the one cannot give it to the other) is what I wish to remind you of; I mean that 'everlasting consolation' which we experience in seeing life and death, time and eternity, in the light of redeeming love. That light makes, indeed, painful discoveries as to ourselves, and what we are as sinners; and we may, shrinking from this pain, be tempted to shut our eyes to escape it; but so doing, we shall be shutting our eyes also on the mercies of God—his forgiving love, which no one can know or taste who draws back from confessing the deep need of forgiveness."

"The death of Christ for our sins reveals at once our sins and God's mercies, not either alone, but both together."

"How thankful and grateful, while humbled and broken, ought we to feel, learning to see our sins by the light of forgiving love!"

"This is the teaching of the Cross, the lesson we are set to learn in the school of Christ—the first part of the lesson, which begins with the Cross, and goes on to the Crown. Indeed, it is one lesson; for forgiving love reveals, not remission of sins only, but also the hope of glory."

"May you be so renewed in this affliction, and be made by it so to receive former afflictions, and all visits of God's merciful dealing with you, and call to help you to understand his mind and will, as that you shall not now rest in any comfort short of the 'everlasting consolation.'"

"Write for you both. Your father and mother gave me a place as a teacher and helper in Christ, which I know may let you to expect, and not excuse merely, my now writing as I do."

* Alas! since this was written, the great and good Professor Maurice has departed!

"They are all gone to that world of light!"

He was ill for a few days only, but very rapidly sank into a state of weakness, with a prostration of nervous energy, which amounted nearly to unconsciousness, from which, however, he twice awoke, once to recognise his beloved wife, and afterwards his son. But it was not given him during these days to utter any word of truth, of consolation, or of faith. His work was finished. All had been said in his life; words were no longer needed. He was mercifully saved from what would have been to him the pang of a conscious separation from all around him, whom he so tenderly loved.

He was buried in the beautiful graveyard of Roseneath, near his old friend, Mr. Story, his fellow-soldier in 'all his conflicts. A great number of men and women, and, as the phrase is, of ladies and gentlemen, with members and ministers of different branches of the Church in Scotland, met and prayed around that coffin, which contained the remains of a teacher and friend. On the coffin these words were inscribed:—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." When it was covered out of sight we all felt that neither earth nor heaven were now as they had once been to us, because of him whom the one had lost, and the other had gained. To have questioned the glorified immortality of such a man would have been to have questioned the existence of God. Our sense of his death was well-nigh absorbed in the awe which the assurance of his life occasioned, as the thought filled our hearts of what he now was, and of his joy when meeting his Saviour and his many friends.

Dr. Campbell has left behind him a much beloved wife; daughters, too, loving and beloved; sons of admirable character in the civil service of India; the eldest, however, being chaplain of King's College, London; a sister of whom I may speak as one who is his second self; with her sons too holding important offices in the civil service in India; and her daughters occupying what is called "high social positions." I mention these things here, only as indicating the happy and honourable Christian family circle in which he lived and rejoiced, and which he recognised as being among God's most precious gifts bestowed upon him.

Dr. Campbell's funeral sermon was preached by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Story, of Roseneath. I refrained from reading this ser-

mon until I had preached the above to my congregation, and sent it to the press. I can quote Mr. Story now as an independent witness. Among many things which he has so truly said I select these passages:—

" To Dr. Campbell the Gospel was not a system fenced with logic, parcelled out into propositions. It was the revelation of a Divine Father's character and will. No one could use logic more skilfully than he: no one could reason with more thorough and impartial apprehension of every side of the argument; but he had got within the circle of the logic, and the orderly definitions, and the elaborated doctrines; and his spirit dwelt, so to speak, in the citadel of the truth, of which these were the cumbrous outworks. That God was the Father of all; that He loved every human soul 'with a love the measure of which was the agony of his own Son;' that He made no choice among his children, selecting some, rejecting others; that his Son came into the world, not to win a difficult pardon by shedding his own blood for certain sinners, but to reveal to all, God's goodwill towards them, and desire to save them, 'by turning them away from their iniquities,' and to teach them to have a child-like confidence in God,—this was the outline of the Gospel he preached, with all the power and persuasiveness of his own living conviction of its truth. . . .

"As years rolled on, and as he gave to the world, from time to time, the results of his profound meditation and rare spiritual insight, thoughtful men in all the Churches—many of whom had never heard his voice—began to recognise in him one of those teachers whose influence, slowly but surely, affects the religious faith of their day and generation. . . . In him all thought, all feeling were religious. 'His conversation was in heaven.' Of him, as of his friend Thomas Eydine, who was taken to his rest before him, you felt that his life was 'hidden with Christ,'—its closest fellowships were within the veil, its deepest realities were in the unseen. Not that he was in anywise an ascetic, or seemed to hold himself aloof from others, or above them. No one with more refined perception ever enjoyed all that was beautiful in nature, in life, in art. No one with more kindly sympathies could enter into the social intercourse of men. He did not force conversation towards sacred subjects, as is the manner of some; but you could not be with him, or hear him talk, without perceiving that here was a man to whom everything mean and corrupt was impossible, who judged by the highest standard, whose mind was most at home amidst the noblest themes, whose heart was full of that pure charity which thinketh no evil, which beareth, hopeth, believeth all things,—a man to whom, as to St. Paul, 'to live was Christ.'"

I may add that there are many notices of Dr. Campbell's ministry in Mr. Story's life of his father, to which I must refer the reader. And if he wishes to know more of Dr. Campbell's views of truth alluded to by me in so unsatisfactory and fragmentary a manner, he must turn to the valuable publications mentioned before.

NORMAN MACLEOD.



"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIV.



GEORGE VOSS, as he drove back to Colmar and thought of what had been done during the last twenty-four hours, did not find that he had much occasion for triumph. He had, indeed, the consolation of knowing that the girl loved him, and in

that as all the world had been told of her coming marriage, she would be bound to go through with it. The idea of it had become familiar to her. She had conquered the repugnance which she must at first have felt, and had made herself accustomed to regard this man as her future husband. And then there would be Madame Voss against him, and M. le Curé,—both of whom would think it infinitely better for Marie's future welfare, that she should marry a Roman Catholic, as was Urmand, than a Protestant such as was he, George Voss. And then the money! Even if he could bring himself to believe that the money was nothing to Marie, it would be so much to all those by whom Marie would be surrounded, that it would be impossible that she should be preserved from its influence.

It is not often that young people really know each other; but George certainly did not know Marie Bromar. In the first place, though he had learned from her the secret of her heart, he had not taught himself to understand how his own sullen silence had acted upon her. He knew now that she had continued to love him; but he did not know how natural it had been that she should have believed that he had forgotten her. He could not, therefore, understand how different must now be her feelings in reference to this marriage with Adrian, from what they had been when she had believed herself to be utterly deserted. And then he did not comprehend how thoroughly unselfish she had been;—how she had struggled to do her duty to others, let the cost be what it might to herself. She had plighted herself to Adrian Urmand, not because there had seemed to her to be any brightness in the prospect which such a future promised to her, but because she did verily believe that, circumstanced as she was, it would be better that she should submit herself to her friends. All this George Voss did not understand. He had thrown his thunderbolt, and had seen that it had been efficacious. Its efficacy had been such that his wrath had been turned into tenderness. He had been so changed in his purpose, that he had been induced to make an appeal to his father at the cost of his father's enmity. But that appeal had been in vain, and, as he thought of it all, he told himself that on the appointed day Marie

that there was a certain amount of comfort. As he had ever been thinking about her since he had left Granpere, so also had she been thinking of him. His father had told him that they had been no more than children when they parted, and had ridiculed the idea that any affection formed so long back and at so early an age should have lasted. But it had lasted; and was now as strong in Marie's breast as it was in his own. He had learned this at any rate by his journey to Granpere, and there was something of consolation in the knowledge. But, nevertheless, he did not find that he could triumph. Marie had been weak enough to yield to his father once, and would yield to him, he thought, yet again. Women in this respect—as he told himself—were different from men. They were taught by the whole tenour of their lives to submit,—unless they could conquer by underhand unseen means, by little arts, by coaxing, and by tears. Marie, he did not doubt, had tried all these and had failed. His father's purpose had been too strong for her, and she had yielded. Having submitted once, of course she would submit again. There was about his father a spirit of masterfulness, which he was sure Marie would not be able to withstand. And then there would be—strong against his interests, George thought—that feeling so natural to a woman,

Bromar would become the wife of Adrian Urmand. He knew well enough that a girl betrothed is a girl already half married.

He was very wretched as he drove his horse along. Though there was a solace in the thought that the memory of him had still remained in Marie's heart, there was a feeling akin to despair in this also. His very tenderness towards her was more unendurable than would have been his wrath. The pity of it! The pity of it! It was that which made him sore of heart and faint of spirit. If he could have reproached her as cold, mercenary, unworthy, heartless, even though he had still loved her, he could have supported himself by his anger against her unworthiness. But as it was there was no such support for him. Though she had been in fault her virtue towards him was greater than her fault. She still loved him. She still loved him,—though she could not be his wife.

Then he thought of Adrian Urmand and of the man's success and wealth, and general prosperity in the world. What, if he should go over to Basle and take Adrian Urmand by the throat and choke him? What if he should at least half choke the successful man, and make it well understood that the other half would come unless the successful man would consent to relinquish his bride? George, though he did not expect success for himself, was fully purposed that Urmand should not succeed without some interference from him,—by means of choking or otherwise. He would find some way of making himself disagreeable. If it were only by speaking his mind, he thought that he could speak it in such a way that the Basle merchant would not like it. He would tell Urmand in the first place that Marie was won not at all by affection, not in the least by any personal regard for her suitor, but altogether by a feeling of duty towards her uncle. And he would point out to this suitor how dastardly a thing it would be to take advantage of a girl so placed. He planned a speech or two as he drove along which he thought that even Urmand, thick-skinned as he believed him to be, would dislike to hear. "You may have her, perhaps," he would say to him, "as so much goods that you would buy, because she is, as a thing in her uncle's hands, to be bought. She believes it to be her duty, as being altogether dependent, to be disposed of as her uncle may choose. And she will go to you, as she would to any other man who might make the purchase. But as for loving you,—you don't even believe that she loves you. She will keep

your house for you; but she will never love you. She will keep your house for you,—unless, indeed, she should find you to be so intolerable to her, that she should be forced to leave you. It is in that way that you will have her,—if you are so low a thing as to be willing to take her so." He planned various speeches of such a nature—not intending to trust entirely to speeches, but to proceed to some attempt at choking afterwards if it should be necessary. Marie Bromar should not become Adrian Urmand's wife without some effort on his part. So resolving, he drove into the yard of the hotel at Colmar.

As soon as he entered the house Madame Faragon began to ask him questions about the wedding. When was it to be? George thought for a moment, and then remembered that he had not even heard the day named. "Why don't you answer me, George?" said the old woman angrily. "You must know when it's going to be."

"I don't know that it's going to be at all," said George.

"Not going to be at all! Why not? There is not anything wrong, is there? Were they not betrothed? Why don't you tell me, George?"

"Yes; they were betrothed."

"And is he crying off? I should have thought Michel Voss was the man to strangle him if he did that."

"And I am the man to strangle him if he don't," said George, walking out of the room.

He knew that he had been silly and absurd, but he knew also that he was so moved as to have hardly any control over himself. In the few words that he had now said to Madame Faragon he had, as he felt, told the story of his own disappointment; and yet he had not in the least intended to take the old woman into his confidence. He had not meant to have said a word about the quarrel between himself and his father, and now he had told everything.

When she saw him again in the evening, of course she asked him some further questions. "George," she said, "I am afraid things are not going pleasantly at Granpere."

"Not altogether," he answered.

"But I suppose the marriage will go on?" To this he made no answer, but shook his head, showing how impatient he was at being thus questioned. "You ought to tell me," said Madame Faragon plaintively, "considering how interested I must be in all that concerns you."

"I have nothing to tell."

"But is the marriage to be put off?" again demanded Madame Faragon, with extreme anxiety.

"Not that I know of, Madame Faragon: they will not ask me whether it is to be put off or not."

"But have they quarrelled with M. Urmand?"

"No; nobody has quarrelled with M. Urmand."

"Was he there, George?"

"What, with me! No; he was not there with me. I have never seen the man since I first left Granpere to come here." And then George Voss began to think what might have happened had Adrian Urmand been at the hotel while he was there himself. After all, what could he have said to Adrian Urmand? or what could he have done to him?

"He hasn't written, has he, to say that he is off his bargain?" Poor Madame Faragon was almost pathetic in her anxiety to learn what had really occurred at the Lion d'Or.

"Certainly not. He has not written at all."

"Then what is it, George?"

"I suppose it is this,—that Marie Bromar cares nothing for him."

"But so rich as he is! And they say, too, such a good-looking young man."

"It is wonderful, is it not? It is next to a miracle that there should be a girl deaf and blind to such charms. But, nevertheless, I believe it is so. They will probably make her marry him, whether she likes it or not."

"But she is betrothed to him. Of course she will marry him."

"Then there will be an end of it," said George.

There was one other question which Madame Faragon longed to ask; but she was almost too much afraid of her young friend to put it into words. At last she plucked up courage, and did ask her question after an ambiguous way.

"But I suppose it is nothing to you, George?"

"Nothing at all. Nothing on earth," said he.

"How should it be anything to me?" Then he hesitated for awhile, pausing to think whether or no he would tell the truth to Madame Faragon. He knew that there was no one on earth, setting aside his father and Marie Bromar, to whom he was really so dear as he was to this old woman. She would probably do more for him, if it might possibly be in her power to do anything, than any other of his friends. And, moreover, he did not like the idea of being false to her, even on such a subject as this. "It

is only this to me," he said, "that she had promised to be my wife, before they had ever mentioned Urmand's name to her."

"Oh, George!"

"And why should she not have promised?"

"But, George;—during all this time you have never mentioned it."

"There are some things, Madame Faragon, which one doesn't mention. And I do not know why I should have mentioned it at all. But you understand all about it now. Of course she will marry the man. It is not likely that my father should fail to have his own way with a girl who is dependent on him."

"But he,—M. Urmand; he would give her up if he knew it all, would he not?"

To this George made no instant answer; but the idea was there, in his mind,—that the linen merchant might perhaps be induced to abandon his purpose, if he could be made to understand that Marie wished it. "If he have any touch of manhood about him he would do so," said he.

"And what will you do, George?"

"Do! I shall do nothing. What should I do? My father has turned me out of the house. That is the whole of it. I do not know that there is anything to be done." Then he went out, and there was nothing more said upon the question. For the three or four days there was nothing said. As he went in and out Madame Faragon would look at him with anxious eyes, questioning herself how far such a feeling of love might in truth make this young man forlorn and wretched. As far as she could judge by his manner he was very forlorn and very wretched. He did his work indeed, and was busy about the place, as was his wont. But there was a look of pain in his face, which made her old heart grieve, and by degrees her good wishes for the object, which seemed to be so much to him, became eager and hot.

"Is there nothing to be done?" she asked at last, putting out her fat hand to take hold of his in sympathy.

"There is nothing to be done," said George, who, however, hated himself because he was doing nothing, and still thought occasionally of that plan of choking his rival.

"If you were to go to Basle and see the man?"

"What could I say to him, if I did see him? After all, it is not him that I can blame. I have no just ground of quarrel with him. He has done nothing that is not fair. Why should he not love her if it suits him? Unless he were to fight me, indeed—"

"Oh, George! let there be no fighting."

"It would do no good, I fear."

"None, none, none," said she.

"If I were to kill him, she could not be my wife then."

"No, no; certainly not."

"And if I wounded him, it would make her like him perhaps. If he were to kill me, indeed, there might be some comfort in that."

After this Madame Faragon made no further suggestions that her young friend should go to Basle.

CHAPTER XV.

DURING the remainder of the day on which George had left Granpere, the hours did not fly very pleasantly at the Lion d'Or. Michel Voss had gone to his niece immediately upon his return from his walk, intending to obtain a renewed pledge from her that she would be true to her engagement. But he had been so full of passion, so beside himself with excitement, so disturbed by all that he had heard, that he had hardly waited with Marie long enough to obtain such pledge, or to learn from her that she refused to give it. He had only been able to tell her that if she hesitated about marrying Adrian she should never look upon his face again; and then without staying for a reply he had left her. He had been in such a tremour of passion that he had been unable to demand an answer. After that, when George was gone, he kept away from her during the remainder of the morning. Once or twice he said a few words to his wife, and she counselled him to take no further outward notice of anything that George had said to him. "It will all come right if you will only be a little calm with her," Madame Voss had said. He had tossed his head and declared that he was calm;—the calmest man in all Lorraine. Then he had come to his wife again, and she had again given him some good practical advice. "Don't put it into her head that there is to be a doubt," said Madame Voss.

"I haven't put it into her head," he answered angrily.

"No, my dear, no; but do not allow her to suppose that anybody else can put it there either. Let the matter go on. She will see the things bought for her wedding, and when she remembers that she has allowed them to come into the house without remonstrating, she will be quite unable to object. Don't give her an opportunity of objecting." Michel Voss again shook his head, as though his wife were an unreasonable woman, and swore that it was not he who had given Marie such op-

portunity. But he made up his mind to do as his wife recommended. "Speak softly to her, my dear," said Madame Voss.

"Don't I always speak softly?" said he, turning sharply round upon his spouse.

He made his attempt to speak softly when he met Marie about the house just before supper. He put his hand upon her shoulder, and smiled, and murmured some word of love. He was by no means crafty in what he did. Craft indeed was not the strong point of his character. She took his rough hand and kissed it, and looked up lovingly, beseechingly into his face. She knew that he was asking her to consent to the sacrifice, and he knew that she was imploring him to spare her. This was not what Madame Voss had meant by speaking softly. Could she have been allowed to dilate upon her own convictions, or had she been able adequately to express her own ideas, she should have begged that there might be no sentiment, no romance, no kissing of hands, no looking into each other's faces,—no half-murmured tones of love. Madame Voss believed strongly that the every-day work of the world was done better without any of these glancings and glimmerings of moonshine. But then her husband was, by nature, of a fervid temperament, given to the influence of unexpressed poetic emotions;—and thus subject, in spite of the strength of his will, to much weakness of purpose. Madame Voss perhaps condemned her husband in this matter the more because his romantic disposition never showed itself in his intercourse with her. He would kiss Marie's hand, and press Marie's wrist, and hold dialogues by the eye with Marie. But with his wife his speech was,—not exactly yea, yea, and nay, nay,—but yes, yes, and no, no. It was not unnatural therefore that she should specially dislike this weakness of his which came from his emotional temperament. "I would just let things go, as though there were nothing special at all," she said again to him, before supper, in a whisper.

"And so I do. What would you have me say?"

"Don't mind petting her, but just be as you would be any other day."

"I am as I would be any other day," he replied. However, he knew that his wife was right, and was in a certain way aware that if he could only change himself and be another sort of man, he might manage the matter better. He could be fiercely angry, or caressingly affectionate. But he was unable to adopt that safe and golden mean, which his wife recommended. He could not keep him-

self from interchanging a piteous glance or two with Marie at supper, and put a great deal too much unction into his caress, to please Madame Voss, when Marie came to kiss him before she went to bed.

In the meantime Marie was quite aware that it was incumbent on her to determine what she would do. It may be as well to declare at once that she had determined—had determined fully, before her uncle and George had started for their walk up to the wood-cutting. When she was giving them their breakfast that morning her mind was fully made up. She had had the night to lie awake upon it, to think it over, and to realise all that George had told her. It had come to her as quite a new thing that the man whom she worshipped, worshipped her too. While she believed that nobody else loved her;—when she could tell herself that her fate was nothing to anybody;—as long as it had seemed to her that the world for her must be cold, and hard, and material;—so long could she reconcile to herself, after some painful, dubious fashion, the idea of being the wife either of Adrian Urmand, or of any other man. Some kind of servitude was needful, and if her uncle was decided that she must be banished from his house, the kind of servitude which was proposed to her at Basle would do as well as another. But when she had learned the truth,—a truth so unexpected,—then such servitude became impossible to her. On that morning, when she came down to give the men their breakfast, she had quite determined that let the consequences be what they might she would never become the wife of Adrian Urmand. Madame Voss had told her husband that when Marie saw the things purchased for her wedding coming into the house, the very feeling that the goods had been bought would bind her to her engagement. Marie had thought of that also, and was aware that she must lose no time in making her purpose known, so that articles which would be unnecessary might not be purchased. On that very morning, while the men had been up in the mountain, she had sat with her aunt hemming sheets,—intended as an addition to the already overflowing stock possessed by M. Urmand. It was with difficulty that she had brought herself to do that,—telling herself, however, that as the linen was there, it must be hemmed, when there had come a question of marking the sheets, she had evaded the task,—not without raising suspicion in the bosom of Madame Voss.

But it was, as she knew, absolutely neces-

sary that her uncle should be informed of her purpose. When he had come to her after the walk, and demanded of her whether she still intended to marry Adrian Urmand, she had answered him falsely. "I suppose so," she had said. The question—such a question as it was—had been put to her too abruptly to admit of a true answer on the spur of the moment. But the falsehood almost stuck in her throat and was a misery to her till she could set it right by a clear declaration of the truth. She had yet to determine what she would do;—how she would tell this truth; in what way she would ensure to herself the power of carrying out her purpose. Her mind, the reader must remember, was somewhat dark in the matter. She was betrothed to the man, and she had always heard that a betrothal was half a marriage. And yet she knew of instances in which marriages had been broken off after betrothal quite as ceremonious as her own,—had been broken off without scandal or special censure from the Church. Her aunt, indeed, and M. le Curé had, ever since the plighting of her troth to M. Urmand, spoken of the matter in her presence, as though the wedding were a thing already nearly done;—not suggesting by the tenour of their speech that any one could wish in any case to make a change, but pointing out incidentally that any change was now out of the question. But Marie had been sharp enough to understand perfectly the gist of her aunt's manœuvres and of the priest's incidental information. The thing could be done, she knew; and she feared no one in the doing of it,—except her uncle. But she did fear that if she simply told him that it must be done, he would have such a power over her that she would not succeed. In what way could she do it first, and then tell him afterwards?

At last she determined that she would write a letter to M. Urmand, and show a copy of the letter to her uncle when the post should have taken it so far out of Granpere on its way to Basle, as to make it impossible that her uncle should recall it. Much of the day after George's departure, and much of the night, was spent in the preparation of this letter. Marie Bromar was not so well practised in the writing of letters as will be the majority of the young ladies who may, perhaps, read her history. It was a difficult thing for her to begin the letter, and a difficult thing for her to bring it to its end. But the letter was written and sent. The post left Granpere at about eight in the morning,

taking all letters by way of Remiremont; and on the day following George's departure, the post took Marie Bromar's letter to M. Urmand.

When it was gone, her state of mind was very painful. Then it was necessary that she should show the copy to her uncle. She had posted the letter between six and seven with her own hands, and had then come trembling back to the inn, fearful that her uncle should discover what she had done before her letter should be beyond his reach. When she saw the mail conveyance go by on its route to Remiremont, then she knew that she must begin to prepare for her uncle's wrath. She thought that she had heard that the letters were detained some time at Remiremont before they went on to Epinal in one direction and to Mulhouse in the other. She looked at the railway time-table which was hung up in one of the passages of the inn, and saw the hour of the departure of the diligence from Remiremont to catch the train at Mulhouse for Basle. When that hour was passed, the conveyance of her letter was insured, and then she must show the copy to her uncle. He came into the house about twelve and eat his dinner with his wife in the little chamber. Marie, who was in and out of the room during the time, would not sit down with them. When pressed to do so by her uncle, she declared that she had eaten lately and was not hungry. It was seldom that she would sit down to dinner, and this therefore gave rise to no special remark. As soon as his meal was over, Michel Voss got up to go out about his business, as was usual with him. Then Marie followed him into the passage. "Uncle Michel," she said, "I want to speak to you for a moment; will you come with me?"

"What is it about, Marie?"

"If you will come, I will show you."

"Show me! What will you show me?"

"It's a letter, Uncle Michel. Come upstairs and you shall see it." Then he followed her up-stairs, and in the long public room, which was at that hour deserted, she took out of her pocket the copy of her letter to Adrian Urmand, and put it into her uncle's hands. "It is a letter, Uncle Michel, which I have written to M. Urmand. It went this morning, and you must see it."

"A letter to Urmand," he said, as he took the paper suspiciously into his hands.

"Yes, Uncle Michel. I was obliged to write it. It is the truth, and I was obliged to let him know it. I am afraid you will be angry with me, and—turn me away; but I cannot help it."

The letter was as follows:—

*"The Hotel Lion d'Or, Granpere,
October 1, 186—."*

"M. URMAND,—

"I take up my pen in great sorrow and remorse to write you a letter, and to prevent you from coming over here for me, as you intended, on this day fortnight. I have promised to be your wife, but it cannot be. I know that I have behaved very badly, but it would be worse if I were to go on and deceive you. Before I knew you I had come to be fond of another man; and I find now, though I have struggled hard to do what my uncle wishes, that I could not promise to love you and be your wife. I have not told Uncle Michel yet, but I shall as soon as this letter is gone.

"I am very, very sorry for the trouble I have given you. I did not mean to be bad. I hope that you will forget me, and try to forgive me. No one knows better than I do how bad I have been.

"Your most humble servant,

"With the greatest respect,

"MARIE BROMAR."

The letter had taken her long to write, and it took her uncle long to read, before he came to the end of it. He did not get through a line without sundry interruptions, which all arose from his determination to contradict at once every assertion which she made. "You cannot prevent his coming," he said, "and it shall not be prevented." "Of course, you have promised to be his wife, and it must be." "Nonsense about deceiving him. He is not deceived at all." "Trash—you are not fond of another man. It is all nonsense." "You must do what your uncle wishes. You must, now! you must! Of course, you will love him. Why can't you let all that come as it does with others?" "Letter gone;—yes indeed, and now I must go after it." "Trouble!—yes! Why could you not tell me before you sent it? Have I not always been good to you?" "You have not been bad; not before. You have been very good. It is this that is bad." "Forget you indeed. Of course he won't. How should he? Are you not betrothed to him? He'll forgive you fast enough, when you just say that you did not know what you were about when you were writing it." Thus her uncle went on; and as the outburst of his wrath was, as it were, chopped into little bits by his having to continue the reading of the letter, the storm did not fall upon Marie's head so violently as she had expected.

"There's a pretty kettle of fish you've made!" said he as soon as he had finished reading the letter. "Of course, it means nothing."

"But it must mean something, Uncle Michel."

"I say it means nothing. Now I'll tell you what I shall do, Marie. I shall start for Basle directly. I shall get there by twelve o'clock to-night by going through Colmar, and I shall endeavour to intercept the letter before Urmand would receive it to-morrow." This was a cruel blow to Marie after all her precautions. "If I cannot do that, I shall at any rate see him before he gets it. That is what I shall do, and you must let me tell him, Marie, that you repent having written the letter."

"But I don't repent it, Uncle Michel; I don't indeed. I can't repent it. How can I repent it when I really mean it? I shall never become his wife;—indeed I shall not. Oh, Uncle Michel, pray, pray, pray do not go to Basle!"

But Michel Voss resolved that he would go to Basle, and to Basle he went. The immediate weight, too, of Marie's misery was aggravated by the fact that in order to catch the train for Basle at Colmar, her uncle need not start quite immediately. There was an hour during which he could continue to exercise his eloquence upon his niece, and endeavour to induce her to authorise him to contradict her own letter. He appealed first to her affection, and then to her duty; and after that, having failed in these appeals, he poured forth the full vials of his wrath upon her head. She was ungrateful, obstinate, false, unwomanly, disobedient, irreligious, sacrilegious, and an idiot. In the fury of his anger, there was hardly any epithet of severe rebuke which he spared, and yet, as every cruel word left his mouth, he assured her that it should all be taken to mean nothing, if she would only now tell him that he might nullify the letter. Though she had deserved all these bad things which he had spoken of her, yet she should be regarded as having deserved none of them, should again be accepted as having in all points done her duty, if she would only, even now, be obedient. But she was not to be shaken. She had at last formed a resolution, and her uncle's words had no effect towards turning her from it. "Uncle Michel," she said at last, speaking with much seriousness of purpose, and a dignity of person that was by no means thrown away upon him, "if I am what you say, I had better go away from

your house. I know I have been bad. I was bad to say that I would marry M. Urmand. I will not defend myself. But nothing on earth shall make me marry him. You had better let me go away, and get a place as a servant among our friends at Epinal." But Michel Voss, though he was heaping abuse upon her with the hope that he might thus achieve his purpose, had not the remotest idea of severing the connection which bound him and her together. He wanted to do her good, not evil. She was exquisitely dear to him. If she would only let him have his way and provide for her welfare as he saw, in his wisdom, would be best, he would at once take her in his arms again and tell her that she was the apple of his eye. But she would not; and he went at last off on his road to Colmar and Basle, gnashing his teeth in anger.

CHAPTER XVI.

NOTHING was said to Marie about her sins on that afternoon after her uncle had started on his journey. Everything in the hotel was blank, and sad, and gloomy; but there was at any rate, the negative comfort of silence, and Marie was allowed to go about the house and do her work without rebuke. But she observed that the Curé—M. le Curé Gondin—sat much with her aunt during the evening, and she did not doubt but that she herself and her iniquities made the subject of their discourse.

M. le Curé Gondin, as he was generally called at Granpere,—being always so spoken of, with his full name and title, by the large Protestant portion of the community,—was a man very much respected by all the neighbourhood. He was respected by the Protestants because he never interfered with them, never told them either behind their backs or before their faces that they would be damned as heretics, and never tried the hopeless task of converting them. In his intercourse with them he dropped the subject of religion altogether,—as a philologist or an entomologist will drop his grammar or his insects in his intercourse with those to whom grammar and insects are matters of indifference. And he was respected by the Catholics of both sorts,—by those who did not and by those who did adhere with strictness to the letter of their laws of religion. With the former he did his duty, perhaps without much enthusiasm. He preached to them, if they would come and listen to him. He christened them, confirmed them, and absolved them from their sins,—of course after due

penitence. But he lived with them, too, in a friendly way, pronouncing no anathemas against them, because they were not as attentive to their religious exercises as they might have been. But with those who took a comfort in sacred things, who liked to go to early masses in cold weather, to be punctual at ceremonies, to say the rosary as surely as the evening came, who knew and performed all the intricacies of fasting as ordered by the bishop, down to the refinement of an egg more or less, in the whole Lent, or the absence of butter from the day's

cooking,—with these he had all that enthusiasm which such people like to encounter in their priest. We may say therefore that he was a wise man,—and probably on the whole, a good man; that he did good service in his parish, and helped his people along in their lives not inefficiently. He was a small man, with dark hair very closely cut, with a tonsure that was visible but not more than visible, with a black beard that was shaved every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, but which was very black indeed on the Tuesday and Friday mornings. He always wore



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the black gown of his office, but would go about his parish with an ordinary soft slouch hat,—thus subjecting his appearance to an absence of ecclesiastical trimness which perhaps the more enthusiastic of his friends regretted. Madame Voss certainly would have wished that he would have had himself shaved at any rate every other day, and that he would have abstained from showing himself in the street of Granpere without his clerical hat. But, though she was very intimate with her Curé, and had conferred upon him much material kindness, she had

never dared to express her opinion to him upon these matters.

During much of that afternoon M. le Curé sat with Madame Voss, but not a word was said to Marie about her disobedience either by him or by her. Nevertheless Marie felt that her sins were being discussed and that the lecture was coming. She herself had never quite liked M. le Curé—not having any special reason for disliking him, but regarding him as a man who was perhaps a little deficient in spirit, and perhaps a trifle too mindful of his creature comforts. M. le Curé took a

great deal of snuff, and Marie did not like snuff-taking. Her uncle smoked a great deal of tobacco, and that she thought very nice and proper in a man. Had her uncle taken the snuff and the priest smoked the tobacco, she would probably have equally approved of her uncle's practice and disapproved that of the priest;—because she loved the one and did not love the other. She had thought it probable that she might be sent for during the evening, and had, therefore, made for herself an immensity of household work, the performance of all which on that very evening the interests of the Lion d'Or would imperatively demand. The work was all done, but no message from Aunt Josey summoned Marie into the little parlour.

Nevertheless Marie had been quite right in her judgment. On the following morning, between eight and nine, M. le Curé was again in the house, and had a cup of coffee taken to him in the little parlour. Marie, who felt angry at his return, would not take it herself, but sent it in by the hands of Peter Veque. Peter Veque returned in a few minutes with a message to Marie, saying that M. le Curé wished to see her.

"Tell him that I am very busy," said Marie. "Say that uncle is away, and that there is a deal to do. Ask him if another day won't suit as well."

She knew when she sent this message that another day would not suit as well. And she must have known also that her uncle's absence made no difference in her work. Peter came back with a request from Madame Voss that Marie would go to her at once. Marie pressed her lips together, clenched her fists, and walked down into the room without the delay of an instant.

"Marie, my dear," said Madame Voss, "M. le Curé wishes to speak to you. I will leave you for a few minutes." There was nothing for it but to listen. Marie could not refuse to be lectured by the priest. But she told herself that having had the courage to resist her uncle, it certainly was out of the question that any one else should have the power to move her.

"My dear Marie," began the Curé, "your aunt has been telling me of this little difference between you and your affianced husband. Won't you sit down, Marie, because we shall be able so to talk more comfortably?"

"I don't want to talk about it at all," said Marie. But she sat down as she was bidden.

"But, my dear, it is needful that your friends should talk to you. I am sure that you have too much sense to think that a

young woman like yourself should refuse to hear her friends." Marie had it almost on her tongue to tell the priest that the only friends to whom she chose to listen were her uncle and her aunt, but she thought that it might perhaps be better that she should remain silent. "Of course, my dear, a young person like you must know that she must walk by advice, and I am sure you must feel that no one can give it you more fittingly than your own priest." Then he took a large pinch of snuff.

"If it were anything to do with the Church,—yes," she said.

"And this has to do with the Church, very much. Indeed I do not know how any of our duties in this life cannot have to do with the Church. There can be no duty omitted as to which you would not acknowledge that it was necessary that you should get absolution from your priest."

"But that would be in the church," said Marie, not quite knowing how to make good her point.

"Whether you are in the church or out of it, is just the same. If you were sick and in bed, would your priest be nothing to you then?"

"But I am quite well, Father Gondin."

"Well in health; but sick in spirit,—as I am sure you must own. And I must explain to you, my dear, that this is a matter in which your religious duty is specially in question. You have been betrothed, you know, to M. Urmand."

"But people betrothed are very often not married," said Marie quickly. "There was Annette Lolme at Saint Die. She was betrothed to Jean Stein at Pugnac. That was only last winter. And then there was something wrong about the money; and the betrothal went for nothing, and Father Carrier himself said it was all right. If it was all right for Annette Lolme, it must be all right for me,—as far as betrothing goes."

The story that Marie told so clearly was perfectly true, and M. le Curé Gondin knew that it was true. He wished now to teach Marie that if certain circumstances should occur after a betrothal which would make the marriage inexpedient in the eyes of the parents of the young people, then the authority of the Church would not exert itself to insist on the sacred nature of the pledge;—but that if the pledge was to be called in question simply at the instance of a capricious young woman, then the Church would have full power. His object, in short, was to insist on parental authority, giving

to parental authority some little additional strength from his own sacerdotal recognition of the sanctity of the betrothing promise. But he feared that Marie would be too strong for him if not also too clear-headed. "You cannot mean to tell me," said he, "that you think that such a solemn promise as you have given to this young man, taking one from him as solemn in return, is to go for nothing?"

"I am very sorry that I promised,—very sorry indeed; but I cannot keep my promise."

"You are bound to keep it, especially as all your friends wish the marriage, and think that it will be good for you. Annette Lolme's friends wished her not to marry. It is my duty to tell you, Marie, that if you break your faith to M. Urmand, you will commit a very grievous sin, and you will commit it with your eyes open."

"If Annette Lolme might change her mind because her lover had not got as much money as people wanted, I am sure I may change mine because I don't love a man."

"Annette did what her friends advised her."

"Then a girl must always do what her friends tell her? If I don't marry M. Urmand, I shan't be wicked for breaking my promise, but for disobeying Uncle Michel."

"You will be wicked in every way," said the priest.

"No, M. le Curé. If I had married M. Urmand, I know I should be wicked to leave him, and I would do my best to live with him and make him a good wife. But I have found out in time that I can't love him; and therefore I am sure that I ought not to marry him, and I won't."

There was much more said between them, but M. le Curé Gondin was not able to prevail in the least. He tried to cajole her, and he tried to persuade by threats, and he tried to conquer her by gratitude and affection towards her uncle. But he could not prevail at all.

"It is of no use my staying here any longer, M. le Curé," she said at last, "because I am quite sure that nothing on earth will induce me to consent. I am very sorry for what I have done. If you tell me that I have sinned, I will repent and confess it. I have repented, and am very, very sorry. I know now that I was very wrong ever to think it possible that I could be his wife. But you can't make me think that I am wrong in this."

Then she left him, and as soon as she was gone, Madame Voss returned to hear the priest's report as to his success.

In the meantime, Michel Voss had reached Basle, arriving there some five hours before Marie's letter, and, in his ignorance of the law, had made his futile attempt to intercept the letter before it reached the hands of M. Urmand. But he was with Urmand when the letter was delivered, and endeavoured to persuade his young friend not to open it. But in doing this he was obliged to explain, to a certain extent, what was the nature of the letter. He was obliged to say so much about it as to justify the unhappy lover in asserting that it would be better for them all that he should know the contents. "At any rate, you will promise not to believe it," said Michel. And he did succeed in obtaining from M. Urmand a sort of promise that he would not regard the words of the letter as in truth expressing Marie's real resolution. "Girls, you know, are such queer cattle," said Michel. "They think about all manner of things, and then they don't know what they are thinking."

"But who is the other man?" demanded Adrian, as soon as he had finished the letter. Any one judging from his countenance when he asked the question would have imagined that in spite of his promise he believed every word that had been written to him. His face was a picture of blank despair, and his voice was low and hoarse. "You must know whom she means," he added, when Michel did not at once reply.

"Yes; I know whom she means."

"Who is it then, M. Voss?"

"It is George, of course," replied the inn-keeper.

"I did not know," said poor Adrian Urmand.

"She never spoke a dozen words to any other man in her life, and as for him, she has hardly seen him for the last eighteen months. He has come over and said something to her, like a traitor,—has reminded her of some childish promise, some old vow, something said when they were children, and meaning nothing; and so he has frightened her."

"I was never told that there was anything between them," said Urmand, beginning to think that it would become him to be indignant.

"There was nothing to tell,—literally nothing."

"They must have been writing to each other."

"Never a line; on my word as a man. It was just as I tell you. When George went from home, there had been some fooling, as I thought, between them; and I was glad that he should go. I didn't think it meant

anything, or ever would." As Michel Voss said this, there did occur to him an idea that perhaps, after all, he had been wrong to interfere in the first instance,—that there had then been no really valid reason why George should not have married Marie Bromar; but that did not in the least influence his judgment as to what it might be expedient to do now. He was still as sure as ever that as things stood now, it was his duty to do all in his power to bring about the marriage between his niece and Adrian Urmand. "But since that, there has been nothing," continued he, "absolutely nothing. Ask her, and she will tell you so. It is some romantic idea of hers that she ought to stick to her first promise, now that she has been reminded of it."

All this did not convince Adrian Urmand, who for a while expressed his opinion that it would be better for him to take Marie's refusal, and thus to let the matter drop. It would be very bitter to him, because all Basle had now heard of his proposed mar-

riage, and a whole shower of congratulations had already fallen upon him from his fellow-townpeople; but he thought that it would be more bitter to be rejected again in person by Marie Bromar, and then to be stared at by all the natives of Granpere. He acknowledged that George Voss was a traitor; and would have been ready to own that Marie was another, had Michel Voss given him any encouragement in that direction. But Michel throughout the whole morning,—and they were closeted together for hours,—declared that poor Marie was more sinned against than sinning. If Adrian was but once more over at Granpere, all would be made right. At last Michel Voss prevailed, and persuaded the young man to return with him to the Lion d'Or.

They started early on the following morning, and travelled to Granpere by way of Colmar and the mountain. The father thus passed twice through Colmar, but on neither occasion did he call upon his son.

THE BLACK FAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DREAMS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION."

THE 17th day of the month Thammuz—which in 1871 fell on the 6th July—is marked as a fast in Jewish calendars. And this for two chief reasons. In the first place, it is the day when Moses "cast the tables out of his hands, and broke them beneath the mount" (Exod. xxxii. 19). The date is fixed by remembering that this event happened forty clear days after Pentecost, when the Law was given, and would therefore coincide with the 17th of Thammuz.*

But secondly—and this is commonly regarded as the leading object of the fast—it is the anniversary of the day when the Roman armies laid siege to Jerusalem. At this point begins a season of great penitential severity, which ends with the destruction of the Temple on the ninth day of Ab—otherwise known as "the Black Fast." Jews invariably speak of this period as "*the three weeks*," and not unfrequently as *Bain Hamzarem*, "between the straits," on account of the sorrowful words of Jeremiah, "Judah is gone into captivity because of affliction, and because of great servitude: she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest: *all her persecutors overtook her between the straits*" (Lam. i. 3).

Two other direful events have also their annual commemoration on 17th of Thammuz:

1. The continual burnt-offering (Num. xxviii. 3) was made to cease.

2. Manasseh "set a carved image, the idol which he had made, in the house of God" (2 Chron. xxxiii. 7).

Talmudical authority may be quoted for both of these statements.

If the month Adar is favourable to Jews, Thammuz and Ab are as unlucky as unlucky can be. Over all the summer months indeed the shadow of "the Black Fast" seems to be cast forward by anticipation, and men's minds begin to linger sadly on the departed glories of their race. Now is the time when Satan has special power given him to vex and harass the chosen people of God, and in ten thousand irritating and harmful ways does he exercise the cruel privilege. Thus, then, though the sun is now at its hottest, and though the sea is rippling and sparkling at his feet, the Jew must abstain from a plunge in the tempting water, lest Satan should sweep him out of reach of land, and convulse him with the deadly cramp. Rods and birches, too, must now be laid aside in schools, for who can tell whether in this luckless month the great enemy of the faithful may not throw a malignant power into the

* "And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and put him up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights" (Exod. xxxiv. 18).

master's arm, which shall maim or kill the refractory pupil? Naughty scholars, then, will for the present go unwhipped. Music, again, must not be heard within the house, for who can guess what unutterable powers of mischief may not be lurking in the seductive strains? But should a band by unlucky accident be playing out of doors, the faithful Israelite who desires to preserve himself from nameless woe, must fly as Lot fled from the pollution of Sodom, and must not stop for breath till he has reached a place where no such ill-omened sounds can come. Law, too, in all its branches, is now forbidden. Actions, if already begun, must be allowed to sleep, or else must go by default, for no oath can be taken, no evidence can be delivered, and no judgment can be signed. Bills and acceptances must needs stand over, and the most unquestionable securities, though they may be fondly gazed on, must not be touched with so much as the tip of an orthodox finger. Business may stagnate, and the world may stand still if it pleases, but the faithful Israelite must purify himself from all such carnal defilements, and prepare in right good earnest to keep the coming fast. He will not, of course, venture so much as to drop a hint of marriage, and no Rabbi would be bribed to marry him if he did. Neither will he care to appear in any public place in clothes fresh from the tailor's. Should untoward circumstances, however, constrain him to put on a new garment, he must be careful not to let it touch his person till it has lain for a good hour upon the floor. He may then pick it up and wear it without fear of damage. Properly speaking, he ought not to take his bath during the whole of "the three weeks;" neither should he cut his hair nor trim his nails. The more unwashed and uncombed he goes, the better. After seven o'clock in the evening he should be careful not to walk alone, for demons are lurking everywhere, and may pounce upon him round any corner. Neither must he lose a drop of blood—no, not even by tooth-drawing or the point of a pin—for malignant spirits are abroad who will snatch at the occasion which, for some unexplained reason, is thus given them to claim the rash Israelite as their own.

Such are some of the vexatious restrictions by which the orthodox find themselves hampered in preparation for the coming fast. But are they observed? Truth compels it to be said that they are not—not in England at least. Many a Jew of decent reputation among his people, would open his eyes to the widest if he were told to abstain from the

things that are mentioned in the foregoing list. He would burst out, most likely, into a scornful laugh, and would not be pacified even when warned that the sagest Rabbis of his race had thrown the full weight of their authoritative judgment on a laboriously constructed table of prohibitions.

That things are going on badly in England may be gathered from a leader in the *Jewish Chronicle*, of July 15, 1870:—"This is one of the historical fasts of our national annals which has of late years been sadly disregarded to such an extent, that to numbers of our community their very existence appears almost unknown. We know not whether this be occasioned by the rigidity of observance which is foreign to the luxurious, self-indulgent, almost Sybarite habits of the Jews of the present day—whether it be occasioned by the really marvellous apathy displayed by Jews in their own history—whether, on the other hand, it is due to neglect on the part of preachers or teachers to call the attention of their flock or their scholars to the incidence of the fast—or whether it is attributable to the absence of proper text-books of institutional religion. But the fact exists. On our historical fast days persons are conspicuous by their absence from synagogue, and the great institutions of breakfast and dinner are, in most families, kept up with their usual precision of performance and plenitude of provision."

In spite of the stilted and awkward language in which the Jewish writer here clothes his meaning, it is plain to see that he is bemoaning an evil which has grown too great to be hidden.

But things are different abroad. Not in France, perhaps, nor in parts of Germany, but in out-of-the-way districts of Poland and Galicia, where old-fashioned teaching still finds listeners, and where people have hardly yet begun to laugh openly at the Talmud and its interpreters. Here at least "the three weeks" are a reality. Men of the stricter sort catch up the rigour of the approaching fast by abstaining altogether from meat and wine—Sabbaths alone excepted—and by making their meals as plain and homely as they can. Business, if not altogether at a stand-still, is yet engaged in with caution and reluctance. Nothing fresh is attempted, and old enterprises are worked off with a sensation of relief. Religion also has its special claims upon the season, for over and above the ordinary service, which even the laxer class now begin to attend with renewed devotion, the more earnest members

of the congregation are found in the synagogue every day at noon with their shoes off and seated on the floor. With tears and sighs they repeat Psalms cxxv. and cxxvii., together with certain prayers, and a form of intercession to the effect that God would remember Jerusalem and cause it to be rebuilt. The destruction of the Temple, which is supposed never to be absent from a pious Jew's waking thoughts, is especially forced upon his remembrance now. If at other times he is bound to check his laughter when the vision of the dishonoured city of David rises uppermost in his mind, upon this occasion his whole soul seems to be poured forth in tears and sobs.

As evidence of the impression which the overthrow of Jerusalem has left upon the outer surface of Israelitish feeling, two pieces of old-fashioned ceremonial—now for the greater part disused—may be quoted. Before repeating "the grace after meat," it is customary in some families to remove the knives from the table. If the master of the house were examined as to the origin and meaning of this practice, he would probably give no better account than that he was doing what he had seen his father do before him. The real explanation is that "the grace after meat" contains a prayer for the restoration of Jerusalem; and so bitter and overpowering is the recollection of departed glories supposed to be, that, as a preliminary to its mention, Talmudical precept requires the removal of all instruments with which a sorrow-stricken Jew might commit suicide in his mental agony. The other custom is connected with marriage. A small quantity of ashes is sprinkled on the head of the bridegroom before the wedding ceremony is concluded. Reference is intended to Psalms cxxxvii. 6, "If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy"—where the Hebrew runs, "above the head of my joy." These last words are supposed to relate to marriage, and hence the ashes, when the thought of Jerusalem arises, even at this moment of festive joy.

But whether "the three weeks" are observed according to Rabbinical precept, or whether they have dwindled down into a phrase suggestive of nothing but a vague tradition of austerity that has long passed out of date—the opening days of the month of Ab are not to be trifled with. With these, at latest, the season of penitence and humiliation begins, and every Jew who cares to keep up a name for orthodoxy among his people must seriously set his mind towards

self discipline and prayer. Meat and wine, and all kinds of fleshly indulgences must now be laid aside. Clean linen should be avoided, and the touch of a fresh-washed article of apparel will be defilement. The shabbier and dirtier the clothes are, so much the better, think the Rabbis, for they will be in surer harmony with a season that sturdily sets its face against the most innocent proprieties of life. To such an extent, indeed, is compliance with the precept carried that for a week at least before the 9th of Ab a musty and frowsy air pervades the house, for no washing is allowed at home, and the family linen is not sent out to the laundress. If it is remembered that this divorce from soap and water takes place at a season when the sun is at its fiercest, and when abstinence has reduced physical strength to the lowest, some idea will be formed of the sufferings which a conscientious Jew will undergo in his pursuit of unwashed godliness. But even here—with the shadow of "the Black Fast" thrown deep across them—numbers refuse to make any change in their ordinary way of life, until the eve of the fatal ninth has come. They buy and sell, and eat and drink, and sleep and wake, much as usual. The synagogue sees little more of them, and the place of business little less, for all that the first nine days of Ab are proclaimed as a solemn fast.

It once was the custom that the dining-table of the Rabbi should be carried to the main door of the synagogue on the first day of Ab, as a hint that the time for fasting had arrived. This piece of suggestive symbolism survives only as an old-world story. No man living ever saw it, or heard of it being done.

On ordinary fasts the most extreme severity is satisfied if abstinence from food begins at daybreak, or, to speak more correctly according to the characteristic phraseology of the Rabbis, when there is light enough to distinguish with certainty between a dog and a wolf, but "the Black Fast," like the Day of Atonement, begins over-night. Not a scrap of food must be tasted after synagogue service in the evening.

The last meal is eaten in silence, and with every mark of penitential sorrow. The dining-table is set aside, and in its place a chair is brought forward. On this are laid a slice or two of dry bread and a hard-boiled egg, together with a saucerful of finely-sifted ashes. A jug of cold water completes the preparation for the meal. The person who is going to sup seats himself upon a low stool, or, better still, upon the floor, and touches his egg lightly with the ashes, just as at other times

he would dip it into salt. Reference is evidently intended to David's meal of sorrow and contrition—"For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping. Because of Thine indignation and wrath : for Thou hast lifted me up and cast me down" (Ps. cii. 9, 10). The temptation to linger over such a repast is small, so, having gulped down a few unwilling mouthfuls, our Israelite rises and sets out for the synagogue. His face, as we have seen, has been already estranged from water, but now it will wear a forlorn and dejected look as well. Any one who has ever had the curiosity to watch a string of Jews filing into the synagogue on the eve of "the Black Fast" will the better be able to understand the evangelical prohibition, "Moreover, when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance : for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast" (Matt. vi. 16). Shoes are slipped off at the door, as if the place were a mosque ; but some of the stricter sort prefer to leave them at home, and shuffle through the streets in carpet-slippers—always provided that the tiniest strip of leather has not been used in their manufacture—or in what the Scotch would call their "stocking-feet."

The interior of the synagogue itself answers to the gloomy and uncared-for look of the worshippers. Two candles are burning before the desk of the "Reader," whose face stands out like a Rembrandt in a framework of murky shadow. This is all the light that is allowed,* but it is enough to show that the ark has been stripped of its veil, and that minister and congregation are alike bereft of the sacred Tallis. This is the covering of wool, bordered with blue, and ornamented with fringes, which every male Jew wears across his shoulders during the time of public morning prayer.

The service is read in a low tone—so low indeed, that prayers and responses are nearly inaudible to any but the most practised ear. Before the conclusion, the "Reader" leaves his platform, and goes up to the ark, and seats himself on one of the steps. A chair is placed before him, on which stands a lighted candle, for he is now about to read the Book of Lamentation through, from beginning to end. He does not open the ark, however, and take out a scroll, as at other times, but he reads from a Bible which he has brought with him for the purpose. This

is followed by what in Christian language would be called lessons from the works of distinguished Rabbis, expanding and applying the Lamentations which have been already recited. Such of the congregation as are able or inclined to follow the minister through his course of penitential reading now produce ends of candles, which are lighted and held in the hand to enable them to see their books. The sudden accession of light reveals the entire congregation seated on the floor, with heads bowed forward on the breast. Many are in tears, and all are swaying backwards and forwards as they mark time to the dismal cadences of the "Reader."

Synagogue service being over, there is nothing left but bed, for eating, drinking, and smoking are not to be thought of. Should a fainting Israelite unhappily transgress, the Talmud* pronounces his doom—"his iniquities shall be upon his bones" (Ezek. xxxii. 27), whatever that terrible curse may imply.

The only kind of reading allowable for the remainder of the fast is the Book of Lamentation, together with the Medrash, or Rabbinical commentary on it, as well as the books of Jeremiah and Job. Newspapers, magazines, and secular literature of all kinds must be avoided as abomination.

For this one night in the year it seems a point of conscience to make the bed as uncomfortable as it can possibly be. The stricter sort will throw aside feathers or horse-hair, and will lie upon nothing more luxurious than straw. Some will insist upon a stone being placed at their head instead of a pillow, in pious emulation of Jacob, who through a prophetic foreboding of the destruction of the Temple—so say the Rabbis—set stones beneath his head when he lay down to sleep (Gen. xxviii. 11). But feathers or straw, pillow or stone, married couples are now banished to separate chambers. That ignorance or forgetfulness may not be pleaded as excuse for the omission of this inexorable precept, notice is given in the synagogue. This public warning, however, is purely a continental custom, and does not seem to have found its way to England.

The service of the following morning begins at an hour which varies according to local custom, but which is seldom later than six. The usual daily prayers are read, though with some omissions. This is supposed to have reference to Lam. iii. 8—"Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer"—where shutting out the prayer is, according to the

* The gloom is based upon a literal interpretation of Lam. iii. 6, "He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old."

* Taanis, 30.

Talmud, another way of saying that it is not to be repeated in all its fulness. The tallis is not worn either by minister or congregation, and, strangest of all, the tephilin is not "laid." Immense importance is attached to this accessory of Jewish prayer, so that a word or two of description will not be out of place.

Extracts are made from four chapters of the Pentateuch which relate to—

1. The unity of God.
2. Reward and punishment.
3. The departure from Egypt.
4. Precepts to be observed on arrival in Canaan.

These are copied out in very tiny characters on a slip of parchment, which is folded and refolded till it is brought to the size of about an inch square, when it is enclosed in another piece of parchment. The wrapper and its contents are then fitted into a parchment box of the exact size required, and a lid is fastened on. The whole is coloured black, and leather bands are attached to it, having been previously fastened together after a pattern which is said to have been derived from Moses, but the significance of which it would be difficult for any one not well skilled in Israelitish customs to understand. At morning prayer, whether at home or in the synagogue, the tephilin is fastened on the left arm just above the elbow, so that when a book is held in the hand it may be pressed continuously against the heart. The arm must be bared for the purpose, and the leather strap must be twisted round it seven times. The end of it is then carried down to the hand, and is wound round the fingers five times. This is technically known as "laying the tephilin." A similar box is fastened in the centre of the forehead by a band which passes round the head. The size of the tephilin varies according to piety, or, what is more to the purpose, to taste for display. Some will be satisfied with nothing less than the breadth of their fist, while others will be quite contented with an article of such miniature dimensions that it is lost amongst their hair. But great or small, the sacred tephilin is never forgotten, in literal compliance with Deut. vi. 6—8, "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in the house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

Then, again, the "fringe,"* which is worn under the waistcoat or shirt, is accepted by the Jews as a badge of nationality second only in value to circumcision itself. It is customary to kiss it every morning with much apparent fervour in token of ready obedience to God's commandments, but on "the Black Fast" the usual salute is omitted.

The portion of the law appointed for the day's reading is Deut. iv. 25—40, but when the scroll is taken from the ark it is discovered that the holy writing itself is in mourning, and that its ornaments of silver bells and handles have been laid aside. No tune or tone is used in the reading. This is the one day in the year in which the omission occurs. The reading being over, the congregation continues sitting on the floor while selections from the penitential writings of the most illustrious Rabbis are recited. It should be noted that this is the only part of the synagogue service which has not been translated into English, though a German version exists. Very few of the congregation are able to understand it, or even to read it with any approach to accuracy, since it is written in Rabbinical Hebrew. So deep-rooted, however, is the reverence which is felt for this part of the day's devotions, and so meritorious is supposed to be the act of reading ever so small a portion of it aloud in the synagogue, that various members of the congregation catch up sentences at random here and there, and shout them out with as much relish and rapidity as their helpless ignorance of what they are gabbling will allow. The result is a terrible jumble. Any stranger who entered the synagogue at this particular point could hardly help concluding that the entire congregation had gone raving mad. Even the sedate Israelites, men of the whitest beards and longest robes, strive in vain to restrain a smile at the headlong blundering of some enthusiastic reader whose eagerness for distinction makes him for the moment impervious to shame.

The service lasts for four or even five hours; and, fainting with heat and choked with dust, our Jew returns home only to find that not a room has been swept, that his bed is just as he left it, and that the slatternly dress of wife and children is in faithful keeping with the spirit of disorder that has seized upon the house. By way of diverting his

* See Num. xv. 38, 39. "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue; and it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord."

thoughts, and conquering the almost maddening desire to drink—or, at least, to moisten his lips with a slice of summer fruit—the chances are that our friend will follow the rest of the town to the burial-ground, to wile away what remains of the morning among the tombs. In this case, he will carry in his hand some heads of garlic, which he will reverently lay upon the graves of his departed kinsmen. Should his children go with him, as likely enough they may, they will not only carry garlic in a basket, but they will have it knotted into the corner of their under-linen as well. No reliable explanation is offered for this odoriferous piece of ritual, and it may possibly be superfluous to add that it is unknown in England.

Noon being past, the day now begins to wear a kind of holiday look. The curtain is replaced before the ark, the house is swept and put to rights. The inmates rise from their squatting attitude, and draw on their boots. Food, however, is still strictly prohibited. The Talmud* declares, with a severity of precision which it is hopeless to try to evade, that he who does any work on the 9th of Ab, or who eats and drinks on it, will not see the joy of Jerusalem when it is rebuilt. An attempt is, nevertheless, made on all sides to seem as cheerful as empty stomachs will allow. The sudden change of demeanour rests on the supposition that the present is the last "Black Fast" which will be kept by scattered Israel, and that before the next commemoration arrives, Messiah will have come. The holiday aspect which now begins to diffuse itself over the day is understood to be a kind of foretaste of the joy that will be the lot of the faithful; for then the words of the Prophet Zechariah will be fulfilled, viii. 19, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the fast of the fourth month, and the fast of the fifth, and the fast of the seventh, and the fast of the tenth, shall be to the house of Judah joy and gladness, and cheerful feasts."

"The fast of the fourth month" is the 17th of Tammuz, mentioned at the commencement of this paper.

"The fast of the fifth month" is the 9th day of Ab, the "Black Fast."

"The fast of the seventh month" is the 3rd day of Tisri (the seventh month in the Hebrew year), known as the fast of Gedaliah (see Jeremiah xli. 1-4).

"The fast of the tenth month" is the 10th day of Tebet, when the first Temple was destroyed.

It is because these fasts are hereafter to vanish in a feast of enduring joy that Israelites throw aside something of their sadness, even before the day itself has passed away. English Jews, however, have so far outstripped their foreign brethren in their anticipation of Messianic triumph, that shops are open, and business goes on as briskly as ever during the live-long day. It needs an intimate acquaintance with their private habits to discover whether they have been keeping the "Black Fast" at all.

And here it may not be altogether out of place to give a brief account of the circumstances which, according to the Talmudical version,* preceded the final destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman armies.

There was a man in the city who had a friend called Kamtza, and an enemy called Bar-Kamtza. The similarity of names should be noted, as leading hereafter to irreparable mischief. On the occasion of making a great feast at his house, one Jew dispatched a messenger to invite Kamtza, but in mistake, he went and invited Bar-Kamtza. This inveterate enemy was greatly astonished at the summons, but thinking that it might possibly be intended as the first step towards reconciliation, he dressed himself in his holiday suit, and at the hour appointed set out for the feast. The host, it is needless to say, was unprepared for his appearance. Imagining that the arrival of his bitter foe was part of a cruel plan to spoil the mirth and create confusion, he ordered him out of the house. Bar-Kamtza was stung to the quick on receiving such an affront in the presence of so many guests, and instead of submitting to the shame of leaving, he offered to pay for what he might eat and drink, if he were only allowed to remain. But this the host would not hear of, and peremptorily insisted that he should depart. Still unwilling to go, Bar-Kamtza proposed to take upon himself the entire cost of the banquet. The master of the house, however, would not listen, but seized him roughly by the throat, and thrust him out of the house. Furious at such an indignity having been done to him in the presence of so many guests of distinction, none of whom made the slightest effort to induce their entertainer to let him stay, he determined upon an act of revenge which should be wide enough to include not only his churlish host, but his friends also, and all that belonged to them. In pursuance of this plan, he hurried off to the Roman Emperor,

* Taanis, 30.

* Gittin, 55.

and denounced his fellow-countrymen as disloyal and seditious.

"What proofs have you in support of such a sweeping statement?" asked the Emperor, when he had heard him patiently to the end.

"The best proof," returned the accuser, "is that if you will put their obedience to the test, you will find that it will fail. Try them with no harder thing than by merely sending them an animal to offer in sacrifice to their God. They will refuse to kill it, for the sake of showing contempt to your royal word."

The man was so urgent that the Emperor agreed at last to do as he had said. The most faultless calf that could be found was selected, and was dispatched to the elders at Jerusalem with orders to sacrifice it to their God. But though the animal was without blemish, Bar-Kamtza well knew that a scratch on its lip would disqualify it for sacrifice, and that it would be refused. A trifling cut was therefore made—much too small to attract the notice of an ordinary observer, but large enough to ensure its rejection by the priest. No sooner, then, was the calf presented to



the elders, with the message of the Emperor, than the blemish was detected, and it was resolved to send it back to him with an explanation of the reason why it could not be sacrificed. The rage of the Emperor knew no bounds when he heard that his calf had been brought back, and he would not listen to a word of excuse. It was now clear to him that the Jews were what their fellow-countrymen had represented them to be, and signally should they be punished for their daring.

The story then goes on to say that an

army was sent against Jerusalem, but curiously enough, its leader became convinced of the truth of Judaism, and embraced the faith. Rabbi Meyer—a great authority among the Israelites—is said to have been one of his descendants.

This unexpected incident did not hinder the vigorous prosecution of the siege by Vespasian, who succeeded to the command, and the city was at length reduced to such terrible straits by famine and disease, that a strong party were for peace on any terms that the conquerors might choose to offer.

But the proposal was stoutly resisted by another and still stronger party, who would not hear of surrender, but were for holding out even to death.

Among the party desirous of peace—the Talmudical narrative goes on to say—was Jochanan, a deservedly esteemed and pious Rabbi. It so happened that a nephew of his was a prominent member of the opposite faction. The good Rabbi, therefore, sent for him secretly, and implored him to use his influence with his party to procure peace. To this he at once replied that it was impossible, for that if any one of their number were known to have so much as hinted at the word he would be put to death. But anxious to serve his uncle's cause, if only he could do so without risk to his own personal safety, he gave him the following piece of advice:—"Spread a report that you are dangerously ill. Let your pupils be summoned as if to take leave of you, and I will arrange with them to circulate the news of your death, and to carry you out of the city for burial. Once outside the walls, you can then rise up and hasten to the Roman general, and consult with him upon terms of peace."

This ready-witted suggestion seemed to offer the only possible hope of obtaining the desired audience, and it was agreed upon between them to put it into execution without delay. News flew through the city that Rabbi Jochanan was dead, and a great company of friends assembled at his house to carry him out for burial.

But how to pass the city gates? They were held by a strong guard of the war faction, who had sworn that no one should leave the city, lest he should fall away to the enemy. The funeral of this distinguished Rabbi, however, was urgent, and the mourners could not with even a show of decency be detained. But what if Jochanan were not really dead? They would soon settle that matter by a stab or two that would let out any life that might remain. But all with one voice cried out against the wickedness of mutilating the corpse of so venerated a Rabbi, and thus for very shame the guard was obliged to let the pretended funeral pass.

The stratagem proved a complete success, and Jochanan was free to seek an audience of the Roman general. But his solicitations for peace were vain, and were cut short by the recall of Vespasian to Rome to assume the purple. The command of the besieging army now devolved on Titus.

How he captured the city need not now

be told—but our authority goes on to describe his astounding licentiousness and profanity. Not content with taking the most abandoned women into the Holy of Holies, he tore down the veil with his own hands and trod it under foot with the most revolting expressions of contempt. The sacred vessels of gold and silver were then piled up on ship-board for transmission to Rome, and were paraded through the streets in the train of the conqueror.

But his victory was not destined to be without alloy. On his return voyage to Italy a terrible tempest sprang up, and in the midst of his blasphemous ravings Titus declared that the God of the Jews, who had overwhelmed the Egyptians by water, was now fighting against him in the same way. Upon this a voice was heard from heaven which said that the most insignificant of the Almighty's creatures would suffice for his destruction. The storm subsided, and land was reached in safety; but hardly had the victorious general touched the shore before a midge flew up his nostril, and worked its way to the brain. Nothing could exceed the torture which ensued, and which the most skilful physicians vainly tried their utmost to assuage. Nothing but the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer on the anvil was ever known to give the slightest ease. The beating is supposed to have diverted the insect from its attack, and to have procured a momentary relief. But it was only that it might return again to the assault with a renewed fierceness which brought the sufferer at last to a horrible form of death. His head was opened, and the Talmud gravely declares, on the authority of a venerated Rabbi, who professes to have been a witness of what he describes, that the midge was found to be as large as a dove! The weight is variously estimated at from two to seven pounds, and while its mouth was copper, its feelers were shod with iron.

Of the ultimate fate of the holy vessels little is known, beyond a vague narrative which few would care to exalt to the rank of sober history. After various vicissitudes, in the course of which they fell into the hands of the Vandals, only to be rescued by Belisarius, they were safely deposited among the royal treasures at Constantinople. Without going any further into a difficult and perplexing field of inquiry, it is enough to say that a strong belief exists among the Jews that they were finally divided among Christian Churches at Jerusalem, and that they are in existence up to this day.

TOWN GEOLOGY.

VI.—THE SLATES ON THE ROOF.

THE slates on the roof should be, when rightly understood, a pleasant subject for contemplation to the dweller in a town. I do not ask him to imitate the boy who, cliff-bred from his youth, used to spend stolen hours on the house-top, with his back against a chimney stalk, transfiguring in his imagination the roof-slopes into mountain-sides, the slates into sheets of rock, the cats into lions, and the sparrows into eagles. I only wish that he should—at least after reading this paper—let the slates on the roof carry him back in fancy to the mountains whence they came; perhaps to pleasant trips to the lakes and hills of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Wales; and to recognise—as he will do if he have intellect as well as fancy—how beautiful and how curious an object is a common slate.

Beautiful: not only for the compactness and delicacy of its texture, and for the regularity and smoothness of its surface, but still more for its colour. Whether merely warm grey, as when dry, or bright purple, as when wet, the colour of the English slate well justifies Mr. Ruskin's saying, that wherever there is a brick wall and a slate roof, there need be no want of rich colour in an English landscape. But most beautiful is the hue of slate, when, shining wet in the sunshine after a summer shower, its blue is brought out in rich contrast by golden spots of circular lichen, whose spores, I presume, have travelled with it off its native mountains. Then, indeed, it reminds the voyager of a sight which it almost rivals in brilliancy, of the sapphire of the fathomless ocean, brought out into blazing intensity by the contrast of the golden patches of floating gulf-weed beneath the tropic sun.

Beautiful, I say, is the slate, and curious likewise, nay, venerable; a most ancient and elaborate work of God, which has lasted long enough, and endured enough likewise, to bring out in it whatsoever latent capabilities of strength and usefulness might lie hid in it; which has literally been—as far as such words can apply to a thing inanimate—

"Hewn and split, and squared,
And squared in many a long train,
And squared in many a long train,
To build and to build."

And yet it was at first nought but an ugly lump of soft and shapeless ooze.

Therefore, the slates to me are as a parable, on which I will not enlarge, but will leave each reader to interpret it for himself. I shall confine myself now to proofs that slate is hardened mud, and to hints as to how it assumed its present form.

That slate may have been once mud, is made probable by the simple fact that it can be turned into mud again. If you grind up slate, and then analyze it, you will find its mineral constituents to be exactly those of a fine, rich, and tenacious clay. The slate districts (at least in Snowdon) carry such a rich clay on them, wherever it is not masked by the ruins of other rocks. And at Ilfracombe, in North Devon, the passage from slate below to clay above, may be clearly seen. Wherever the top of the slate beds, and the soil upon it, is laid bare, the black layers of slate may be seen gradually melting—if I may use the word—under the influence of rain and frost, into a rich tenacious clay, which is now not black, like its parent slate, but red, from the oxidation of the iron which it contains.

But, granting this, how did the first change take place?

It must be allowed, at starting, that time enough has elapsed, and events enough have happened, since our supposed mud began first to become slate, to allow of many and strange transformations. For these slates are found in the oldest beds of rocks, save one series, in the known world; and it is notorious that the older and lower the beds in which the slates are found, the better, that is, the more perfectly elaborate, is the slate. The best slates of Snowdon—I must confine myself to the district which I know personally—are found in the so-called "Cambrian" beds. Below these beds but one series of beds is as yet known in the world, called the "Laurentian," which occur, to a thickness of some eighty thousand feet, in Labrador, Canada, and the Adirondack mountains of New York: but their only representatives in Europe are, as far as is known, to be found in the north-west highlands of Scotland, and in the island of Lewis, which consists entirely of them. And it is to be remembered, as a proof of their inconceivable antiquity, that they have been upheaved and shifted long before the Cambrian rocks were laid down "unconformably" on their worn and broken edges.

Above these "Cambrian" slates—whether

the lower and older ones of Penrhyn and Llanberris, which are the same—one slate mountain being worked at both sides in two opposite valleys—and the upper and newer slates of Tremadoc, lie other and newer slate-bearing beds of inferior quality, and belonging to a yet newer world, the “Silurian.” To them belong the Llandeilo flags and slates of Wales, and the Skiddaw slates of Cumberland, amid beds abounding in extinct fossil forms. Fossil shells are found, it is true, in the upper Cambrian beds. In the lower they have all but disappeared. Whether their traces have been obliterated by heat and pressure, and chemical action, during long ages, or whether, in these lower beds, we are actually reaching that “Primordial Zone” conceived of by M. Barrande, rocks which existed before living things had begun to people this planet, is a question not yet answered. I believe the former theory to be the true one. That there was life, in the sea at least, even before the oldest Cambrian rocks were laid down, is proved by the discovery of the now famous fossil, the *Eozoon*, in the Laurentian limestones, which seems to have grown layer after layer, and to have formed reefs of limestone as do the living coral-building polypes. We know no more as yet. But all that we do know points downwards, downwards still, warning us that we must dig deeper than we have dug as yet, before we reach the graves of the first living things.

And above these Cambrian slates what rocks are known to lie?

The Silurian rocks, lower and upper, which have their chief development in these islands, in Wales, and which are nearly thirty-eight thousand feet thick; and the Devonian or Old Red Sandstone beds, which in the Fans of Brecon and Carmarthenshire attain a thickness of ten thousand feet, must be passed through in an upward direction before we reach the bottom of that Carboniferous Limestone of which I spoke in my last paper.

Forty-five thousand feet at least of rock beds, in several cases lying unconformably on each other, and showing thereby that the lower beds had been upheaved and their edges worn off on a sea-shore, ere the upper were laid down on them; and throughout this vast thickness of rocks, the remains of hundreds of forms of animals, corals, shells, fish, older ones dying out in the newer rocks, and new ones taking their places, in a steady succession of ever-varying forms, till those in the upper beds have become unlike those in the lower, and all are from the beginning more or less unlike any existing

now on earth. Whole families, indeed, disappear entirely, like the Trilobites, which seem to have swarmed in the Silurian seas, holding the same place there as crabs and shrimps do in our modern seas. They vanish after the period of the coal, and their place is taken by an allied family of Crustaceans, of which only one form (as far as I am aware) lingers now on earth, namely, the “King-Crab,” or *Limulus*, of the Indian Seas, a well-known animal, of which specimens may be sometimes seen alive in English aquaria. So perished, in the lapse of those same ages, the armour-plated or “Ganoid” fish which Hugh Miller made so justly famous—and which made him so justly famous in return—appearing first in the upper Silurian beds, and abounding in vast variety of strange forms in the Old Red Sandstone, but gradually disappearing from the waters of the world, till their only representatives, as far as known, are the *Lepidosteii*, or “Bony Pikes,” of North America; the *Polypteri* of the Nile and Senegal; the *Lepidosirens* of the African lakes and Western rivers; the *Ceratodus* or *Barramundi* of Queensland (the two latter of which approach *Amphibians*), and one or two more fantastic forms, either rudimentary or degraded, which have lasted on here and there in isolated stations through long ages, comparatively unchanged while all the world is changed around them, and their own kindred buried, like the fossil *Ceratodus* of the Trias, beneath thousands of feet of ancient rock, among creatures the likes whereof are not to be found now on earth. And these are but two examples out of hundreds of the vast changes which have taken place in the animal life of the globe, between the laying down of the Cambrian slates and the present time.

Surely—and it is to this conclusion I have been tending throughout a seemingly wandering paragraph—surely there has been time enough during all those ages for clay to change into slate.

And how were they changed?

I think I cannot teach my readers this more simply than by asking them first to buy Sheet No. LXXVIII. S.E. (Bangor) of the Snowdon district of the Government Geological Survey, which may be ordered at any good stationers, price 2s.; and study it with me. He will see down the right hand margin interpretations of the different colours which mark the different beds, beginning with the youngest (alluvium) at top, and going down through Carboniferous Limestone and Sandstone, Upper Silurian, Lower Silurian, Cambrian, and

below them certain rocks marked of different shades of red, which signify rocks either altered by heat, or poured out of old volcanic vents. He will next see that the map is covered with a labyrinth of red patches and curved lines, signifying the outcrop or appearance at the surface of these volcanic beds. They lie at every conceivable slope, and the hills and valleys have been scooped out by rain and ice into every conceivable slope likewise. Wherefore we see, here a broad patch of red, where the back of a sheet of Lava, Porphyry, Greenstone, or what not, is exposed; and there a narrow line curving often with the curve of the hill-side, where only the edge of a similar sheet is exposed; and every possible variety of shape and attitude between these two. He will see also large spaces covered with little coloured dots, which signify (as he will find at the margin) beds of volcanic ash. If he look below the little coloured squares on the margin, he will see figures marking the strike, or direction of the inclination of the beds—inclined, vertical, horizontal, contorted; that the white lines in the map signify faults, *i.e.* shifts in the strata; the gold lines, lodes of metal—the latter of which I should advise him strongly, in this district at least, not to meddle with; but to button up his pockets, and to put into the fire, in wholesome fear of his own weakness and ignorance, any puffs of mining companies which may be sent him—as one or two have probably been sent him already.

Furnished with which keys to the map, let him begin to con it over, sure that there is if not an order, still a grand meaning, in all its seeming confusion; and let him, if he be a courteous and grateful person, return due thanks to Professor Ramsay for having found it all out; not without wondering, as I have often wondered, how even Professor Ramsay's acuteness and industry could find it all out.

When my reader has studied awhile the confusion—for it is a true confusion—of the different beds, he will ask, or at least have a right to ask, what known process of nature can have produced it? How have these various volcanic rocks, which he sees marked as Felspathic, Traps, Quartz Porphyries, Greenstones, and so forth, got intermingled with beds which he is told to believe are volcanic ashes, and those again with fossil-bearing Silurian beds and Cambrian slates, which he is told to believe were deposited under water? And his puzzle will not be lessened when he is told that, in some cases, as in that of the summit of Snowdon, these very volcanic ashes contain fossil shells.

The best answer I can give is to ask him to use his imagination, or his common sense; and to picture to himself what must go on in the case of a submarine eruption, such as broke out off the coast of Iceland in 1783 and 1830, off the Azores in 1811, and in our day in more than one spot in the Pacific Ocean.

A main bore or vent—or more than one—opens itself between the bottom of the sea and the nether fires. From each rushes an enormous jet of high-pressure steam and other gases, which boils up through the sea, and forms a cloud above; that cloud descends again in heavy rain, and gives out often true lightning from its under side.

But it does more. It acts as a true steam-gun, hurling into the air fragments of cold rock rasped off from the sides of the bore, and fragments also of melted lava, and clouds of dust, which fall again into the sea, and form there beds either of fine mud or of breccia—that is, fragments of stone embedded in paste. This, the reader will understand, is no fancy sketch, as far as I am concerned. I have steamed into craters sawn through by the sea, and showing sections of beds of ash dipping outwards and under the sea, and in them boulders and pebbles of every size, which had been hurled out of the crater; and in them also veins of hardened lava, which had burrowed out through the soft ashes of the cone. Of those lava veins I will speak presently. What I want the reader to think of now is the immense quantity of ash which the steam-mitrailleuse hurls to so vast a height into the air, that it is often drifted many miles down to leeward. To give two instances: The jet of steam from Vesuvius, in the eruption of 1822, rose more than four miles into the air; the jet from the Soufrière of St. Vincent in the West Indies, in 1812, probably rose higher; certainly it met the N.E. trade-wind, for it poured down a layer of ashes, several inches thick, not only on St. Vincent itself, but on Barbadoes, eighty miles to windward, and therefore on all the sea between. Now let us consider what that represents. A layer of fine mud, laid down at the bottom of the ocean, several inches thick, eighty miles at least long, and twenty miles perhaps broad, by a single eruption. Suppose that hardened in long ages (as it would be under pressure) into a bed of fine-grained Felstone, or volcanic ash; and we can understand how the ash-beds of Snowdon—which may be traced some of them for many square miles—were laid down at the bottom of an ancient sea.

But now about the lavas or true volcanic

rocks, which are painted (as is usual in geological maps) by red. Let us go down to the bottom of the sea, and build up our volcano towards the surface.

First, as I said, the subterranean steam would blast a bore. The dust and stones rasped and blasted out of that hole would be spread about the sea-bottom as an ash-bed sloping away round the hole; then the molten lava would rise in the bore, and flow out over the ashes and the sea-bottom—perhaps in one direction, perhaps all round. Then, usually, the volcano, having vented itself, would be quieter for a time, till the heat accumulated below, and more ash was blasted out, making a second ash-bed; and then would follow a second lava flow. Thus are produced the alternate beds of lava and ash which are so common.

Now suppose that at this point the volcano was exhausted, and lay quiet for a few hundred years, or more. If there was any land near, from which mud and sand was washed down, we might have layers on layers of sedimentary rock deposited, with live shells, &c., and dwellers in them, which would be converted into fossils when they died; and so we should have fossiliferous beds over the ashes and lavas. Indeed, shells might live and thrive in the ash-mud itself, when it cooled, and the sea grew quiet, as they have lived and thriven in Snowdonia.

Now suppose that after these sedimentary beds are laid down the volcano breaks out again—what would happen?

Many things: specially this, which has often happened already.

The lava, kept down by the weight of these new rocks, searches for the point of least resistance, and finds it in a more horizontal direction. It burrows out through the softer ash-beds, and between the sedimentary beds, spreading itself along horizontally. This process accounts for the very puzzling, though very common case in Snowdon and elsewhere, in which we find lavas interstratified with rocks which are plainly older than those lavas. And perhaps when that is done the volcano has got rid of all its lava and is quiet. But if not, sooner or later, it bores up through the new sedimentary rocks, faulting them by earthquake shocks till it gets free vent, and begins its layers of alternate ash and lava once more.

And consider this fact also: If near the first (as often happens) there is another volcano, the lava from one may run over the lava from the other, and we may have two lavas of different materials overlying each other, which have

come from different directions. The ashes blown out of the two craters may mingle also; and so, in the course of ages, the result may be such a confusion of ashes, lavas, and sedimentary rocks, as we find throughout most mountain ranges; in Snowdon, in the Lake Mountains, in the Auvergne in France, in Sicily round Etna, in Italy round Vesuvius, and in so many West Indian Islands: the last confusion of which is very likely to be this:

That when the volcano has succeeded—as it did in the case of Sabrina Island off the Azores in 1811; and as it did, perhaps often, in Snowdonia—in piling up an ash cone some thousand feet out of the sea; that—as has happened to Sabrina Island—the cone is sunk again by earthquakes, and gnawn down at the same time by the sea-waves, till nothing is left but a shoal under water. But where have all its vast heaps of ashes gone? To be spread about over the bottom of the sea, to mingle with the mud already there, and so make beds of which, like many in Snowdon, we cannot say whether they are of volcanic or of marine origin, because they are of both.

But what has all this to do with the slates?

I shall not be surprised if my readers ask that question two or three times during this paper. But they must be kind enough to let me tell my story my own way. The slates were not made in a day, and I fear they cannot be explained in an hour; unless we begin carefully at the beginning in order to end at the end. Let me first make my readers clearly understand that all our slate-bearing mountains, and most also of the non-slate-bearing ones likewise, are formed after the fashion which I have described, namely, beneath the sea. I do not say that there may not have been, again and again, ash-cones rising above the surface of the waves. But if so, they were washed away, again and again, ages before the land assumed anything of its present shape; ages before the beds were twisted and upheaved as they are now.

And therefore I beg my readers to put out of their minds once and for all the fancy that in any known part of these islands craters are to be still seen, such as exist in Etna, or Vesuvius, or other volcanos now at work in the open air.

It is necessary to insist on this, because many people hearing that certain mountains are volcanic, conclude—and very naturally and harmlessly—that the circular lakes about their tops are true craters. I have been told, for instance, that that wonderful little blue Glas Llyn, under the highest cliff of Snowdon, is the old crater of the mountain;

and I have heard people insist that a similar lake, of almost equal grandeur, in the south side of Cader Idris, is a crater likewise.

But the fact is not so. Any one acquainted with recent craters would see at once that Glas Llyn is not an ancient one; and I am not surprised to find the Government geologists declaring that the Llyn on Cader Idris is not one either. The fact is, that the crater, or rather the place where the crater has been, in ancient volcanos of this kind, is probably now covered by one of the innumerable bosses of lava.

For, as an eruption ceases, the melted lava cools in the vents, and hardens; usually into lava infinitely harder than the ash-cone round it; and this, when the ash-cone is washed off, remains as the highest part of the hill, as in the Mont Dore and the Cantal in France, and in several extinct volcanos in the Antilles. Of course the lava must have been poured out, and the ashes blown out, from some vents or other, connected with the nether world of fire; probably from many successive vents. For in volcanos, when one vent is choked, another is wont to open, at some fresh point of least resistance among the overlying rocks. But where are these

vents? Buried deep under successive eruptions, shifted probably from their places by successive upheavings and dislocations; and if we wanted to find them we should have to quarry the mountain range all over, a mile deep, before we hit upon here and there a tap-root of ancient lava, connecting the upper and the nether worlds. There are such tap-roots, probably, under each of our British mountain ranges. But Snowdon, certainly, does not owe its shape to the fact of one of these old fire vents being under it. It owes its shape simply to the accident of some of the beds toward the summit being especially hard, and thus able to stand the wear and tear of sea-wave, ice, and rain. Its lakes have been formed quite regardless of the lay of the rocks, though not regardless of their relative hardness. But what forces scooped them out—whether they were originally holes left in the ground by earthquakes, and deepened since by rain and rivers, or whether they were scooped out by ice, or by any other means, is a question on which the best geologists are still undecided—decided only on this—that craters they are not.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(To be concluded in next No.)

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

IV.

IT is a tremendous railway journey of twenty-two hours from Murcia to Cordova, with many disagreeable changes at miserably ordered stations, and no decent stopping place on the way. At Alacete, picturesquely-dressed men step into the carriage out of the midnight darkness, hung all round with knives with inlaid handles, and the daggers which are so indispensable to the costume of the *matro* or peasant dandy, and which are generally worn sticking out of the breeches-pocket. They are frequently adorned with mottos, generally indicative of the savage service for which they are intended—the object of a Spanish knife being “to chip bread and kill a man.” An immense number of people are employed in their manufacture at Albacete, which is bombastically called the Sheffield of Spain, and they are always sold at the station.

In the morning the train plodded—for a Spanish train never hurries—through La Mancha, the plain Quaxote country, still almost as wild and unimproved as in the days when the *caravan* king it rode over its

dull and desolate plains: Towards midday these were exchanged for green fields, and low hills clothed with cork trees, till at length the welcome towers of Cordova appeared, and an omnibus conveyed us along a bright Alameda garden, and then through the narrow streets, in which it often touches the houses on either side, till it could proceed no further, and disgorged its contents at the mouth of a street too narrow for any but foot passengers, leading to the Hotel Riazal.

The narrow streets, or rather alleys, so well adapted to give a shade in summer, when the heat here is almost insupportable, are an unaltered relic of the Moorish dominion, under which Cordova was the successful rival of Bagdad and Damascus. Utterly devoid of picturesqueness, they have a more thoroughly African appearance than those of any other town in Spain. One threads one's way between interminable whitewashed walls, their scanty windows guarded by heavy iron bars, over a pebbly pavement so rough that it is like the bed of a torrent, littered with straw from the burdens of in-

numerable donkeys. There are no shops apparent, no animation whatever, nor any sign of life in the houses, and the few silent figures you pass are only miserable beggars wrapped in their mantas, generally lying on steps in the sun, almost too inert to extend their hands for charity, an occasional veiled lady gliding by to mass, or a majo, who goes swiftly along, erect upon his tall mule. Cordova is like a city of the dead; yet it looks modern and fresh, for every mark of antiquity is effaced by the coating of whitewash which clothes everything, and which makes the building of a thousand years ago undistinguishable from that of yesterday.

The little life which remains all seems to converge to the mosque, the one centre of interest in the town, the magnet which still attracts travellers to this whited sepulchre from all parts of the world. Here, in the magnificent court of oranges, troops of children play, a spectacle for a perfect regiment of beggars, who sun themselves all day long on the low stone seats around its walls, while crowds of strong able-bodied men stand here for hours gossiping and playing at cards—for at Cordova Spanish idleness reaches its climax. If a man wants a few pesetas he earns them; but when he has earned them he does not work again till



Cordova.

they are spent, and as a Cordovan can live luxuriously on an orange, a piece of dried fish, and an air on the guitar, plenty of time is left to *flaneur* and amuse themselves. And for this what spot can be more delightful than the grand old court, surrounded by flame-shaped battlements, entered by rich Moorish gateways, and where the fountain erected by Abdur-r-rahman in 945 still sends forth its volume of crystal waters beneath huge orange-trees planted some three hundred years ago, and above which feathery palms and tall cypresses shoot up into the clear air.

Hence, with bewilderment you step into a roofed-in forest of pillars, where you may truly lose your way amid the thousand still

remaining columns (there were twelve hundred once) of varied colour, thickness, and material, which divide the building into twenty-nine naves one way and nineteen the other. Into the midst of all a cathedral was engrafted in 1547, for which many of the columns were destroyed, permission having been extorted by the canons from Charles V., who was unaware of the mischief they were doing, but who bitterly reproved them when he visited their work for having thus injured what was unique in the world. A tiny chapel, with a roof like a shell, formed from a single block of marble, is ornamented outside with mosaics sent from Constantinople by the Emperor Romanus II., the finest in

the world. This is the Ceca, where the Alcoran was kept, as in a Holy of Holies; and at the opposite chapel of the Maksurah, also a beautiful remnant of Moorish times, though its pavement of pure silver has disappeared, the kalif performed his *cholba*, or public prayer, at the Mihrab, a window looking towards the shrine. Just outside their sacred Ceca now stands, as if in mockery, the tomb of the Conde de Oropesa, who defended Cordova against the Moors in 1368. The only other especial object of interest shown is a scratch of the Crucifixion on a wall, attributed to the nails of a Christian captive; but the mosque may be visited

in all hours and all lights with increasing wonder and delight.

A pleasant railway journey of four hours brought us from Cordova to Seville. Long before reaching it, the famous Giralda tower appeared above the green corn plains, divided by hedges of aloes, and as the railway runs close under the town, between it and the Guadalquivir, all the principal buildings are seen before you arrive at the station. The tiresome and useless delay of the local custom-house, which worries travellers at the entrance of almost all the large Spanish towns, made it nearly dark when we reached the Fonda Europa, a thoroughly national



Seville.

hotel, with a court of oranges and a fountain, but exceedingly gloomy. Here, as elsewhere, we have often amused ourselves by thinking that a false idea people must entertain of places who only read of them in books. It is so easy to give a glowing picture of that which is dismal enough in reality; and from those who see the original the impression of the picture vanishes for ever. Thus O'Shea's really excellent guide-book, quite the best, we think, practically, though Ford—the original, unadulterated Ford—should on no account be left behind, writes of Valencia:—"The sultana of the Mediterranean cities, robed in the loose and sparkling white of her ragging houses, lies softly embosomed

amid high palms and deep-green oranges, with her feet lazily bathing in the blue waves of the sea. The magic Huerta which surrounds her is but a large orchard," &c. How delightful an impression of dust-laden, wind-stricken, dead-alive Valencia, three miles from the sea, with its three or four unhealthy palms, and its surrounding marshes and nursery gardens, which Murray further glorifies by describing their mud huts (*quintas*) as "pearls set in emeralds!" Even the truest picture is often misleading; for in writing from Seville I might say with perfect truth that I look down from my window through marble colonnades, bathed and glittering in the bright moonlight, perfumed with the

scent of ancient orange and citron trees, which bend, fruit-laden, over a richly-sculptured fountain, while many birds of strange plumage flit amid their boughs, and golden fish float beneath the waters. Yet I should only be describing an ordinary Sevillian house, in which the bird-fancying landlord has clipped the wings of a number of hawks and owls, who live amid his orange-trees, and frighten his inmates by unexpectedly hopping in through their bedroom windows.

From the deathlike stillness of Cordova it is a strange transition to the animation and bustle of the central part of Seville, with its brilliant shops and crowded streets, in which you would think that the whole population amused themselves all day long. Of all the inhabitants of Spain, the Sevillians have the greatest reputation for liveliness of character and enjoyment of all the pleasures which the world can afford them. The past and the future seem to have no part in their existence; the present is everything. The churches here are deserted by comparison with those of other towns; the theatres and promenades are crowded. When we arrived the whole population was throwing itself rapturously into the delights of the carnival. The streets were filled every evening with masquers in every description of ridiculous dress, from Chinese mandarins and Indians in feathers to old English ladies in poke bonnets, reticule, and spectacles, and old English gentlemen in high collars, tail coats, and umbrellas, very admirably imitated. Reverence to the Church also was little evinced in the number of would-be nuns, mumbling over their breviaries, while their eyes, sparkling through their masques, sought a new object for a joke; and even the Pope himself had his representative, dragged woefully along by a horrible green devil with a long tail, which he lashed in glee over each contortion of the wretched potentate. In the carriages were many lovely little children of the nobles, beautifully dressed in blue, green, and yellow satin, à la Louis XIV., with their hair powdered, the little boys of three and four years old having silk stockings and buckles in their shoes. "Me conoces" resounded on all sides in the shrill voice of disguise which is universally adopted. All classes mingled together, and amused one another; yet at such times the high breeding and courtesy of every rank of Spaniard never deserts them, and no coarseness or breach of decorum can be discovered. At the same time, the unusual collision into which all persons are thrown is often productive of bloodshed, and the utter

insouciance about life which prevails in Spain was evidenced by the fact, that six persons were killed and eight wounded during the course of the first masqued ball, the long Albacete knives being used, and the murderers easily escaping in their masquerade dress, without its producing any effect upon the gaiety of the rest of the revellers.

With more than slightly sarcastic reference to the Italian king, who is much disliked here, the whole people of Seville, with banners flying, bands of music, and mounted troops of imaginary cavalry, went out to the gates at the beginning of carnival to meet the King of Nonsense, and solemnly escort him into the city, which he, a puppet, entered in a coach-and-four, bowing and nodding on either side from the windows, as real kings do. On the last day this figure was publicly deposed and executed—strangled as criminals are on a scaffold in the great square, amid universal acclamations; and on the first Sunday in Lent (for the Sevillians, if robbed of some of their fun by the wet weather, use the Sundays in Lent for more carnival) tens of thousands of country people came into the town to see him lie in state, and attend his funeral with the procession of mock penitents, torches, and chanting. On other days of carnival *los gigantes*—huge figures of the Moorish sovereigns—were paraded round the town.

The people of Seville all seem proud now of its Moorish history, and aware of the advantages which that period has bequeathed to them. All the best Moorish houses are preserved, and the hot season of "the oven of Spain" is rendered endurable by the forethought which made the streets so narrow that it is generally impossible for two carriages to pass one another, while the houses which line them have large gardens, or are built with round open courts, which, in summer, are covered with an awning or *velo*; while the windows are defended by the thick matted blinds called *esteras*. The names which are written up at the entrance of the streets in Seville are in themselves always picturesque and interesting, and have reference to events which occurred in them, or persons who have lived there. The word "calle," or street, is always omitted. The name stands alone—"Murillo," "Juan de Mena," "Abades," "Dados," &c. All are whitewashed, as at Cordova, and the clear shadows of the passers-by fall blue upon the dazzling walls. In the streets where most business is carried on barriers are placed at each end of the broad flagged pavement to prevent a carriage from attempting to enter,

so that only mules and donkeys jostle the foot-passengers with their heavy burdens. Here the chief shops have no doors or windows, but are open porticos, supported on pillars, like oriental bazaars. Conspicuous among these are the shops of the gaily-coloured Mantas, generally kept by solemn-looking old Moors, who insist upon their customers being seated, and regale them with dates and sweetmeats, while they exhibit their wares; and those of the common earthenware, with their picturesque forms and bright green and red enamel. In the engravers' windows strangers will notice that some of the visiting-cards are black, with the name in white—these are the cards of the doctors, and, rather ominously, signify their calling.

If, in the evening, leaving the busier streets, filled far into the night with a moving crowd, amid which water-carriers are constantly circulating, with their shrill cry of "Agua, agua!" you turn into the quieter lanes flanked by private houses, you may generally see, not one, but many scenes, which look as if they were taken out of the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, of young men wrapped in their cloaks, clinging to the iron bars of one of the lower windows, making love, with the ripple of the fountain in the neighbouring patio as an accompaniment; only, at Seville, there is nothing surreptitious in this; it is the approved fashion of love-making, admitted by parents and guardians, and to neglect it on the part of the innamorato would be to forfeit his lady's good graces. Fatal frays frequently occur in the streets, in consequence of the lover arriving and finding his place occupied by another.

Looking into the patios of Sevillian houses is like looking into the private life of their inhabitants, for the adornment of each may be considered to reflect the taste of its owner; in one brilliant flowers, in another a marble fountain, or a beautiful statue, or drooping bananas, or tall palms, or cypresses clipped into strange forms of temples and pagodas. Here the *tertulias* are given, the pleasant, informal receptions which are the only kind of evening parties in common use in Spain. When properly presented at any Spanish house, its master says to you on taking leave, after your first visit, "Henceforth this house is yours," and from that time you may come and go unrestrained, and feel sure that you are always welcome, though you are offered no refreshment, or only a cup of chocolate, which it is not usual to accept, and though the master of the house himself is seldom ever present, being at some other

tertulia. In the course of the evening, one of the gentlemen present often takes a guitar, then the younger guests dance, while their elders play at cards or gossip round the fountain. With Spaniards dinner-parties are almost unknown; though invitations are sometimes given, it is a mere matter of form, which all well-bred persons are expected to refuse; unless pressed repeatedly. Great stress is laid upon all the formalities of Spanish courtesy, and a stranger is measured by his observation of them. It is absolutely necessary that a first visit at a Spanish house should be paid in complete black, though morning dress may be worn. The visitor's hat is then seized, the utmost consideration is paid to it, and it is solemnly placed on a cushioned chair by itself, and this attention must be carefully observed when the visit is returned. No attempt must be made to shut the doors, for to be alone with a lady with a closed door would be considered indecorous, and it must be remembered that Spanish ladies never either shake hands or take a gentleman's arm; but when the visitor rises, he must say, "Beso los pies de usted, señora"—("Lady, I kiss your feet;") to which the lady responds, "Beso á usted la mano, caballero"—("Sir, I kiss your hand.") Religious topics can seldom be touched upon with impunity, for the mass of Spaniards consider Protestants as little better than heathen, a belief which is very naturally fostered by the extremely irreverent behaviour of our countrymen in the Roman Catholic churches, and by their habit of walking about looking at the pictures and statues, and talking aloud, even at the most solemn moments of the services. Here, though the spirit may be overlooked, scrupulous attention is paid to the letter of the national religion, which is nowhere more perceptible than in the universal impulse with which all classes alike fall at once on their knees when the tinkling of a little bell announces that the Sacrament is being carried past. An old proverb says, with regard to genuflecture—"Al Rey, en viendolo; á Dios en oyendolo." Even at a theatre, in the midst of a performance, if this bell is heard, actors and audience alike will fall upon their knees till it ceases. The Sacrament, like the king, is spoken of as "Su Majestad." Thus when, after prayer, the consecrated wafer is placed in the mouth of a dying person, a priest, after a few minutes, approaches with a napkin, and asks, "Ha pasado su majestad?" ("Has his majesty gone down?")

is a proverb which its inhabitants delight in, but which may equally be applied to many of the other towns of Spain. To the seeker after the picturesque, Seville must unavoidably be a disappointment. The first view even of the famous cathedral is a shock. It has no external beauty, and cannot compare with any of the great French cathedrals, or even with many of the English ones. It stands on a high platform, girdled with pillars, partly brought from Italic, and partly relics of the mosques, of which two existed on this site. The last, built by the Emir Yusuf in 1184, was pulled down 1401, when the cathedral was begun, only the Giralda, the Court of Oranges, and some of the outer walls, being preserved. The Chapter, when convened for the building of the cathedral, determined, like religious Titans, to build one "of such size and beauty that coming ages should proclaim them mad for having undertaken it." To their efforts the main portion of the edifice is due, paid for chiefly out of their own incomes, but so many chapels and dependent offices have been added, that even on the exterior every phase of architecture is represented—Gothic, Moorish, Græco-Roman, Revival, and Plateresque; while in the interior every century has erected a chapel or retablo in its own peculiar style.

Far above houses and palaces, far above the huge cathedral itself, soars the beautiful Giralda, its colour a pale pink, encrusted all over with delicate Moorish ornament; so high that its detail is quite lost as you gaze upward; so large that you may easily ride on horseback to the summit up the broad

roadway in the interior. The lower part of the tower alone is really Moorish; the upper tier, with the bells and the surmounting cupolas, was added by Francesco Ruiz in 1568, who inscribed his work with the large letters, "Turris fortissima nomen Dei." At the summit is a figure of Faith, inappropriately chosen to turn with every wind of heaven, executed by Bartolomé Morel. Nothing can be more enchanting than to spend a morning at the top of this tower, where, from the broad embrasures, you overlook the whole city, the soft bends of the Guadalquivir, and the sunny green plains melting into an amethystine distance. Subdued by the height, the hum of the great city scarcely reaches you; but the chime of many bells ascends into the clear air, and mingles with the song of the birds, which are ever circling round the tower in the aerial space, and perching on the great lilies which adorn it. Just below are children, always playing in the Court of Oranges, where the old fountain, used in the Moorish ablutions, still sparkles in the sunshine.

It is perhaps best to enter the mighty cathedral from this courtyard, where, passing a stone pulpit, from which S. Vicente Ferrer declaimed the horrors of the Inquisition, you find the Puerta del Lagarto, so called from the crocodile which hangs above it, which was sent by the Sultan as a present when he asked for the daughter of Alonzo el Sabio. The king kept the gift, but declined to give the young lady, who thought that her lover's first present was scarcely indicative of the tender regard she expected.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ADVENT TO THE DEPARTED.*

"And to the spirits of just men made perfect."—HEN. xii. 23.

NOT to Sinai, but to Zion—that is the keynote of the passage.

Hebrew Christians, on the eve of the greatest demolition which earth ever witnessed—because it was the demolition not of man's but of God's handywork, even of the Law which God's finger wrote, and of the sanctuary which God Himself had builded—are reminded in this Epistle what God has given them in compensation—Christ for Angels, Christ for Moses, Christ for Aaron, Christ for temple, altar, sacrifice—inasmuch that to go away now from Christ is to go back from substance to shadow, from reality

to type, from spirit to form, from heaven to earth.

In this closing appeal, unexampled almost in profane writing or sacred for power and sublimity, the contrast is drawn between the Jewish people, prostrate and awe-stricken at the foot of a material mountain, quivering with preternatural shocks of storm and earthquake, fenced, on pain of death, from touch or approach of man or beast, and echoing with mysterious sounds of voice and trumpet; and on the other hand, the Israel of God, gathered already in spirit and faith to a heavenly hill and city, peopled with inhabitants, whose names and descriptions are before us.

* Preached in the Temple Church, Dec. 3, 1871.

Amongst these stand foremost, as is meet for their untallen purity, "an innumerable company of Angels." There is something practical, as well as beautiful, in the thought of those ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation, rejoicing with a Christ-like joy in the repentance of a sinner, standing in God's presence as the representatives of Christ's little ones, desiring to look into the mysteries of God's dealing, in redemption and grace, with this strange, wilful, rebellious race of man, and finding a new insight into God's manifold wisdom as they study it in the constitution, the history, and the spiritual experience of His Church.

Second in order, in an enumeration neither logical, perhaps, nor artistic, but infinitely more impressive and life-like, stands "the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven." "Written," enrolled, inscribed, not yet there. This is the earthly companionship. These are the dedicated, consecrated, not yet perfected members of the Divine community. "Ye are come"—ye, individually, who are Christians—unto a festal throng, an assembled multitude, God's consecrated "first-born," entered already, name by name, upon the citizen-roll of heaven, though not yet finally liberated from the bondage of the visible by the great releaser and emancipator—death. These are the Holy Catholic Church—the blessed company, here upon earth, of Christ's faithful people.

Thirdly, "ye are come"—and this is our subject—"to the spirits of just men made perfect."

"Spirits," because resurrection is not yet. Their bodies are still in the grave or in the deep. Only the "spirits" are free.

"Just men;" not in the "justice" of earth and the fall, but in that "righteousness which is of God by faith"—the righteousness of a sufficient Atonement, the righteousness of a transforming Spirit.

"Made perfect"—completed, consummated, in that holiness which, begun below, advanced by sure yet slow steps in the daily conflict and warfare of flesh and spirit, is at last finished and accomplished for ever; to be sullied no more, nor grieved any more, by the presence and contact of evil; being sealed now with the stamp of immortality, and waiting only the transformed body to make the whole man anew in the very image and likeness of God.

"Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect."

It is the season of Advent.

Advent itself has many meanings.

There is an Advent in the distance behind us; there is an Advent in the still future. The one is the coming in humility; the other is the coming in glory.

Between these two, and infinitely multiplied, lie other comings; comings in judgment, as when Christ overthrew Judaism, or as when He overthrew Paganism, or as when He brings revolution upon a rebellious nation, or as when He takes away the candlestick of a faithless Church; comings in grace, as when Christ sends the Holy Spirit, of repentance and faith, of reformation and comfort, into a soul that is weary of itself and its solitude; or as when He takes up His abode, more signally, for perpetual habitation, in a soul that is athirst and hungry for the higher, the highest experiences of the spiritual, the Divine life.

But the text seems to say that besides the Advents—the two, or the many—of Christ Himself, the Church also, the Christian also, has an Advent.

"Ye are come," the Apostle says, as of a thing past and perfect, "unto the city of the living God," with its institutions, and its privileges, and its citizens, and its King. He speaks to individual men, and tells of an Advent which is already theirs.

If these things are so, will you not confess that we are all living immeasurably below our right?

"Ye are come"—we look around us with a bewildered gaze, and perceive ourselves the centre of a whole world unrealized. What see we? We see earth and the world, large, substantial, prominent, predominant; we see things present, the employments, and the interests, and the ambitions, and the affections, of time and sense, impressively, overwhelmingly, crushingly real: tell us that we "are come" to all these; and if the phrase strike us as peculiar, the fact is intelligible and unquestionably true.

But the text says nothing of all this. It opens another world—a world of strange shapes and forms, of angel and spirit, of heaven and eternity—and says, Ye are come to it: if you are Christians, you are come to it. You have had, you have made, an Advent; and it is to verities and existences, to beings and persons, unseen, invisible; yet, on that very account, the more glorious and the more real.

It is of this Christian's Advent—it presupposes, it depends upon Christ's Advents—but it is of a different aspect of Advent that we speak now. And inasmuch as the sub-

ject is large, and the thoughts here combined are too vast for summary treatment, we have chosen one brief clause from the sentence, telling of the Advent of the Christian to the spirits of righteous men made perfect.

These are days in which speculation is busy, and curiosity strong; and many are saying, Lo, here is marvel, or there—here is rest, here is truth, here is Christ, or there.

One form of this characteristic restlessness is intrusion into the world of spirit. Strange things are told of this intercourse. We neither accept nor deny them. Let them alone, and if they be of men, they will come to nought; some newer fancy will displace them. But one thing we seem to gather from such evidence as reaches us concerning this commerce with spirits—that it never brings near to us spirits of the perfected righteous. These communications, these visits, these voices, seldom reveal anything that even philosophy, much more religion, can count important; are generally concerned with earth's most earthly interests, seldom tell of heaven, never speak of Christ; seldom warn of sin, seldom persuade to holiness, never point to such joys above as any man of piety could accept as his hereafter. It is the inference of many, that the spirits capable of this kind of intercourse are not the loftier or nobler or holier, but rather those which (as Greek philosophy dreamed) are detained by their earthliness in earth's atmosphere, detached only in point of enjoyment from those baser joys which were once their all.

It is needless to say that this kind of approach to the spirits of the departed is, at all events, absolutely beside the mark of that Advent which is asserted in the text. The Apostle speaks of that which is open to all Christians, and admits into the society of all the righteous dead. He speaks of an intercourse which is all Christian, and therefore which is concerned only with the blessed, and (as the original phrase seems to imply) with the perfect in their perfection—not in some meaner and poorer 'reminiscences or attachments still cleaving to them above, but as those whom the grace of God has lifted out of all these things into a region of saintliness, as pure as it is sublime.

We must set ourselves to grasp, if it may be given us, this revelation of God. "Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect." It is not said, Ye shall come hereafter. Ye are come.

1. The first and least thing here said—itself great and glorious too—is this—Ye

are come to the faith of the righteous dead—to their faith and to their example.

It is a thought not without comfort, that, as Christians, we have an ancestry and a pedigree. To be able to look back upon centuries and millenniums behind us, and see the same faith sustaining and elevating and transforming and sanctifying men of one blood with us, till it brought them safely one by one, into the haven where we would be—to feel, therefore, that this Gospel, which "is tried to the uttermost" in our day, by argument and innuendo, by scoff and jeer, has been found by successive generations, persuasive in motive, rich in fruit, uniform yet multitudinous in operation, successful in moulding the life and taking away the sting of death, age after age, till now it comes to us, the same Gospel, one and undivided, offering to do for us all and everything which it has undeniably done for them—this, if this were all, would be something as an encouragement and as an exhortation. "Ye are come" to their example—ye are entered into the inheritance of their faith and of their life—the continuity is not broken—the Church of all ages is one: the Gospel of all ages, in its disclosures, in its motives, in its offers, in its fruits, is one—disgrace not your family—bring no blot upon your escutcheon: you are come to the spirits of the perfect—you join on to them in the genealogical tree—be followers, be imitators of them, as they once in their day and generation were of Christ.

2. But this is not all. This is scarcely the beginning of the doctrine of the text.

Ye are come to the spirits and souls of the righteous, secondly, in their sympathy.

Oh believe—doubt not—that there is a living as well as a memorial sympathy, between the Church on earth and the Church in heaven.

All the glimpses given us in Holy Scripture of the mind and life of Paradise point this way.

Even Nature demands it. There is an instinct as well as a revelation of this Advent to the departed.

Let it help you on your difficult way. You cannot get away from this presence. You are come—and you cannot go: certainly you cannot go without ceasing to be Christians—for God has knit together His elect in one communion and fellowship. There is a Communion of Saints as well as a Catholic Church—the militant and the triumphant are not two societies, they are one.

I know that this sympathy may be so preached as to give no comfort. Oh we

would not have the dead vexed with our cares, troubled with our sorrows, grieved with our sins! We would not think of spirits made perfect as witnessing—for it must break their repose—our littlenesses, our puerilities, our selfishnesses, our discords, our backslidings, our black or crimson stains of sin and bloodguiltiness.

Yet there is sympathy—there must be—between the spirits of the Christian living and of the Christian dead.

Is it that perhaps God shows them only that which is good, and hides from them the evil? Or is it that the foresight of the eventual triumph makes even the falls and the stumblings seem trifling and insignificant? Or is it that all is so lost and swallowed up in the one love and devotion, that even sympathy in Christ loses its pang while it keeps its consolation? We know not—God knoweth! But it is a profitable thought, whatever clouds hang about it, this of the “having come to the sympathy” of the spirits of the perfected ones. Oh, be well assured that you can add to, if you cannot diminish from, their blessedness! Shall Angels, not of flesh and blood, Angels that bear not our nature nor have been tempted like as we are, joy in heaven over a repentance, over a rising, over a victory, over a blessed and holy death-bed, which shall add one more to the living hosts of the ransomed—and shall they, the perfected ones, be calm and indifferent?

Have you, or you, or you, a friend in the happy land—father or mother, sister or wife, friend closer than a brother? Remember—remember, and forget not—you “are come to” that other—come by an Advent such as there is none between the living. The stripping off of this carcase gives a sympathy, gives a touch, gives a sight, of love, such as cannot be gained here. You “are come to” the dead as you cannot come to the living. See that you give joy, only joy, to the inhabitant of that world. When they meet you day by day, hour by hour, in the communion of Jesus Christ, their Lord, their Life, as yours; when they meet you, as this day, at that holy Table where “with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven,” we laud and magnify God’s glorious name; see that it be with joy and not with grief. To this end remember that “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

3. We have reached, we have almost anticipated, the third and last thought which I would draw from the text—“You are come to the spirits of the just” in their single, their engrossing devotion to Christ their Lord.

It is said—I scarcely care to ask whether in history or fiction—that there was one from whom had been taken away by the stroke of death the desire of his eyes, the wife of his youth. He had laid her in the earth—yet night after night she visited him in his chamber—herself, yet not herself—the same, but a thousandfold more beautiful—and in that periodical converse, making night day for him and darkness light, he half forgot his bereavement and his desolation. One night she came—and he could not forego an exclamation upon her peculiar beauty. “I never saw you,” he said, “so lovely.” She said, “It is my last visit to you—to-morrow I am to see HIM—and after that sight I shall have no eye for aught else.” He saw her no more.

Is not this, perhaps, the answer to those questions, so often put by the mourner, as to the future sight of friends?

Be sure that nothing shall be denied thee, in that world, which could give thee solace or satisfaction. If thou desirest there thy friend’s face, or voice, or hand, thou shalt have it! But Oh, when thou hast been there but a little while—when, if so it be, after a brief period of preparation, as it were of purifying and anointing, thou shalt actually have seen the King in His beauty—I say not that thou shalt be debarred then from other sight or other converse—but this I say, the desire for aught else will have left thee; all other love, not destroyed, not lessened, rather ten thousandfold enhanced, will yet be swallowed up in that; thy loved one, and thou, will be so wrapped up in another love and higher, that the selfish love will be gone, and only the Divine love remain; enough for the two souls, still loving as earth cannot love, to love just One other more—to love Him in common, and to find the mortal, in this as in every sense, “clothed upon” with that which is really Heaven.

“Ye are come to the spirits of the righteous perfected”—catch, then, their inspiration! learn their devotion! see what Christ is to them—the all-satisfying, the One-beloved—and be He that, now, to thee!

I was guided to-day to my subject by sorrowful thoughts—sorrowful as man speaks, yet full of glory.

We have read, this last week, of a death—of a martyrdom, not of will only, but of deed—and it came very near to us in this place. A Bishop—the son of a Judge—one of the honoured Judges of this “House,” whose memory is still fresh, still fragrant, amongst us—has been murdered, in the prime

of life, in the fulness of his powers, in the midst of his work and of his devotion, in some strange savage island of the far Pacific—and his grave no man knoweth.

I will never degrade this Pulpit by unmeaning or imaginary panegyrics. I will be silent here over deaths of famous men, literary men or statesmen, bishops or judges, peers or princes, unless I have that to say of them which is true in the name of the Lord. But the event to which I have adverted to-day wants no condition of mention in God's House, in God's worship. That man in early youth, though his University, though the world, would allure or bribe him from his purpose, chose heathendom for his sphere and the Gospel for his work. Loved at home with no common love, that home resigned him at the call of Christ, and never revoked him even to bury his father. As years went on, a loving sister at home could write of him, "I think less and less of the parting, and more and more of the meeting." With an energy that never flagged, and amidst sacrifices of health and comfort which few would make for a throne, he pursued, year after year, his resolute way. Possessing, by natural aptitude and assiduous study, an apostolic gift of tongues, he was able to pass from island to island, bringing away young lives from each, to be trained in a central College, and carried back again, in their season, as the seed of civilization at least, if not of evangelization, to their degraded and savage peoples. To these boys, while he kept them under training, he was at once pastor and schoolmaster in their health, and physician and nurse in their sickness. Confidence by degrees rewarded the self-sacrifice—and he could move, where traders and speculators could not, bearing a charmed life, and living it for Jesus Christ.

Who shall tell the shameful story of his end? Where Christ in the person of His Bishop, passed to and fro on these holy errands, the devil followed Him in the person of the robber and the kidnapper. All the consequences were foreseen by the wise and holy man: some of his last words record his prescience and his charity—his clear knowledge of the danger, and his righteous judgment upon the crime. But no peril can daunt the devout and devoted Evangelist—calmly he girds himself for his task, and as

he has lived to the Lord, so to the Lord, at His bidding, he also dies.

Your hearts, my brethren, will have sorrowed with sorrowing friends—with the brother who worships amongst you, and with the sisters who surrendered him counting the cost. But this we will say—that such a life and such a death have added lustre even to his father's name. They have done more. They have revived—such are the paradoxes of grace—they have revived the drooping fortunes of the Colonial Church, and watered with a martyr's blood the furrows that were parched to barrenness. No homeward footsteps here—no putting of the hand to the plough and looking back—no desertion, here, of the post of uttermost peril, whether in trench, or in breach, or on battle-field. This was that which the Anglican Church wanted—that for which a few months ago she was half envying the distressed Church of France—a martyrdom in this nineteenth age. There was a martyrdom under political complications—here is a martyrdom in the forthright path of evangelical work, of Christ-like zeal. Surely, surely, hearts will be strengthened by it, to go forth, like him, in his steps, to do, to dare, to die!

And we, at home, brethren—whose lot is cast in pleasanter places—shall we learn nothing—we, few of whom are Christ's ministers, yet all, all, of whom are Christ's soldiers and servants—shall we learn nothing from this noble, this heroic, this Divine death? nor yet from the death only, but from the life and the death? Let us realize our "Advent" to this new spirit made perfect! He is with us here, in nearer communion and fellowship, it may be, than while he was (as we speak) among the living: he is here, worshipping, praising, giving thanks, adoring, blessing, loving the Lamb that was slain—animating us by sympathy and by intercession for the work assigned to us, and the battle which we wage. See that we be true to the Lord—giving ourselves first to Him, and then our strength and our service—remembering how it is written, "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death."

Pardon, truth, devotion—this is that three-fold cord which is not quickly broken.

C. J. VAUGHAN.





"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.



ELEN had still another incident before her, however, ere she left St. Mary's Road. It was late in the afternoon when she went back. To go back at all, to enter the dismantled place, and have that new dreary picture thrust into

her mind instead of the old image of home, was painful enough, and Norah's cheeks were pale, and even to Helen, the air and the movement conveyed a certain relief. They went into the quieter part of the park and walked for an hour or two saying little. Now and then poor Norah would be beguiled into a little monologue, to which her mother lent a half attention—but that was all. It was easier to be in motion than to keep still, and it was less miserable to look at the trees, the turf, the blue sky, than at the walls of a room which was full of associations of happiness. They did not get home until the carriages were beginning to roll into the park for the final round before dinner. And when they reached their own house, there stood a smart cabriolet before it, the horse held by a little tiger. Within the gate two gentlemen met them coming down the steps. One of them was a youth of eighteen or nineteen, who looked at Helen with a wondering awe-stricken glance. The other was—Mr. Golden. Norah had closed the garden door heedlessly after her. They were thus shut in, the four together confronting each other, unable to escape. Helen could not believe her eyes. Her heart began to beat, her pale cheeks to flush, a kind of mist of excitement came before her vision. Mr. Golden, too, was not without a certain perturbation. He had not expected to see any

one. He took off his hat, and cleared his voice, and made an effort to seem at his ease.

"I had just called," he said, "to express—to inquire—I did not know things had been so far advanced. I would not intrude—for the world."

"Oh!" cried Helen, facing him, standing between him and the door, "how dare you come here?"

"Dare, Mrs. Drummond? I—I don't understand——"

"You do understand," she said, "better—far better than any one else does. And how dare you come to look at your handiwork? A man may be what you are, and yet have a little shame. Oh, you robber of the dead! if I had been anything but a woman, you would not have ventured to look me in the face."

He did not venture to look her in the face then; he looked at his companion instead, opening his eyes, and nodding his head slightly, as if to imply that she was crazed. "It is only a woman who can insult a man with impunity," he said, "but I hope I am able to make allowance for your excited feelings. It is natural for a lady to blame some one, I suppose. Rivers, let us go."

"Not till I have spoken," she cried in her excitement. "This is but a boy, and he ought to know whom he is with. Oh, how is it that I cannot strike you down and trample upon you? If I were to call that policeman he would not take you, I suppose. You liar and thief! don't dare to answer me. What, at my own door; at the door of the man whose good name you have stolen, whom you have slandered in his grave—oh my God! who has not even a grave because you drove him mad!" she cried, her eyes blazing, her cheeks glowing, all the silent beauty of her face growing splendid in her passion.

The young man gazed at her as at an apparition, his lips falling apart, his face paling. He had never heard such a voice, never seen such an outburst of outraged human feeling before.

"Mrs. Drummond, this is madness. I—I can make allowance for—for excitement——"

"Be silent, sir," cried Helen, in her fury. "Who do you suppose cares what you think? And how dare you open your mouth before me? It is I who have a right to speak.

And I wish there were a hundred to hear instead of one. This man had absconded till he heard my husband was dead. Then he came back and assumed innocence, and laid the blame on him who—could not reply. I don't know who you are; but you are young, and you should have a heart. There is not a liar in England—not a thing so vile as this man. He has plundered the dead of his good name. Now go, sir. I have said what I had to say."

"Mrs. Drummond, sometime you will have to answer—sometime you will repent of this," cried Golden, losing his presence of mind.

"I shall never repent it, not if you could kill me for it," cried Helen. "Go; you make the place you stand on vile. Take him away from my sight. I have said what I had to say."

Mr. Golden made an effort to recover himself. He struck his young companion on the shoulder with an attempt at jocularly.

"Come, Rivers," he said, "come along, we are dismissed. Don't you see we are no longer wanted here?"

But the lad did not answer the appeal. He stayed behind with his eyes still fixed upon Helen.

"Please, don't blame me," he said. "Tell me if I can do anything. I—did not know——"

"Thank you," she said faintly. Her excitement had failed her all at once. She had put her arms round Norah, and was leaning upon her, haggard and pale as if she were dying. "Thank you," she repeated, with a motion of her hand towards the door.

The youth stole out with a sore heart. He stood for a moment irresolute on the pavement. The cab was his and not Golden's; but that personage had got into it, and was calling to him to follow.

"Thanks," said young Rivers, with the impetuosity of his years. "I shall not trouble you. Go on pray. I prefer to walk."

And he turned upon his heel, and went rapidly away. He was gone before the other could realise it; and it was with feelings that it would be impossible to describe, with a consciousness that seemed both bodily and mental of having been beaten and wounded all over, with a singing in his ears, and a bewildered sense of punishment, that Golden picked up the reins and drove away. It was only a few sharp words from a woman's tongue, a thing which a man must steel himself to bear when his operations are of a kind which involve the ruin of families.

But Helen had given her blow far more skillfully, far more effectively than she was aware of. She had clutched at her first chance of striking, without any calculation of results; and the youth she had appealed to in her excitement might have been any nameless lad for what she knew. It was Mr. Golden's hard fate that he was not a nameless lad. He was Cyril Rivers, Lord Rivers' eldest son. The manager drove on a little way, slowly, and in great perturbation. And then he drew up the horse, and sprang to the ground.

"You had better go home," he said to the little groom.

And then, still with that sense of bodily suffering as well as mental, he made his way through Kensington Gardens to the drive. He was a man of fashion too, as well as a man of business—if he ever could hold up his head again.

Of course he did hold up his head, and in an hour after was ready to have made very good fun of the "scolding" he had received, and the impression it had made on his young companion.

"I don't wonder," he said; "though her rage was all against me, I could not help admiring her. You never can tell what a woman is till you see her in a passion. She was splendid. Her friends ought to advise her to go on the stage."

"Why should she go on the stage?" said some one standing by.

"Because she is left a beggar. She has not a penny, I suppose."

"It is lucky that you have suffered so little when so many people are beggared, Golden," said one of his fine friends.

This little winged shaft went right into the wound made by Helen's fiery lance, and so far as sensation went (which was nothing) Mr. Golden had not a happy time that night.

As for Helen, she went in, prostrated by her own vehemence, and threw herself down on her bed, and hid her face from the light. After the first excitement was over shame seized upon her. She had descended from her proper place. She had flown into this outburst of passion and rage before her child. She had lowered herself in Norah's eyes, as she thought—though the child would not take her arm from her neck, nor her lips from her cheek, but clung to her sobbing, "Oh, poor mamma! poor mamma!" with sympathetic passion. All this fiery storm through which she had passed had developed Norah. She had gained three or four years in a day. At one bound, from the child who

was a piece of still life in the family, deeply beloved, but not needed, by the two who were each other's companions, she had become, all at once, her mother's only stay, her partizan, her supporter, her comrade-in-arms. It is impossible to over-estimate the difference this makes in a child's, and especially in a girl's, life. It made of her an independent, thinking, acting creature all in a moment. For years everything had been said before her under the supposition that Norah, absorbed in her book, heard nothing. But she had heard a thousand things. She knew all now without any need of explanation, as well as so young a mind could understand. And she began to grope in her mind towards further knowledge, to put things together which even her mother had not thought of.

"Do you know who the boy was, mamma?" she whispered, after she had sat a long time on the bed, silently consoling the sufferer. "Oh, I am so glad you spoke, he will never forget it. Now one more knows it besides you and me."

"There are others who know, dear," said Helen, who had still poor Stephen's magazine in her hand.

"Yes," said Norah. "Dr. Mauricé and the people who wrote to the papers; but, mamma, nobody like you and me. Whatever they say we know. I am little, and I suppose I shall always be little; but that does not matter. I shall soon be grown up, and able to help. And, mamma, this shall be my work as well as yours—I shall never stop till it is done—never, all my life!"

"Oh, my darling!" cried Helen, clasping her child in her arms. It was not that she received the vow as the child meant it, or even desired that in Norah's opening life there should be nothing of more importance than this early self-devotion; but the sympathy was sweet to her beyond describing, the more that the little creature, who had played and chattered by her side, had suddenly become her friend. In the midst of her sorrow and pain, and even of the prostration, and sensitive visionary shame with which this encounter had filled her, she had one sudden throb of pleasure. She was not alone anymore.

It was Helen who fell asleep that evening worn out with emotion, and weariness, and suffering. And then Norah rose up softly, and made a pilgrimage by herself all over the deserted house. She went through the conservatory, where, of all the beautiful things poor Robert had loved to see, there remained nothing but the moonlight which

filled its emptiness; and into the studio, where she sat down on the floor beside the easel, and clasped her arms round it and cried. She was beginning to weary of the atmosphere of grief, beginning to long for life and sunshine, but yet she clung to the easel and indulged in one childish passion of sobs and tears. "Oh, papa!" That was all Norah said to herself. But the recollection of all he had been, and of all that had been done to him, surged over the child, and filled her with that sense of the intolerable which afflicts the weak. She could not bear it, yet she had to bear it; just as her mother, just as poor Haldane had to bear—struggling vainly against a power greater than theirs, acquiescing when life and strength ran low, sometimes for a moment divinely consenting, accepting the will of God. But it is seldom that even the experienced soul gets so far as that.

Next morning Mrs. Drummond and her daughter went to Dura. Their arrival at the station was very different from that of Mr. Burton. No eager porters rushed at them as they stepped out of the railway carriage; the station-master moved to the other side; they landed, and were left on the platform by themselves to count their boxes while the train swept on. It was the first time it had ever happened so to Helen. Her husband had always either been with her, or waiting for her, wherever she travelled. And she was weary with yesterday's agitation, and with all that had so lately happened. Norah came forward and took everything in hand. It was she who spoke to the porter, and set the procession in order.

"Cab? Bless you, miss! there ain't but one in the place, and it's gone on a 'xursion," he said, "but I'll get a wheelbarrow and take 'em down. It ain't more than ten minutes' walk."

"I know the way," said Helen; and she took her child's hand and walked on into the familiar place. She had not been there since her marriage; but oh! how well she knew it! She put her crape veil over her face to hide her from curious eyes; and it threw a black mist at the same time over the cheerful village. It seemed to Helen as if she was walking in a dream. She knew everything, every stone on the road, the names above the shops, the forms of the trees. There was one great elm, lopsided, which had lost a huge branch (how well she remembered!) by a thunderstorm when she was a child; was it all a dream? Everything looked like a dream except Norah; but Norah was real. As for the child, there was in her heart a lively

thrill of pleasure at sight of all this novelty which she could not quite subdue. She had no veil of crape over her eyes, and the red houses all lichened over, the glimpses of fields and trees, the rural aspect of the road, the vision of the common in the distance, all filled her with a suppressed delight. It was wrong, Norah knew; she called herself back now and then and sighed, and asked herself how she could be so devoid of feeling; but yet the reaction would come. She began to talk in spite of herself.

"I think some one might have come to meet us at the station," she said. "Ned might have come. He is a boy, and can go anywhere. I am sure, mamma, *we* would have gone to make them feel a little at home. Where is the Gatehouse? What is that place over there? Why there are shops—a draper's and a confectioner's—and a library! I am very glad there is a library. Mamma, I think I shall like it; is that the common far away yonder? Do you remember any of the people? I should like to know some girls if you will let me. There is little Clara, of course, who is my cousin. Do you think we shall live here always, mamma?"

Norah did not ask nor, indeed, look for any answer to this string of questions. She made a momentary pause of courtesy to leave room for a reply, should any come; but Helen's thoughts were full of the past, and as she made no answer Norah resumed the strain.

"It looks very cheerful here, mamma; though it is a village, it does not look dull. I like the red tiles on the cottages and all this red-brick; perhaps it is a little hot-looking now, but in winter it will be so comfortable. Shall we be able to get our things here without going to town? That seems quite a good shop. I wonder what Mrs. Burton and Clara do? But then they are so rich, and we are—poor. Shall I be able to have any lessons, mamma? Can I go on with my music? I wonder if Clara has a governess. She will think it very strange that you should teach me. But I am very glad; I like you better than twenty governesses. Mamma, will it make any difference between Clara and me, them being so rich and us so poor?"

"Oh, Norah, I cannot tell you. Don't ask so many questions," said Helen.

Norah was wounded; she did not give up her mother's hand, but she loosed her hold of it to show her feelings. She had been very sympathetic, very quiet, and respectful of the grief which in its intensity was beyond her; and now she seemed to herself to have

a right to a little sympathy in return. She could understand but dimly what was in her mother's mind; she did not know the associations of which Dura was full; and it was hard to be thus stopped short in that spring of renovating life. As she resigned herself to silence, a feeling of injury came over her; and here, just before her eyes, suddenly appeared a picture of life so different from hers. She saw a band of children gathered about the gate of a house, which stood at a short distance from the road, surrounded by shrubberies and distinguished by one great splendid cedar which stretched its glorious branches over the high garden wall behind, and made a point in the landscape. A lady was driving a little pony-carriage through the open gate, while the children stood watching and waving their hands to her. "Good-bye, mamma," "Don't be long," "And mind you bring back Clara with you," they were calling to her. With a wistful sense of envy Norah gazed and wondered who they were, and if she should ever know them. "Why are people so different?" she asked herself. She had nobody in the world but her mother, lost behind that crape veil, lost in her own thoughts, who told her not to ask questions, while those other little girls had a smiling mamma in a pretty pony-carriage, who was taking one to drive with her, and was to bring Clara back to see them. Which Clara? Was it the Clara who belonged to Norah, her own cousin, to whom she had a better right than any one? Norah's heart sank as she realised this. No doubt Clara must have many friends; she could not stand in need of Norah as Norah did of her. She would be a stranger, an interloper, a new little girl whom nobody knew, whom nobody perhaps would care to know. Tears came to the child's eyes. She had been a woman last night rising to the height of the tragedy in which her little life was involved; but now Nature had regained its sway, and she was only twelve years old. It was while her mind was occupied with these thoughts that her mother interrupted them, suddenly pressing her hand.

"Norah, this is our house, where we are to live," said Helen. Her voice faltered, she held the child's hand as if for support. And now they were at their own door.

Norah gazed at it with a certain dismay. She, too, like Mr. Haldane, had her theory about a house in the country. It must be like Southlees, she thought, though without the river; or perhaps as they had grown poor, it might be something a little better

than the lodge at Southlees, a little cottage; but she had never dreamed of anything like this tall red-brick house which twinkled at her with all its windows. She was awed and chilled, and a little frightened, as she crossed the road. Susan was standing at the open door parleying with the porter about their boxes, which she declined to admit till "the family" came. The one fear which possessed Susan's life, the fear of being "put upon," was strong in her at this moment. But she set the balance straight for Norah, by making a sudden curtsy, which tempted the child so sorely to laughter, that her eyes began to shine and her heart to rise once more. She ran up the white steps eagerly before her mother. "Oh, mamma, I am first. I can say welcome to you," she said.

But the sight of the drawing-room, into which Susan ushered them, solemnly closing the door after them, struck a moment's chill to Norah's heart. It seemed so strange to be thus shut in, as if it was not their own house but a prison. It was afternoon, and the sunshine had all gone from that side of the road, and the graceful, old-fashioned room looked dim and ghostly to eyes which had just come out of the light. The windows all draped with brown and grey, the old-fashioned slim grand piano in the corner ("I shall have my music," said Norah), the black japanned screen with its funny little pictures, the high carved mantelpiece with that square mirror which nobody could see into, puzzled the child, at once attracting and repelling her. There was another round, convex mirror like a shield, on the side wall, but even that did not enable Norah to see herself, it only made a little twinkling picture of her in a vast perspective of drawing-room. Helen had seated herself as soon as the door was shut, and there was she, too, in the picture like a lady come to call. What a strange, dim, ghostly place it was! The bumping of the boxes as they went upstairs was a comfort to Norah. It was a sound of life breaking the terrible silence. She asked herself what would happen when it was over. Should they fall under some charm and sleep there, like the enchanted princess, for a hundred years? And to think that all this was within reach of that lady in the pony-carriage, and of her children who waved their hands to her!—so near, yet in a different world.

"Mayn't we go and see the house, mamma?" Norah whispered, standing close to her mother's side. "Shouldn't you like to see where we are to sleep? Shouldn't you

like to get out of this room? It frightens me so; it feels like a prison. Oh, mamma! perhaps it would not look so strange—and so—dull—and so—funny," cried Norah, feeling disposed to cry, "if you would take your bonnet off."

Just at this moment there was a sound in the road which stirred the whole village into life, and roused Norah. She ran to the window to see what it was. It was an event which happened every evening, which all the children in Dura ran to see, though they were so familiar with it. It was Mr. Burton driving his high-stepping bays home from the station. He had come by the express made on purpose for him and such as him, which arrived half-an-hour later than the train by which the Drummonds had come. Norah climbed up on her knees on a chair to see over the little old-fashioned blinds. There was some one seated by Mr. Burton in the dog-cart, some one who looked at the Gatehouse, as Mr. Burton did, while they dashed past. At the sight of him Norah started, and from a little fantastical child became a woman all at once again. It was the young man who the day before had been with Mr. Golden at St. Mary's Road, he who had heard her father's vindication, and had believed it, and "was on our side," Norah felt, against all the world.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE is always a little excitement in a village over a new inhabitant, and the Drummonds were not common strangers to bespangled vaguely about. There were many people in Dura who remembered Helen in her beauty and youth. And next morning, when it became known that she had arrived at the Gatehouse, the whole place burst into gossip on the subject. Even the new people, the City people who lived in the white villas near the station, were moved by it. For poor Drummond's story was known everywhere, and his miserable fate, and the discussion in the newspapers. Even here, in the quietness of the country, people took sides, and public opinion was by no means so unanimous as poor Helen had supposed. The papers had accepted her husband's guilt as certain, but opinion was very much divided on the subject among people who had means of knowing. "Burton ought to have warned that poor fellow," one of the City gentlemen said to another at the station, going up by the early train. "I would not trust a simpleton in the hands of a smart man like Golden."

"Do you think he was a simpleton?" said the other.

"In business, yes——" said the first speaker. "How could he be otherwise? But, by Jove, sir, what a splendid painter! I never saw anything I liked better than that picture of his in the last Exhibition. Poor fellow! And to put him in Golden's hands, a man well known to be up to every dodge. I wonder what Burton could be thinking of. I wonder he can look that poor lady in the face."

"I should just like to find out how much Burton himself knew about it," said the other, nodding his head.

"And so should I," the first speaker said significantly, as they took their place in the train.

Thus it will be seen that the world, which Helen thought of so bitterly as all against her, was by no means so clear on the subject. At the breakfast-table in the Rectory the conversation took a still more friendly tone.

"I hear that poor Mrs. Drummond has come to the Gatehouse," said Mrs. Dalton. "I almost think I saw her yesterday—a tall woman, in a crape veil, with a little girl about Mary's size. I shall make a point of calling the first time I go out. Oh, George, what a sad, sad story! I hope she will let me be of some use to her."

"I don't see that you can be of much use," said her husband. "She has the Burtons, of course, to fall back upon. How strange to think of Helen Burton coming back here! I could not have supposed it possible. So proud a girl! And how that man at Dura could ask her! I suppose he feels the sweetness of revenge in it. Everybody knew she refused him."

"Oh George, hush! the children," cried Mrs. Dalton under her breath.

"Psha! everybody knows. What a difference it would have made to her, though! It is strange she should have chosen to come and live in sight of his splendour."

"Oh, do you think she cares about his splendour? Poor soul!" said kind Mrs. Dalton, with tears in her eyes. "She must have very different thoughts in her mind. Most likely she was glad of any shelter where she could hide her head, after all the newspapers and the publicity. Oh, George! it must be doubly hard upon her if she was proud."

"Probably it was her pride that made her husband such a fool," said the rector. "You women have a great deal to answer for. If she drove him into that thirst for money-

making—a thing he could know nothing about—— You are all fond of money——"

"For money's worth, George," said Mrs. Dalton humbly. She could not deny the accusation. For her own part she would have done anything for money—she with her eight children, and Charlie's education so dreadfully on her mind.

"Oh, I don't say you are miserly," said the rector, who was a literary man of superior mind, and hated to be bothered by family cares, which incapacitated him for thought; "but when a woman wants more than her husband can give her, what is the unhappy man to do? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Which means, Mary——"

"I have heard it before," said his wife meekly. "I think I know what it means."

"Then you see what comes of it," said Mr. Dalton. "I don't believe a word that is in the papers. I seldom do. He went and got himself involved and bamboozled. How was he to know what he was doing? I don't blame poor Drummond, but I am not so sure it was not her fault."

At the great house the talk was different; there was no discussion of the rights or wrongs of the question. Mr. Burton, indeed, preferred not to speak of Mr. Drummond; and young Mr. Rivers, who had come down with him on the previous night, had got no opening to report the scene of which he had been a spectator. They were early people, and though they had entertained a large party the night before, their breakfast was earlier than that at the Rectory. They were all out on the lawn, visitors, children, dogs, and all, while Mr. Dalton drank his coffee. Ned was busily employed training the Skye to jump over a stick, an exercise which was not much to Shaggy's taste; while the big pointer (who was only in his babyhood, though he was so big, and was imbecile, as puppies are) looked on, and made foolish springs and vaults about his clever brother. Malta, in his blue ribbon, kept close by Mrs. Burton's side, and looked on at the performance with the contemptuous toleration of a superior being; and Clara, also decked with blue ribbons, hung by her mother too.

"You had better come with me and see Helen," said the head of the house. "I told you she arrived last night."

"Now!" said Mrs. Burton, with some surprise. She had her gardening gloves on and a basket in her hand for flowers. These she would have laid down at once, had it been only a walk to the station which was in question; but this was a different affair.

"Yes; why not now?" said her husband with that roll of wealth and comfort in his voice. "We are relations, we need not stand upon ceremony. You mean to call on her some time, I suppose."

"Oh, certainly, I shall call; but not at this hour, Mr. Burton. I have only seen her once. Familiarity would be impertinence in me."

"Pshaw, nonsense! one of your fantastic notions," he said. "I have seen her more than once, and I can't afford to stand on ceremony. Come along. I am going there now."

"Then I think you should go immediately," said Mrs. Burton, looking at her watch, "or you will be too late for the train. Clara, papa will not want us this morning; we can go for some flowers. You will be back by the usual train? I will pick you up at the station, if you like, for I have some calls to make to-day."

"As you please," said her husband; "but I can't understand why you should cross me, Clara, about my cousin. You don't mean to say," he added with a laugh, "that you have any—feeling on the subject? That you are—ever so little—piqued about poor Helen? I shouldn't like to use the other word."

Clara Burton looked at her husband very calmly. She was not offended. It was human nature; men were known to possess this kind of vanity, though it was so strange. "I am not at all piqued," she said; "but I like to be civil. I don't suppose Mrs. Drummond and I will be moved to rush into each other's arms all at once, and I don't wish to look as if I paid her less respect because she is poor. If you are going there, you ought to go immediately. You will be late for the train."

"Confound your composure!" Mr. Burton said to himself, as he went down the avenue.

It would have pleased him had his wife been a little discomposed. But, after a while, he took comfort, saying to himself that Clara was a consummate little actress, but that she could not take *him* in. Of course, she was nettled by the presence of his old love, and by his haste to visit her; but she was proud, and would not show it. He felt a double triumph in the sense that these two women were both affected, and endured, for his sweet sake, a certain amount of pain. He set out his chest more than ever, and held up his head. Now was his moment of triumph over the woman who had once rejected him. Had he been able to induce her to come to Dura while she was still

prosperous, the triumph would have been sweeter, for it would have been unmingled with any tinge of regretful or remorseful feeling; but as it was it was sweet. For the first time she would see him in his full importance, in all his state and splendour, she would see him from the depths of her own humiliation, and the force of a contrast greater than he had desired, more complete even than he had dreamed, must already have flashed upon her. Yes, now she would see what she had lost—what a mistake she had made. He meant to be very kind; he would have given her anything she chose to ask for, if she but showed the least sign of penitence, of clearer perception, of being aware of what she had lost. There was nothing which her cousin would not have done for Helen; but he could not resign his own delightful consciousness of triumph. Under this genial influence, he was overflowing with good-nature and kindness.

"What! come out for a little sunshine, old John," he said to the old man at the lodge, who was seated basking in the warmth on the bench at his door. "Good for the rheumatics, ain't it, a day like this? I envy you, old fellow, with nothing to do but sit by your door in the sun and sniff your flowers; you are better off than I am, I can tell you."

"Ay, ay! master, it's fine for me; but you wouldn't think much on't yourself, if you had it," said old John.

Mr. Burton went on laughing and waving his hand, amused with the old man's impudence.

"If I had it myself," he said, with a smile, "I!"—The thought tickled him. It was hard to believe that he himself, a man in the prime of life, growing richer every day, was made of the same clay as old John; and yet of course it was so, he admitted good humouredly. His mind was full of his own benevolence and kind-heartedness as he pursued his way to visit his cousin. What quantities of people were dependent upon his will and pleasure—upon his succour and help! his servants, so many that he could scarcely count them; the clerks in his office; the governess who taught Clara, and who in her turn supported her mother and sisters; and then there was old Stephenson in the village, in his decay, who had once been in Mr. Burton's office; and his old nurse; and the poor Joneses and Robinsons, whose boys he had taken in as errand boys. He ran over this list with such a pleasant sense of his goodness, that his face shone in the morning

sunshine. And at the head of all, first of his pensioners, chief of his dependents—Helen! Mr. Burton laughed half aloud, and furtively rubbed his hands. Yes, yes, by this time there could be no doubt she must have found out her mistake.

Helen had got up that morning with the determination to put grief away from the foreground of her life, and resume such occupations as remained to her. Norah's books had been got out, and her music, and some work—small matters which made a difference in the ghostly drawing-room already, and brought it back to life. Helen was standing by the table arranging some flowers when Mr. Burton came in. Norah had gathered them almost before the dew was off them, and stood by her mother watching her as she grouped them together.

"I wish I could arrange flowers as you do, mamma," Norah was saying admiringly. "How nice it must be to be able to do everything one tries! They will not come right when I do it. You are like the fairy that touched the feathers with her wand, and they all came together as they ought. I wonder how you do it. And you never break anything or spoil anything; but if I only *look* at a vase it breaks."

Norah was saying this with a rueful look when Mr. Burton's smart summons came to the door; and the next minute he had come in, bringing so much air with him into the room, and motion, and sense of importance. Helen put the flowers aside hastily and gave him her hand.

"So you are making use of the garden," he said, taking note of everything with an eye of proprietorship; "quite right, quite right. I hope you will make yourselves quite at home. It is a funny old house, but it is a good style of a place. You need not be ashamed to receive any one here. And I have no doubt you will find everybody very civil, Helen. I have let the people in Dura know you are my cousin. That, though I say it that shouldn't, is a very good passport here."

"I hope you will not take any trouble about us," said Helen hastily. "All I want is to be quiet. I do not care for civilities."

"But you prefer them to incivilities, I hope," said Mr. Burton. "My wife thinks I am wrong to come in this unceremonious way to call. I wanted her to come with me, but she would not. You ladies have your own ways of acting. But I felt that you would be mortified if you saw me pass the door."

"Oh no. I should not have been mortified."

"I will take care you shan't," he said, the roll in his voice sounding more full of protection and benevolence than ever. "I have not much time now. But, my dear Helen, remember that I am always at your service—always. I have mentioned you to all the nicest people. And we hope very soon to see you at the House. I should not have brought you here, I assure you, without intending to be a friend to you in every way. You may rely upon me."

"You are very kind," was all Helen could say.

"I want to be kind. You cannot please me better than by asking me for what you want. Tell me always when your mother wants anything, Norah. There now, I won't say any more; you understand me, Helen. I have a few things in my power, and one of them is to make you comfortable. When you have time to see about you, you will perceive that things have gone very well with me: not that I intend to boast; but Providence, no doubt, has been very kind. My wife will call this afternoon, and should you like a drive or anything, I am sure Clara——"

"Please don't trouble. I would rather be quiet. You forget," said Helen, with a momentary sharpness in her voice, "that Providence, which has been so kind to you, has been hard upon us."

"My dear Helen! You are too good and pious, I am sure, not to know that we ought not to repine."

"I don't think I repine, and I am sure you mean to be kind; but oh! if you would take pity on me, and let me alone——"

It was all she could do to keep from tears. But she would not weep before him. Her jealousy of him and distrust were all coming back. Instinctively she felt the triumph in his voice.

"Poor Helen!" said Mr. Burton, "poor girl! I will not trouble you longer just now. You shall not be bothered. Good-bye; trust to me, and I will take care of you, my poor dear!"

It was ludicrous, it was pitiable; she scorned herself for the impression it made upon her; but how could she help it? She felt that she hated Reginald Burton, as he stood before her in all his wealth and comfort, patronising and soothing her. When he was gone, she rushed up to her room, that Norah might not see her weakness, to weep a few hot, burning tears, and to overcome

the wild, unreasonable anger that swelled in her heart. It was his moment of triumph. Perhaps Helen felt it all the more because, deep down in her heart, she had a consciousness that she too had once triumphed over him, and rejoiced to feel that she could humble him. This was a hard punishment for such an old girlish offence; but still it felt like a punishment, and added a sting to everything he did and said. And whether it was at that moment or at a later period, she herself could not have told, but a sudden gleam came across her of some words which

she had once read somewhere—"Burton and Golden have done it." Whence came these words? had she dreamt them? had she read them somewhere? They came before her as if they had been written upon the wall. Burton and Golden! Was it true? What could it mean?

Mrs. Burton called in the afternoon. She had Clara with her, and what was still more remarkable, young Mr. Rivers, who was staying in the house, but who up to this time had made no mention of the scene he had witnessed. Perhaps it was for lack of



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an opportunity, perhaps because he did not know how far it would be safe to mention Helen—whom he heard spoken of as a relative, yet not with the feeling which moved his own mind when he thought of her. Cyril Rivers was but a big boy, though he began to think himself a man, and Helen had moved him to that sudden fantastic violence of admiration with which an older woman often momentarily inspires a boy. He was eager to go with Mrs. Burton to call. He would walk down with her, he said, and continue his walk after the carriage had picked her up; and in his heart he said to himself that

he must see that woman again. He was full of awe and enthusiasm at the thought of her. She was to him like the heroine of a tragedy, of a story more striking, more affecting than any tragedy he had ever heard of; for this was real, and she was a true woman expressing her natural sentiments, forgiving nothing. It seemed to bring the youth, who was all thrilling with natural romance, within that charmed inner circle of emotion and passion which is, though it is seldom visible, the centre and heart of life.

But Helen bore a very different aspect when she waited to receive Mrs. Burton's

call from that which she bore at the door of St. Mary's Road, confronting Golden. Her flush of colour and glow of energy and vehemence were gone. She was seated, pale and silent, by the table near the window, with her dead white cap encircling her face, and some needlework in her hand. It was not the same Mrs. Drummond, was young Rivers' first disappointed thought. And when she invited the party to sit down, and began to talk about the weather and the country round, he was so bewildered that he longed to steal away. The two ladies sat opposite to each other, and said the sort of things which all ladies say when they call or are called upon. Helen's tone was low, and her voice fell; but these and her black dress were the only things that made it apparent that anything had happened to her. It was only when this little artificial conversation flagged and a pause occurred that the real state of affairs became even slightly visible. The momentary silence fell heavy upon people who had so much on their minds; and while they all sat motionless, the little mirror on the wall made a picture of them in little, which looked like a caricature, full of humorous perception and significance. Mrs. Burton had been hesitating as to what she should say. Helen was a study to her, of which she had as yet made nothing; and perhaps it was as much from curiosity as any other feeling that she at last introduced a subject more interesting than the weather or the landscape. It was after a second pause still more serious than the first.

"It must be very strange to you coming back to Dura after all that has happened. It must be—hard upon you," she said.

"Yes; it is hard." Helen could not trust herself to many words.

"If there is anything in which I can be of use," Mrs. Burton began, "will you let me know? If there is anything that can make it less painful for you. I should be very glad to be of any use."

Mrs. Drummond made no reply; she gave a little bow, and went on with the needle-work she held in her hands, but not as if she cared for that. She was not like what he had thought, but yet young Rivers got up with a certain tremulous awe and approached her. She had not recognised him. She turned her eyes upon him wondering what he could have to do with her. Her heart was steeled to encounter all those words of routine which she knew would have to be said—but who was this boy?

"I think I will go now," he said hastily to Mrs. Burton; and then he lowered his voice.

"May I say just one word? If I can ever do anything to set things right, will you let me know? I shall never forget what you said—on Tuesday."

"On Tuesday?" Helen repeated, in her great surprise looking at him. She ran over Tuesday's proceedings in her mind; at first in vain, and then a little flush came over her face. "Ah," she said, "it was you who came with—Mr. Golden. I remember now."

"But I shall never be with him again," said the youth with energy, which brought the responsive blood to his cheeks. "Of that you may be sure. I am Cyril Rivers. I am not much good now, but I might be—afterwards. Will you remember me? Will you let me serve you if ever I can?"

"Thanks," said Helen, putting out her hand, with a sudden softness in her voice.

The lad was young, romantic, chivalrous. She was to him like some majestic dethroned queen in her sorrow and wronged estate. He stooped down, and touched her white fingers with his lips, and then without looking round, turned, and went away. His impulsive generous words, his fanciful pledge of eagerness to help her went to Helen's heart. She had not expected this, and it surprised and touched her. She was not conscious for a moment of her visitor's steady, investigating glance.

"What a romantic boy!" said Mrs. Burton, with a smile.

"Yes," said Helen, and she called herself back with an effort. "But romance sometimes does one good. It is a surprise at least."

"At that age it does not matter much. I did not know you knew the Riverses," said Mrs. Burton. "This is the eldest son, to be sure; but since the late misfortune they are quite poor. They have not much in their power."

She said this with a charitable motive. It seemed to her as if Helen must mean something by it. Everybody appeared to mean something in the eyes of this philosopher. And she was a little moved by the misfortunes of the woman beside her. She thought it was kind to warn her not to waste her efforts. Helen, on her side, did not know in the least what Mrs. Burton meant; did not suppose she meant anything indeed, and sat patient, accepting this speech with the others as an effort to make conversation, not ungrateful to Mrs. Burton, but wondering when she would go away.

Meanwhile Cyril Rivers hastened out full of emotion. He took the wrong turn in

going out, and before he knew, found himself in the garden, where the two girls were "making acquaintance," as Mrs. Burton had bidden them do. Clara was big and fair, with her father's full form, and a beautiful complexion, the greatest possible contrast to little Norah, with her light figure, and faint rose tints. But Norah at this moment was flushed and angry, looking as her mother had done that memorable evening at St. Mary's Road.

"Oh, do come here, Mr. Rivers," said Clara, "Norah is so cross. I only said what papa says so often—that it would be wretched to live in the country without a carriage or a pony or anything. Don't you think so too?"

Norah flushed more deeply than ever. "I am not cross. We did not come to live in the country for pleasure, and what does it matter to us about carriages and ponies? We are poor."

"And so am I," said the boy, with that instinctive adoption of "our side" which Norah had attributed to him. He thought how pretty she was as she lifted her brown eyes. What a pretty child! and he was approaching twenty, a man, and his heart yearned over the helpless and sorrowful. "I shall have to sell my horses and go afoot; but I don't think I shall be wretched. Everybody cannot be rich like Mr. Burton, you know."

"But you are always Lord Rivers's son," said Clara. "You can have what you like everywhere. I think it is very cross of Norah not to care."

And Mr. Burton's daughter, foiled in her first attempt to secure her own cousin's envy and admiration, looked as if she would like to cry. Young Rivers laughed as he went away at her discomfiture. As he turned to find the right way of exit, he looked back upon them with an unconscious comparison. He did not know or think what was Norah Drummond's descent. He took her unconsciously as the type of a higher class impoverished but not fallen, beside that small representative of the *nouveaux riches*. And all his sympathies were on the side of the former. He pulled a little white rosebud from a tree as he passed, and put it in his coat with a meaning which was partly real and partly fantastic. They were poor, they were injured, and wronged, and in trouble. He put their colours, as it were, in his helmet. Foolish boy, full of romance and nonsense! one day or other in their cause he felt he might couch his lance.

CHAPTER XX.

THE next day after Mrs. Burton's carriage had been seen at Helen's door a great many

people called on Mrs. Drummond—all "the nicest people"—some who had known her or known about her in the old days, some who came because she was Mr. Burton's cousin, and some who took that means of showing their sympathy. The door was besieged; and Susan, half flattered by the importance of her position, half-alarmed lest this might be a commencement of the system of putting upon which she dreaded, brought in the cards, gingerly holding them in a hand which she had wrapped up in her apron, and giving a little sketch of the persons represented. There was the doctor's wife, and the major's lady, and Mrs. Ashurst from the Row, and "them London folks," all of whom were sensible enough to make their advances solely in this way. Mrs. Dalton was the only person admitted. Helen was too well brought up, she had too much sense of the proprieties of her position, to shut her door against the clergyman's wife—who brought her husband's card, and explained that he would have come too but for the fear of intruding too early.

"But I hope you will let us see you," the kind woman added. "We are such near neighbours. My eldest little girl is the same age as yours. I think we should understand each other. And I have such a busy life—to be able to run across and talk things over now and then would be such a comfort to me."

"You mean it would be a comfort to me," said Helen, "the sight of a kind face."

"And Norah will come and see my Mary. They can take their walks together, and amuse each other. It is such a pleasure to me," said Mrs. Dalton, "to look across at these windows, and think that you are here." She had said so much with the amiable power of make-believe, not exactly deception, which an affectionate temper and her position as clergy-woman made natural to her—when she caught Helen's eye, and nature suddenly had the mastery. "Oh, Mrs. Drummond, how I babble! I am so sorry, so sorry!" she said, and her eyes ran over with tears, though Helen did not weep. It is not easy to repel such a visitor. They grew friends at that first interview, while Norah stood by and made her observations too.

"May I go and see Mary?" she asked, when Mrs. Dalton had gone. "I think I shall like her better than Clara Burton. How funny it must be to have so many brothers and sisters, mamma; and I who never had either a brother or a sister! I should like to have had just one—a little sister with blue eyes. But, then, if you had been very fond of her, fonder than of me, I should not have

liked that. Perhaps, on the whole, a brother would have been the best. A boy is a change—they are useless, and yet they are nice—for a long walk for instance. I wish I had had a big brother, older than me—quite old—almost grown up. How funny it would have been! I wonder what we should have called him. If he had been as big as—Mr. Rivers, for instance—that would have been nice for you too.”

Helen smiled, and let the child run on. It was the music to which her life was set. Norah's monologue accompanied everything. Sometimes, indeed, an answer was necessary, which interrupted the strain, but generally a word, a smile, or a monosyllable was enough. She went on weaving her big brother out of her imagination; it was more delightful than speculating about Mary Dalton.

“I am sure it would have been nice for you too,” she said. “He would have given you his arm when you were tired, and looked after the luggage, and locked all the doors at nights. The only thing is, it would have been a great expense. When people are poor, I suppose they can't afford to have boys. They want so many things. But yet he would have been nice all the same. I hope he would have had a pretty name; not so short as Ned, and not so common as Charlie. Charlie is the eldest of the Daltons—such a big boy. Oh, I wonder what our boy's name would have been? Do you like Oswald, mamma, or Eustace? Eustace sounds like a priest or something dreadfully wise. I don't like solemn boys. So long as he was big and strong, and not too clever. But oh, dear, dear, what is the use of talking? We never can have a big boy, I suppose? I must be content with other girls' brothers. I shall never have one of my very own.”

“The less you have to do with other girls' brothers the better, Norah,” said Helen, beguiled into a smile.

“I do not care for them, I am sure,” said Norah, with dignity; “though I don't dislike gentlemen, mamma—quite old gentlemen, like Dr. Maurice and Mr. Haldane, are very nice. And I should like to have had—Mr. Rivers, for instance—for a big brother. I rather think, too, I like Ned Burton better than Clara. It is more natural to hear a boy talk of ponies and things. She never thinks of anything else—dogs, and horses, and carriages, and the fine things she has. It is not polite to talk of such things to people who have not got them. I told her I did not care for ponies, nor grapes, nor hot-house flowers; and that I would rather live in

London than at the House. And, oh, so many—stories, mamma! Is it wrong to tell a little fib when you don't mean any harm? Just a little one, when people boast and make themselves disagreeable—and when you don't mean any harm?”

“It is always wrong to tell fibs; and I don't know the difference between big ones and little ones,” said Helen.

“Oh, mamma, but I do! A big story is—for instance. If I were to say Susan had stolen your watch, that would be a wicked lie. But when I say I don't care for grapes, and would not like to have a pony, it isn't quite true, but then it makes Clara be quiet, and does nobody any harm. I am sure there is a great difference. It would be very nice to have a pony, you know. Only think, mamma, to go cantering away across the common and on the turf! But I would not give in to say that I should like to be Clara, or that she was better off than me!”

Norah's casuistry silenced her mother. She shook her head, but she did not say anything. Something of the same feeling was, indeed, in her own mind. She, too, would have liked to be contemptuous of the luxuries which her neighbours dangled before her eyes. And Norah resumed her monologue. The mother only partially heard it, waking up now and then to give the necessary response, but carrying on all the time her own separate thread of cogitation, which would not shape itself into words. The old parlour, with its brown-grey curtains and all its spindle-legged furniture, enclosed and seemed to watch the human creatures who disturbed the silence. A room which has been long unoccupied, and which is too large for its new inhabitants, has often this spectator look. The pictures looked down from the walls and watched; up in the little round mirror two people in a miniature interior, who were in reality reflections of the two below, but looked quite different, glanced down upon them, and watched also. The sky looked in through the five windows, and the lime-trees in front kept tapping with their branches against the panes to show that they were looking on. All the rest were clandestine, but the lime-trees were honest in their scrutiny. And in the midst of it the mother and daughter led their subdued lives. Norah's voice ran through all like a brook or a bird. Helen was mostly silent, saying little. They had a roof to shelter them, enough of daily bread, the kindness of strangers outside, the rude but sympathetic kindness of Susan within. This was more, a great deal more, than often falls to the lot of human wrecks

after a great shipwreck. Norah after a little while accepted it as the natural rule of life, and forgot every other; and Helen was silent, though she did not forget. The silence of the house, however, by times oppressed the child. She lay awake in the great bedroom up-stairs, afraid to go to sleep till her mother should come; and even in the daylight there were moments when Norah was afraid of the ghostly drawing-room, and could not but feel that weird aged women, the Miss Pagets, whom her mother had known, or some of the old Harcourts were watching her from behind the doors, or from the shade of the curtains. There was a deep china closet beside the fireplace with one particular knot in the wood-work which fascinated Norah, and made her feel that some mysterious eye was gazing at her from within. But all these fancies dispersed the moment Mrs. Drummond appeared. There was protection in the soft rustle of her gown, the distant sound of her voice. And so the routine of life—a new routine, but soon firmly established, supporting them as upon props of use and wont, began again. There were the lessons in the morning, and Norah's music, and a long walk in the afternoon; and they went to bed early, glad to be done with life and another day. Or at least Helen was glad to be done with it—not Norah, to whom it was the opening of the story, and to whom once more the sunshine began to look as sweet as ever, and each new morning was a delight.

A few weeks after their arrival the Haldanes followed them. Miss Jane had written beforehand begging for information about the house and the journey; and it was only then that Helen learned, with a mortification she could scarcely overcome, that the Gatehouse was to be their refuge too. This fact so changed the character of her cousin's kindness to her, that her pride was with difficulty subdued to silence; but she had sufficient self-control to say nothing—pride itself coming to her aid.

"Perhaps you would be so good as to send me a line with a few particulars," Miss Jane wrote. "I should like to know for myself and mother if there is a good minister of our denomination, and if you would mention the price of meat, and how much you are giving for the best butter, I should be very much obliged. I should like to know if there is a good room on the ground-floor that would do for Stephen, and if we could have a Bath-chair to bring him down from the station, for I am very distrustful of cabs. Also about a charwoman, which is very im-

portant. I am active myself and always look after the washing, so that one strong handy woman to come from six in the morning till two would do all I should require."

Mrs. Drummond made an effort and answered all these questions, and even walked to the station to see them arrive. It was a mournful sight enough. She stood and looked on with her heart aching, and saw the man whom she had known so different lifted out of the carriage and put into the invalid chair. She saw the look of dumb anguish and humiliation in his eyes which showed how he felt this public exposure of his weakness. He was very patient; he smiled and thanked the people who moved him; yet Helen, with her perceptions quickened by her own suffering, felt the intolerable pain in the other's soul, and went away hurriedly, not to afflict him further by her presence. What had he done? How had this man sinned more than others? All the idlers that lounged about and watched him, were they better or dearer to God than he was? Mrs. Drummond was half a Pagan, though she did not know it. She hurried away with a miserable sense that it was past bearing. But Stephen set his lips tight and bore it. He bore the looks of the village people who came out to their doors to look at him as he passed. As for his mother and sister they scarcely remarked his silence. They were so happy that everything had gone off so well, that he had borne it so easily.

"I don't think he looks a bit the worse," said Miss Jane.

They were the tenderest, the most patient of nurses, but they had accepted his illness long ago as a matter of course. From the moment he was placed in the chair, and so off their mind, as it were, the luggage came into the ascendant and took his place. They had a wonderful amount of parcels, mostly done up in brown paper. Mrs. Haldane herself carried her pet canary in its cage, tied up in a blue-and-white handkerchief. She was more anxious about this for the moment than about her son. The procession was one which caught everybody's eye. First two wheel-barrows with the luggage, the first of which was occupied by Stephen's bed and chair, the other piled up with boxes, among the rest two portmanteaus of his own, on which he could still read, on old labels which he had preserved with pride, the names of Naples, Florence, and Rome. Had he been actually there, he who was now little more than a piece of luggage himself? Miss Jane

divided her attentions between her brother and the second wheel-barrow, on which the brown-paper parcels were tumbling and nodding, ready to fall. His mother walked on the other side, holding fast by the parcel in the blue-and-white handkerchief. Mrs. Burton, who was passing in her carriage, stopped to look after them. She, too, had known Stephen in better days. She did not ask passionate questions as Helen was doing; but she felt the shock in her way, and only comforted herself by thinking that the feelings get blunted in such unfortunate cases, and that no doubt other people felt more for him than he felt for himself.

But notwithstanding the callousness which use had brought, there was no indifference to Stephen's comfort in the minds of his attendants. Everything was arranged for him that evening as if he had been surrounded by a crowd of servants. When Helen went to see him he was seated by the window with flowers upon his table and all his papers arranged upon it. The flowers were not very choice; they were of Miss Jane's selection, and marigolds and plummy variegated grass looked beautiful in her eyes. Yet nothing but love could have put everything in its place so soon, and metamorphosed all at once the dining-room of the Gatehouse into Stephen's room, where everything bore a reference to him and was arranged for his special comfort. Perhaps they did not always feel for him, or even see what room there was for feeling. But this they could do—and in it they never failed.

"Does not he look comfortable?" Miss Jane said with triumph. "You would think to see him he had never budged from his chair. And he got through the journey very well. If you but knew how frightened I was when we set out!"

Stephen looked at Mrs. Drummond with a smile. There were some lines about his mouth and a quiver in his upper lip which spoke to her more clearly than to his sister. Helen had not been in the way of going out of herself to sympathise with others; and it seemed to her as if she had suddenly got a new pair of eyes, an additional sense. While they were all talking she saw what the journey had really cost him in his smile.

"It is strange to see the world again after so long," he said, "and to realise that once one walked about it quite carelessly like other people, without thinking what a thing it was."

"But, Stephen, I am sure you don't re-pine," said his mother, "you know whose

will it is, and you would not have it different? That is such a comfort, whatever we may have to suffer."

"You would not have it different!"

Helen looked at him almost with tears in her eyes.

"That is a great deal to say, mother," he answered with a suppressed sigh; while she still went on asking herself passionately what had he done? what had he done?

"I think the charwoman will suit very well," said Miss Jane. "She seems clean, and that is the great thing. I am very well satisfied with everything I have seen as yet. The kitchen garden is beautiful. I suppose as there is no division, we are to have it between us—that and the fruit? I have been thinking a few fowls would be very nice if you have no objection. They cost little to keep, and to have your own eggs is a great luxury. And meat seems reasonable. I am very well satisfied with all I have seen."

"If we only knew about the chapel," said Mrs. Haldane. "So much of your comfort depends on your minister. If he is a nice man he will be company for Stephen. That is what I am most afraid of—that he will be dull in the country. There was always some one coming in about the magazine or some society or other when we were in town. I am afraid, Stephen, you will feel quite lost here."

"Not for want of the visitors, mother," he said; "especially if Mrs. Drummond will spare me Norah. She is better than any minister—not meaning any slight to my brethren," he added, in a half apologetic, half-laughing tone. He could laugh still, which was a thing Helen found it very difficult to understand.

"Norah is very nice, and I like dearly to see her," said his mother; "but, Stephen, I don't like to hear you talk like that. Mrs. Drummond is not to know that it is all your nonsense. You were always such a one for a joke."

"My jokes have not been very brilliant lately," he said, with a smile. Mrs. Haldane rose at that moment to help her daughter with something she was moving to the other end of the room, and Stephen, seizing the opportunity, turned quickly round upon Helen, who was sitting by him. "You are very sorry for me," he said, with a mixture of gratitude and impatience. "Don't! it is better not!"

"How can I help it?" cried Helen. "And, why is it better not?"

"Because I cannot bear it," he said, almost sternly.

This passed in a moment, while the unconscious women at the other end had altered the position of a table. Never man had more tender nurses than these two; but they had ceased to be sorry for him in look or word. They had accepted their own fate and his; his helplessness was to them like the daylight or the dark, a thing inevitable, the course of nature; and the matter-of-fact way in which they had learned to treat it made his life supportable. But it was difficult for a stranger to realise such a fact.

"I never told you that we were disappointed about letting the house," said Miss Jane. "A great many people came, but no one who was satisfactory. It is a great loss. I have left a person in it to try for a few months longer. People are very unprincipled, coming out of mere curiosity, and turning over your blankets and counterpanes without a thought."

Here the conversation came to a pause, and Helen rose. She was standing saying her farewells and making such offers of assistance as she could, when the daily event with which she had grown familiar took place.

"There is some one coming," said Stephen, from the window. "It ought to be the queen by the commotion it makes: but it is only Burton."

And Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane both rushed forward to see. Helen withdrew out of sight with a secret bitterness which she could not have put into words. Mr. Burton was driving home from the station in all his usual importance. His horses were groomed to perfection, the mountings of his harness sparkled in the sun. He half drew up as he passed, making his bays prance and express their disapprobation, while he took off his hat to the new arrivals. It was such a salutation as a jocund monarch might have tossed at a humble worshipper, mock ceremony and conscious condescension. The women looking out never thought of that. They ran from one window to another to watch him entering the avenue, they talked to each other of his fine horses, the neat groom beside him, and how polite he was. Stephen had been looking on, too, with keen interest. A smile was on his face, but the lines above his eyes were contracted, and the eyes themselves gleamed with a sudden fire which startled Helen.

"I wonder what he thinks of it all," he

said to her under his breath, "if he thinks at all. I wonder if he is comfortable when he reflects who are living at his gates?"

The words were said so low that she had to stoop to hear; and with a wondering thrill of half-comprehension she looked at him. What did he mean? From whence came that tone which was almost fierce in its self-restraint? It seemed to kindle a smouldering fire in her, of the nature of which she was not quite aware. "Burton and Golden" suddenly flashed across her thoughts again. Where was it she had seen the names linked together? What did it mean? and what did Stephen mean? She felt as if she had almost found out something, which quickened her pulse and made her heart beat—almost. But the last point of enlightenment was yet to come.

"Now he has turned in at the gate," said Miss Jane. "Well, for my part, I am glad to have seen him; and to think that a man could do all that by his own exertions! If he had been a nobleman I should not have thought half so much of it. I suppose, now, that could not be seen anywhere but in England? You may smile, Stephen, and think me very vulgar-minded; but I do think it is a very wonderful sight."

And thus the second household settled down, and became a part of the landscape which the family at Dura surveyed with complaisant proprietorship, and through which Mr. Burton drove every afternoon, calling admiring spectators to all the windows. The rich man had never enjoyed the commotion he made so much as he did now when he could see at the Gatehouse those faces looking out. There was scarcely an evening but Miss Jane or her mother would stand up to see him, gazing with unconscious worship at this representative of wealth and strength, and that practical power which sways the world; while Norah would clamber up on a chair behind the blinds at the other end, and look out with her big brown eyes full of serious observation. He thought Norah wondered and worshipped too, not being able to understand the language of her eyes. And sometimes he would see, or think he saw, her mother behind her. When he did so he went home in high good-humour, and was more jocular than usual; for nothing gave him such a sense of his own greatness, his prosperity, and superiority to common flesh and blood, as the homage, or supposed homage paid to him by those lookers-on at the windows of the Gatehouse.

Mr. Burton's satisfaction came to a climax

when his father-in-law came to pay his next visit, which happened not very long after the arrival of the Haldanes. Mr. Baldwin, as we have said, was a Dissenter, and something like a lay bishop in his denomination. He was very rich, and lived very plainly at Clapham with his two sisters, Mrs. Everett and Miss Louisa. They were all very good people in their way. There was not a man in England who subscribed to more societies or presided at a greater number of meetings. He spent half his income in this way; he "promoted" charities as his son-in-law promoted joint-stock companies; and prided himself on the simplicity of his living and his tastes, notwithstanding his wealth. When he and his sisters came to pay a visit at Dura they walked from the station, leaving their servants and their boxes to follow in a fly. "We have the use of our limbs, I am thankful to Providence," one of the sisters would say; "why should we have a carriage for a little bit of road like that?" They walked in a little procession, the gentleman in advance, like a triumphant cock in front of his harem, the two ladies a little behind. Mr. Baldwin wore his hat on the back of his head, and a white tie, like one of his favourite ministers; he had a round, chubby face, without any whiskers, and a complexion almost as clear as little Clara's. The two ladies were like him, except that Mrs. Everett, who was a widow, was large and stout, and Miss Louisa pale and thin. They walked along with a natural feeling of benevolent supremacy, making their remarks on everybody and everything with distinct voices. When they got to the Gatehouse they paused and inspected it, though the windows were all open.

"I think Reginald was wrong to give such a house as this to those poor people," said the married sister in front of the door. "It is a handsome house. He might have found some little cottage for them, and let this to a family."

"But, Martha, he gave what he had, and it is that that is always accepted," said Miss Louisa.

The brother drowned her plaintive little voice with a more decided reply—

"I am very glad Haldane has such good quarters. As for the lady, I suppose she was not to blame; but when a man flies in the face of Providence I would not reward him by providing for his wife and family. I agree with Martha. It is a waste of the gifts of God to give this house to poor people who cannot enjoy it; but still Burton

is right on the whole. If you cannot do better with your property, why should not you use it to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness? I approve of his charity on the whole."

Inside the recipients of the charity sat and heard all through the open windows. But what then? Mr. Baldwin and his sisters were not responsible for that. They went on to the avenue making the same candid and audible remarks all along the road. It was not necessary that they should exercise self-restraint. They were in the dominions of their relation. They were absolute over all foolish sentiment and false pride. They said it loud out, frankly, whatever they might have to say. The arrival of these visitors always made a certain commotion at Dura. It moved Mr. Burton a great deal more than it did his wife. Indeed, if there was anything which vexed him in her exemplary behaviour, it was that she would not make temporarily the changes which he thought were "only respectful" to suit the tastes of her father and aunts. "You know your father likes only plain roast and boiled," he would say to her, half-indignantly, adding, with a laugh, "and minister sauce." This last was one of his favourite jokes, though it did not strike his wife as particularly brilliant. But the minister sauce was the only thing which Mrs. Burton provided for her father. She held fast by her *menu*, though he disapproved of it. She dressed herself tranquilly for dinner, though her aunts held up their hands, and asked her solemnly if she knew what all this extravagance must come to? In these matters Clara would not give way; but she asked the minister of the chapel in the village to dinner, and it was in presence of this functionary that Mr. Baldwin filled up the measure of his son-in-law's content.

"I see you have been very generous to poor Haldane," he said. "I am very much obliged to you, Burton. He is my own man; I should have been compelled to do something for him if you had not taken him up; and my hands are always so full! You will find I do not forget it. But it was a great waste to put him into such a handsome house."

"I am delighted to have pleased you," said Mr. Burton. "It was an empty house; and I have put my cousin, Mrs. Drummond, in the other end, whom I was obliged to take care of. It was the cheapest way of doing it. I am most happy to think I have relieved you, even of so little as that."

"Oh yes, you have relieved me," said

Mr. Baldwin. "I shan't forget it. It will be an encouragement to Mr. Truston and to many of the brethren to see that a sick friend is never abandoned. I don't mean to say that you want any inducement—but, still, when you can see that even in the case of failing strength——"

"Oh yes. I am sure it is most encouraging," the poor minister faltered.

Encouraging to think of Stephen Haldane, who was thus provided for! The two rich men went on with their talk over their wine, while some confused speculation as to the ways of Providence went through the head of their companion. He was young, and he felt ill-at-ease, and he did not like to interfere much. Had it been Mr. Dalton he would have been less easily silenced. Thus Mr. Burton found his benevolence in one particular at least attended with the most perfect success.

CHAPTER XXI.

AND everything settled down, and Nature resumed her common round. This is what Nature does in all circumstances. There never was so bad a storm but next morning the thrifty mother took heart and set to work again as best she could to make amends for it. It is only when the storm affects human hearts and lives that this cheerful, pathetic effort to get the better of it becomes terrible; for the mending in such cases is so often but superficial, the cure impossible. Other trees grow up to fill the gap made by the one blown down; but not other loves or other hopes. Yet gradually the tempest calms, the wreck is swept away, and some things that are new are always better than some things that were old, even though the old can never be replaced while life goes on.

Of all the dwellers in the Gatehouse, it was poor Haldane who felt this the most. The reality of this life in the country was very different from the anticipation. The fresh air which his mother had hoped to have for Stephen—the cottage garden which they had all dreamt of (even he himself by moments), where he could be wheeled in his chair to sit under the apple-tree and smell the flowers—had vanished from their list of possibilities. All the fresh air he could have was from the open window by which his chair was placed. But not even the garden and the apple-tree would have done so much for him as the varieties of the country road. Instead of the garden walls at Victoria Villas, the strip of dusty grass,

the chance sight of a neighbour's child at play, or (more likely) of a neighbour's clothes hung out to dry, he had a genuine rural high-road, with all its sights. He saw the carts passing with rural produce, full of big baskets of vegetables for the London market; he saw the great waggons of odorous hay, with a man asleep on the top, half buried in the warm and fragrant mass, or cracking his whip on the path, and shouting drowsy, inarticulate calls to the horses, who took their own way, and did not mind him; he saw the carriages gleam past with the great people, whom by degrees he got to know; and then the Rectory children were always about, and Mrs. Dalton in her pony-chaise, and the people coming and going from the village. There were two of the village folk in particular who brought a positive pleasure into his life—not a pair of lovers, or any pretty group, but only Clippings, the tailor, and Brown, the shoemaker, who strolled down the road in the evening to smoke their pipes and talk politics as far as the Rectory gate. Clippings, who lived "up town," was always decorous in his shabby coat; but Brown, whose shop was "at the corner," came in his shirtsleeves, with his apron turned up obliquely to one side. They would stop just opposite his window when they got hot in their discussion. Sometimes it was the parish they talked of, sometimes the affairs of the state, and it was in Stephen's mind sometimes to invite them to cross the road, and to have his say in the matter. They were not men of education or intelligence perhaps; but they *were* men, living the natural human life from which he had been torn, and it did him good to watch them. After a while they began to look over at him and take off their hats, half with village obsequiousness to a possible customer, half with natural feeling for a soul in prison; and he gave them a nod in return.

But this vulgar fancy of his was not quite approved of within. "If you are so friendly with these men, Stephen, you will have them coming over, and poisoning the whole house with tobacco," Mrs. Haldane said, with an expressive sniff. "I think I smell it even now." But his mother was not aware that the scent of the tobacco was like an air of paradise to poor Stephen, who had loved it well enough when he was his own master, though it had become impossible now.

Mrs. Haldane, however, did not say a word against Mr. Dalton's cigar, which he very often smoked under Stephen's window in those summer mornings, lounging across

in his study coat. It must be remembered that Stephen was not a Dissenting minister *pur et simple*, but a man whose name had been heard in the literary world, especially in that literary world which Mr. Dalton, as a "thoughtful" and "liberal" clergyman, chiefly affected. The rector felt that it was kind to go and talk to poor Haldane, but he was not so overwhelmingly superior as he might have been under other circumstances. He did not set him down at once at a distance of a hundred miles, as he did Mr. Truston, the minister of the chapel at Dura, by the mere suavity of his "good morning." On the contrary, they had a great deal of talk. Mr. Dalton was a man who piqued himself on his Radicalism, except when he happened to come in contact with Radicals, and he was very great in education, though he left the parish schools chiefly to his wife. When anything had happened which was more than ordinarily interesting in public affairs, he would stride across with gaiety to the encounter: "I told you your friend Bright was not liberal-minded enough to see that distinction," he would say; or, "Gladstone has gone off on another search after truth;" and then the battle would go on, while Stephen sat inside and his interlocutor paced the white flags in front of the Gatehouse up and down under the windows with that fragrant cigar. Sometimes Mary would come flying over from the Rectory: "Papa, papa, you are wanted. There are some papers to sign, and mamma can't do it, she says." "*Pacienza!*" the rector would answer, for he had travelled too.

And then on the Saturday there were other diversions for Stephen. Old Ann from the farm of Dura Den would whip up her old white pony and stop her cart under his window. She had her grandson with her, a chubby lad of twelve, in a smock-frock, beautifully worked about the shoulders, with cheeks as red as the big poppies in the nosegay which his grandmother made a point of bringing every Saturday to the poor sick gentleman.

"And how do you do, sir, this fine fresh morning?" she would shout to him. "I hope as I sees you better. Sammy, give me the flowers. It's old-fashioned, master, but it's sweet; and I just wish I see you able to come and fetch 'em for yourself."

"Thank you, Ann; but I fear that's past hoping for," Stephen would say with a smile.

The same colloquy passed between them every week, but they did not tire of it, and the little cart with its mixture of colours,

the red carrots, and white cauliflowers, and many-tinted greens, was a pleasant sight to him. He did not object even to the pungent odour of the celery, which often communicated itself to his bouquet. The white pony, and the red and white and green of the vegetables, and old Ann with a small face, like a russet winter apple, under her deep bonnet, and her little red shawl, trimly tied in round her waist by the great, many-pocketed apron; and Sammy trudging behind, with boots like buckets, with a basket of crimson cabbage for pickles on his arm, and his puffy, peony cheeks, made up a homely picture which delighted the recluse. It was an event for him when the Saturday came round, and he began (he said) to be fond of the smell of celery, and to think double poppies very handsome, showy flowers to put into a nosegay. Miss Jane took an interest in Ann too, but it was of a different kind. She would go out to the door, and have long discussions with her on various subjects, quite as interesting as the rector's battles with Stephen—whether the butter was rising, and what was the cheapest for her poultry; for Ann's butter and her poultry were the best in Dura, and when she knew you, and felt that you were to be depended upon, she was not dear, Miss Jane always said.

There was also another visitor, who came once a week, not to Stephen's window, but to make a call in all proper state. This was Mr. Truston, the minister of the chapel, who was like Stephen, a *protégé* of Mr. Baldwin, but had not either done so much credit or given so much trouble to the denomination as Haldane had. Mr. Truston was aware how his new acquaintance was spoken of by the community, and his mind was much divided between veneration for Stephen's powers and a desire to be faithful with his brother. If he could be the humble instrument of setting him quite right with the denomination and preserving the efficiency of the magazine, he felt that he would not have lived in vain. But it was a dreadful trial to his modesty to assume an admonitory position to one whom he respected so much. He confided his difficulties to Mrs. Wigginton, the wife of the draper at Dura, who was a leading member of the congregation, and a very thoughtful woman; and she had given him a great deal of encouragement, and put his duty before him in the clearest light.

"The thing is to keep him to fundamental principles," Mrs. Wigginton said. "I would excuse a great deal if he preserved these. We may be superior to distinctions, and know

that there is good both in church and chapel. But that will not do for the common mass. And we must support the denomination, Mr. Truston. It has its faults—but, whatever its faults may be, we must stand by our flag."

"Ah, I wish you would take him in hand," said the minister with a sigh; but, all the same, such inspiration as this did not go for nothing. He began to call on the Haldanes every week; and when he had screwed up his courage he meant to be very faithful with Stephen; but a man cannot begin that process all at once.

Thus the Haldanes settled down in the Gatehouse; and their settling down affected Helen with that unintentional example and encouragement, which people convey to each other without meaning it. They were all very poor, but Miss Jane, who had never been very rich, and who had been trained to live on the smallest sum imaginable, made no hardship of her poverty, and communicated a certain cheerfulness about it even to her neighbour, whose mind and training were so very different. Miss Jane took it as she had learned to take (though not till after many struggles) her brother's illness, as a matter of course. She was aware that there were rich people in the world. She saw them even, the Burtons, for instance, who passed her every day, and whose life was full of luxury; but this did not move her, any more than the sight of a great beauty would have moved her to impatience of her own plain and homely face. The wealth, like the beauty, was exceptional. The homeliness and the poverty were the natural rule. And Helen saw that the lines of pain were softened in Stephen's face, and that he had begun to feel something like pleasure in those alleviations of his loneliness which have been described. All this produced a soothing, quieting influence upon her. She was hushed, as a child is who is not satisfied, whose cry is ready to burst forth at any moment, but upon whom the very atmosphere, the stillness of the air has produced a certain calm. The wrong which had burnt her heart like a fire was not extinguished; it burned low, not for want of fuel, but because the air was soft and humid, and kept down the flame. And she herself was subdued. She was weary of suffering, and the routine of the new life acted upon her like an opiate, and the sense that all this was accepted as ordinary and natural by others, kept her down. And then Norah had cast away those bonds which oppress a child—the bonds of conventional quiet, which remain when natural grief has passed away in the order of things. Norah

had begun to sing about the house, to dance when she should have walked, to wake up like the flowers, to live like the birds, spending her days in a chatter and flutter of life and gladness. All this calmed down and suppressed the feelings which had swayed Helen after her husband's death. Though her old sense of suspicion in respect to her cousin had succeeded the momentary relenting which his kindness had produced in her, even that was suppressed in the artificial calm. She blamed herself for shrinking from his presence, for disliking his friendliness; she even made an effort to go to his house, to overcome what she said to herself was her mean envy of his prosperity. She made friends with his wife, as far as two women so different could make friends, and tried to believe that Reginald Burton himself had never meant but well. It was in October, when she had first begun fully to realise the strange quietness that had come upon her, that it was suddenly broken up, never in that same fashion to return again.

There were visitors at the time at Dura House, visitors of importance, great county people, potentates whom it was said, Mrs. Burton was specially bent on conciliating in order to open the way into Parliament—a glory upon which her heart was set—to her husband. Mr. Burton had himself taken a holiday from business, and, on this particular day had gone up, after a long interval, "to see," he said, with that cheerful, important laugh of his, "how things were going on." That evening, however, Dura village was disappointed of its usual amusement. The phaeton with the bays went slowly past, driven by the groom, with a certain consternation in every line of the horses, and in every splendid tail and high-stepping hoof.

"Has not your master come?" Mrs. Burton asked, when she met this forlorn equipage in the avenue. Such a thing had been known; sometimes business was so urgent that Mr. Burton had lost his train, or waited for one that went later. But that which had happened this evening had never happened before.

"He is walking, ma'm," said the groom, with gloomy signification. It gave even Mrs. Burton a start, though she was usually so self-possessed; and as for the groom, he spread it about through the house that there had been "a smash" in the City. Nothing else could account for so extraordinary a step.

Mr. Burton walked, and his countenance was clouded. There was a shade on it, which the people about Dura, stupefied in the first instance, by seeing him about

at that hour, interpreted as the groom did. They thought "something must have happened." The Bank of England must have faltered on its throne; half the merchants, at home and abroad, must have fallen to the dust, like Dagon. Some one of weak mind, who suggested that the ministry might be out, was snubbed by everybody with a contempt proportioned to his foolishness. Would Mr. Burton look like that for any merely political misfortune? But no one ventured even to suggest that Burton & Co. themselves might have sustained some blow. Such treason might be in men's thoughts, but no one dared to hint at an event which more than a revolution or a lost empire would have convulsed Dura. There are some things which it is impious even to speculate about.

Mr. Burton went direct to the Gatehouse. He had not his usual condescending word to Susan, nor did he remember to wave his hand to Stephen as he passed the window. He went straight into the drawing-room, where Helen and Norah were sitting. They had just come in from their walk, and were going to have tea; and such a visit at this hour startled them. There was something more than gloom on his face; there was suppressed anger, and he had the look of a man who had come to speak his mind. He shook hands in the slightest, most hasty way, not caring evidently to waste time in salutations, and he did not take the chair that was offered to him. He kept standing, looking first at Helen and then at Norah, with glances which he seemed to expect would be understood; but as Norah had been present at every discussion in the house all her life, it did not occur to her to go away, nor to her mother to send her. At last he was obliged to speak plainly.

"I am anxious to talk to you by yourself," he said. "I have something very important to say. Norah, perhaps, would run out to the garden, or somewhere—for half an hour, I should not ask for more."

"Norah!" said Helen, with surprise. "But she has heard everything that any one can have to say to me. She knows as much as I do. You may say anything before Norah."

"By——!" said Mr. Burton. He did not put any word in the vacant place. He swore by Blank, as we do in books, contenting himself with the "By——!" "I don't mean to speak of my affairs before Norah," he said, walking to the window and looking out. "Send her away."

He waited there with his back turned to the two, who gazed at each other amazed.

"Go up-stairs till I send for you, Norah," said Helen, with a trembling voice. It must be some new pain, some new terror, something about Norah's father. She put her hand on her heart to keep it still. This was how her calm was broken all in a moment. She put her child away with the other hand. And Norah, astonished, indignant, choking with sudden rage and mortification, flew out of the room and rushed up-stairs. The sound of her hurried, angry retreat seemed to ring through all the house. And it was not till her foot was heard overhead that her mother found breath to speak. "What is it?—tell me! There can be nothing now so very hard to bear."

"I don't know what you mean about hard to bear," said Mr. Burton, turning pettishly round and seating himself on a chair in front of her. "Helen, I have done all I could to be kind to you. You will say it has not cost me very much, but it has cost me more than you think. I have put myself to a great deal of trouble, and——"

"Is this all you have to tell me?" she asked faintly, still holding her hand upon her heart.

"All!" he repeated; and then, changing his tone suddenly, "do you know anything about this new folly Maurice has taken in hand? Don't prévaricate, Helen; answer me yes or no."

"I do not know what you mean," she said, and paused for breath. Her fright, and the strange assault that had been made upon her, confused her mind. Then gradually with Maurice's name came a sudden gleam of light.

"That is a pretence," he said. "I can see in your face that you understand. You that I have been, so to speak, nourishing in my bosom—you—Helen! There is still time to think better of it. Have you given your consent to it? Has he got your name?"

"If it is anything Dr. Maurice is doing," she said, "yes, he has got my consent, and more than my consent."

"Good heavens, why? Are you in your senses? I thought it was some idiotic woman's notion. What good can it possibly do to rake up that business all over again? What the deuce do you mean by it? What can it ever be to you?"

"What is it to you?" she said.

"To me!" She was looking at him, and his voice fell. He had begun loudly, as if with the intention of declaring that to him it was less than nothing; but he was caught by her look, and only grew confused, and stammered out again, "To me!"

"Yes," said Helen. "You are not a Director. You have said you were a loser only, you had no responsibility. Then what does it matter to you?"

Mr. Burton turned away his head; he stamped his foot slightly on the floor in impatience. "What is the use?" he said, as if to himself, "you might teach an elephant to fly sooner than make a woman understand about business. Without being anything to me, it might be something to my friends."

"Is that man—that—Golden—is he your friend?"

"Of course he is," said Mr. Burton roughly, with a certain defiance. "You are prejudiced against him unjustly. But he is my friend, and a very good fellow too."

"Then it is better not to say any more," said Helen rising, trembling in every limb.

"It is best not to say any more. Oh don't venture to name his name to me! If I had not been a woman, I should have—not killed him. That would have been too good. Innocent men are killed, and you others look on, and never lift a finger. I would have pursued him till his last breath—crushed him—made him feel what he has done. And I will—if I have the power!"

She stood up confronting her cousin, trembling, yet glowing with that passion which the name of her husband's slanderer always roused within her. She was almost as tall as Burton was, and he felt as if she towered over him, and was cowed by the strength of her emotion. He rose too, but he shrank back a step, not knowing how to meet the spirit he had roused.

"These are nice Christian sentiments," he said, with an attempt at a sneer; but in his heart the man was afraid.

"I ask nobody what kind of sentiments they are," she cried. "If he had wronged me only, I would have forgiven him. But no man shall say his name before me—no man! I may not have the power; my friends may not have the power; but it is that, and not the will, which will fail if we fail. I will never give up trying to punish him, never in my life!"

"Then you will be acting like a fool," Mr. Burton said; but he changed his tone, and took a great deal of trouble to persuade her to take her seat again, and discuss the matter calmly with him.

Norah stood up-stairs by the window, watching till he should go. The child's heart was bursting with rage and pain. She had never been sent away before; she had heard everything, had been always present

whatever was going on. Her father, Dr. Maurice, Mr. Haldane, every one of them had spoken in her presence all that they had to say. And she remembered words that no one else remembered, scraps of talk which she could put together. She did so with a violent exercise of her memory as she stood there drumming on the window, and wondering when he would go. "He thinks I am only a child," she said to herself, in the fiery commotion of her spirits, and thought of a hundred things she could do to prove the contrary. She would go to Dr. Maurice; she would let "everybody" know. He was no friend; he was a conspirator against them—one of those who killed her father. Every moment that passed inflamed Norah more. She stood at the window and watched, thinking would he never be gone, thinking, oh why could not she make herself grow—make herself a woman! What her mother had done was nothing to what Norah felt herself capable of doing. Every vein in her body, and every nerve had begun to thrill and tremble before she heard the sound down-stairs of the door opening, and saw him go hastily away.

This was what he said when he opened the door of the sitting-room down-stairs—

"You will do what you please, of course. I have found out before now what it is to struggle with an unreasonable woman. Do what you like. Drag your husband's name through the dirt again. Throw all sorts of new light on his motives. That is what you will do. People might have forgotten it; but after what you are going to do, they will never forget. And that is all you will have for your pains—you may be sure you can do nothing to *us*."

"Us?" said Helen. "You told me you were not concerned."

And then Mr. Burton changed colour and lost his temper.

"You drive a man wild," he cried. "You make me that I don't know what I am saying. Of course you know what I mean, though you pretend you don't. I mean my friends. And you know that; and you know how much you owe to me, and yet the answer I get is—this!"

He slammed the door after him like an angry maid-servant; he strode hastily away to his own house, with a face which of itself gave a new paralytic seizure to old John at the lodge. He filled everybody with consternation in his own house. And Helen stood still after he had left her, half exultant, half stupefied. *Us!* Had she found his cunning manœuvres out?

THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBA.*

"SON of Brendan, I have willed it ;
 I will leave this land, and go
 To a land of savage mountains,
 Where the Borean breezes blow ;
 To a land of rainy torrents,
 And of barren, treeless isles,
 Where the winter frowns are lavish,
 And the summer scanty smiles ;
 I will leave this land of bloodshed,
 Where fierce brawls and battles sway,
 And will preach God's peaceful Gospel
 In a grey land, far away."
 Beathan spake, the son of Brendan—
 "Son of Phelim, art thou wise ?
 Wilt thou change the smiling Erin
 For the scowling Pictish skies ?
 Thou, the lealest son of Erin,
 Thou, a prince of royal line,
 Sprung by right descent from mighty
 Neill, whose hostages were nine ?
 Wilt thou seek the glens of Albyn,
 For repose from loveless strife ;
 Glens, where feuds, from sire to grandson,
 Fan the wasteful flame of life ?
 Wilt thou leave a land of learning,
 Home of ancient holy lore,
 To converse with uncouth people,
 Fishing on a shelvy shore ?
 Wilt thou leave the homes of Gartan,
 Where thou sucked the milky food
 From the mother-breast of Aithne,
 Daughter of Lagenian blood ?
 Wilt thou leave the oaks of Derry,
 Where each leaf is dear to thee,
 Wandering, in a storm-tost wherry,
 O'er the wide, unpastured sea ?
 Son of Phelim, Beathan loves thee,
 Be thou zealous, but be wise !
 There be heathens here in Erin ;
 Preach to them 'neath kindly skies."
 Then the noble son of Phelim,
 With the big tear in his eye,
 To the blameless son of Brendan,
 Firmly thus made swift reply—
 "Son of Brendan, I have heard thee,
 Heard thee with a bleeding heart ;
 For I love the oaks of Derry,
 And to leave them gives me smart ;
 But the ban of God is on me,
 Not my will commands the way ;

Molaise priest of Innishmurry
 Hights me go, and I obey.
 For their death is heavy on me
 Whom I slew in vengeful mood,
 At the battle of Curldremhne,
 In the hotness of my blood.
 For the lord that rules at Tara,
 In some brawl that grew from wine,
 Slew young Carnan, branch of promise,
 And a kinsman of my line ;
 And the human blood within me
 Mounted, and my hand did slay,
 For the fault of one offender
 Many on that tearful day ;
 And I soiled the snow-white vestment
 With which Etchen, holy man,
 Clonfad's mitred elder, clad me
 When I join'd the priestly clan ;
 And my soul was rent with anguish,
 And my sorrows were increased,
 And I went to Innishmurry,
 Seeking solace from the priest.
 And the saintly Molaise told me—
 'For the blood that thou hast spilt,
 God hath shown me one atonement
 To make clear thy soul from guilt.
 Count the hundreds of the Christians
 Whom thy sword slew to thy blame,
 Even so many souls of heathens
 Must thy word with power reclaim ;
 Souls of rough and rude sea-rovers,
 Used to evil, strange to good,
 Picts beyond the ridge of Albyn,
 In the Pagan realm of Brude.'
 Thou hast heard me, son of Brendan ;
 I have willed it ; and this know,
 Thou with me, or I without thee,
 On this holy hest will go !"
 Beathan heard, with meek agreement,
 For he knew that Colum's will,
 Like a rock against the ocean,
 Still was fixed for good or ill.
 "Son of Phelim, I have heard thee ;
 I and Cobhtach both will go,
 Past the wintry ridge of Albyn,
 O'er the great sea's foamy flow ;
 Far from the green oaks of Derry,
 Where the cuckoo sings in May,
 From the land of falling waters
 Far, and clover's green display ;
 Where Columba leads we follow,
 Fear with him I may not know,
 Where the God thou servest calls thee,
 Son of Phelim, I will go."

* As to the topography of the island of Iona and its associations, the reader may be referred to the articles of the Duke of Argyll in *Good Words* for August, September, and October, 1867; and for the ecclesiastical antiquities, to a little work by the Bishop of Argyll.

II.

* The mountain is 1000 ft. South of Mt. , from which the present Little Cumbria, is derived.

111.

[illegible]

How he clave the yielding billow
 Till Iona's strand he won.
 Back they steered, still westward, westward;
 Past the land where high Ben More
 Nods above the isles that quaintly
 Fringe its steep and terraced shore.
 On they cut—still westward! westward!
 On with favouring wind and tide,
 Past the pillared crags of Carsaig
 Fencing Mull's sun-fronting side,
 Past the narrow Ross, far-stretching
 Where the rough and ruddy rocks
 Rudely rise in jumbled hummocks
 Of primeval granite blocks;
 Till they come to where Iona
 Rears her front of hoary crags,
 Fenced by many a stack and skerry
 Full of rifts, and full of jags;
 And behind a small black islet
 Through an inlet's narrow space,
 Sailed into a bay, white-bosomed,
 In the island's southward face.
 Then with eager step they mounted
 To the high rock's beetling brow—

"Canst thou see, thou far-viewed Beathan,
 Trace of lovely Erin now?"
 "No! thou son of Phelim, only
 Mighty Jura's Paps I see,
 These and Isla's Rhynns, but Erin
 Southward lies in mist from me."
 "Thank thee, God!" then cried Columba;
 "Here our vows are paid, and here
 We may rest from tossing billow,
 With light heart and conscience clear."
 Downward then their way they wended
 To the pure and pebbly bay,
 And, with holy cross upfited,
 Thus did saintly Colum say—
 "In the sand we now will bury
 This trim craft that brought us here,
 Lest we think on oaks of Derry,
 And the land we hold so dear;"
 Then they dug a trench, and sank it
 In the sand, to seal their vow,
 With keel upwards, as who travels
 In the sand may see it now.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

ASTRONOMERS have seldom reaped a more abundant harvest of facts during a total eclipse (making hay, after their fashion, when the sun is not shining) than they did during the eclipse of December 12th last. To say that the anticipations which they had formed were amply fulfilled, would be to say far less than the truth. Although all hoped that important facts would be discovered, few expected so complete a success as has actually been achieved. Then, for the first time, the wonderful complexity and magnificence of the solar surroundings were clearly revealed.

Of the actual nature of that intensely hot and brilliant surface which the sun presents to our study, we can say but little. Astronomers are not certain even whether it is liquid or gaseous, and at present their ideas respecting the intensity of its heat are in most unsatisfactory disagreement. On the one hand, we have a theory by Father Secchi, the eminent Italian astronomer, according to which the heat of the sun's surface is certainly not less than ten million degrees centigrade, or some eighteen million degrees of the common thermometer (in which 180 degrees above freezing represents the heat

of boiling water). On the other hand, we have a theory maintained by Faye, St. Claire Deville, Fizeau, and many others, according to which the sun's heat does not greatly exceed that obtained in the electric light, and is certainly comparable with the heat obtained in many processes of manufacture. Indeed, according to some of the most satisfactory investigations which this subject has received, the actual heat at the sun's surface does not very greatly exceed that at which iron melts; while St. Claire Deville even asserts his belief that a degree of heat not greatly beyond that which our physicists have obtained cannot possibly be exceeded under any circumstances, either in our own sun or in any of his fellow suns.

Above the glowing photosphere, or light surface of the sun, there extends to a depth of several hundred miles the most wonderful atmospheric envelope known to astronomers. In dealing with this envelope, we are touching on the work of the recent eclipse, because, although the envelope had been recognised theoretically two years ago, and its existence demonstrated during the eclipse of December, 1870, yet doubts had continued to be entertained by a few respecting

the reality of this relatively shallow atmosphere. We can now, however, speak of it unquestioningly, since scarcely one of those who sought for it during the late eclipse failed to recognise its existence.

In the lower part of our own air there is always present, in greater or less quantities, the vapour of water. This vapour rises from wet earth, from rivers, lakes, and seas, and from the wide expanse of ocean, and occupies a certain portion of the lower atmospheric strata. Thus these lower strata form as it were a more complex atmosphere than those above them. Close by the earth there is air and aqueous vapour, while in the higher regions there is air alone;* that air being, as we know, composed of a certain admixture of the two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. Now in the case of the sun, a somewhat similar arrangement exists. The lower regions of the solar atmosphere are at all times occupied by certain vapours, which ordinarily do not range to any considerable elevation, simply because they cannot remain in the form of vapour except close by the sun. But these vapours are such as we should be rather startled to find in our own atmosphere. We breathe the vapour of water without inconvenience, unless it is present in too great quantities; but if we could imagine for a moment that there were breathing creatures on the sun, these must be able to inhale without injury the vapour of iron, copper, zinc, and others of our familiar metallic elements. For the solar atmosphere, to a depth of a few hundred miles, is loaded with these vapours, all glowing with intensity of heat.

Now Father Secchi announced in 1869 that he had detected traces of just such an atmosphere. For when he examined with his spectroscope the very border of the sun, he found that the dark lines could no longer be seen; as though the light of the glowing vapours themselves,—which examined alone, could show bright lines precisely where the solar dark lines appear,—sufficed exactly to fill up the gaps caused by the absorptive action of those vapours. Secchi reasoned in this way: If we examine the intensely bright light of the sun shining through these vapours, we see that this light is deprived of certain rays, and so dark lines appear; but if we could examine the light of the vapours themselves we should see that this light is composed of these selfsame rays, and so

bright lines on a dark background would appear. Now the latter we cannot do on account of the extreme shallowness of the complex atmosphere; we can, however, by examining the very edge of the sun, obtain light so combining the two kinds, that there will neither be dark lines on a bright background nor bright lines on a dark background, but a continuous rainbow-tinted streak produced by combination of the two.

It seemed to Professor Young, of America, that during eclipses something more might be achieved. For at the very moment when the moon has just concealed the true solar disc, the light of the shallow atmosphere must be shining alone. During the eclipse of December, 1870, he had his telescope directed (and kept directed by clock-work) towards the point where the moon would obliterate the last fine edge of direct sunlight. And he prepared an ordinary telescope for the use of Mr. Pye (a young English gentleman residing near the place where Professor Young's party were stationed), and instructed Mr. Pye what to look for. Both observers found that as the rainbow-tinted streak forming the solar spectrum faded away at the instant of totality, there sprang into view a myriad-lined spectrum,—the spectrum, in fact, of the sun's true atmosphere now for the first time recognised.

During the recent eclipse, Colonel Tennant, Captain Maclean, and several other observers, saw the beautiful bright line spectrum of the sun's glowing atmosphere. One or two observers failed to do so; but it need hardly be said that these failures prove nothing except the extreme delicacy of the observation. The positive results, which need alone be considered, prove decisively that next above the sun's light surface there lies an exceedingly complex, but relatively shallow, atmosphere, loaded with the glowing vapours of all those elements—metallic or otherwise—to which the dark lines of the solar spectrum are known to be due.

Next in order comes the *sierra*, or red envelope, sometimes called the *chromosphere* (or more correctly the *chromatosphere**):

The *sierra* is a far more extensive atmospheric region than the complex atmosphere of Young and Secchi. Its average depth is probably about five thousand miles. Its chief constituent is glowing hydrogen, but it contains other elements, and is indeed far less simple in constitution than was supposed

* Here we are considering only the main constituents of the atmosphere. Relatively minute quantities of other gases are ordinarily present in the upper as well as in the lower regions of the air.

* Strictly speaking, the word *chromosphere* is as incorrect as *photography* would be for *photography*, *chromic* for *chromatic*, or *chroma* for *chromatic*.

a year or two since. That this is so, is proved by the fact that Professor Young has counted one hundred and twenty lines in the spectrum of this red atmosphere.

Above the red sierra, and reaching even beyond the loftiest prominences, lies yet another atmospheric envelope, the inner corona, as it has been called.

The consideration of this important solar envelope leads us to one of the most important of the discoveries made during the late eclipse. It had long been recognised that the solar corona appears to consist of two portions distinct from each other. The inner portion received (from the Astronomer-Royal, we believe) the name of the ring-formed corona, because not marked by any noteworthy indentations, gaps, rifts, or the like, but presenting the appearance of a somewhat uniform ring of whitish light around the black disc of the eclipsing moon. It was to this corona that some of the observers of the eclipse of December, 1870, mistakenly supposing its recognition at that time to be a real discovery, proposed to assign the name *leucosphere*. The term was intended to indicate the apparent whiteness of the inner corona. But under favourable circumstances the envelope presents a slightly ruddy tinge, with traces of green.

Astronomers had begun to recognise the fact that the inner ring-formed corona must be a solar appendage, whatever may be thought of the fainter radiated corona which surrounds it. The light of the ring-formed corona had been examined with the spectroscopic, and appears to resemble in some respects that of the aurora borealis, inasmuch that some astronomers expressed their belief that this envelope is a perpetual solar aurora. The startling nature of this conception will be realised when it is mentioned that at a moderate computation the ring-formed corona has a depth exceeding twenty times the diameter of the earth on which we live, while the actual portion of space occupied by these auroral lights (if the theory be true) must exceed the volume of the earth more than fifty thousand times. Besides such displays as these, the most glorious auroras that have ever illuminated terrestrial skies sink into utter nothingness.

But some difficulty was experienced in demonstrating that the spectrum on which these ideas had been based belonged in reality to the ring-formed corona. The study of the sun's surroundings by spectroscopic analysis is not free from certain causes of perplexity. To show how these may arise,

we need only consider a case which any one possessing a small spectroscope (one of Browning's miniature spectroscopes, for instance) can readily test for himself. If such a spectroscope be turned (with suitable precautions) towards the sun, we see the principal solar dark lines, and we know that those lines teach how the sun's light is partially absorbed by the vapours of certain elements existing in his atmosphere. But if next we direct the instrument towards the sky, we see precisely the same spectrum, only reduced in splendour. Yet the vapours of iron, copper, zinc, and so on, do not exist in the sky. The fact really is, that we receive from the sky reflected sunlight, and therefore we can trace in the spectrum of skylight the dark lines belonging to sunlight. And in exactly the same way, the sky during total eclipse, though not very brilliantly illuminated, is nevertheless lit up to some extent by the corona, prominences, and chromosphere, and therefore the skylight must supply, however faintly, those bright lines which belong to the spectrum of the gaseous solar surroundings. How is the observer to tell, when he obtains these bright lines from any given part of the corona, that they actually belong to that part of the corona and not to the light of the sky?

Now Professor Young, in December, 1870, dealt with this difficulty in a very subtle and masterly manner. There are two different ways in which spectroscopic analysis can be applied. In one we are analyzing the light from a considerable range of space, in the other we study only that light which comes from a certain definite direction. Professor Young, who had applied both methods to the shallow complex atmosphere, applied both, with similar success, to the inner corona. Let us suppose that by the former method the whole of the region of sky occupied by the inner corona was supplying light for the spectroscopic to analyze; and that by the latter only a fine linear strip from the brighter part of the inner corona was being analyzed. Then clearly and without entering into niceties of detail, if the bright line spectrum we are considering belongs in reality to the inner corona, we should find the true coronal lines relatively much brighter by the former method than by the latter. For in the former there is the great extent of the inner corona to compensate the feebleness of its inherent luminosity, in the latter there is no such compensation.

Carefully studying the relative brightness

of the suspected coronal lines, when the two methods of observation were applied. Young inferred that a certain green line belongs unquestionably to a region of luminous matter not less extensive than the inner corona. It appeared tolerably safe to conclude that the inner corona was the actual source of this peculiar light. And if the resemblance between this light and that of the aurora borealis were admitted, it appeared reasonable to infer that the inner corona is a perpetual solar aurora, as had been suggested in 1869.

But although the reasoning of Professor Young was so conclusive that he must be regarded as in effect the discoverer of the important facts just mentioned, yet it seemed desirable to astronomers to endeavour to obtain even more convincing evidence. They had hitherto dealt with the spectral line or lines of the inner corona. Those lines are in reality coloured images of the slit through which the spectroscopist admits the light which he proposes to examine; and therefore their *shape* can teach him nothing about the source of light, their *position* (or which is the same thing,* their colour) being all that the spectroscopist considers. But suppose he uses no slit, then instead of a series of images of a slit he will have a series of images of the source of light. If the source of light is the sun or any object shining with all the colours, the different images will overlap and he will see simply "Newton's spectrum," a rainbow-tinted streak of extreme beauty and splendour, but nevertheless what the spectroscopist describes as an "impure spectrum," because in it a multitude of overlapping images are present. If, however, the source of light emits rays of certain colours only, then there will be separate images of these colours, each clearly discernible in all its details. For example, let us suppose that in a little conical flame of great heating power but small luminosity, a chemist places a small quantity of sodium and lithium. Then when he looks at the flame through a spectroscope without using a slit he will see a little conical yellow flame, and close by it a little conical and rather faint orange flame, and farther away a little conical red flame; whereas if he had had a fine slit in his spectroscope he would have seen three fine lines, a yellow one due to the sodium, and two lines, one

orange and the other red, due to the lithium.

Now if the reader has followed this brief but necessary explanation, he will see that the astronomer possessed the means of at once solving the difficulty of the corona. So long as he used a slit he obtained a bright green line which might not come from the corona, but from the illuminated sky in the same direction; but if he removed the slit and then saw a green *image* of the corona, he would no longer be in doubt. For the illumination of the sky could not form an image of the corona, any more than the sky we see in the daytime forms images of the sun, though shining with solar light. If the observer examining the corona with a suitable spectroscope not provided with a slit saw a green image of the corona, it could only be because the green light came from those parts of the sky where the corona was actually seen, and from no other parts.

Now this experiment was precisely what Respighi, the eminent Italian astronomer, determined to attempt. He had an instrument (made for him in 1863) which seemed to him admirably adapted for the purpose; and accordingly he took this instrument with him to India; and stationed at Poodcottah, he successfully applied it to the solution of the problem which had so long perplexed astronomers. His observations involved results of interest, relating to the coloured prominences, since these as well as the inner corona were presented in spectrally shifted images.

"At the very instant of totality," he says, "the field of the telescope exhibited a most astonishing spectacle. The chromatosphere at the edge which was the last to be eclipsed, surmounted by two groups of prominences, one on the right, the other on the left of the point of contact, was reproduced in four spectral colours, with extraordinary intensity of light, and the most surprising contrast of the brightest colours, so that the four spectral images could be directly compared and their minutest differences easily made out. All these images were well defined, and projected in certain coloured zones, with the tints of the chromatic images of the corona. My attention was mainly directed to the forms of the prominences, and I was able to determine that the fundamental form, the skeleton or trunk, and the principal branches, were faithfully reproduced or indicated in all the images, their extent being, however, greatest in the red, and diminishing successively in the other colours down to the indigo images, in which the trunk alone was reproduced. In none of the prominences thus compared was I able to distinguish in the yellow image parts or branches not contained in the red image.* Meanwhile the coloured

* It is not a question of the position of the position along the spectrum, but of the position of the position of the position. Suppose, for example, that a line of the spectrum is lying in the red, or in the blue green, or in the orange.

* The interest of the question whether such differences were observed in the position of the position, green, and orange, and in the position of the position, but the yellow to the position of the position, present in the prominences; and Respighi hoped to ascertain whether this element extended beyond or

images of the corona became continually more strongly marked, one in the red corresponding with the red line of hydrogen, another in the green" (corresponding with Professor Young's green line) "and a third in the blue, probably corresponding with the blue line of hydrogen."

Thus not only has the fact been proved that the light producing the green line comes, as Young had reasoned from the inner corona, but also that this corona consists in part of glowing hydrogen. And when we say "in part," we do not mean that throughout a portion of its extent the corona consists of hydrogen; but that one of the elements of which the corona is formed is the familiar gas hydrogen. It appears from the sequent remarks of Professor Respighi that the hydrogen extends as far, or very nearly so, as the matter, whatever it may be, which produces the green light of the corona. Before quoting his words, we remind our readers that what Respighi saw was three pictures of the corona in three different places,—one picture produced by the red part of the corona's inherent luminosity, another by the green part, and another by the blue part of that luminosity. The three zones he speaks of are not three distinct envelopes, but three pictures of one and the same element. Just as the spectroscopist in the case of our imagined experiment with the lamp-flame could not infer that there were three small conical flames, because he saw three images of the single small conical flame, so Respighi knew that the three rings of light which his telescope (spectroscopically armed) presented to his view, were spectral images of one and the same object, the inner ring-formed solar corona.

"The green zone surrounding the disc of the moon," he says, "was the brightest, the most uniform, and the best defined. The red zone was also very distinct and well defined; while the blue zone was faint and indistinct. The green zone was well defined at the summit, though less bright than at the base; its form was sensibly circular and its height about six or seven minutes" (corresponding to a real depth of from 160,000 to 185,000 miles). "The red zone exhibited the same form, and approximately the same

height as the green; but its light was weaker and less uniform. These zones shone out upon a faintly illuminated ground without any marked trace of colour. If the corona contained rays of any other kind, their intensity must have been so feeble that they were merged in the general illumination of the field."

"Soon after the middle of the totality," he proceeds, "there appeared on the sun's eastern edge a fine group of prominences formed of jets, rather low, but very bright, some rectilinear, others curved round the sun's limb, and exhibiting the intricate deviations and all the characters of prominences in the neighbourhood of solar spots. The brightness and colour of these jets were so vivid as to give them the appearance of fireworks. The spaces between some of the jets were perfectly dark, so that the red zone of the corona appeared to be entirely wanting there." (It will be remembered that the red images of the prominences, and the red image of the corona, were necessarily accordant in position, since they were produced by the same kind of light, the red hydrogen rays.) "Perhaps, however, this was only the effect of contrast due to the extraordinary brightness of the neighbouring jets. I have thought it right, however, to refer to the peculiarity because the appearance of interstices or double spaces, between prominences of considerable brightness, is often observed by means of the spectroscope independently of total eclipses. The green and red zones of the corona were well developed on the western as well as on the eastern edge of the sun, while the blue remained faint and ill defined."

It seems tolerably clear that Respighi saw, in the green image, the full extension of the inner corona; for the edge of that image was well defined, as it would certainly not have been if the observed extension had depended only on the observer's power of recognising faint luminosity. In the latter case there would have been a gradual fading off, precisely as in the case of the blue image. It is important to notice this point; because Mr. Lockyer (probably observing under less favourable conditions) could only trace the green image of the inner corona to a height of about two minutes, or less than one-third of the height observed by Respighi; and we might be led to infer that as Respighi saw the green coronal image extending so much farther from the sun than as observed by Lockyer, so under yet more favourable circumstances the image might have appeared higher still. The well-defined outline recognised by Respighi renders this inference inadmissible; and we may in fact regard the extension of the inner corona as definitely determined by his observations. On the other hand, the relatively small extension of the blue image does not necessarily prove that the blue light does not emanate from the whole of the inner corona, since the ill-defined nature of the image affords reason for believ-

not so far as the hydrogen. For our own part we are disposed to place very little reliance on some of the facts observed in this particular part of Respighi's work. With the red and yellow images shining in full splendour he would naturally be unable to see the fainter parts of the indigo images; but these darker images are probably at least as extensive as they are certainly as well defined as the others. For Secchi, in studying the prominences by the spectroscopic method, selects the indigo images for the purpose, because he has found that *cateris paribus* the indigo images appear the most complete. In Respighi's work other things were not equal. Similar remarks apply to the apparently inferior extension of the blue green image of the inner corona.

ing that its observed extension was merely a question of eyesight.

We have then—and the result cannot but be regarded as one of the most important ever established during eclipses—the conclusion that surrounding the sun to a depth of nearly two hundred thousand miles, there is an envelope of hydrogen mixed with an element capable of emitting the green light so often referred to in the above description.

But we are led to pause in order to inquire what element it is which supplies the green light. Now here we have a most interesting question to consider. For the light of our own auroras shows this very green line. Professor Young has tested the matter in a way which prevents all possibility of doubt. Using a spectroscope of almost unmatched power, he could recognise no difference of position between the green line of the aurora, the green line of the inner corona, and a green line seen always in the spectrum of iron. But of all elements in the universe iron seems to be precisely the element which ought not to be present, either in the regions whence comes the light of our auroras, or in the inner corona of the sun. Iron in the solid state might indeed be present from time to time in the upper regions of our air, because iron is nearly always present in meteorites, and meteorites are always passing through the upper regions of the air in greater or less numbers. But the green line, if it in truth appertains to the iron spectrum, implies the existence of the glowing vapour of iron; and heat of great intensity is required to vaporise iron. It is, however, possible that electrical discharges may be in question. We know, indeed, that the aurora is an electrical phenomenon, although we do not as yet know exactly how the electrical action is caused, or what its nature may be. We should certainly find many difficulties obviated if we extended the same explanation to the solar corona, since many of the phenomena which it presents are strikingly suggestive of electrical action. Viewing the green light in this way, and not venturing at present to determine the precise manner in which electrical action is excited, we should be led to recognise the presence of iron in the corona, the iron not being in the state of vapour, but giving the vapour spectrum of iron on account of the electrical discharges continually taking place between the particles of solid or liquid iron. It might even be that the hydrogen lines from the corona may be referred to electrical action, and not to the actual heat of the hydrogen present throughout the inner corona. In

this way we may obviate a difficulty referred to above when the sierra was described. We may regard the sierra as the region where the sun's hydrogen atmosphere actually glows with the intensity of its own heat; and the inner corona as the region where the same atmosphere is traversed by continual electrical discharges, which cause the bright lines of the hydrogen to be recognised by our spectroscopists, though not with the same brightness as from the region of actually glowing hydrogen.*

A difficulty remains in the fact that the spectrum of iron contains upwards of four hundred and fifty bright lines, and that the green line in question is not even the most conspicuous of these. Nor, indeed, is it absolutely certain that this particular line, though always seen in the spectrum of iron, belongs actually to that metal. At present, however, the most probable conclusion appears to be that which has been presented above; and we may suppose either that the other lines of iron are really present, but too faint for recognition, or that their absence is due to the special circumstances under which iron exists in the upper regions of our own air and in the rare hydrogen atmosphere of the sun.

In our journey outwards from the sun's light surface, we have now approached the inner boundary of the most interesting of all the solar surroundings, the outer radiated corona, the reality of which had been so long disputed. Respecting this appendage—occupying a space enormously greater than any structure known to astronomers—the recent eclipse observations have supplied most interesting information.

Let us in the first place consider the actual appearance of this object as seen under the favourable circumstances of the late eclipse. The following description is taken from a series of interesting letters which appeared in the columns of the *Daily News* :—

“There in the leaden-coloured utterly cloudless sky,” he writes, “shone out the eclipsed sun! a worthy sight for gods and men. There, rigid in the heavens, was what struck everybody as a decoration—one that emperors might light for—a thousand

* It should be explained that if an electrical discharge passes from iron to iron through hydrogen, the observed spectrum is a combination of the iron spectrum and the hydrogen spectrum. Now the actual brightness of light in this case is not inferior to that of hydrogen glowing with intensity of heat; but the total quantity of light is less than that which would be obtained if the whole of the hydrogen in the tube were so glowing. In like manner, the supposed electrical discharges in the sun's hydrogen atmosphere would produce a light as intense in itself as that of the sierra; but as the discharges would cause portions only of the inner corona to glow with this light, the total luminosity would be far inferior to the luminosity of the sierra, where all the hydrogen is aglow with its own heat.

times more beautiful than the Star of India (even where we are now)—a picture of surpassing loveliness, and giving one the idea of serenity among all the activity that was going on below; shining with a sheen as of silver essence, built up of rays almost symmetrically arranged round a bright ring, above and below with a marked absence of them right and left, the rays being composed of sharp radial lines, separated by furrows of markedly less brilliancy."

It is very interesting to notice the greater extension of the corona above and below. For at Bekul where the observations were made the sun was close to the horizon, and his equatorial zone was nearly upright or vertical, so that the observation shows that the extension of the radiated corona is greatest opposite the sun's equatorial regions. It is worthy of notice that Father Secchi had considered this fact to be apparent in the photographs which he obtained during the eclipse of the sun in 1860.

Let us next consider the work of a practised draftsman, Mr. Holiday.

"This gentleman," says the *Daily News* correspondent, "proposed to sketch with his right eye while the left was at the eye-piece of the telescope; and more than this he did it. . . . On the appearance of Baily's beads" (that is, at the moment when the last fine sickle of direct sunlight broke up into small arcs of light), "he removed the dark glass from the eye-piece of his telescope, but replaced it instantly, finding that even the feeble light was still too strong for the eye that had firmly resolved to note each delicate feature of the corona. Still, the time was not lost, for in that momentary glance he saw doubtless what have been called the 'rays before totality,' which he at once recognised as the two great lines which marked the limits of the advancing shadow. After a few seconds the glass was removed, and there in all its glorious beauty was a grand corona of the most fantastic type, not unlike the one given by Liais. To outline this was the work of a few seconds. Curiously enough, there are points of difference and points of agreement between this drawing and the photographs, which will, doubtless, when the time comes, undergo the most searching examination. After the middle of the eclipse another drawing was made, showing that the corona had become much more diffuse than at its first appearance, and maintained the same form nearly till the re-appearance of the sun."

It is to be noted, as respects this account, that the picture by Liais of the corona as he saw it during the eclipse of 1858, is one which has been ridiculed as altogether a work of the imagination. It presents the corona with peculiarities of detail so remarkable, that if we regard them as real, they dispose finally of the theory that the outer corona is merely due to the illumination of our own atmosphere. Accordingly, the advocates of the atmospheric theory had scouted the pretensions of Liais's picture; and even many who regarded the corona as a solar appendage, could scarcely believe that some of the

strange figures shown in the picture were not to some extent idealized. Here, however, we have such figures reproduced by a gentleman whose skill in draftsmanship will hardly be questioned, and who has not advocated any theory of the corona. We venture to take exception to the remark that the corona had become more diffuse by the middle of the totality; for, it is to be remembered that, with the progress of totality, the observer's power of appreciating faint light would naturally increase, and that accordingly he would be enabled to recognise those outer and fainter parts of the corona which had in the first instance escaped his notice.

The consideration of circumstances such as these causes us to attach so much the more value to the photographic records of the eclipse, which are not liable to be affected by physiological peculiarities. From the moment when totality began, the photographic plates were set one after another to record the aspect of the corona, without any fear that the plates exposed earlier or later would be more or less sensitive to the influence of the corona's very delicate light. The photographs represent the corona as unchanged in form throughout the totality, with persistent rifts, extending to a great distance from the sun. This is, in effect, decisive. There was room for a shadow of doubt (at least in some minds) when in December, 1870, Mr. Brothers obtained, in the last eleven seconds of totality, a picture showing well-marked rifts in an extensive corona,* for there were no sufficient means of proving that the same rifts existed at the beginning of the totality. But now all doubts of that sort are finally disposed of; and since radial beams in our own atmosphere, or produced by the passage of the sun's light past the irregularities of the lunar surface, must inevitably have changed markedly in position during the progress of totality, we have decisive evidence against the two theories urged against the existence of the outer solar corona as an objective and circumsolar reality.

But the recent eclipse has also supplied instructive evidence respecting the nature of the outer radiated corona.

Mr. Janssen's remarks on this point are

* Mr. Brothers's picture showed the corona widest on the west, whereas a picture by Lord Lindsay seemed to show the corona widest on the east; and great importance was attached to the circumstance. But on a careful examination of the prominences shown in the two pictures, it became clear that one of the pictures had been by some accident inverted. So soon as the pictures were so placed that the prominences were brought into agreement, the corona was found to extend towards the same side in each.

not wanting in definiteness; and they are particularly valuable because he observed the corona from a station raised far above those denser atmospheric strata which are most effective in concealing the more delicate details of the coronal structure:

"I have mounted the central ridge of the Neilgherries," he wrote, "which has summits of nine thousand feet in height, and whence, according as we turn to east or west of the ridge, we see the Carnatic plains on the Coromandel Coast, or the plateau of Mysore, as far as the Ghauts."

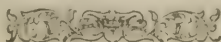
At this fine station, Janssen was favoured with weather of exceptional clearness; and altogether it is probable that never since eclipse observations began, had the corona been studied under such favourable circumstances. In the following sentences Janssen presents the results of his general observations:

"Nothing could be more beautiful or more luminous; with special forms excluding all possibility of a terrestrial origin. The result of my observations at Sholoor," he says, "indicates without any doubt the solar origin of the corona, and the existence of substances beyond the chromatosphere. I think the question whether the corona is due to the terrestrial atmosphere is disposed of (*tranchée*), and we now have before us the prospect of the study of the extra-solar regions, which will be most interesting and fruitful."

In the spectroscopic study of the corona Janssen achieved a noteworthy success. Hitherto astronomers had failed in recognising on the faint rainbow-tinted spectrum forming a background, as it were, to the distinctive bright-line spectrum of the corona, those dark lines which are seen in the spectrum of solar light. The inference was that very little or none of the coronal light is reflected sunlight. Janssen, however, besides detecting several bright lines which had not hitherto been recognised, saw also the chief solar dark lines. Strangely enough, he appears to infer from their presence that the corona exercises an absorptive effect on light which would otherwise produce a rainbow-tinted spectrum unstreaked by dark lines. To us, the more natural explanation appears to be that a portion of the coronal light is due simply to the reflection of sunlight from the cosmical matter undoubtedly surrounding the sun. Janssen himself recognises the existence of such matter, since in his remarks on his observations he says, "Besides the cosmical matter independent of the sun,

which must exist in his neighbourhood, the observations demonstrate the existence of an excessively rare atmosphere, mainly of hydrogen, extending far beyond the chromatosphere and prominences, and deriving its supplies from the very matter of the latter, matter projected (as we daily witness), with such extreme violence."

The eclipse revealed 'nothing, directly, respecting matter outside the coronal radiations. But indirectly, it gave important evidence respecting a solar appendage which attains a far greater extension. We refer to that strange object, the zodiacal light, emitted by a region which surrounds the sun on all sides, to distances exceeding the orbit-ranges of the planets Mercury and Venus, even if this region do not reach far beyond the orbit of our own earth. It happens, by a strange chance, that the astronomer Liais, whose long-doubted observations of the corona have just been so strikingly confirmed, has but now announced his discovery of the fact that the zodiacal light, when analyzed with the spectroscope, gives a faint continuous spectrum. It had been asserted that the zodiacal light gives a spectrum resembling that of the aurora; but grave doubts had been entertained respecting the accuracy of the observations on which this assertion had been based. The observation made by Liais would tend to show that, as had been long suspected, the zodiacal light is sunlight reflected from cosmical matter travelling continually around the sun (for we could not expect the solar dark lines to appear in so faint a spectrum). If this is the case, the radiated corona cannot but be regarded as only the innermost part—the core, so to speak—of the zodiacal region. Hence we should be led to recognise the existence of envelope after envelope around the sun, until even the vast distance at which our earth travels is reached or overpast. We need wonder little that under these circumstances our earth should sympathize with the disturbances affecting, from time to time, the great central luminary of our system, or that her frame should be thrilled from pole to pole by magnetic tremors, when his orb is excited either by internal throes, or by external impulses, to intense electrical action.





THE CRUSADER'S FLOWER.*

"The actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

FAST by the empty mansion of the Lord,—
The sacred sepulchre unbroke by man,
From whence burst forth the Love, the Light, the Word,
About whose feet the little children ran,—
Stood, gazing on a plant embowered in moss,
In days of other years, a soldier of the cross.

The blossom from its stalk, by wild winds blown,
Losing the lovely shape wherein it grew,
With ruddy life-drops all the ways had strown,
Its parted petals dying in the dew.
Still to the seed-cup, like a soul love-blest,
Clung the last azure butterfly with wings at rest.

All swayless now, the very winds asleep,
The cup of promise rose before his sight,—
Herald of precious blooms which yet should leap
At their Creator's call; sweet founts of light;
Mute witnesses, yet speechful, of the need
Of man, for whom He came who was both flower and seed.

Moved to deep musing on the wondrous power
Which decked the cup for beauty and for grace
With wise provision for the crescent hour,
He reft the plant of promise from its place,
And bore it homeward to his castle keep,
Steering his white-winged bark across the westering deep.

As flower and seed, so years grew, bloomed, and passed:
Sorrow and strife, and evil times and fair,
Struggle and failure, peace not made to last,
Pleasures as priceless, yet as frail, as air,
Were his; and final weepings o'er the sod;
And hope's rebound; and toil; and wealth, God's golden rod.

* For the suggestive and touching record of "Fynderne's Flowers," the reader is referred to Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families."

One heart-desire was his, sole left of all,
 Ere he was gathered in the folds of sleep :
 That even as Christ's dear blood, his blood might fall
 Not fruitless ; that young souls unborn might keep
 His name and deeds in memory ; so the flower
 Of love to heaven might breathe even to the earth's last hour.

He passed from out the land, he and his race ;
 And out of all men's memory. As the grass
 Was he cut down, with each familiar face.
 Strangers along his silent courts would pass,
 Nor wist they who had dwelt there. He was shed,
 He and his righteous seed, in a forgotten bed.

Forgotten, save by One. The soul that fought
 And spent its force in battle for the Lord,
 The Lord forgot not. Like a stealing thought
 That glides in secret through a music chord,
 A plant stole up where'er his step had been,
 With flush of fruit and flower to keep his memory green.

And, spreading wild as weed through all his land,
 With sacred blossoms hallowed most the ground
 Which robed his dust. There summer breezes fanned
 Its drooping bells to a most sabbath sound.
 And evermore the beauty of it grew,
 And sent a soul of fragrance through the weeping dew.

Then woke once more all memories which had slept.
 "Behold !" men whispered, "The Crusader's Flower !"
 Then round his grave young nursing mothers crept,
 And sang his story, meet for childhood's hour,
 With sweet refrain :—"Rich gain is his, not loss,
 Who serves the Lord, his God, a soldier of the cross."

ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY.



SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

V.—CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

"And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them : and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK x, 13—16.

IN this touching narrative two aspects of truth are revealed ; first, the love of the Saviour to children ; and, secondly, the response which is due to that love, by our becoming as little children, and thereby entering the kingdom of God.

"*They brought little children unto Him that He should touch them.*" We are not informed who those were who brought the children to Jesus, whether they were their parents, relations, or kind friends. Nor is any hint given as to their social position or moral character, whether they had come from homes poor or rich, or belonged to the most wicked or most pious families in Jerusalem. Neither have we much information as to the real nature of their motives in bringing them. Both St. Mark and St. Luke tell us that they wished Jesus to "touch" them ; and St. Matthew says, "that He should put his hands on them and pray." There was probably in their thoughts a mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of faith and superstition ; but in their hearts a real desire that the children should get good in some way, they might not know how, from this man who they felt to be so good Himself and so loving to all. They were persuaded that he surely knew God, and that his prayers as a righteous man would prevail ; for from his hands and lips wondrous blessings flowed every day to the souls and bodies of all who sought Him. But whatever forms of thought their longings for the good of those children took, they brought them to Jesus ; and in doing so they made no mistake. Their hearts' feelings directed them aright ; and their faith could not be put to shame. In their experience they would soon find that He whom they trusted would assuredly do for them "exceeding abundantly above all they could ask or think."

"*His disciples rebuked those that brought them.*" "Why should such people interrupt the heavenly teaching to which disciples were listening ? Why should such mean and unworthy thoughts be entertained regarding the great Messiah, or this great 'prophet sent by God,' as to suppose it possible that

He could attend to feeble, insignificant little children, or be troubled with and touch or pray for them !" Such were the disciples' thoughts ; but alas ! they were not yet receiving this heavenly teaching as little children. The hearts of those earnest petitioners read the heart of the Lord more truly than did those who were hearing so much about Him and his kingdom, but had not yet fully admitted into their souls the King in his beauty ; whose memories were full of his words, but whose hearts were not yet full of his spirit.

"*But when Jesus saw it, He was sore displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God. . . . And He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.*" The love of God the Father was revealed in that love which made Jesus "much displeased" at the ignorance and want of sympathy at this time manifested by his disciples ; which said, "Suffer the little children to come to me ;" and which was also expressed when "He took them up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them." What parent does not bless the Father in heaven and the Saviour for such a revelation of tenderness and love to children ! But it reveals to us more than this. Surely we are taught by it what ought greatly to strengthen our faith in Jesus. For here we see his love to those young brothers and sisters of his, who could not as yet realise it, or return it ;—a love altogether irrespective of their own character, or, as far as we know, of the character of their parents, or of anything which made them an exception to other children, in Jerusalem or elsewhere. But let us remember that as truly as He loved them so truly does He love all his brethren, whether old or young. He does not *pity* them merely, but He *loves* them, inasmuch as they are beings made after his own image, and therefore capable of fulfilling the grand end of glorifying God and of enjoying Him for ever. Nor did the fact of these children receiving his blessing necessitate or insure their growing up as became the recipients of that blessing. His "touch" did not possess the "magic"

power which those who sought it for the young probably attributed to it. For aught we know, these children may by their own free choice have refused afterwards to occupy their place as children of God. "I have," said God to Israel, "nourished and brought you up as children, but ye have rebelled against me." But this did not invalidate the fact of the reality and sincerity of the love of Jesus towards them, any more than the rejection in after years of their parents' love which had rested on them before they were conscious of it or could return it, could alter the fact of that human love which would survive their enmity, and never become cold, except in the grave—if even then.

This same love, therefore, has rested upon ourselves when children. It shone upon us like light when our eyes were too feeble to see it. If we have been baptized in infancy, the Holy Sacrament, although it did not originate this love, nor create our relationship to the Holy Trinity, yet witnessed to both—to the love of our God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. But, if this love was real on the part of Jesus, our elder Brother, towards us, when we were "little children" irrespective of our knowing it or responding to it, it has never changed. To us, He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and this glorious fact is the ground on which He demands that we, in return, should give Him our love and confidence in order to our receiving the kingdom of heaven. Let us consider what this implies.

"Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in nowise enter therein." As far as the soul of each of us is concerned, our entering the kingdom of God is one with the kingdom of God entering us. It consists in God reigning over our inner world of being, our will becoming subject to his will, and He thereby gradually subduing us to himself; bringing every thought, feeling, and passion under willing captivity to his righteous government. Thus "the kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Accordingly, when the kingdom of God comes, "sin no longer reigns in our mortal body, that we should obey its lusts," but we become "servants of righteousness."

Now, in order that the kingdom of God should enter the soul, one thing is essential, that we should accept of it, consent to it, and freely choose the King to reign over us, by "yielding ourselves unto God." This does not imply any conscious good on our part as a

qualification for our reception of the kingdom, or any preparation for the King. We reverse God's order, when, in order to receive the King, we seek any of those good things which the King brings with Him. We thus insist, as it were, on our possessing riches in order to be made rich, to see before He has opened our eyes, and to be healed before asking His help. This is the feeling common at first to every returning prodigal, who, having departed from the Father, through unbelief, has become "dead" and "lost," because dead and lost to that Father's love. His own heart is so corrupted that, looking at the Father's love, he cannot see or comprehend its utter unselfishness, its constant pity and its complete satisfaction in giving all it can give—yea, in giving itself! And so a plan is constructed whereby we can ease our consciences by offering something, promising something, as in the case of the prodigal who, to prove the honesty and reality of his repentance, desired to become a servant, in the hope that the condition of the servant might one day be exchanged for that of a son. We know the result as described in the life-story of the prodigal—how unbelief was put to shame—all its intended pleadings silenced, all dim hopes made bright, and bitter tears dried, all dark thoughts banished, and the whole soul filled with joy, as the heart of the outcast opened and received a father's love into its depths. The whole man was subdued by the love revealed in meeting him when a great way off, in the affectionate embrace, and in the cry of glad welcome, "My son was lost, but now is found!" That prodigal son became as "a little child," when in his nakedness and misery, the portion of his substance spent, his character lost, his peace of conscience gone, he discovered that there still remained one thing in the universe that was not lost to him—a father's love! As we behold him in that father's arms, giving nothing, but receiving all, do we not recognise a child receiving a blessing in the arms of the Saviour?

Without, then, dwelling longer on this characteristic of the spirit essential to our receiving the kingdom of God, let us try to realise it more, and to be assured of it for our eternal good. Let us be possessed by the conviction that we want nothing to bring to God, but that we want everything from Him; that He does not ask us to give to Him, but to receive what He gives to us; that He offers to reign over us, and desires that we should yield Him willing admission into our hearts, to reign as their rightful and

righteous King. Believing this, let us as little children say "Amen!" and receive Him with joy and thanksgiving, that He may in his own way, and in his own good time, evolve order out of confusion within us, destroy His and our enemies, and keep us in perfect peace. "When we are weak, then are we strong," "the least are the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

But there is another aspect of the same childlike spirit, which I would have you notice, and that is its *unreservedness*. These little children yielded themselves into the arms of Jesus. They lay there in peace, next his heart. They asked no questions before committing themselves to his keeping, nor made any conditions. They had simple confidence in his love, which assured them by every look of his benign countenance, every touch of his gentle hand, every whisper of his soothing voice, that He *could* not injure them, that they were safe in his hands, and most safe when absolutely at his disposal. Such is the childlike spirit necessary to our receiving the same Christ to reign over us. There must not be a thought on our part of, what I may call, bargain-making, or of seeking to make compromises with Him who desires to enter our hearts to fill them with his glory, and who cannot possibly "deny himself" by asking less or by bestowing less upon us. His only terms are absolute submission, without reserve on our part. Any reserve is to reject the fulness of his love.

This consecration or simple yielding of ourselves to God, in itself occupies little time—no more necessarily than the uttering of an intelligent "Yes," or "No," whatever the preliminaries that may lead to this point, or the momentous consequences that may follow from it. But, however easy this choice may seem to those who never seriously tried to make it, it requires the greatest possible effort, unless by the grace that worketh when and how God willeth, the man has been so slowly educated into it, that at no period of his life has he experienced a great and conscious struggle between light and darkness, between God and his own soul. But most men have imperceptibly formed the mental habit of indifference to the claims of God. The growth of their inner being has been from the old nature, and essentially rooted in self; so that, when they are brought for the first time face to face, as it were, with the Father of their spirit, and are made to know that what they have been always uttering with their lips shall now be uttered

by their hearts as the very reality of life, there comes a sore struggle between the flesh and the spirit, between the "I" as independent of God, and the "I" as dependent upon Him, and henceforth to find its true liberty and life only in Him! But the decision to "offer ourselves living sacrifices unto God," may, as I have said, be rapid and may therefore appear to be as easy as opening the eye to the light, whereas it is, in fact, the greatest revolution in our history. No longer journey can we take than out of ourselves to God; unless it be the journey from God into ourselves. And yet, till this eye is opened, this journey taken, this choice made, this spirit of childhood professed, the kingdom of God cannot enter us; for we refuse to let the King enter. We desire either to have the whole kingdom to ourselves without Him, or to select some portions of it, willing perhaps, that He should share the throne along with us; and that He should defend us and save us from all the sufferings which might result from our own misrule! But such compromises are impossible on the part of God.

Whence arises this moral difficulty of out-and-out consecration? We are at no loss to discover its source, in that want of confidence towards God which is the one evil taint of our being! We do not believe in Him as being in very truth our Father; and therefore we refuse to be to Him as little children. We do not see Him in the light in which Jesus by his whole life has revealed Him—the One who in everything is absolutely trustworthy. On the contrary, we judge of Him by our own narrow and selfish hearts, and entertain suspicious thoughts of Him, as if He were a hard master, demanding from us unreasonable service. We think of Him as exercising authority, backed by irresistible power, and do not feel that His is righteous authority guided by what, but for our selfish hearts, should be realised to be irresistible love. We think of him either as one who is indifferent to our perfect well-being, or as one who knows us not, who grudges to give us all possible good, or in whose hands our interests, for Time at least, are not in such safe keeping as in our own; and we conclude that we can not only live independently of Him, but can have more liberty and greater possessions than by choosing to trust Him in all things, seeking only the one thing, "Thy will be done!" Can these, we ask with wonder, be the thoughts of a rational and accountable being towards his Creator and Preserver? of a child towards his Father, whose name

is love, whose mercies, unasked, have been new every morning and evening, and who gives us all things richly to enjoy? Dare any man trust his own wisdom, his own strength, his own resources, his love to himself, or the love of any other human being, rather than place unbounded confidence in the love of the infinite and glorious God? Dare any man question the supreme claims of God to his allegiance? Alas! it is too true of every man! The demon of self cries out even to the Lord, who in love is seeking to save, "What have I do with thee? art thou come to torment me!"

I have dwelt long on this point, for I am persuaded that the one reason why men do not advance in that divine life which alone can meet the demands of conscience and satisfy our own spirit is, that it has never been rightly begun. The one thing needful has not been done—that of yielding ourselves to God. The kingdom has not entered our hearts; for the "gates" have not been opened, that "the King of Glory might come in." Without this our life here must be a comparative failure. On what apparent trifles great results depend! Thus have I seen a majestic ship about to be launched: everything was ready for her departure from the dry land, and every impediment which could hinder her from entering the element for which she was formed and destined had been removed, save one—a single block, the one link that now bound her to the earth. It was a mere trifle, indeed; and the blow of a hammer wielded by a vigorous arm could set her free in a second of time. But let that block remain untouched, that little act undone, no onward movement would be ever made by the gallant ship. No doubt, even in these circumstances she might be made available for many useful purposes. Her capacious hold and fine deck and beautiful cabins might be turned to account, and made sources of pleasure and profit; still she never could fulfil *the end* for which she had been made! But the sea longs to receive her noble form; brave sailors are ready to navigate her, and a skilled master to command her; rich merchandise waits to load her, and her owners have confidence in her future, and long to see her begin her voyage; and so the order is given to loose her and let her go. The hammer swings in the air, the block is struck, and amidst ringing cheers she begins to move, and then rushes into the great deep, where she soon floats with ease and grace, as one born for it as her own possession!

Let us with the same decision part with our self-will and unbelief, that so we may realise the true end of our being.

It would be profitable, if our time permitted it, to illustrate, from the other narratives in this chapter, the nature and the necessity of this unreserved consecration to God, as of children to their father. This was "the one thing" which the rich young man "lacked," and which hindered him at that time from entering into the kingdom of heaven, and thus finding what he so earnestly sought—a true and eternal life in God, which could not possibly be found "in the abundance of the things which he possessed."

This unreserved, childlike spirit was what St. Peter (ver. 28) had not attained at the time when he thought he had given up "all" his earthly possessions—few and little worth—yet hoping to get more even of these in return. He imagined that, in comparison with those who went away from Christ, he was "first;" but on the sad night when he denied his Master, and gave *Him* up in order to save his own life,—he was "last." Not until he again met his Lord on the Lake of Tiberias did he give up his *all*, and as a little child consecrated himself wholly and unreservedly to his Master's service, even until death. Then was "the last first."

Again, in our Lord's teaching to James and John (ver. 35) we learn how the glory and honour of the kingdom of heaven are spiritual; and how they are bestowed not according to any principle of favouritism, but on all who will as little children receive the baptism of their Lord, and accept of his cross of suffering with the filial confidence which says, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Finally, we have also in this chapter (ver. 32—34) the example of the perfect son—the one "child," Jesus Christ, who, being the least, was thus the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. We ask, in regard to Him, whether He himself lived and acted out the principle which He applies to others; whether He stamped by his example the absolute necessity of unreserved self-consecration to God? The Gospels, as a faithful record of all that Jesus was, contain such a reply to this question. Jesus was in everything a true child to his Father. He made no compromises, no "conditions;" had no reservations ere He accepted his Father's will. He did not ask what might befall Him—whether, or what, He might suffer, ere He should obey his God. His cry before He came to the world was, "I come to do thy will, O Lord!" He

"great possessions" in heaven, laid aside his glory, made himself of no reputation, took upon Himself the form of a servant, humbled himself unto death, even the death of the cross. His "meat and drink," while He lived, was to do the will of God. Wherever God led Him He followed,—whether into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, or to the cross to be offered up. He had no place where to lay his head. Out of the depths of the deepest agony ever endured by man, He put his trust in God, and cried, "Not my will, but thine be done!" With his last breath He said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" Bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, this being who in himself combined the divine in the human and the human in the divine, lived the truth, and taught the truth, that there is an eternal life for every man; and that it consists not in ease, or self-will, in great possessions, or in riches of any kind, but in the knowledge and love of God, and in unreserved, undoubting consecration of ourselves to Him. This was the perfect man, the little child,

who in asking us to follow Him said, He alone knowing the full meaning of his words (ver. 33), "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn Him to death, and shall deliver Him to the Gentiles: and they shall scourge Him, and shall spit upon Him, and shall kill Him; and the third day He shall rise again." This is He who, "through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself unto God," the grand purpose of which offering was that we should do the same, and thus be sprinkled, and consecrated, with the blood of His sacrifice. O blessed Jesus! may we be as little children, in order to be like to Thee, and trust ourselves and our all into Thy hands, seeking only that eternal life which God hath given to us all in Thee; and grant that, like blind Bartimeus, we may cast away all that would hinder us from going to Thyself, in order to receive our sight by seeing Thee, and that, following Thee in the way, we may thus be "followers of God as dear children." Amen.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

STRAW.



WHEAT is so universally known as a food plant that we are apt to consider it valuable solely on that account, and to forget that its straw forms a not unimportant article of commerce, more important perhaps in years gone by than it is at present. But, though the home market of the straw plait trade has to some extent decreased of late years, owing to the smaller quantities required for ladies' bonnets and hats, the growth and trade in straw remains nevertheless a recognised branch of British commerce.

In some parts of the country, wheat is grown as much for its straw as for its grain. To be useful to the plaiter, however, it must be grown and reaped with special care. Some soils are quite unsuited for it, as for instance a stiff clay; on light rich soil the best straws are grown. At the period of

harvest attention has to be paid to the proper time for cutting. Wet weather causes the straws to spot or to become rusty; while excessive heat and dryness render them too brittle for use. It is said that an acre of ground sown with wheat of the proper sorts, will, in a good season, yield from fifteen cwt. to a ton of cut straws, realising from £5 to £6 or even more per ton, according to the state of the market. The straws after being cut down are sorted, the ears being taken off, and the straws alone made up into bundles, which are then ready for removal to the straw-factors' premises. Here they are submitted to the fumes of sulphur, and again sorted more carefully so that those which are spotted or discoloured may be excluded. The less perfect ones are mostly put aside for dyeing, but the worst are thrown away as useless.

Thus prepared, the straws are ready for plaiting. Straw is grown and collected for this purpose chiefly in the southern and home counties. The wives and children of agricultural labourers, principally in Beds, Berks, and Bucks, are the best manipulators in straw plaiting; the work being done in their own cottages. Before the passing of the new education act, schools existed in the chief plaiting districts, where the art of plaiting

formed one of the elements of education. Children were sent at a very early age to learn it, and at nine or ten could earn from 2s. to 3s. per week; their earnings increasing as they got older or became more proficient. The work is carried on throughout the year, a greater or lesser quantity of plait being produced by each individual family according to the demand or the occupation of their time by other duties. "In winter plait is made indoors, and as the splints have to be worked in a partially wet condition, it is cold work for the fingers. When plaiting near the fire, the straws are liable to injury; winter-made plait is never so good as when it is done in spring and summer, away from the fire or in the open air, at the cottage door, or along the green lane."

The plait thus produced is disposed of to the dealers who take it to one of the several markets. The principal of these are at Luton, Dunstable, and St. Alban's, where it is sold to the manufacturers who employ hundreds of hands to sew the plaits together, the numbers of these sewers being continually added to by pupils from the plaiting schools. The sewers are either employed on the premises of the manufacturer or have work at their own homes. It is said that "of the whole population of Luton, twelve thousand are supposed to be occupied directly in the trade, the remainder being chiefly dependent upon it indirectly." The same authority tells us that "during the past fifteen years a large shipping trade has been carried on chiefly, in the first instance, with the United States of America; later, in addition to this, large quantities of English straw goods have been shipped to Canada, Australia, the West India Islands, India, Brazil, and the Continent; and while France supplies England with the newest fashions in bonnets, she in return is supplied with the latest fashions in hats from England." This, however, was written in the time of France's prosperity; nevertheless the same is to some extent true at the present time.

It will be needless to enter into details regarding the formation of hats and bonnets, inasmuch as after the plaits are sewn together it is a matter simply of moulding or forming the material to the shape dictated by fashion. It is our purpose rather to show the various uses and absolute value of straw than to enter minutely into each manufacture. Perhaps no plant is so universally cultivated as wheat. It is grown more or less in nearly all parts of the civilised world, and therefore it is not surprising that its straw should likewise have become applied to useful purposes wherever

the plant is known. In Madagascar, for instance, some of the most beautiful articles are made from finely split straw. Mr. Ellis, in his well known "Visits to Madagascar," says, that the most beautiful of all their plaited articles "was a small kind of basket or woven box made of a silvery white kind of grass split into very fine threads or strips, plaited with extreme neatness, and almost endless diversity of beautiful patterns. These boxes are oblong or square, and vary in size from half an inch to two, three, or nine inches square. Nothing can surpass the delicacy of the workmanship of these articles, in which there is no careless joining, loose thread, or unfinished part to be found. What renders them more remarkable is, that they are all, even the smallest, lined with a different kind of plait, so that they have the same firmness, durability, and general completeness as the matting [made of palm leaf]. Without losing anything of this, there are many of them so small as scarcely to contain a lady's ring." These articles, it seems, are made only by the women of the Hovas or other tribes occupying the centre of the island. Some specimens of this work are shown in the straw collection at the Kew Museum. One small box, about large enough to hold a lady's finger ring, is made of straw split as fine as ordinary thread.

The use of straw for mosaic work or for veneering small ornamental articles is well known in China, Japan, and India. This kind of work, as executed by the natives of these countries, excels that of all others alike in the taste displayed in the designs, and in the finish of the workmanship. We have seen some most exquisite specimens of Chinese straw mosaic work overlaying cigar cases of silver, or boxes of sandal-wood. The straws are in these cases dyed the most brilliant colours. Small boxes for holding jewels, &c., made of the native woods of the country and carefully veneered with coloured straws to form various patterns, are not uncommon in Japan. This kind of work, however, is not confined to the East; it is produced in England as well as in other parts of Europe, and seems to have sprung up in this country towards the close of the past century, about the time that split straw for bonnet-making was first introduced. It was then called "laid work." Boxes, fancy baskets, and work baskets were made of it, or rather ornamented with it, the straws being then as now dyed of various colours. In Norfolk, table-mats and similar small articles are still veneered with dyed straws so as to form patterns,

and the work is known as "straw marqueterie."

Latterly small articles veneered with straw in imitation of Tunbridge-ware have appeared in the fancy shops of London. These are the produce of forced labour in Bavarian prisons, and are imported from thence to this country. Various designs are produced, floral and otherwise, some in imitation of Berlin wool patterns, the pieces of straw being in small squares not larger than the head of a pin. The articles so inlaid or ornamented are work-boxes, knitting and tatting cases, watch-stands and such things. A large quantity of this work is made in a prison near Anspach, a thriving Bavarian town. The straw is imported from Florence, the only place from which it can be obtained of such quality and delicate tints. The following is a brief account of this singular manufacture as furnished by the dealers in these goods. A contractor enters into an agreement with the prison authorities for the use of the hands, and pays about 12 kreutzers (5*d.*) per day to each man. Of this the prisoner gets, according to his work and behaviour from $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, which with a certain remuneration for extra work is handed over to him at his dismissal. The regular time of work is fourteen hours a day, from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M., including three rests; eleven hours being thus employed in labour. The first work given to a convict is very simple, and consists in putting the straw through a machine to cut and flatten it. Another very easy task is the splitting of the straw, which is done by another machine. If the straw is put in properly the machine sends it out cut in small strips from four to twenty in number. If the convict has some idea of the manufacture of straw goods, he is put to work which requires a little more attention and practice—the so-called "placard-making," which means fixing a number of the same coloured straw strips on paper.

Another occupation consists in putting the straw bands or strips on the boxes or caskets. Each man has a separate colour to affix, and a box sometimes goes through fifty pairs of hands before it is finished.

The most difficult and artistic work is the formation of flowers. The convict has a sample or pattern before him, and a box with subdivisions on each side of him. One of the boxes contains a hundred subdivisions, with little straw squares of a hundred different tints. The other box contains fifty divisions for white, brown, and black straw bands, of fifty different lengths. With this material he makes in a very short time a complete ornament of flowers, which consists often of fifteen hundred squares, and as many straw bands. Of these bouquets or flower ornaments, about twenty thousand are made every day, which are corrected and pressed by other prisoners. They are afterwards cemented on to the boxes or caskets, and this gives occupation to another series of convicts. In connection with this manufacture, there is an establishment for book-binding, carpentry, and tin goods. The number of men employed in this manufacture is about three hundred.

This utilisation of convict labour, aided by steam power, has its counterpart in the mat manufacture so extensively carried on in Wakefield Prison, and recently brought before the notice of Parliament as being an unfair competition with the free labour market. The same system is also adopted, without the steam power, in the gaols of India, where the native prisoners produce an immense amount of useful and artistic work, which always commands a sale, and realises good prices. Thus, though the principal economic use of straw is the making of hats and other forms of head clothing, a by no means unimportant application of it is in purely ornamental work.

JOHN R. JACKSON.

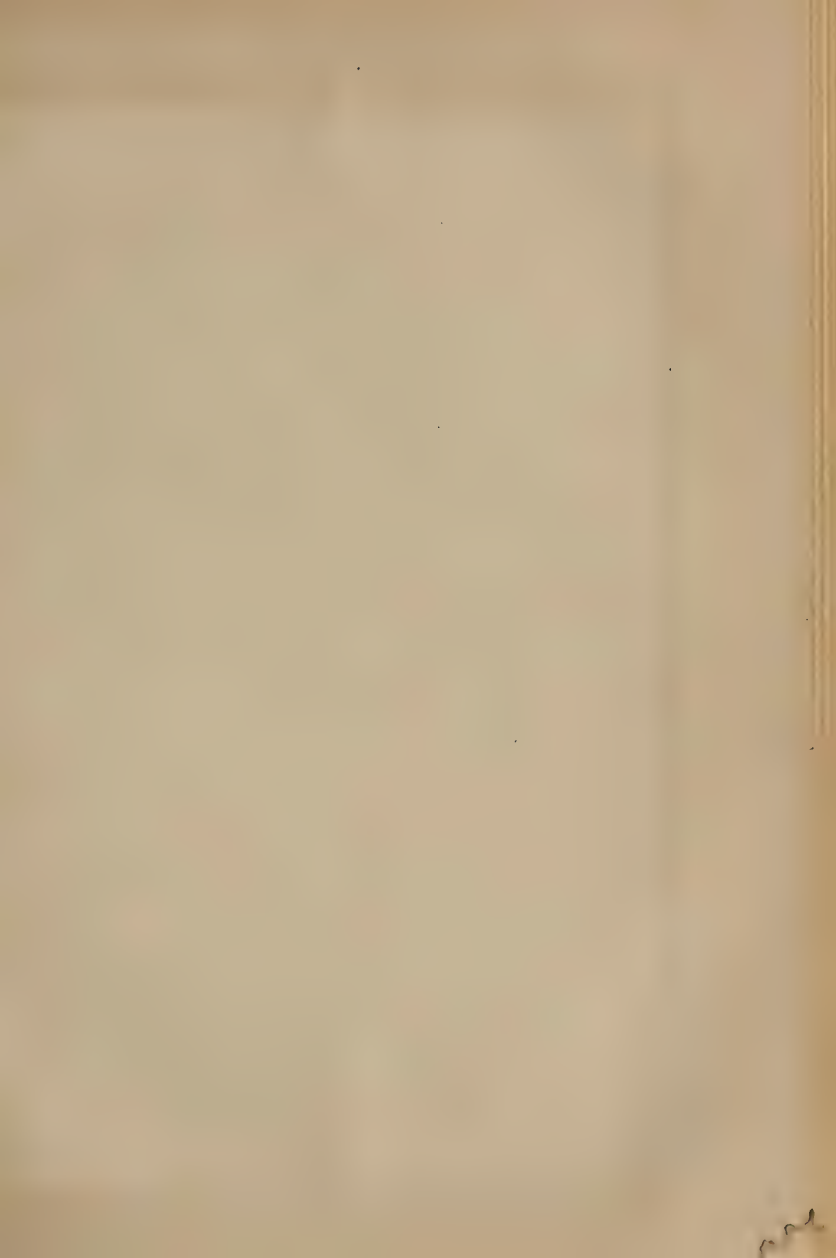
A VIOLET.

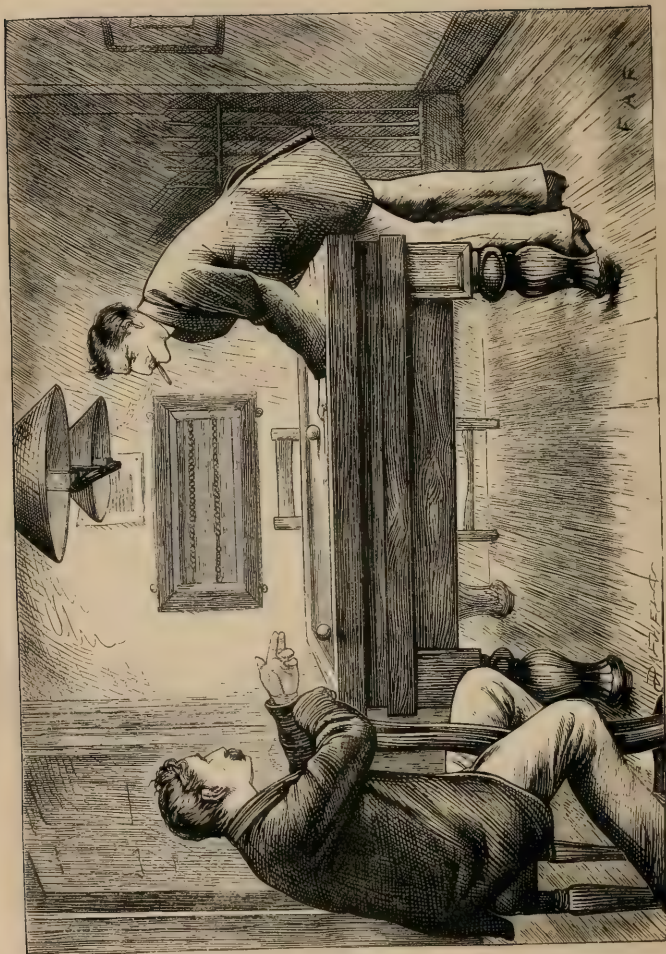
GOD does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces;
The Violet is here.

It all comes back—the odour, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places;
The old love shall look out from the old faces.
Veilchen! I shall have thee.

A. T. WHITNEY.





"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVII.



HERE had been very little said between Michel Voss and Urmand on their journey towards Granpere till they were at the top of the Vosges, on the mountain-road, at which place they had to leave their little carriage and bait their horse. Indeed, Michel had been asleep during almost the entire time. On the night but one before he had not been in bed at all, having reached Basle after midnight, and having passed the hours 'twixt that and his morning visit to Urmand's house in his futile endeavours to stop poor Marie's letter. And the departure of the travellers from Basle on this morning had been very early, so that the poor innkeeper had been robbed of his proper allowance of natural rest. He had slept soundly in the train to Colmar, and had afterwards slept in the little *calèche* which had taken them to the top of the mountain. Urmand had sat silent by his side,—by no means anxious to disturb his companion, because he had no determined plan ready to communicate. Once or twice before he reached Colmar he had thought that he would go back again. He had been, he felt, badly treated; and, though he was very fond of Marie, it would be better for him perhaps to wash his hands of the whole affair. He was so thinking the whole way to Colmar. But he was afraid of Michel Voss, and when they got out upon the platform there, he had no resolution ready to be declared as fixed. Then they had hired the little carriage, and Michel Voss had slept again. He had slept all through Münster, and up the steep mountain, and was not thoroughly awake till they were summoned to get out at the wonderfully

fine house for refreshment which the late Emperor caused to be built at the top of the hill. Here they went into the restaurant, and as Michel Voss was known to the man who kept it, he ordered a bottle of wine. "What a terrible place to live in all the winter!" he said, as he looked down through the window right into the deep valley below. From the spot on which the house is built you can see all the broken wooded ground of the steep descent, and then the broad plain that stretches away to the valley of the Rhine. "There is nothing but snow here after Christmas," continued Michel, "and perhaps not a Christian over the road for days together. I shouldn't like it, I know. It may be all very well just now."

But Adrian Urmand was altogether inattentive either to the scenery now before him, or to the prospect of the mountain innkeeper's winter life. He knew that two hours and a half would take them down the mountain into Granpere, and that when there it would be at once necessary that he should begin a task the idea of which was by no means pleasant to him. He was quite sure now that he wished he had remained at Basle, and that he had accepted Marie's letter as final. He told himself again and again that he could not make her marry him if she chose to change her mind. What was he to say, and what was he to do when he got to Granpere, a place which he almost wished that he had never seen in spite of those profitable linen-buyings? And now when Michel Voss began to talk to him about the scenery and what this man up in the mountain did in the winter,—at this moment when his terrible trouble was so very near him,—he felt it to be an insult, or at least a cruelty. "What can he do from December till April except smoke and drink?" asked Michel Voss.

"I don't care what he does," said Urmand, turning away. "I only know I wish I'd never come here."

"Take a glass of wine, my friend," said Michel. "The mountain air has made you chill." Urmand took the glass of wine, but it did not cheer him much. "We shall have it all right before the day is over," continued Michel.

"I don't think it will ever be all right," said the other.

"And why not? The fact is, you don't understand young women; as how should

you, seeing that you have not had to manage them? You do as I tell you, and just be round with her. You tell her that you don't desire any change yourself, and that after what has passed you can't allow her to think of such a thing. You speak as though you had a downright claim, as you have; and all will come right. It's not that she cares for him, you know. You must remember that. She has never even said a word of that kind. I haven't a doubt on my mind as to which she really likes best; but it's that stupid promise, and the way that George has had of making her believe that she is bound by the first word she ever spoke to a young man. It's only nonsense, and of course we must get over it." Then they were summoned out, the horse having finished his meal, and were rattled down the hill into Granpere without many more words between them.

One other word was spoken, and that word was hardly pleasant in its tone. Urmand at least did not relish it. "I shall go away at once if she doesn't treat me as she ought," said he, just as they were entering the village.

Michel was silent for a moment before he answered. "You'll behave, I'm sure, as a man ought to behave to a young woman whom he intends to make his wife." The words themselves were civil enough; but there was a tone in the innkeeper's voice and a flame in his eye, which made Urmand almost feel that he had been threatened. Then they drove into the space in front of the door of the Lion d'Or.

Michel had made for himself no plan whatsoever. He led the way at once into the house, and Urmand followed, hardly daring to look up into the faces of the persons around him. They were both of them soon in the presence of Madame Voss, but Marie Bromar was not there. Marie had been sharp enough to perceive who was coming before they were out of the carriage, and was already ensconced in some safer retreat upstairs, in which she could meditate on her plan of the campaign. "Look lively and get us something to eat," said Michel, meaning to be cheerful and self-possessed. "We left Basle at five and have not eaten a mouthful since." It was now nearly four o'clock, and the bread and cheese which had been served with the wine on the top of the mountain had of course gone for nothing. Madame Voss immediately began to bustle about, calling the cook and Peter Veque to her assistance. But nothing for awhile was said about Marie. Urmand, trying to look as though he were self-possessed, stood with his

back to the stove and whistled. For a few minutes, during which the bustling about the table went on, Michel was wrapped in thought and said nothing. At last he had made up his mind, and spoke, "We might as well make a dash at it at once," said he. "Where is Marie?" No one answered him. "Where is Marie Bromar?" he asked again angrily. He knew that it behoved him now to take upon himself at once the real authority of a master of a house.

"She is up-stairs," said Peter, who was straightening a table-cloth.

"Tell her to come down to me," said her uncle. Peter departed immediately, and for awhile there was silence in the little room. Adrian Urmand felt his heart to palpitate disagreeably. Indeed, the manner in which it would appear that the innkeeper proposed to manage the business was distressing enough to him. It seemed as though it were intended that he should discuss his little difficulties with Marie in the presence of the whole household. But he stood his ground and sounded one more ineffectual little whistle. In a few minutes Peter returned, but said nothing. "Where is Marie Bromar?" again demanded Michel in an angry voice.

"I told her to come down," said Peter.

"Well?"

"I don't think she's coming," said Peter.

"What did she say?"

"Not a word;—she only bade me go down." Then Michel walked into the kitchen as though he were about to fetch the recusant himself. But he stopped himself, and asked his wife to go up to Marie. Madame Voss did go up, and after her return there was some whispering between her and her husband. "She is upset by the excitement of your return," Michel said at last, "and we must give her a little grace. Come;—we will eat our dinner."

In the meantime Marie was sitting on her bed up-stairs in a most unhappy plight. She really loved her uncle, and almost feared him. She did fear him with that sort of fear which is produced by reverence and habits of obedience, but which, when softened by affection, hardly makes itself known as fear except on troublous occasions. And she was oppressed by the remembrance of all that was due from her to him and to her aunt, feeling, as it was natural that she should do in compliance with the manners and habits of her people, that she owed a duty of obedience in this matter of marriage. Though she had been able to hold her own against the priest, and had been quite firm in opposi-

tion to her aunt,—who was in truth a woman much less strong by nature than herself,—she dreaded a further dispute with her uncle. She could not bear to think that he should be enabled to accuse her with justice of ingratitude. It had been her great pleasure to be true to him, and he had answered her truth by a perfect confidence which had given a charm to her life. Now this would all be over, and she would be driven again to beg him to send her away, that she might become a household drudge elsewhere. And now that this very moment of her agony had come, and that this man to whom she had given a promise was there to claim her, how was she to go down and say what she had to say, before all the world? It was perfectly clear to her that in accordance with her reception of Urmand at the first moment of their meeting, so must be her continued conduct towards him, till he should leave her,—or else take her away with him. She could not smile on him and shake hands with him, and cut his bread for him and pour out his wine, after such a letter as she had written to him, without signifying thereby that the letter was to go for nothing. Now, let what might happen, the letter was not to go for nothing. The letter was to remain a true fact, and a true letter. “I can’t go down, Aunt Josey; indeed I can’t,” she said. “I am not well, and I should drop. Pray tell Uncle Michel with my best love and with my duty, that I can’t go to him now.” And she sat still upon her bed, not weeping, but clasping her hands, and trying to see her way out of her misfortune.

The dinner was eaten in grim silence, and after the dinner Michel, still grimly silent, sat with his friend on the bench before the door and smoked a cigar. While he was smoking Michel said never a word. But he was thinking of the difficulty he had to overcome; and he was thinking also, at odd moments, whether his own son George was not, after all, a better sort of lover for a young woman than this young man who was seated by his side. But it never occurred to him that he might find a solution of the difficulty by encouraging this second idea. Urmand during this time was telling himself that it behoved him to be a man, and that his sitting there in silence was hardly proof of his manliness. He knew that he was being ill-treated, and that he must do something to redress his own wrongs, if he only knew how to do. He was quite determined that he would not be a coward; that he would stand up for his own rights. But if a young woman won’t

marry a man, a man can’t make her do so, either by scolding her, or by fighting any of her friends. In this case the young lady’s friends were all on his side. But the weight of that half hour of silence and of Michel’s gloom was intolerable to him. At last he got up and declared he would go and see an old woman who would have linen to sell. “As I am here, I might as well do a stroke of work,” he said, striving to be jocose.

“Do,” said Michel; “and in the meantime I will see Marie Bromar.”

Whenever Michel Voss was heard to call his niece Marie Bromar, using the two names, it was understood by all who heard him about the hotel that he was not in a good humour. As soon as Urmand was gone, he rose slowly from his seat, and with heavy steps he went up-stairs in search of the refractory girl. He went straight to her own bed-room, and there he found her still sitting on her bedside. She jumped up as soon as he was in the room, and running up to him, took him by the arm. “Uncle Michel,” she said, “pray, pray be good to me. Pray spare me!”

“I am good to you,” he said. “I try to be good to you.”

“You know that I love you. Do you not know that I love you?” Then she paused, but he made no answer to her. He was surer of nothing in the world than he was of her affection, but it did not suit him to acknowledge it at that moment. “I would do anything for you that I could do, Uncle Michel; but pray do not ask me to do this?” Then she clasped him tightly, and hung upon him, and put up her face to be kissed. But he would not kiss her. “Ah,” said she; “you mean to be hard to me. Then I must go; then I must go; then I must go!”

“That is nonsense, Marie. You cannot go, till you go to your husband. Where would you go to?”

“It matters not where I go to now.”

“Marie, you are betrothed to this man, and you must consent to become his wife. Say that you will consent, and all this nonsense shall be forgotten.” She did not say that she would consent; but she did not say that she would not, and he thought that he might persuade her, if he could speak to her as he ought. But he doubted which might be most efficacious, affection or severity. He had assured himself that it would be his duty to be very severe, before he gave up the point; but it might be possible, as she was so sweet with him, so loving and so gracious, that affection might prevail. If so, how much easier would the task be to himself! So he

put his arm round her, and stooped down and kissed her.

"Oh, Uncle Michel," she said; "dear, dear Uncle Michel; say that you will spare me, and be on my side, and be good to me!"

"My darling girl, it is for your own good, for the good of us all, that you should marry this man. Do you not know that I would not tell you so, if it were not true? I cannot be more good to you than that."

"I can—not, Uncle Michel."

"Tell me why, now. What is it? Has anybody been bringing tales to you?"

"Nobody has brought any tales."

"Is there anything amiss with him?"

"It is not that; it is not that at all. I am sure he is an excellent young man, and I wish with all my heart he had a better wife than I can ever be."

"He thinks you will be quite good enough for him."

"I am not good for anybody. I am very bad."

"Leave him to judge of that."

"But I cannot do it, Uncle Michel. I can never be Adrian Urmand's wife."

"But why, why, why?" repeated Michel, who was beginning to be again angered by his own want of success. "You have said that a dozen times, but have never attempted to give a reason."

"I will tell you the reason. It is because I love George with all my heart, and with all my soul. He is so dear to me, that I should always be thinking of him. I could not help myself. I should always have him in my heart. Would that be right, Uncle Michel, if I were married to another man?"

"Then why did you accept the other man? There is nothing changed since then."

"I was wicked then."

"I don't think you were wicked at all;—but at any rate you did it. You didn't think anything about having George in your heart then."

It was very hard for her to answer this, and for a moment or two she was silenced. At last she found a reply. "I thought everything was dead within me then,—and that it didn't signify. Since that he has been here, and he has told me all."

"I wish he had stayed where he was, with all my heart. We did not want him here," said the innkeeper in his anger.

"But he did come, Uncle Michel. I did not send for him, but he did come."

"Yes; he came,—and he has disturbed everything that I had arranged so happily. Look here, Marie. I lay my commands upon

you as your uncle and guardian, and I may say also as your best and staunchest friend, to be true to the solemn engagement which you have made with this young man. I will not hear any answer from you now, but I leave you with that command. Urmand has come here at my request, because I told him that you would be obedient. If you make a fool of me, and of yourself, and of us all, it will be impossible that I should forgive you. He will see you this evening, and I will trust to your good sense to receive him with propriety." Then Michel Voss left the room and descended with ponderous steps, indicative of a heavy heart.

Marie, when she was alone, again seated herself on the bedside. Of course she must see Adrian Urmand. She was quite aware that she could not encounter him now with that half-saucy, independent air which had come to her quite naturally before she had accepted him. She would willingly humble herself in the dust before him, if by so doing she could induce him to relinquish his suit. But if she could not do so; if she could not talk over either her uncle or him to be on, what she called, her side, then what should she do? Her uncle's entreaties to her, joined to his too evident sorrow, had upon her an effect so powerful, that she could hardly overcome it. She had, as she thought, resolved most positively that nothing should induce her to marry Adrian Urmand. She had of course been very firm in this resolution when she wrote her letter. But now,—now she was almost shaken! When she thought only of herself, she would almost task herself to believe that after all it did not much matter what of happiness or of unhappiness might befall her. If she allowed herself to be taken to a new home at Basle she could still work and eat and drink,—and working, eating, and drinking she could wait till her unhappiness should be removed. She was sufficiently wise to understand that as she became a middle-aged woman, with perhaps children around her, her sorrow would melt into a soft regret which would be at least endurable. And what did it signify after all how much one such a being as herself might suffer? The world would go on in the same way, and her small troubles would be of but little significance. Work would save her from utter despondence. But when she thought of George, and the words in which he had expressed the constancy of his own love, and the shipwreck which would fall upon him if she were untrue to him,—then again she would become strong in her determination.

Her uncle had threatened her with his lasting displeasure. He had said that it would be impossible that he should forgive her. That would be unbearable! Yet, when she thought of George, she told herself that it must be borne.

Before the hour of supper came, her aunt had been with her, and she had promised to see her suitor alone. There had been some doubt on this point between Michel and his wife, Madame Voss thinking that either she or her husband ought to be present. But Michel had prevailed. "I don't care what any people may say," he replied. "I know my own girl;—and I know also what he has a right to expect." So it was settled, and Marie understood that Adrian was to come to her in the little brightly furnished sitting-room up-stairs. On this occasion she took no notice of the hotel supper at all. It is to be hoped that Peter Veque proved himself equal to the occasion.

At about nine she was seated in the appointed place, and Madame Voss brought her lover up into the room.

"Here is M. Urmand come to speak to you," she said. "Your uncle thinks that you had better see him alone. I am sure you will bear in mind what it is that he and I wish." Then she closed the door, and Adrian and Marie were left together.

"I need hardly tell you," said he, "what were my feelings when your uncle came to me yesterday morning. And when I opened your letter and read it, I could hardly believe that it had come from you."

"Yes, M. Urmand;—it did come from me."

"And why—what have I done? The last word you had spoken to me was to declare that you would be my loving wife."

"Not that, M. Urmand; never that. When I thought it was to be so, I told you that I would do my best to do my duty by you."

"Say that once more, and all shall be right."

"But I never promised that I would love you. I could not promise that; and I was very wicked to allow them to give you my troth. You can't think worse of me than I think of myself."

"But, Marie, why should you not love me? I am sure you would love me."

"Listen to me, M. Urmand; listen to me, and be generous to me. I think you can be generous to a poor girl who is very unhappy. I do not love you. I do not say that I should not have loved you, if you had been

the first. Why should not any girl love you? You are above me in every way, and rich, and well spoken of; and your life has been less rough and poor than mine. It is not that I have been proud. What is there that I can be proud of—except my uncle's trust in me? But George Voss had come to me before, and had made me promise that I would love him;—and I do love him. How can I help it, if I wished to help it? Oh, M. Urmand, can you not be generous? Think how little it is that you will lose." But Adrian Urmand did not like to be told of the girl's love for another man. His generosity would almost have been more easily reached had she told him of George's love for her. People had assured him since he was engaged that Marie Bromar was the handsomest girl in Lorraine or Alsace; and he felt it to be an injury that this handsome girl should prefer such a one as George Voss to himself. Marie, with a woman's sharpness, perceived all this accurately. "Remember," said she, "that I had hardly seen you when George and I were—when he and I became such friends."

"Your uncle doesn't want you to marry his son."

"I shall never become George's wife without his consent; never."

"Then what would be the use of my giving way?" asked Urmand. "He would never consent."

She paused for a moment before she replied—

"To save yourself," said she, "from living with a woman who cannot love you, and to save me from living with a man I cannot love."

"And is this to be all the answer you will give me?"

"It is the request that I have to make to you," said Marie.

"Then I had better go down to your uncle." And he went down to Michel Voss, leaving Marie Bromar again alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE people of Colmar think Colmar to be a considerable place, and far be it from us to hint that it is not so. It is—or was in the days when Alsace was French—the chief town of the department of the Haut Rhine. It bristles with barracks, and is busy with cotton factories. It has been accustomed to the presence of a *prefet*, and is no doubt important. But it is not so large that people going in and out of it can pass without attention, and this we take to be the really true

line of demarcation between a big town and a little one. Had Michel Voss and Adrian Urmand passed through Lyons or Strasbourg on their journey to Granpere, no one would have noticed them, and their acquaintances in either of those cities would not have been a bit the wiser. But it was not probable that they should leave the train at the Colmar station, and hire Daniel Bredin's *calèche* for the mountain journey thence to Granpere, without all the facts of the case coming to the ears of Madame Faragon. And when she had heard the news, of course she told it to George Voss. She had interested herself very keenly in the affair of George's love, partly because she had a soft heart of her own, and loved a ray of romance to fall in upon her as she sat fat and helpless in her easy-chair, and partly because she thought that the future landlord of the Hôtel de la Poste at Colmar ought to be regarded as a bigger man and a better match than any Swiss linen merchant in the world. "I can't think what it is that your father means," she had said. "When he and I were young, he used not to be so fond of the people of Basle, and he didn't think so much then of a peddling buyer of sheetings and shirtings." Madame Faragon was rather fond of alluding to past times, and of hinting to George that in early days, had she been willing, she might have been mistress of the Lion d'Or at Granpere, instead of the Poste at Colmar. George never quite believed the boast, as he knew that Madame Faragon was at least ten years older than his father. "He used to think," continued Madame Faragon, "that there was nothing better than a good house in the public line, with a well-spirited woman inside it to stand her ground and hold her own. But everything is changed now, since the railroads came up. The pedlars become merchants, and the respectable old shopkeepers must go to the wall." George would hear all this in silence, though he knew that his old friend was endeavouring to comfort him by making little of the Basle linen merchant. Now, when Madame Faragon learned that Michel Voss and Adrian Urmand had gone through Colmar back from Basle on their way to Granpere, she immediately foresaw what was to happen. Marie's marriage was to be hurried on, George was to be thrown overboard, and the pedlar's pack was to be triumphant over the sign of the innkeeper.

"If I were you, George, I would dash in among them at once," said Madame Faragon.

George was silent for a minute or two, leaving the room and returning to it before he made any answer. Then he declared that he would dash in among them at Granpere.

"It will be better to go over and see it all settled," he said.

"But, George, you won't quarrel?"

"What do you mean by quarrelling? I don't suppose that this man and I can be very dear friends when we meet each other."

"You won't have any fighting. Oh, George, if I thought there was going to be fighting, I would go myself to prevent it." Madame Faragon no doubt was sincere in her desire that there should be no fighting; but, nevertheless, there was a life and reality about this little affair which had a gratifying effect upon her. "If I thought I could do any good, I really would go," she said again afterwards. But George did not encourage her to make the attempt.

No more was said about it; but early on the following morning, or in truth long before the morning had dawned, George had started upon his journey, following his father and M. Urmand in their route over the mountain. This was the third time he had gone to Granpere in the course of the present autumn, and on each time he had gone without invitation and without warning. And yet, previous to this, he had remained above a year at Colmar without taking any notice of his family. He knew that his father would not make him welcome, and he almost doubted whether it would be proper for him to drive himself direct to the door of the hotel. His father had told him, when they were last parting from each other, that he was nothing but a trouble. "You are all trouble," his father had said to him. And then his father had threatened to have him turned from the door by the servants, if he should come to the house again before Marie and Adrian were married. He was not afraid of his father; but he felt that he had no right to treat the Lion d'Or as his own home unless he was prepared to obey his father. And he knew nothing as to Marie and her purpose. He had learned from her that were she left to herself she would give herself with all her heart to him. But she would not be left to herself, and he only knew now that Adrian Urmand was being taken back to Granpere,—of course with the intention that the marriage should be at once perfected. Madame Faragon had, no doubt, been right in her advice as to dashing in among them at once. Whatever was to be done must be done now. But it was by no

means clear to him how he was to carry on the war when he found himself among them all at Granpere.

It was now October, and the morning on the mountain was very dark and cold. He had started from Colmar between three and four, so that he had passed through Münster, and was ascending the hill before six. He too stopped and fed his horse at the Emperor's house at the top, and fortified himself with a tumbler of wine and a hunch of bread. He meant to go into Granpere and claim Marie as his own. He would go to the priest, and to the pastor if necessary, and forbid all authorities to lend their countenance to the proposed marriage. He would speak his mind plainly, and would accuse his father of extreme cruelty. He would call upon Madame Voss to save her niece. He would be very savage with Marie, hoping that he might thereby save her from herself,—defying her to say either before man or God that she loved the man whom she was about to make her husband. And as to Adrian Urmand himself—; he still thought that, should the worst come to the worst, he would try some process of choking upon Adrian Urmand. Any use of personal violence would be distasteful to him and contrary to his nature. He was not a man who in the ordinary way of his life would probably lift his hand against another. Such liftings of hands on the part of other men he regarded as a falling back to the truculence of savage life. Men should manage and coerce each other either with the tongue, or with money, or with the law—according to his theory of life. But on such an occasion as this he found himself obliged to acknowledge that, if the worst should come to the worst, some attempt at choking his enemy must be made. It must be made for Marie's sake, if not for his own. In this mood of mind he drove down to Granpere, and, not knowing where else to stop, drew up his horse in the middle of the road before the hotel. The stable servant, who was hanging about, immediately came to him;—and there was his father standing, all alone, at the door of the house. It was now ten o'clock, and he had expected that his father would have been away from home, as was his custom at that hour. But the innkeeper's mind was at present too full of trouble to allow of his going off either to the wood-cutting or to the farm.

Adrian Urmand, after his failure with Marie on the preceding evening, had not again gone down-stairs. He had taken himself at once to his bedroom, and had re-

mained there gloomy and unhappy, very angry with Marie Bromar; but, if possible, more angry with Michel Voss. Knowing, as he must have known, how the land lay, why had the innkeeper brought him from Basle to Granpere? He found himself to have been taken in, from first to last, by the whole household, and he would at this moment have been glad to obliterate Granpere altogether from among the valleys of the Vosges. And so he went to bed in his wrath. Michel and Madame Voss sat below waiting for him above an hour. Madame Voss more than once proposed that she should go up and see what was happening. It was impossible, she declared, that they should be talking together all that time. But her husband had stayed her. "Whatever they have to say, let them say it out." It seemed to him that Marie must be giving way, if she submitted herself to so long an interview. When at last Madame Voss did go up-stairs, she learned from the maid that M. Urmand had been in bed ever so long, and on going to Marie's chamber, she found her sitting where she had sat before. "Yes, Aunt Josey, I will go to bed at once," she said. "Give uncle my love." Then Aunt Josey had returned to her husband, and neither of them had been able to extract any comfort from the affairs of the evening.

Early on the following morning, M. le Curé was called to a consultation. This was very distasteful to Michel Voss, because he was himself a Protestant, and, having lived all his life with a Protestant son and two Roman Catholic women in the house, he had come to feel that Father Gondin's religion was a religion for the weaker sex. He troubled himself very little with the doctrinal differences, having no slightest touch of an idea that he was to be saved because he was a Protestant, and that they were in peril because they were Roman Catholics. Nor, indeed, was there any such idea on either side prevalent in the valley. What M. le Curé himself may have believed, who can say? But he never taught his parishioners that their Protestant uncles and wives and children were to be damned. Michel Voss was averse to priestly assistance; but now he submitted to it. He hardly knew himself how far that betrothal was a binding ceremony. But he felt strongly that he had committed himself to the marriage; that it did not become him to allow that his son had been right; and also that if Marie would only marry the man, she would find herself quite happy in her new home. So

M. le Curé was called in, and there was a consultation. M. le Curé was quite as hot in favour of the marriage as were the other persons concerned. It was, in the first place, infinitely preferable in his eyes that his young parishioner should marry a Roman Catholic. But he was not able to undertake to use any special thunders of the Church. He could tell the young woman what was her duty, and he had done so. If her guardians wished it, he would do so again, very strongly. But he did not know how he was to do more. Then the priest told the story of Annette Lolme, pointing out how well Marie was acquainted with all the bearings of the case.

"But both consented to break it off in that case," said Michel. It was singular to observe how cruel he had become against the girl whom he so dearly loved. The Curé explained to him again that neither the Church nor the law could interfere to make her marry M. Urmand. It might be explained to her that she would commit a sin requiring penitence and absolution if she did not marry him. The Church could go no further than that. But—such was the Curé's opinion—there was no power at the command of Michel Voss by which he could force his niece to marry the man, unless his own internal power as a friend and a protector might enable him to do so. "She doesn't care a straw for that now," said he. "Not a straw. Since that fellow was over here, she thinks nothing of me, and nothing of her word." Then he went out to the hotel door, leaving the priest with his wife, and he had not stood there for a minute or two before he saw his son's arrival. Marie, in the meantime, had not left her room. She had sent word down to her uncle that she was ill, and that she would beg him to go up to her. As yet he had not seen her; but a message had been taken to her, saying that he would come soon. Adrian Urmand had breakfasted alone, and had since been wandering about the house alone. He also, from the windows of the billiard-room, had seen the arrival of George Voss.

Michel Voss, when he saw George, did not move from his place. He was still very angry with his son, vehemently angry, because his son stood in the way of the completion of his desires. But he had forgotten all his threats, spoken now nearly a week ago. He was altogether oblivious of his declaration that he would have George turned away from the door by the servants of the

inn. That his own son should treat his house as a home was so natural to him, that it did not even occur to him now that he could bid him not to enter. There he was again, creating more trouble; and, as far as our friend the innkeeper could see, likely enough to be successful in his object. Michel stood his ground, with his hands in his pockets, because he would not even shake hands with his son. But when George came up, he bowed a recognition with his head; as though he should have said,—*"I see you; but I cannot say that you are welcome to Granpere."* George stood for a moment or two, and then addressed his father.

"Adrian Urmand is here with you, is he not, father?"

"He is in the house somewhere," said Michel sullenly.

"May I speak to him?"

"I am not his keeper; not *his*," and Michel put a special accent on the last word, by which he implied that though he was not the keeper of Adrian Urmand, he was the keeper of somebody else. George stood awhile, hesitating, by his father's side, and as he stood he saw through the window of the billiard-room the figure of Urmand, who was watching them. "Your mother is in her own room; you had better go to her," said Michel. Then George entered the hotel, and his father went across the court to seek Urmand in his retreat. In this way the difficulty of the first meeting was overcome, and George did not find himself turned out of the Lion d'Or.

He knew of course nothing of the state of affairs at the inn. It might be that Marie had already given way, and was still the promised bride of this man. Indeed, to him it seemed most probable that such should be the case. He had been sent to look for Madame Voss, and Madame Voss he found in the kitchen.

"Oh, George, who expected to see you here to-day?" she exclaimed.

"Nobody, I dare say," he replied. The cook was there and two or three other servants and hangers on. It was impossible that he should speak out before so many persons, and he had not a friend about the place, unless Marie was his friend. After a few moments he went into the inner room, and Madame Voss followed him. "Well," said he, "has anything been settled?"

"I am sorry to say that everything is as unsettled as it can be," said Madame Voss.

Then Marie must be true to him! And if so she must be the grandest woman, the finest

girl that had ever been created? If so, would he not be true to her? If so, with what a true worship would he offer her all that he had to give in the world! He had come there before determined to crush her with his thunderbolt. Now he would swear to cherish her and keep her warm with his love for ever and ever. "Is she here?" he asked.

"She is up-stairs, in bed. You cannot see her."

"She is not ill?"

"She is making everybody else ill about the place, I know that," said Madame Voss.

"And as for you, George, you owe a different kind of treatment to your father; you do indeed. It will make an old man of him. He has set his heart upon this, and you ought to have yielded."

It was at any rate evident that Marie was holding out, was true to her first love, in spite of that betrothal which had appeared to George to be so wicked, but which had in truth been caused by his own fault. If Marie would hold out, there would be no need that he should lay violent hands upon Adrian Urmand, or have resort to any process of



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choking. If she would only be firm, they could not succeed in making her marry the linen merchant. He was not in the least afraid of M. le Curé Gondin; nor was he afraid of Adrian Urmand. He was not much afraid of Madame Voss. He was afraid only of his father. "A man cannot yield on such a matter," he said. "No man yields in such an affair,—though he may be beaten." Madame Voss listened to him, but said nothing further. She was busy with her work, and went on intently with her needle.

He had asked to see Urmand, and he now went out in quest of him. He passed across the court, and in at the door of the café, and up into the billiard room. Here he found both his father and the young man. Urmand got up to salute him, and George took off his hat. Nothing could be more ceremonious than the manner in which the two rivals greeted each other. They had not seen each other for nearly two years, and had never been intimate. When George had been living at Granpere, Urmand had only been an occasional sojourner at the inn, and had not

as yet fallen into habits of friendship with the Voss family.

"Have you seen your mother?" Michel asked.

"Yes; I have seen her." Then there was silence for awhile. Urmand knew not how to speak, and George was doubtful how to proceed in presence of his father.

Then Michel asked another question. "Are you going to stay long with us, George?"

"Certainly not long, father. I have brought nothing with me but what you see."

"You have brought too much if you have come to give us trouble."

Then there was another pause, during which George sat down in a corner, apart from them. Urmand took out a cigar and lit it, offering one to the innkeeper. But Michel Voss shook his head. He was very unhappy, feeling that everything around him was wrong. Here was a son of his, of whom he was proud, the only living child of his first wife, a young man of whom all people said good things; a son whom he had always loved and trusted, and who even now, at this very moment, was showing himself to be a real man; and yet he was forced to quarrel with this son, and say harsh things to him, and sit away from him with a man who was after all no more than a stranger to him, with whom he had no sympathy; when it would have made him so happy to be leaning on his son's shoulder, and discussing their joint affairs with unreserved confidence, asking questions about wages, and suggesting possible profits. He was beginning to hate Adrian Urmand. He was beginning to hate the young man, although he knew that it was his duty to go on with the marriage. Urmand, as soon as his cigar was lighted, got up and began to knock the balls about on the table. That gloom of silence was to him most painful.

"If you would not mind it, M. Urmand," said George, "I would like to take a walk with you."

"To take a walk?"

"If it would not be disagreeable. Perhaps it would be well that you and I should have a few minutes of conversation."

"I will leave you together here," said the father, "if you, George, will promise me that there shall be no violence." Urmand looked at the innkeeper as though he did not like the proposition, but Michel took no notice of his look.

"There certainly shall be none on my part," said George. "I don't know what M. Urmand's feelings may be."

"Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind," said

Urmand. "But I don't exactly see what we are to talk about." Michel, however, paid no attention to this, but walked slowly out of the room. "I really don't know what there is to say," continued Urmand, as he knocked the balls about with his cue.

"There is this to say. That girl up there was induced to promise that she would be your wife, when she believed that—I had forgotten her."

"Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind."

"That is her story. Go and ask her. If it is so, or even if it suits her now to say so, you will hardly as a man endeavour to drive her into a marriage which she does not wish. You will never do it, even if you do try. Though you go on trying till you drive her mad, she will never be your wife. But if you are a man, you will not continue to torment her, simply because you have got her unde to back you."

"Who says she will never marry me?"

"I say so. She says so."

"We are betrothed to each other. Why should she not marry me?"

"Simply because she does not wish it. She does not love you. Is not that enough? She does love another man; me—me—me. Is not that enough? Heaven and earth! I would sooner go to the galleys, or break stones upon the roads, than take a woman to my bosom who was thinking of some other man."

"That is all very fine."

"Let me tell you that the other thing, that which you propose to do, is by no means fine. But I will not quarrel with you, if I can help it. Will you go away and leave us at peace? They say you are rich and have got a grand house. Surely you can do better than marry a poor innkeeper's niece—a girl that has worked hard all her life?"

"I could do better if I chose," said Adrian Urmand.

"Then go and do better. Do you not perceive that even my father is becoming tired of all the trouble you are making? Surely you will not wait till you are turned out of the house?"

"Who will turn me out of the house?"

"Marie will, and my father. Do you think he'll see her wither and droop and die, or perhaps go mad, in order that a promise may be kept to you? Take the matter into your own hands at once, and say you will have no more to do with it. That will be the manly way."

"Is that all you have to say, my friend?"

asked Urmand, assuming a voice that was intended to be indifferent.

"Yes—that is all. But I mean to do something more, if I am driven to it."

"Very well. When I want advice from you, I will come to you for it. And as for your doing, I believe you are not master here as yet. Good morning." So saying, Adrian Urmand left the room, and George Voss in a few minutes followed him down the stairs.

The rest of the day was passed in gloom, and wretchedness. George hardly spoke to his father; but the two sat at table together, and there was no open quarrel between them. Urmand also sat with them, and tried to converse with Michel and Madame Voss. But Michel would say very little to him, and the mistress of the house was so cowed by the circumstances of the day that she was hardly able to talk. Marie still kept her

room; and it was stated to them that she was not well and was in bed. Her uncle had gone to see her twice, but had made no report to any one of what had passed between them.

It had come to be understood that George would sleep there, at any rate for that night, and a bed had been prepared for him. The party broke up very early, for there was nothing in common among them to keep them together. Madame Voss sat murmuring with the priest for half an hour or so; but it seemed that the gloom attendant upon the young lovers had settled also upon M. le Curé. Even he escaped as early as he could.

When George was about to undress himself there came a knock at his door, and one of the servant girls put into his hand a scrap of paper. On it was written, "I will never marry him, never—never—never; upon my honour!"

TOWN GEOLOGY.

VI.—THE SLATES ON THE ROOF.

(Concluded from p. 383.)

AS for the enormous changes which have taken place in the outline of the whole of the mountains, since first their strata were laid down at the bottom of the sea: I shall give facts enough, before this paper is done, to enable readers to judge of them for themselves.

The reader will now ask, naturally enough, how such a heap of beds as I have described can take the shape of mountains like Snowdon.

Look at any sea cliff in which the strata are twisted and set on slope. There are hundreds of such in these isles. The beds must have been at one time straight and horizontal. But it is equally clear that they have been folded by being squeezed laterally. At least that is the simplest explanation, as may be proved by experiment. Take a number of pieces of cloth, or any such stuff; lay them on each other, and then squeeze them together at each end. They will arrange themselves in folds, just as the beds of the cliff have done. And if, instead of cloth, you take some more brittle matter, you will find that, as you squeeze on, these folds will tend to snap at the points of greatest tension or stretching, which will be of course at the anticlinal and synclinal lines—in plain English, the tops and bottoms of the folds:

so cracks will be formed, and if the pressure goes on, the ends of the layers will shift against each other in the line of those cracks, forming faults like those so common in rocks.

But again, suppose that instead of squeezing these broken and folded lines together any more, you took off the pressure right and left, and pressed them upwards from below, by a mimic earthquake. They would rise; and as they rose leave open spaces between them. Now if you could contrive to squeeze into them from below a paste, which would harden in the cracks and between the layers, and so keep them permanently apart, you would make them into a fair likeness of an average mountain range—a mess—if I may make use of a plain old word—of rocks which have, by alternate contraction and expansion, helped in the latter case by the injection of molten lava, been thrust about, as they are in most mountain ranges.

That such a contraction and expansion goes on in the crust of the earth is evident, for here are the palpable effects of it. And the simplest general cause which I can give for it is this: That things expand as they are heated, and contract as they are cooled.

Now I am not learned enough—and were I, I have not time—to enter into the various

theories which philosophers have put forward, to account for these grand phenomena.

The most remarkable, perhaps, and the most probable, is the theory of M. Elie de Beaumont, which is, in a few words, this:—

That this earth, like all the planets, must have been once in a state of intense heat throughout, as its mass inside is probably now.

That it must be cooling, and giving off its heat into space.

That, therefore, as it cools, its crust must contract.

That, therefore, in contracting, wrinkles (for the loftiest mountain chains are nothing but tiny wrinkles, compared with the whole mass of the earth), wrinkles, I say, must form on its surface from time to time. And that the mountain chains are these wrinkles.

Be that as it may, we may safely say this. That wherever the internal heat of the earth tends (as in the case of volcanos) toward a particular spot, that spot must expand, and swell up, bulging the rocks out, and probably cracking them, and inserting melting lava into those cracks from below. On the other hand, if the internal heat leaves that spot again, and it cools, then it must contract more or less, in falling inward toward the centre of the earth; and so the beds must be crumpled, and crushed, and shifted against each other still more, as those of our mountains have been.

But here may arise, in some of my readers' minds, a reasonable question—If these upheaved beds were once horizontal, should we not be likely to find them, in some places, horizontal still?

A reasonable question, and one which admits of a full answer.

They know, of course, that there has been a gradual, but steady, change in the animals of this planet; and that the relative age of beds can, on the strength of that known change, be determined generally by the fossils, usually shells, peculiar to them: so that if we find the same fashion of shells, and still more the same species of shells, in two beds in different quarters of the world, then we have a right to say—These beds were laid down at least about the same time. That is a general rule among all geologists, and not to be gainsaid.

Now I think I may say, that, granting that we can recognise a bed by its fossils, there are few or no beds which are found in one place upheaved, broken, and altered by heat, which are not found in some other place still horizontal, unbroken, unaltered, and more or less as they were at first.

From the most recent beds; from the upheaved coral-rocks of the West Indies, and the upheaved and faulted boulder clay and chalk of the Isle of Moen in Denmark—downwards through all the strata, down to that very ancient one in which the best slates are found, this rule, I believe, stands true.

It stands true, certainly, of the ancient Silurian rocks of Wales, Cumberland, Ireland and Scotland.

For, throughout great tracts of Russia, and in parts of Norway and Sweden, Sir Roderick Murchison discovered our own Silurian beds recognisable from their peculiar fossils. But in what state? Not contracted, upheaved and hardened, to slates and grits, as they are in Wales and elsewhere; but horizontal, unbroken, and still soft, because undisturbed by volcanic rocks and earthquakes. At the bottom of them all, near Petersburg, Sir Roderick found a shale of dried mud (to quote his own words), "so soft and incoherent that it is even used by sculptors for modelling, although it underlies the great mass of fossil-bearing Silurian rocks, and is, therefore, of the same age as the lower crystalline hard slates of North Wales. So entirely have most of these oldest rocks in Russia been exempted from the influence of change, throughout those enormous periods which have passed away since their accumulation."

Among the many discoveries which science owes to that illustrious veteran, I know none more valuable for its bearing on the whole question of the making of the earth's crust, than this one magnificent fact.

But what a contrast between these Scandinavian and Russian rocks and those of Britain! Never exceeding, in Scandinavia, a thousand feet in thickness, and lying usually horizontal, as they were first laid down, they are swelled in Britain to a thickness of thirty thousand feet, by intruded lavas and ashes snapt, turned, set on end at every conceivable angle; shifted against each other to such an extent, that, to give a single instance, in the Vale of Gwynnant, under Snowdon, an immense wedge of porphyry has been thrust up, in what is now the bottom of the valley, between rocks far newer than it, on one side to a height of eight hundred, on the other to a height of eighteen hundred feet—half the present height of Snowdon. Nay, the very slate beds of Snowdonia have not forced their way up from under the mountain without long and fearful struggles. They are set in places upright on end, then horizontal again, then sunk in an opposite direction, then curled like sea-waves, then set nearly upright once more, and faulted

through and through, six times, I believe, in the distance of a mile or two; they carry here and there on their backs patches of newer beds, the rest of which has long vanished; and in their rise they have hurled back to the eastward, and set upright, what is now the whole western flank of Snowdon, a mass of rock which was then several times as thick as it is now.

The force which thus tortured them was probably exerted by the great mass of volcanic Quartz-porphry, which rises from under them to the north-west, crossing the end of the lower lake of Llanberis; and indeed the shifts and convulsions which have taken place between them and the Menai Straits are so vast that they can only be estimated by looking at them on the section which may be found at the end of Professor Ramsay's "Geological Survey of North Wales." But any one who will study that section, and use (as with the map) a little imagination and common sense, will see that between the heat of that porphyry, which must have been poured out as a fluid mass as hot, probably, as melted iron, and the pressure of it below, and of the Silurian beds above, the Cambrian mud-strata of Llanberis and Penrhyn quarries must have suffered enough to change them into something very different from mud, and, therefore, probably, into what they are now—namely, slate.

And now, at last, we have got to the slates on the roof, and may disport ourselves over them—like the cats.

Look at any piece of slate. All know that slate splits or cleaves freely, in one direction only, into flat layers. Now any one would suppose at first sight, and fairly enough, that the flat surface—the "plane of cleavage"—was also the plane of bedding. In simpler English we should say, the mud which has hardened into this slate was laid down horizontally. And therefore this slate is one of the little horizontal beds of it, perhaps just what was laid down in a single tide. We should have a right to do so, because that would be true of most sedimentary rocks—*i.e.*, rocks laid down by water. But it would not be true of slate. The plane of bedding in slate has nothing to do with the plane of cleavage. Or, more plainly, the mud of which the slate is made may have been deposited at the sea-bottom and at any angle to the plane of cleavage. We may sometimes see the lines of the true bedding—the lines which were actually horizontal when the mud was laid down—in

bits of slate, and find them sometimes perpendicular to, sometimes inclined to, and sometimes again coinciding with the plane of cleavage, which they have evidently acquired long after.

Nay, more. These parallel planes of cleavage, at each of which the slate splits away freely, will run through a whole mountain at the same angle, though the beds through which they run may be tilted at different angles, and twisted into curves.

Now what has made this change in the rock? We do not exactly know. One thing is clear, that the particles of the now solid rock have actually moved on themselves. And this is proved by a very curious fact—which the reader, if he geologizes about slate quarries much, may see with his own eyes. The fossils in the slate are often distorted into quaint shapes, pulled out long if they lie along the plane of cleavage, or squeezed together, or doubled down on both sides, if they lie across the plane. So that some force has been at work which could actually change the shape of hard shells, very slowly, no doubt, else it would have snapped and crumbled them.

If I am asked what that force was, I do not know. I should advise young geologists to read what Sir Henry De la Beche has said on it in his admirable "Geological Observer," pp. 706—725. He will find there, too, some remarks on that equally mysterious phenomena of jointing, which you may see in almost all the older rocks—it is common in limestones. All we can say is, that some force has gone on, or may be even now going on, in the more ancient rocks, which is similar to that which produces single crystals; and similar, too, to that which produced the jointed crystals of basalt, *i.e.* lava, at the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, and Staffa, in the Hebrides. Two philosophers—Mr. Robert Were Fox and Mr. Robert Hunt—are of opinion that the force which has determined the cleavage of slates may be that of the electric currents, which (as is well known) run through the crust of the earth. Mr. Sharpe, I believe, attributes the cleavage to the mere mechanical pressure of enormous weights of rock, especially where crushed by earthquakes. Professor Rogers, again, points out that as these slates may have been highly heated, thermal electricity (*i.e.* electricity brought out by heat) may have acted on them.

One thing at least is clear. That the best slates are found among ancient lavas, and also in rocks which are faulted and

tilted enormously, all which could not have happened without a proportionately enormous pressure, and therefore heat; and next that the best slates are invariably found in the oldest beds—that is, in the beds which have had most time to endure the changes, whether mechanical or chemical, which have made the earth's surface what we see it now.

Another startling fact the section of Snowdonia, and I believe of most mountain chains in these islands, would prove—namely, that the contour of the earth's surface, as we see it now, depends very little, certainly in mountains composed of these elder rocks, upon the lie of the strata, or beds, but has been carved out by great forces, long after those beds were not only laid down and hardened, but faulted and tilted on end. Snowdon itself is so remarkable an instance of this fact that, as it is a mountain which every one in these happy days of excursion-trains and steamers either has seen or can see, I must say a few more words about it.

Any one who saw that noble peak leaping high into the air, dominating all the country round, at least upon three sides, and was told that its summit consisted of beds much newer, not much older, than the slate-beds fifteen hundred feet down on its north-western flank—any one, I say, would have the right at first sight, on hearing of earthquake faults and upheavals, to say—The peak of Snowdon has been upheaved to its present height above and out of the lower lands around. But when he came to examine sections, he would find his reasonable guess utterly wrong. Snowdon is no swelling up of the earth's crust. The beds do not, as they would in that case, slope up to it. They slope up from it, to the north-west in one direction, and the south-south-west in the other; and Snowdon is a mere insignificant boss, left hanging on one slope of what was once an enormous trough, or valley, of strata far older than itself. By restoring these strata, in the direction of the angles, in which they crop out, and vanish at the surface, it is found that to the north-west—the direction of the Menai Straits—they must once have risen to a height of at least six or seven thousand feet; and more, by restoring them, specially the ash-bed of Snowdon, towards the south-east—which can be done by the guidance of certain patches of it left on other hills—it is found that south of Ffestiniog, where the Cambrian rocks rise again to the surface, the south side of the trough must have sloped upwards to a height of from fifteen to twenty thousand feet, whether at

the bottom of the sea, or in the upper air, we cannot tell. But the fact is certain, that off the surface of Wales, south of Ffestiniog, a mass of solid rock as high as the Andes has been worn down and carried bodily away; and that a few miles south again, the peak of Arran Mowddy, which is now not two thousand feet high, was once—either under the sea or above it—nearer ten thousand feet.

If I am asked whither is all that enormous mass of rock—millions of tons—gone? Where is it now? I know not. But if I dared to hazard a guess, I should say it went to make the new Red Sandstones of England.

The new Red Sandstones must have come from somewhere. The most likely region for them to have come from is from North Wales, where, as we know, vast masses of gritty rock have been ground off, such as would make fine sandstones if they had the chance. So that many a grain of sand in Chester walls was probably once blasted out of the bowels of the earth into the old Silurian sea, and after a few hundreds of thousands of years repose in a Snowdonian ash-bed, was sent eastward to build the good old city and many a good town more.

And the red marl—the great deposit of red marl which covers a wide region of England—why should not it have come from the same quarter? Why should it not be simply the remains of the Snowdon Slate? Mud the slate was, and into mud it has returned. Why not? Some of the richest red marl land I know, is, as I have said, actually being made now, out of the black slates of Ilfracombe, wherever they are weathered by rain and air. The chemical composition is the same. The difference in colour between black slate and red marl, is caused simply by the oxidation of the iron in the slate.

And if my readers want a probable cause why the sandstones lie undermost, and the red marl uppermost—can they not find one for themselves? I do not say that it is the cause, but it is at least a *causa vera*, one which would fully explain the fact, though it may be explicable in other ways. Think, then, or shall I think for my readers?

Then do they not see that when the Welsh mountains were ground down, the Silurian strata, being uppermost, would be ground down first, and would go to make the lower strata of the great New Red Sandstone Lowland; and that being sandy, they would make the sandstones. But wherever they were ground through, the Lower Cambrian

slates would be laid bare; and their remains, being washed away by the sea the last, would be washed on to the top of the remains of the Silurians; and so (as in most cases) the remains of the older rock, when redeposited by water, would lie on the remains of the younger rock. And do they not see that (if what I just said is true) these slates would grind up into red marl such as is seen over the west and south of Cheshire and Staffordshire and far away into Nottinghamshire. The red marl must almost certainly have been black slate somewhere, somewhere. Why should it not have been such in Snowdon? And why should not the slates in the roof be the remnants of the very beds which are now the marl in the fields?

And thus I end my story of the slates in the roof, and these papers on Town Geology. I do so well knowing how imperfect they are; though not, I believe, inaccurate. They are, after all, merely suggestive of the great amount that there is to be learnt about the face of the earth, and how it got made, even by the townsman, who can escape into the country and exchange the world of man for the world of God, only, perhaps, on Sundays—if, alas! even then—or only once a year by a trip in a steamer or an excursion train. Little, indeed, can he learn of the planet on which he lives. Little in that direction is

given to him, and of him little shall be required. But to him, for that very reason, all that can be given should be given; he should have every facility for learning what he can about this earth, its composition, its capabilities; lest his intellect, crushed and fettered by that artificial drudgery which we for a time miscall civilisation, should begin to fancy, as too many do already, that the world is composed mainly of bricks and deal, and governed by acts of parliament. If I shall have awakened any townsmen here and there to think seriously of the complexity, the antiquity, the grandeur, the true poetry, of the commonest objects around them, even the stones beneath their feet; if I shall have suggested to them the solemn thought that all these things, and they themselves still more, are ordered by laws, utterly independent of man's will about them, man's belief in them; if I shall at all have helped to open their eyes that they may see, and their ears that they may hear, the great book which is free to all alike, to peasant as to peer, to men of business as to men of science, even that great book of nature, which is, as Lord Bacon said of old, the Word of God revealed in facts—then I shall have a fresh reason for loving that science of geology, which has been my favourite study since I was a boy.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE SEASON.

AND must I wear a silken life,
Hemmed in by city walls?
And must I give my garden up
For theatres and balls?

Nay, though the cage be made of gold,
'Tis better to be free;
The green of the green meadows, love,
Is quite enough for me.

I'd rather ramble through the lanes
Than drive about in town;
I'd rather muse or dream, than dance,
When the stars are shining down.

I do not care for diamonds, dear,
But I care a deal for flowers;
And thousands are just creeping out
For the sunshine and the showers.

I like to hear the household band,
But I love the bird-songs best;
And hark, how they are twittering now
Round each half-hidden nest!

The wind is whispering in the leaves,
And the downy bees begin
To hum in the blossoming sycamores,
And the brook is chiming in.

There is such melody in the woods,
Such music in the air!
The streets are full of life and sound,
And yet 'tis silent there.

I like to see the pictures—ay,
But I am hard to please!
I never saw a picture yet
As great and grand as these;

Such tones of colour as transform
The tender green and brown,
When the pink dawn is flushing up,
Or the red sun sinking down;

Such painting as the chestnut bud
Shows in its opening heart;
Such lights as shine 'twixt earth and sky
When rain-clouds break apart;

Such soft, warm, subtle tints, as lie
 On every mossy patch—
 On the blue-brown trunks, now filled with life,
 And the humble roof of thatch ;

In the purple hollows of the hills,—
 In the lichen on the wall,—
 In the orchard and the feathery woods,
 And the sunlit waterfall.



I like my humble country ways,
 My simple, early meals ;
 I like to potter about the yard,
 With my chickens at my heels.

Ah, yes ! I'm happier as I am,—
 I'm ignorant, you see ;
 And the life of fashion that you love
 Would never do for me.

ADA CAMERIDGE.

THE TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

ON almost every night the greater number of the stars are seen to flicker or twinkle, but it is only when near the horizon that we notice those brilliant changes of colour that make the most remarkable feature of the phenomenon. In these latitudes Sirius is the brightest star that we see, and its changes from green to red when rising and setting are proverbial. The planets show these appearances very seldom. But occasionally, on a calm evening, when the air is damp, you may see Venus shining in the west with the most regular changes of colour. We have once, whilst steaming down the Mediterranean, seen her on the horizon, flashing her changes of green and red light for all the world like a lighthouse which is constructed to change its colours regularly. Then suddenly, without any warning, the planet's light went out, as it sank below the horizon.

It was M. Arago who first gave a likely explanation of this phenomenon. In order to understand his theory we must recall to our minds the manner in which the light sent from a star reaches our eye. If you drop a pebble into a large pool, you will see a number of little waves thrown off in concentric rings. Fixing our attention on any one point on the surface of the pool, we see that it is alternately raised on to the summit and lowered into the hollow of one of these little waves. If two pebbles were thrown in at a little distance apart, so that the point we are examining would be raised up by reason of one pebble's waves and lowered by reason of the waves from the other pebble, it is clear that our point will be neither raised nor lowered.

Light is propagated in the same way. The whole of space is filled with an extremely fine kind of matter, called the ether. The star that we see throws off waves in every direction, as in the pool of water, and those parts of the waves that fall on our eye produce there an image of the star. Further, we know that the star sends off at the same time all sorts of waves, that differ from each other in the rapidity with which wave succeeds wave. These produce different sensations in the eye. Those that succeed each other most rapidly produce the colour violet. If they are less numerous we see blue or green, and as the rapidity decreases we see yellow, orange, and lastly red. White is not a colour, but is made up of a mixture of all the colours.

The amount of light, or the brightness of the star, depends on the size of the pupil of our eye, which will only allow a certain number of rays to enter. If anything intervenes between the star and the eye, which can retard part of the rays a little, the eye will then be illuminated by two sets of waves, the one a little behind the other. If the crest of one reaches the eye at the same time as the hollow of the other, there will be no light. This effect might be produced by drops of moisture in the atmosphere, and thus the star would be deprived of some one colour, say red, and the remaining effect would be green. As other colours are successively interfered with, the colour of the star will appear to change. Thus, what we ordinarily see of scintillation is completely accounted for. Mark, too, that while moisture in the atmosphere is the cause of these colours, it has also been found that scintillation is most vivid in damp weather.

The retardation of the rays by moisture or other causes, can be shown to exist by experiment. The theory gives a *vera causa* for the appearance of twinkling. In the last few years, however, an instrument has been invented which gives us more facts on which to found a theory. This is the spectroscope. By its aid the colours composing the light of a star are laid side by side, in regular order, from red to violet, so as to give a long band of light, differently coloured in its different parts. Supposing that this band is horizontal, the upper edge of the band is formed by the rays of light falling on the upper edge of the object glass of the telescope, to which the spectroscope is attached. And likewise the lower edge of the spectrum is produced by the rays that fall on the lower edge of the object glass. Thus we have a means of determining not only what shade of light is obliterated, by interference or other cause, but also whether the rays so affected are those which strike the upper or the lower part of the object glass. And by turning the instrument round, so as to place the spectrum vertically, we shall be able to tell whether the affected rays strike the right or left side of the object glass. In this manner we can accurately fix the exact position of any ray so affected.

Many astronomers saw the advantage of this arrangement, but the honour of gathering and collating the valuable facts by this means is chiefly due to Professor Respighi,

of the Observatory of the Capitol at Rome. He has found that the appearance of the spectrum varies with the position of the star, and with that of the spectrum. In ordinary circumstances the spectrum is seen crossed diagonally by dark bands; these bands run along the spectrum in one direction or other. If the star be in the west, they run from the red to the violet end of the spectrum; if in the east, from the violet to the red. If the star be near the meridian, they flicker, but do not move regularly. Again, he has found that, if the spectrum be placed horizontally, the higher the star is above the horizon, the more nearly are the bands horizontal. Near the horizon the bands run nearly across the spectrum. If, however, the spectrum be placed vertically, it is found that the bands nearly always lie across the spectrum. But if the star is at a considerable altitude, they show a tendency to lie parallel to the spectrum. In no position of the apparatus do stars which are at a great height produce these effects. As the altitude increases, the distinctness of the bands diminishes, and also their regularity in following the above laws.

These, then, are the general laws to which Professor Respighi's observations have been reduced. See now the ingeniousness of the theory by which he proposes to account for the phenomenon.

In the first place, it has been said that when a star is in the east—that is, when it is rising—the dark bands pass from the violet to the red; and when setting, from the red to the violet. To see how this can be explained, it must be remarked that the rays from a star are all bent downwards in passing through the atmosphere before reaching the telescope; and the violet rays are bent more than the red to such a degree, that the violet rays entering the atmosphere together with those red ones which reach our eye would, if the star be not very high, be bent below the object glass of the telescope, and would not be seen at all. Hence, those violet rays which do enter the telescope must have entered the atmosphere *above* the red ones. Professor Respighi has calculated that the distance between these rays may amount to over thirty yards.

It is clear, then, that any moisture in the atmosphere which destroys the light of any colour will, by the rotation of the earth, pass in succession over the different colours, and thus the dark bands in the spectrum will run from one end to the other. Further, since the violet rays are always above the red ones,

the moisture which we are speaking of will, when in the east, pass from the violet to the red, and when in the west, from the red to the violet.

Let us see now how this theory will account for changes in the appearance of the spectrum when stars at different elevations are compared. We have said above that the rays of different colours which enter the telescope are separated by a considerable distance when they enter the atmosphere. The same will hold true at such distances as we may suppose the moisture to be situated. Fixing our attention on that part of the atmosphere, we see that each colour occupies a space equal to the breadth of the object-glass. The spaces, therefore, which correspond to the different colours are a series of circles overlapping, and in low altitudes, as we have stated, covering a space of about thirty yards. In higher altitudes the breadth of this space is diminished, because the moisture will evidently be nearer the observer, and the separation of the colours is also diminished. Therefore, the circles corresponding to different colours will overlap more in high altitudes than in low ones. Any moisture or other cause that obliterates say the upper part of the circle corresponding to the yellow rays will also obliterate the lower part of the circle corresponding to the green rays. And whatever be the amount of overlapping of the circles, the lower part of the rays nearest the violet will be obliterated at the same time as the higher part of the rays nearest the red. Therefore, if the spectrum be horizontal, the black bands in the spectrum will be inclined in a direction downwards towards the violet. This is *invariably* found to be the case. Again, with stars near the horizon the overlapping is very slight. The whole of one colour will thus be obliterated without the adjacent ones being affected. In other words, the bands will lie across the spectrum. With higher stars, however, the overlapping increases, and the upper part of the colour next the red and the lower part of that nearest the violet will also be affected. This will make the bands appear to cross the spectrum diagonally. The effect will be increased as we observe more elevated stars, till we reach such an altitude that the circles corresponding to all the colours overlap, in which case the bands will appear to be nearly parallel to the spectrum. Thus all the phenomena dependent upon differences of altitude are explained when the spectrum is horizontal.

Turning the apparatus round, so as to

place the spectrum vertical, we see that the overlapping of the circles will not cause any inclination in the bands. In every case the whole breadth of several adjacent colours will be obliterated at the same time, and the bands will appear to be horizontal.

We now come to consider in what way moisture may be considered to obliterate the rays. Professor Respighi grants that Arago's idea of interference may play an important part, but at the same time he justly gives his opinion that it is not the most important part. He considers that the extraordinary refraction produced by horizontal layers of moisture are the main cause. He finds that such a layer, at a distance of sixty or seventy miles, would deflect a ray quite out of the field of his telescope, supposing it only to bend the ray through an angle of one second.

His theory is now completely laid before us, and we see that it explains all the peculiarities which he observed. The direction of motion of the dark bands with varying position of the stars, the direction of their inclination, their varying inclination with stars of different altitudes, and the effect of altering the position of the spectrum, are all explained. It also accounts for the fact that there is no change of colour in stars of very great altitude, for there not only is the moisture nearer us, and therefore the deflection smaller, but also the colours are not separated. In the day-time it is true that stars of a great altitude may be seen to flicker, but not to change colour. This is due to the greater amount of moisture in the air, which can alter the direction of the rays slightly, though not sufficient to divert them out of the telescope.

The greater conformance of stars near the horizon with the above laws, is caused by the greater separation of differently coloured rays. Professor Respighi has calculated that the probable rate of passage of a dark band across the whole spectrum, by reason of the earth's rotation, is about one second for stars near the horizon. This he finds to agree with observation, and it agrees also with what we had ourselves found to be the case in tranquil evenings, by watching the changes in the colour of a star from green to red, and *vice versa*.

We may devote a few lines to stating why we consider that interference is not sufficient to account for the effects observed. And it is sufficient to say that the same substance could not simultaneously obliterate the red and the violet rays, because the wave length of red light is double that of violet. But

that the same substance does obliterate the rays of all these colours at the same time, is proved by the fact that the bands are sometimes continuous from the red to the violet.

It is true that we could imagine such a form given to the particles of moisture as to account for most of the phenomena, but the form is so artificial that we cannot believe it exists in nature. But whether we are to accept the interference of rays as proposed by Arago, or the refraction of them as proposed by Respighi, we must not fail to give full credit to the latter for his discovery that the colours of scintillation are due to the separation of the rays of different colours when they enter the atmosphere, and that the changes of colour are due to the rotation of the earth. If, however, any one wishes to observe for himself the deflection of the rays from an object by moisture, exaggerated to an enormous extent, let him, on a warm day, when the sun is shining bright, look over the heated soil at some distant object, and he will see it distorted in form, and changing at every instant, from this cause.

But, while we fully accept the above theory as giving a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena observed by Professor Respighi, we must remark that we should be glad to have further observations from other astronomers, with different instruments. The size of the telescope affects the appearances to such a degree, that it is probably owing to this cause that M. Wolfe, at Paris, when observing with the spectroscope attached to a large telescope, failed to discover all the facts since collected by Respighi.

The effect of great moisture in the air is to make the laws above cited more definite and regular. But another cause that produces this effect is the tranquillity of the air. In fact, during a high wind, when air of different densities is thoroughly mixed, the regularity in the laws disappears, and the twinkling is hardly perceptible. From this cause our climate is unfavourable to such observations. Respighi has found that a definiteness and a regularity in the phenomena is almost invariably followed by steady weather, and, since the distance of the influencing cause is, probably, in some cases, about a hundred miles, he hopes that the spectroscope may eventually become a meteorological instrument.

In conclusion, we must allow full credit to Arago for having given a most ingenious hypothesis, which accounted for all the facts then able to be observed. The only instru-

ment then applicable was a small telescope. If this were moved rapidly in a circle, the star appeared as a line of light, with different colours. If it was used out of focus, the different parts of the indistinct image were differently coloured. But in both cases the

changes were too rapid to allow of accurate measurement. We should be doing but scant justice to the memory of Arago if we did not consider that, with the facts now before us, he would have been the first to accept the new theory.

GEORGE FORBES.

THE RETURN OF THE PATRIARCH.

IN the early summer of this last year, an event took place in the East, which caused a shock of indescribable emotion to thrill through the whole Christian population from the shores of the Bosphorus to the plains of Attica, but the faint echo which came to this country of the intense enthusiasm it excited in these orient lands, was altogether lost in the tumult of feeling raised by the tremendous struggle which was still at that time convulsing France and shaking Europe to the centre. While every day and almost every hour was sending heroes and martyrs innumerable to their nameless graves, it was scarcely likely that much interest would be spared to the one Christian hero who, after fifty years spent in exile in a foreign tomb, was making a veritable resurrection in the hearts of his people.

Yet the circumstances of his sudden advent among his countrymen, in this fateful year, were so striking and suggestive, causing the ashes of the past to throb as with life renewed, and reaching far into the future by the undying sympathies of race and national feeling, that the event ought not to be allowed to pass into oblivion without some effort being made to record the dramatic incidents that characterized it.

We are fortunate in being able to give an account of it from the statements of some who were eye-witnesses of all that occurred, and whose nationality made them to the fullest extent sharers in the strong enthusiasm it aroused. We shall give the whole history as they related it, including certain details which the logic of English readers may perhaps scruple to accept, but which are far too poetic and striking to be omitted.

The first act of the drama took place in the dawn of a beautiful spring day, when the pearly light of the yet unrisen sun was veiling in transparent brightness the great rocks which form the gateway between the storm-haunted Black Sea and the calm lovely Bosphorus. Through this classic entrance a stately iron-clad frigate was passing, carrying the Greek flag half-mast high, and as it

glided into the blue waters of Stamboul, it lessened speed and finally stopped, in order that the innumerable caïques and vessels of all kinds which had come forth to meet it might gather closely round. A strange and picturesque crowd they were who filled those graceful boats—Oriental Christians of every race and nation, bound together in that moment by the strong sympathy of a hero worship which had its root in the deepest sentiments of their common religion. They were all in a state of the wildest excitement, gesticulating and shouting as if in the presence of some great joy. They all gave way, however, to allow a little Turkish steamer to draw near, and from its deck the Representative of Greece at the Porte, followed by a numerous suite, passed at once on board the frigate. Without pausing to greet any of the officials who stood around, he made the sign of the Cross with great reverence, and then, his example being imitated by all who accompanied him, bent in homage before a catafalque of most gorgeous description which occupied nearly the whole of the upper deck, and bore above its rich draperies of satin and gold, a coffin of somewhat antiquated appearance. It was closed, and the unbroken seals of the Russian empire which secured it, showed that no sacrilegious hand had ever sought to open it; but a large square of glass had been inserted in the upper part through which could be seen the form of a venerable old man clad in the robes of an archbishop of the Eastern Church, his snow white beard flowing over his hands, which were folded in an attitude of calm submission, and held a cross pressed close upon his heart—while on his face was laid a veil impressed with the image of the Saviour, and at the head and feet stood a number of priests holding lighter tapers which burned steadily in the clear morning air. As the Greek minister and his suite ranged themselves round the bier in perfect silence, and the vessel resumed its course, the solemn tones of the old funeral chant of the East rose up with a sort of mournful exultation, and floated away t

wake the echoes on the lovely shores of the quiet Bosphorus. Slowly over the smiling waters, glittering now in the early sunbeams, the funeral ship went on its way, while every vessel which met it lowered its flag in mourning guise, and the thousands filling the palkies that thronged around stood up with head uncovered and made the sign of the cross. So on, with the dark cypress groves of Scutari on the one hand and Stamboul on the other, shining like a golden city in the sparkling light, till the whole length of the Bosphorus had been traversed, and then the strange ship stayed her course once more, and the Greek minister and his suite took their leave, with renewed manifestations of respect to the silent voyager whom so many thousands had assembled to greet, and who now continued his onward course to the honours that awaited him in his native Athens.

It was precisely fifty years since that silent form had passed along the Bosphorus, to outward eyes as utterly lonely, helpless, and forlorn, as it was possible for a mortal man to be, but in the belief of his countrymen from that hour to the present, he was then in actual fact surrounded by an invisible pomp and glory, far exceeding all that human pageants could achieve. He who now slept on that splendid bier was Gregory, some time Patriarch of the Eastern Church, and one who, as a true saint and martyr, might well seem entitled to the miracle which is said to have been performed on his behalf, when last he journeyed past Stamboul. A very brief retrospect will suffice to explain the circumstances which have given his name a place for evermore among the records of purest heroism and devotion.

The Patriarch Gregory was born in the Peloponnesus in the year 1751. His parents, Jani and Assemina Angelopulo, were of an ancient and well-known family, and in a position to give him a refined and intellectual education. From his earliest years he manifested a remarkable piety and a thirst for knowledge, which he endeavoured to satisfy in the divinity schools both of Athens and Smyrna. He finally completed his studies in the island of Patmos, where the associations connected with the great apostolic exile fired him with a religious enthusiasm and courage, that bore him triumphantly through the pangs of a martyrdom that was even keener in life than in death. Gregory passed rapidly through the stages of deacon, priest, arch-deacon, and bishop, and finally, in the year 1788, on the death of the reigning Metropolitan of Constantinople, he was elected

Ecumenical Patriarch by the Synod of the Eastern Church. It was a post of extreme difficulty and danger, for he was not only the spiritual head of the whole Christian population, but the sole protector of his oppressed brethren in the East, who, writhing under the hated Turkish yoke, already showed sufficient signs of that rebellion which ultimately proved successful in Greece to cause them to be threatened with nothing less than extermination by their Mahommedan masters.

Again and again Gregory, by his wisdom, his love, and his saintly yet dignified humility, interposed between them and the tyrants, amongst whom he himself, like the apostle of old, stood in jeopardy every hour. Three times during the twenty-two years that he maintained his spiritual reign in the Mahommedan city, he was exiled to Mount Athos by the Sultan, and the Holy Synod was compelled perforce to place another patriarch upon his throne; but on each occasion the loss of his wise rule and great administrative capacity was so severely felt even by the Turkish Government itself, that he was speedily recalled and restored to power. When for the third time he returned to his terrible post, the red martyr light already glared around his throne, and he knew that he came back only to lay down his life for the brethren whom he could no longer protect. At this period the Hetairia, or secret society for the deliverance of the Greek nation from the Turkish yoke, had already been formed, and its numerous members were most anxious that the patriarch should join their ranks; but while he expressed the greatest sympathy with their efforts for the freedom of his beloved country, he knew that it would endanger the whole Christian population if his name were discovered in the list of members, and that he must therefore labour alone for the cause of Greek independence in the very stronghold of the Moslem dominion.

The position of the Patriarch under these circumstances was one of such extreme peril, that his countrymen at once made arrangements to have a ship placed always at his disposal, in order that he might be able to make his escape in any moment of special danger; but the old man resolutely refused to allow of any such measure being taken. He declared that he would never leave his flock, but even to the death would minister to them, alike as their spiritual head and temporal protector. He had not long to wait for the doom which must have been visibly before his eyes during the whole

period which followed his last return from exile.

In February, 1821, the invasion of Moldavia by the noble Greek chief, Ipsilanti, took place, and that successful enterprise struck off the first link of the chain that so long had held the Hellenic people under the Moslem yoke. The fury of the Sultan Mahmoud, and, indeed, of the whole Turkish population, was roused to such a pitch, that the complete extermination of all the Christians in Constantinople was decided upon. On the 2nd of April the Sultan sent for the Sheik El Islam, the Mahommedan high priest, and required of him to issue a decree authorising this frightful massacre. As soon as the Patriarch heard this appalling fact he hastened to the Sheik, and so wrought upon him by his eloquent denunciation of the wholesale crime, that he obtained from him a promise not to write the decree, without which even the Sultan had not power to order the destruction of a whole nation, for the work of blood was to extend throughout Turkey.

The Patriarch's brave intervention did not, however, long prevail. Mahmoud at once exiled the Sheik, and then caused him to be put to death, while he appointed in his place one who was not only prepared to carry out any wish of the Sultan's, however cruel, but who was himself characterized by a fanatical hatred of Christians. Scarcely had this Sheik been placed in power, when the news reached Constantinople of the general rising of the Peloponnesus in the cause of Greek independence.

It was on the evening of the 14th of April that these tidings were made known throughout the city, and the Patriarch knew well, that unless he took advantage of that night to make his escape, his fate was sealed. As head of the Eastern Christians he would be the first victim of the Turkish Government, now almost maddened by the complete rebellion of the enslaved people, who were so boldly and bravely flinging off the chains that long had galled them to the quick. But to Gregory it seemed possible that the quenching of his life in torture might satiate the tyrant's vengeance, at least for a time, and render it feasible for less distinguished Greeks to take flight, before the full storm of the Sultan's fury burst upon them.

No thought, therefore, of saving himself entered the old man's mind for a moment. With all his usual calm and dignity he went on the following morning to celebrate mass in the cathedral. It was Palm Sunday, and

while he was reading the Gospel which spoke of Him who on that day made his solemn entry into the city, where He knew his death would be compassed, an infuriated Turkish mob attacked the church, pillaged it, and set fire to it. At the same time, in other places, many of the Greeks, holding posts under the Turkish Government, were massacred, beginning with Prince Mourousi, who was Dragoman to the Porte. He was a distinguished man, head of one of the proudest families in Greece; and the writer well remembers standing many years later with his daughter, a noble lady who had all the regal beauty of her race, beside the tomb of the Sultan Mahmoud, and seeing her stretch out her hands over the gorgeous shawl-draped coffin, while she called down anathemas on the corpse of her father's murderer.

The next few days were spent by the Patriarch in unwearied efforts to save his flock from the fate he knew was in store for himself; but in the midst of all the anguish and horror that was around him, the old man, enfeebled by the weight of years and sorrow, observed with the utmost strictness the ascetic observances with which the Eastern Church marks each day of the Holy Week.

Easter Eve arrived. The Patriarch still lived; but the death-knell was in his ears, for he knew that the end must be at hand. The whole of that day was passed in solitary prayer; and at midnight, greatly exhausted, he went out to hold the glorious service of the Anastasin, with which the resurrection of the Saviour is proclaimed to Christians in the East. It was noted by those present, that he commended all most dear to him amongst his flock to a surer care than his own; and when, at the close of the mass, he was told that the patriarchal palace was surrounded by the Turkish troops, he tenderly and solemnly blessed his people, and bade them a last farewell, and then, with the most perfect calm and resolution, he passed through the midst of the soldiers, and awaited in his hall of reception the swift coming doom.

A few hours later, when the crimson dawn had ushered in the great resurrection festival, and the cloudless Easter sun was shining on the fair city and its calm blue waters, the head executioner arrived at the archiepiscopal palace, accompanied by various military officials of high rank. He had no need to tell his errand; but the Patriarch received him with the most dignified composure, and courteously ordered that the coffee and pipes always offered to visitors should be brought. These, however, the grim functionary refused,

and ordering the Patriarch to follow him at once, he led him down to the water's-edge, where a caique awaited to convey him to the prison. On reaching the dungeons, where, in those days, horrors were enacted of which the general public knew nothing, the old man had to undergo a last dreadful trial of faith and constancy. He was put to cruel tortures, and while his aged and enfeebled frame was almost sinking under them, he was offered not only deliverance from present agony, but life and freedom, if he would renounce the Christian religion and become a Mahomedan. This outrage seemed for the moment to restore his failing strength. In a loud, clear voice he bade them cease to insult the Patriarch of the Christian people, who would die as he had lived, faithful to his crucified Lord and God. The stately calm firmness with which he spoke, even while his mangled frame lay helpless in their hands, so envenomed their rage that, without another word, they flung him once more into the caique and conveyed him to the Christian quarter of the city, that he might die in the sight of his brethren.

At that period executions generally took place in the centre of the public street, and as soon as the Patriarch had been brought on shore, he knelt down upon the stones, and having offered up his soul to God in one brief, fervent prayer, bowed his venerable head to receive the stroke of death. But not yet had he drained the cup of life to the bitter dregs; with blows and curses the executioner made him rise, and told him that, as a last indignity, he was to be hung at the gate of his own palace like the lowest criminal. They drove him on, so exhausted by the torture he had endured, that his tottering steps could scarcely carry him along that truly dolorous way. But at length he reached the door of that home, whence he had so often issued forth to dispense the consolations of the Christian faith to his loving people. No preparations had been made for the last dreadful act, as the executioner believed that the gate itself would suffice for the purpose; but it was found to be too low, and they proceeded to erect a rough scaffold. The Patriarch stood calmly watching, with his hands tied behind his back, while they drove two posts into the ground, one on each side of the gate, and placed a beam across the top to which the rope was attached. The Patriarch was then raised on the shoulders of a strong man, and the noose adjusted round his neck. His bound hands could not make the sign of the cross, with which he would fain

have testified his faith, unfailing even to the death; but he raised his eloquent eyes to heaven with a smile, as the support was removed, and the shock came which set his pure and noble soul for ever free from the tyranny of life.

The scaffold was surrounded by a crowd of Turks and Jews, all Christians having fled from the spot in terror and anguish, and at sight of the finished martyrdom, a wild shout of mingled triumph and blasphemy burst from that cruel mob; they rushed forward, flinging stones at the body, and offering every indignity they could devise to him who had escaped their malice, but they were driven back by the soldiers, as a messenger came hurriedly to say that the Grand Vizier was approaching for the purpose of seeing the body of the martyr. In a few minutes more he appeared on horseback, at the head of a large suite, and dismounting, he ordered a seat to be placed in front of the scaffold, where he sat down, and smoked his pipe, in all the luxury of gratified hate, as he gazed on the pale lifeless Patriarch.

A little later there came another to look upon that spectacle, who, though disguised by the priceless cashmere shawl in which he had enveloped his head and face, was treated by his attendants with a slavish respect, which showed that it was none other than the Sultan Mahmoud, who stood for a long time feasting his eyes on the mangled remains of his victim.

Three days the body hung there, strictly guarded by the soldiers. On the third evening the Sultan gave the order that it was to be taken down from the scaffold and thrown into the sea. The executioners proceeded to accomplish this task, but an immense crowd of fanatic Turks, who had once more assembled, insisted on inflicting a last insult on the hapless Patriarch, by dragging his body with ropes over the stones and mud to the landing-place. Here the soldiers took it again into their power, and pierced it in several places, to prevent its floating. Then, still further to insure this result, they tied heavy stones to the hands and feet, and flung the corpse, thus weighted, into the sea, in the centre of the Golden Horn.

According to the undoubted belief of all Eastern Christians to this day, powers not of earth were clearly demonstrated as agents in the future fate of the Patriarch's remains. Be that as it may, we give the history that is received by the Eastern Christians.

The body was seen to sink, and the hostile crowd dispersed, leaving only a few Christians,

who still with tearful eyes, and lips that moved in prayer, looked on the spot where the beloved father of their souls had vanished from their longing gaze, and as they looked a sight met their startled eyes which filled them with amazement and awe. Slowly and majestically, from out of the calm blue waters, the stately form of the martyred Patriarch arose, with hands and feet unshackled by the tight-bound ropes, which had been mysteri-

ously taken off, releasing him from the weight of the heavy stones that no longer dragged him down. As one reposing on a couch, he lay on the bosom of the waters, his snow-white hair sunlit, spread around his head like a halo of glory; his hands were folded on his breast; his face was placid and smiling, as that of a sleeping child, and thus stretched out, in strange ineffable rest, he floated steadily onward, as with intelligent



purpose, towards a ship that was sailing up the Bosphorus.

It was a Russian vessel, bound to Odessa, and on board of it was a man of middle age, wearing the dress of a Greek priest, who, with his head bowed on his hands, was weeping bitterly. He had held a position under the Patriarch corresponding to that of domestic chaplain in this country, and had dwelt with him as a son with a revered father

for several years. On that fatal morning when he had seen the executioners drag the saintly old man away to certain death, from which he was powerless to save him, he fled away to preserve his own life, and embarked in this vessel just starting for Russia. But all the weary hours since then he had spent in tears, ever wailing out, "My father! oh, my father!" for he knew well what an awful tragedy was being enacted on the shore. The

captain, Yani Sclavos by name, stood now at his side, striving in vain to give consolation to what seemed a hopeless grief. Suddenly, however, the sailor started, and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled terror and amazement, "Great heaven! what is that?" while he roughly shook the priest by the shoulder, to make him look up. The weeping man did so; an expression of wondering awe passed over his face, he rose to his feet, advanced to the side of the vessel, and, after a moment of intense scrutiny of the venerable form that was slowly floating towards him on the waters, he stretched out his arms towards it, exclaiming, "A miracle! a miracle! it is my father! it is the holy Patriarch!"

Scarcely could he be restrained from casting himself into the sea, to meet the saintly wanderer, who still steadily advanced to the vessel's side, but the captain held him back, and the awe-stricken crew lowered a boat into which, with reverent care, they lifted the martyred Patriarch, and brought him up to the deck, where he was laid out with all the pomp they could devise to do him honour.

Then they set sail with all speed for Odessa. So soon as the vessel reached this port, the news spread far and wide that the body of the martyr was on board. The governor of the town at once sent all who in that place had ever known the Patriarch to certify to his identity, and this being immediately and unhesitatingly done by every one who saw the remains, he dispatched special messengers to St. Petersburg, to ask for the imperial orders as to the interment.

The Emperor Alexander was overwhelmed with joy, and sent at once to Odessa to command that the Patriarch should be interred with royal honours in the church of the Holy Trinity. This was accomplished with much gorgeous ceremonial on the 29th of July, 1821. When half a century had elapsed, and the long-established independence of Greece had established friendly diplomatic relations between that country and the Porte, the translation of the remains to Athens, by way of the Bosphorus, became a possibility, and it had long been an object of ardent desire by the whole Greek people.

The Holy Synod of the Eastern Church therefore appealed to the present Emperor of Russia, for leave to remove the body of their latest martyr to his native land. Permission was given at once, and with some little difficulty the Greek minister at Constantinople obtained a firman from the Sultan, authorising the passage of the funeral ship through the Bosphorus.

On the fiftieth anniversary of his martyrdom, the body was embarked at Odessa, on board the frigate which we have already seen passing in its funereal pomp through the waters of the Golden Horn. A few days later it glided into the harbour of the Piræus, where a scene awaited it which has not had its parallel in this century.

Sunrise in the early morning in Greece!—what a vision of sparkling beauty, of opal skies and odoriferous airs, and many-tinted seas, do not these words call up!—and it was in the glorious dawn of such a morning that the Patriarch, restored to his native soil, was borne onward through the olive groves and clustering vineyards to his final rest.

When the coffin reached the entrance to the capital, the seals of the Russian empire, which had remained intact upon it for fifty years, were broken open—the lid was raised, and to the countless multitude who thronged around was shown the venerable form laid as in quiet sleep, with the time-worn priestly robes still gathered round it; the head, with the snow-white hair and beard, being perfect as in life.

When the great crowd, signing themselves with the cross, and murmuring prayers, had gazed for a few minutes on the saintly form, a veil was again laid over the face, and, announced by the firing of minute guns, the procession started for the cathedral where the body was to be interred. His mitre and crozier were carried in front; fifteen archbishops and bishops, chanting the funeral service, preceded the coffin, which was followed on foot by the King and Queen, with their court, the ministers, the *corps diplomatique* and well-nigh the whole population of the city. But on either side of the bier there walked some, who, next to the Patriarch himself, excited the enthusiasm and reverence of all that countless host. These were a few very aged men, bowed and tottering under the weight of years, in whose dim eyes this meeting with the beloved friend of their youthful days had awakened a gleam of the fire and ardour with which they once had fought for their country's freedom; for these old warriors were all that remained on earth of the great army of patriots who conducted the war of independence, and won for their country that glorious emancipation from the Turkish yoke, which enabled her now to receive in triumph the relics of her noblest son, martyred by Moslem hands. Each one wore on his breast the stars and decorations which marked the highest place in the annals of patriotism, and

all who approached them did so with a reverential homage they would scarce have shown to their King himself ; but so worn and feeble were these brave men with the long pressure of existence, that one could have imagined they had but clung to life until this hour should dawn, which restored to his native land the honoured chief whom now they would gladly follow to his rest and share it with him evermore.

So, girt about with these living symbols of a noble past, the Patriarch Gregory went onward to his long-delayed sepulture in the soil of his beloved Greece, while the sunshine sparkled round and the incense rose through the clear bright air. The deep emotion of the multitude was such, that strangers who were present said it seemed as if the grace of God had been manifestly poured down on all this living people, by the shining example of that dead man in their midst. At every cross road the procession paused,

while appropriate passages from Scripture were read, and then on, under triumphal arches, which each bore the same inscription, in the simple words "The resurrection of Greece," they went, till at length they reached the old cathedral church of Athens, where they laid the bier before the altar, while the Archbishop of Syros, so lately a visitor to England, spoke to the people of the bright and pure example of him who lay once more unveiled before them. Then they crowded round to gaze for the last time on the noble face fixed in such calm solemnity by the repose of fifty years, and to press on it the "last kiss" with which the funeral service so touchingly terminates in Greece. Finally the coffin was lowered into the vault prepared for it, with the venerable form still visible under the glass, that the Greeks of future generations might have it in their power to look on the face of their country's martyr.

F. M. F. SKENE.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE LONDON POOR.

OUR London working classes are in nothing more inconsistent than in their professed hatred of despotism and injustice, and yet their quiet submission to such evils. While pointing the finger of scorn at foreigners who bow without resistance under oppression, they will themselves submit with culpable indifference to certain acts of injustice, which it would hardly be possible to surpass in the most despotic country in Europe. That this statement, strong as it may appear, does not go beyond the truth we shall try to prove; and we shall begin with the grievance they have in the destruction of their dwellings.

Let us commence with the West-end, because the earliest destruction of the dwellings of the London poor, which has been carried on so energetically for the last forty or fifty years, took place in that portion of London. When the war with France terminated, and the idea of improving the metropolis occupied the attention of Government, Regent Street was projected, and one great reason for its formation in the line it took was that it would destroy an immense number of poor dwellings. The inhabitants were ejected in crowds; but no provision was made for their reception. In the western districts land was too valuable for them to find a home; and they migrated towards the Strand, to Westminster, and in many instances

into Lambeth. The improvements in the Strand and Trafalgar Square followed, when the same reason that was urged on the formation of Regent Street was again brought forward. The poor were too crowded; their dwellings were unsightly and unhealthy. The work of destruction recommenced. Westminster increased in population considerably; Lambeth still more so. St. Giles's, already too crowded, received a great accession of inhabitants. In this last instance, to such a pitch had the misery and overcrowding come, that the whole parish was threatened with an overwhelming mass of pauperism. At last the attention of Government was called to its condition; and the usual panacea of municipal legislation in cases of the kind was applied. Acres of ground covered with densely inhabited dwellings of the poor were laid waste, and New Oxford Street, Endell Street, and several others were formed; but no accommodation was provided for the poor who were driven away.

In the meantime Westminster had not been inactive in this work of ejectment. The Five Fields at Pimlico, the whole of the present locality of Belgravia, were formerly occupied by a comparatively sparse population. In order to form the present region of palaces these poorer inhabitants were necessarily driven away, either into Chelsea or into Westminster; and the result was that certain

spots in the last-named district became so crowded, and the rates so burdensome, that improvements, or relief in some shape, were loudly called for. Many were the attempts made to induce the Dean and Chapter to enter into some arrangements. But the demands of that body rendered it impossible to effect any improvement, unless houses of such size and appearance were built as would utterly preclude the possibility of the poor residing there. Victoria Street was in consequence projected, and an immense mass of poor people were driven away, with this result, that up to the present time not more than one-half of the space formerly covered by dwellings of the poor has been built over. One great object, however, had been attained—the poor had been ejected.

But terrible as was the injustice inflicted on the working classes by the instances we have quoted, it is surpassed by others which followed. To convey to the reader a general idea of the whole is impossible. Perhaps the better plan will be to ask him to accompany us in an imaginary ramble through those districts offering the best examples of the injustice we complain of, and to let him judge for himself. We will first cross Hungerford Bridge, and see in what manner the alterations effected in the different localities on the Surrey side of the water have been detrimental to the poor and the working classes in general. Our better course in the outset will be to follow the line of the Charing Cross Railway. While we do so, let us bear in mind that the route it has taken was to a considerable extent adopted by the promoters in consequence of the cheapness of the property it would destroy, and this was principally through streets occupied by poor people. To form the line they were driven out by hundreds; but not one single dwelling was erected for their accommodation, nor a question raised as to where they were to go. The line continues till it reaches the terminus of the South-Western Railway which formerly had its terminus at Nine Elms. This railway was also carried through the poorest parts of Lambeth, demolishing as it went immense numbers of small houses, as little consideration being shown for these as was exhibited by the promoters of the Charing Cross line.

The promoters of the line have urged it as an excuse that the poor ejected were of a demoralised character. But this is hardly the fact. Possibly there might have been bad characters among them; but, on the other hand, there was a colony of handi-

craftmen and their families—tailors, shoemakers, shopkeepers, and others employed by the West-end tradesmen. These, of course, were driven further from their place of labour, and a serious tax thus laid on their energies. There were also an immense number of working men on whom this change fell with special severity—persons employed by builders, carpenters, and others. These were driven further into Lambeth or into St. George's, Southwark, and the loss of time as well as strength in going backwards and forwards daily is very great.

Between the Waterloo terminus and the Blackfriars Road the line was carried through a densely populated district, and a vast number of houses were destroyed in its formation. But numerous as were the poor ejected by these works, their number sinks into insignificance when compared with those driven away by the Ludgate Hill extension of the London, Chatham, and Dover line. When the line was projected the Company applied to Parliament for their bill, and requested the parochial authorities to assist them by a petition to the House. We remember at the time asking one of the guardians of the poor (an influential tradesman) whether the parochial authorities would comply with the request of the Company. "Comply with it!" he said. "Of course we shall. Why, just consider what will be the effect upon the parish rates. It will destroy many hundreds of houses, and those especially inhabited by the class who draw most heavily on the poor's rates. Why, sir, if that line is carried through, before the end of four years it will reduce our rates fully 3*d.* or 4*d.* in the pound."

The Bill was obtained, the works commenced, and the destruction of houses followed. But the mischief did not stop here. The Metropolitan Board of Works resolved on the formation of a new street to connect Westminster with the Borough. Here, again, parochial influence was strong, and, instead of making the line by the shortest and cheapest road, as well as the one which would have ejected fewest inhabitants, it was taken through Stamford Street, solely on account of the improvement (?) which it was urged would be effected by the destruction of the squalid hovels and densely-inhabited dwellings of the poor in that locality. But this does not exhaust the injustice inflicted on the poor in the locality. The Charing Cross line to Cannon Street had to be carried out. And here again followed an enormous destruction of the dwellings of the working classes, who were turned out of

their houses : and, with the exception of the re-burnishing of gin-shops in the neighbourhoods of St. George's, Southwark, and Walworth (the two localities into which they were driven), not the slightest notice appeared to be taken of the transaction.

It may here be remarked that many have attempted to defend the conduct of the municipal authorities, by stating that the railway companies, prior to obtaining their Bill, had agreed to run working-men's trains to London and back again at specified hours, morning and evening, at very trifling fares ; and that the working classes would thus be able to live in a purer atmosphere than that to which they were accustomed in the heart of London. At first sight this appears plausible enough ; but on investigation it will not be found to hold water. It must be remembered that labour is the working man's capital. If, by being carried on the railway to and from his work, his physical powers are economised, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that he is taxed pecuniarily to a considerable extent. Say that he pays 2*d.* a day for his railway fare, at the end of the year he will have paid £2. 12*s.* And what amount of income would that represent in the tradesman's schedule D income tax ?

But to return to those ejected, who reside near to a line of railway, so as to be able to live in a respectable manner, and travel daily to and from their work. Admitting all the advantages which may be thought to accrue to the working classes by living in purer air, and the facility of railway accommodation afforded them, still no provision is made for the boy population ; and the reader should bear in mind that a healthy, intelligent, and industrious boy may contribute greatly to the working-class family exchequer. Imagine for a moment the enormous number of boys employed in London—shop boys, errand boys, press boys, reading boys, and so forth. The working-man's train starts at such an hour in the morning as makes it unavailable for the majority of these boys ; their work commencing later, and at the same time terminating later than the working-man's train in the afternoon. Generally speaking, a boy is obliged to walk to his work, and the distances which poor children sometimes have to trudge on foot must injure their constitutions, and frequently this is more in proportion as the respectability of the parents is the greater. We will quote two cases in point.

A large printing firm required a reading

boy. There were many applicants for the place, and among them was a lad who, from his respectable appearance, particularly attracted the attention of the partner engaged in making the choice. On questioning the boy he found him well spoken and highly intelligent. He told the lad to leave his address, and he would write and inform him when to come on duty. The boy, in a clear, bold hand, wrote his address, and gave it to the partner. "You won't do, my boy," said the partner. "Why, you live at the further end of Bow. You would be too fatigued when you came in the morning to be of much use." "Oh no, sir," said the boy. Many of your reading boys live further off than I do." On making inquiries the partner found that the boy's statement was correct. When the subject was mentioned to an eminent publisher in the city, he remarked, "I am not at all surprised to hear it. Do you see those two lads in the office?"—pointing to two well-dressed boys. "One of those lads walks every morning from the further end of Kensington, and back again at night, and the other from the further side of Highgate, and they are on their feet the whole of the day."

We asked him if he did not think that so much labour must be detrimental to the constitution of growing lads. "Granted," he replied ; "but we have no alternative. All the respectable working men live, if they can, in decent houses, and it is impossible to find these in the city or near it." But even on the able-bodied working men themselves this distance from their place of labour is often exceedingly prejudicial. There is, too, a numerous class of workmen for whom the railway accommodation is utterly unavailable—I mean those connected directly or indirectly with the river, either on wharves or barges, or as ballast-heavers, &c. The labours of these men are regulated by the tide, and they do not work at fixed hours. You must therefore perceive that if they lived upon a line of railway no inconsiderable time would be spent in loafing about public-houses till the departure of the train.

It may not unreasonably be asked why some person of energy does not bring this matter before the public, and insist on the municipal authorities seeing that proper house accommodation is found for the working classes in the same neighbourhood when any improvement is about to be made. Very possibly no person has hitherto come forward, being dismayed at the Herculean task he would have to perform. He would be cer-

tain to meet with determined opposition from the parochial or civic authorities, or the Board of Works.

In that enormous new street in Southwark, which, as you see, is not yet half rebuilt, we mentioned the subject to a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works before the demolition commenced, and asked him why they did not make some provision for the poor about to be ejected. "My dear sir," he replied, "we shall be most happy to entertain any proposition of the kind, I assure you. We are influenced, believe me, by the most philanthropic intentions." Three years after, we mentioned the subject to him again, and reminded him that nothing had been done. "Then why don't you do it?" he said. "The Board will willingly entertain any proposition which may be brought before it. But," he continued, "if your time is valuable, let me give you a hint. Before you attempt to raise the funds for building any dwellings for the poor, inquire the price of the land on which the houses are to be erected. And understand me, it is by no means certain that we shall accept the offer." "Why not?" we asked. "Because," he replied, "it may be considered by those who have already built houses as tending to reduce the value of property in the locality." "Why should you take them into consideration?" we inquired. "Well," he replied, "it would be a hard thing to injure those who have already expended their money. But there is another reason which renders it very possible that the Board will object to buildings for the working classes being erected in the locality." "And what may that be?" we asked. "That the erection of such houses might injure the value of the land still unlet for building, and this would be detrimental to the interests of the rate-payers at large."

We will now return to the Middlesex side of the water, and, starting from Charing Cross, continue our way up the Strand into the City. The first object we come on connected with our subject is the site of the new Law Courts. Some six or seven years since the whole of this immense space was covered with dwellings. Of these many were used for attorneys' offices, others of them formerly (a century or more ago) had been respectable dwelling-houses; but by far the greater portion were occupied by the poorest classes.

One of the great tests of the poverty of a district is infant mortality. While the births in London were at an average 30 per cent. greater than the deaths, in this parish of St. Clement's Danes, the death-rate, from ex-

cessive infant mortality, was greater than the births. When it was proposed that the Law Courts should be built in this parish, more than four thousand poor creatures were ejected from their dwellings to find a home where they could, no provision being made for their reception elsewhere. Nor is this all. They were positively driven away before it was absolutely decided that the new Law Courts should be built here. And while the promoters of the scheme were wrangling among themselves whether, after all, this was the best spot, the ground remained utterly useless and unoccupied. Just look at the appearance it now presents. Would it be possible to imagine a more complete picture of desolation? And yet you may judge from the foundations of the houses lately rising above the surface of the ground how densely populated the whole space must formerly have been.

We have lately been reading lamentable accounts of the destruction in those portions of the city of Strasbourg which, during the siege, were principally exposed to the fire of the German artillery, but the houses there destroyed would probably not form one tithe of those of the dwellings of the poor who have been driven out of this one locality. There is, however, one difference to be remarked in the comparison. No sooner had the Germans entered Strasbourg than one of their first cares was to erect new dwellings in place of those which had been destroyed. But, as I have before mentioned, not a house has been erected to shelter those helpless creatures who have here been driven away.

Continuing our road eastward, at the corner of Shoe Lane, we see in full operation one of our civic improvements. And let the reader here judge for himself if the angry feeling which is fast being engendered in the breasts of the working classes of London against the Government is to be wondered at. On every side are houses in course of destruction, which, but a few years since, were closely inhabited by the working classes. Follow the line up to the Holborn Viaduct, and the same appearance of desolation presents itself on all sides. Houses are destroyed by hundreds, and the inhabitants who resided in them, that they might be near their work, driven perhaps miles distant to find a home. Possibly on the other side of the Viaduct the hand of the destroyer is even more plainly visible than on this, its southern side. It should here be borne in mind that some fifteen or twenty years ago this neighbourhood was by far the most densely populated

in the City of London. Moreover, its inhabitants were said to be more demoralised than any others. This, however, was not altogether correct. That in certain portions of it the inhabitants were of the most degraded class is true, but the great mass of the population were honest handicraftmen and their families; the men being employed by houses in the city, the women at slop-work, charring, and other humble occupations. There is not the slightest doubt of their having been overcrowded; and, as I have said before, overcrowding has a direct tendency to demoralisation. Yet this overcrowding was by no means the fault of the poor themselves. Till about the year 1830, or even later, they were spread over the City generally, but when Cannon Street, its offshoot, and other improvements were projected, it was candidly admitted by the City authorities that one of the principal reasons for carrying them out was, that these dwellings of the poor would be destroyed, or in the words used, "the locality improved and civilised."

Doubtless the reader will ask whether in the wholesale destruction of the dwellings of the working classes, the civic authorities, with their enormous wealth, did not give some consideration to the welfare and convenience of these poorer citizens. They did; and in a manner very characteristic of the management of the charitable operations by the Corporation of the City of London. In the formation of the Farringdon Street Wastes, as they were formerly called (the many acres of ground cleared by the destruction of the houses of the working classes in that neighbourhood), they were appealed to by certain philanthropists to make some provision for a portion of the poor people ejected. Nor was the appeal without its effect, although perhaps the manner in which it was responded to will hardly meet with the reader's approbation. The City authorities met, and resolved that a certain sum of money, £20,000, we believe, should be set aside to build model lodging houses for the reception of the better class of the poor, and that when these houses were filled, others should be commenced. On making this determination public, the Corporation were complimented in the highest manner, and these compliments were received by them as just reward for their efforts in the cause of the poor.

Their virtuous determination then gra-

dually fell asleep. Not a word more was said about the model lodging-houses; public indignation either faded out, or the public interest diverted to other subjects, and some twenty years elapsed without even the foundation of a house being commenced. The spot of ground was then sold (some say at a considerable profit) to the Metropolitan Railway Company, and the whole affair is now almost forgotten.

Let us now continue our road further eastward, commencing at Blackfriars Bridge, on towards the Mansion House, casting a glance at Cannon Street as we pass. At the first point is the parish of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, which stretches between Ludgate Hill and the river-side. Ten years ago this parish was crowded with the poorest of the working classes. Poverty was certainly great here; but it was occasioned principally by the richer parishes driving the poor into it. About the time we are speaking of the poor's-rate in the parish of St. Ann's was no less than 6s. in the pound. The *Times* office alone contributed £180, and the Apothecaries' Company £220. At present the poor's-rate properly belonging to the parish of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, instead of being 6s. is not more than 8d. in the pound, so completely have the poor been driven away. The site of Cannon Street is especially planned through the poorer parts of the metropolis.

In the Eastern districts the same system has not only been pursued, but is still being carried on. For the formation of Commercial Street and the approaches to the docks in Whitechapel, the dwellings of no fewer than fourteen thousand of the working classes were destroyed. The work of destruction is still progressing near the Eastern Counties Railway Station, where the reader may see it in full action. House after house is being destroyed; and, although certain admirable lodging-houses have been erected in the neighbourhood, they are not sufficient to accommodate one-twentieth part of those who are driven afield. At the present time the Metropolitan Board of Works are about raising two millions of money to carry out certain contemplated improvements in the East-end. Let the reader trace the course of these improvements, and then calculate how many thousands of working men and their families will be turned out of their houses, without the slightest provision being made for their reception elsewhere.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

BASILIDES.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

"Many things are related of this virgin (Potamiana) in suffering for faith in Christ. . . . She was at last with her mother Marcella committed to the flames. Immediately thereupon receiving the sentence of condemnation, she was led away to die by Basilides, one of the officers in the army. But when the multitude attempted to assault and maul her with abusive language, he by keeping off restrained their insolence, exhibiting the greatest compassion and kindness to her. Perceiving the man's sympathy, she exhorts him to be of good cheer, for after that she was gone she would intercede for him with her Lord. . . . Not long after Basilides plainly professed himself to be a Christian."—EUSEBIUS.

IN vain unto this oath
 Ye urge me, O my fellow soldiers ; lo !
 I swear not by the gods nor Cæsar ! So
 These lips of mine are sealed unto a troth
 More firm and sure, they may not now unsay
 Their steadfast pledge, "Thou art a Christian?" "Yea."

A Christian, yea ! and evermore Amen !
 No more Basilides ! Such name I bore
 But yesterday—a man with other men
 Who bowed the knee to all that men adore ;
 Who lied, who sued, sung, flattered, jested, swore,
 By Cæsar and the Gods ; a soldier proud
 To track the crimson tunic through the fray
 And raise the loud a-la-la ; in the crowd
 Of slaves the foremost slave ! these things away
 Are past for ever. Yea ! a Christian ? Yea !

Three times to me at dead
 Of night she came, with solemn stillness round.
 White robed I saw her stand with roses crowned,
 And in her hands were roses white and red.

She called me by my name,
 "Look up, Basilides ! Dost mind thee now
 Of her, by thee and by thy soldiers led
 From prison unto death ? Dost mind thee how
 Thou spakest to her then ? Of words she said
 Dost mind thee ? I am come to quit that vow.

"For what did then await me were it sword
 Or shame I knew not. If the burning mesh,
 Death by the lion's hated paw, abhorred
 Embrace,—then shrank my spirit, shrank my flesh ;

I heard of many wheels the grind and roll,
 Of many beasts I felt the sudden spring,
 From countless eyes athirst to drink my soul
 I turning, met the unrelenting glare
 Of the blue sword-gleam round me, met the stare
 Of the blue distant heaven unpitying,
 Then in thine eye one moment seeking mine
 I pity read, and gentlest tenderness,
 What words thou spakest then in my distress
 I heard not, but my hands I felt in thine
 One moment caught and held amid the press—
 "Look up," she said, "Basilides, behold
 These hands of mine! their grasp is laid on thee
 For evermore! I quit thee not, be bold,"
 She spake again, "for soon shalt thou be free.

"A Pagan art thou, drunk
 With many spells? art thou a slave, within
 The dark Ergastulum each night shut in?
 By day the thrall of legion-masters, sunk
 In sense, fast bound unto the earth by sin?
 Care not for these thy fetters, nor thy stains
 Regard; a Mighty One for thee hath striven:
 Strong is he, pitiful, to him thy chains
 Are reeds; the past is past, effaced, forgiven.
 Thine is the God by fire that answereth,
 His feet within the furnace glow and move,
 His eyes are flame that kindle flame, his breath
 Lights up the stream of fire unquenchable
 That unconsumed, consumeth; who can dwell
 With everlasting burnings? *They who love.*"

Her words like seeds of flame
 Lie in my heart. Basilides no more
 Am I, and yet Basilides the same
 But yesterday who flattered, jested, swore
 By Cæsar and the Gods. Gods! now I name
 One God whom I adore, and Him obey,
 One God in heaven who lives, on earth who died,
 And lo! He liveth! Him the crucified
 Who lives for evermore! A Christian, yea!





"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXII.



about.

"I have come to talk about business," he said, but he did not send Norah away. Probably had he not been so glad to see her once more, it would have surprised him to see the child whom he had never beheld apart from a book, standing up by her mother's chair, watching his face, taking in every word. Norah's rôle had changed since those old days. She had no independent standing then; now she was her mother's companion, champion, supporter. This changes as nothing else can a child's life.

"Our case is to be heard for the first time to-morrow," he said. "I believe they are all very much startled. Golden was brought before the magistrate yesterday; he has been admitted to bail, of course. If I could have had the satisfaction of thinking that rascal was even one night in prison! But that was too much to hope for. Mrs. Drummond, can you guess who was his bail?"

Helen shook her head, not understanding quite what he meant; but all the same she knew what his answer would be. He brought it out with a certain triumph—

"Why, Burton—your precious cousin! I knew it would be so. As sure as that sun is shining, Burton is at the bottom of it all. I have seen it from the first."

"Dr. Maurice," said Helen, "where have I seen, where have I read, 'Burton and

Golden have done it?' The words seem to haunt me. It cannot be fancy."

Dr. Maurice took out his pocket-book. He took a folded paper from an inner pocket, and held it to her without a word. Poor Helen, in the composure which she had attained so painfully, began to shake and tremble; the sight of it moved her beyond her self-control. She could not weep, but her strained nerves quivered, her teeth chattered, her frame was convulsed by the shock. "Ah!" she cried, as people do when they receive a blow; and yet now she remembered it all—every word; it seemed to be written on her heart.

The physician was alarmed. Human emotion has many ways of showing itself, but none more alarming than this. He put the letter hastily away again, and plunged into wild talk about the way she was living, the house, and the neighbourhood.

"You are taking too little exercise. You are shutting yourself up too much," he said, with something of that petulance which so often veils pity. He was not going to encourage her to break down by being sorry for her; the other way, he thought, was the best. And then he himself was on the very borders of emotion too, the sight of these words had brought poor Robert so keenly to his mind. And they had brought to his mind also his own hardships. Norah in her new place was very bewildering to him. He had noted her closely while her mother was speaking, and with wonder and trouble had seen a woman look at him through the girl's brown eyes—a woman, a new creature, an independent being, whom he did not know, whom he would have to treat upon a different footing. This discovery, which he had not made at the first glance, filled him with dismay and trouble. He had lost the child whom he loved.

"Norah, come and show me the house," he said, with a certain despair; and he went away, leaving Helen to recover herself. That was better than going back upon the past, recalling to both the most painful moments of their life.

He took Norah's hand, and walked through the open door into the garden, which was the first outlet he saw.

"Come and tell me all about it," he said. "Norah, what have you been doing to yourself? Have you grown up in these three

months? You are not the little girl I used to know."

"Oh, Dr. Maurice, do you think I have grown?" cried Norah, with her whole heart in the demand.

And it would be impossible to describe what a comfort this eager question was to him. He laughed, and looked down upon her, and began to feel comfortable again.

"Do you know, I am afraid you have not grown," he said, putting his other hand fondly on her brown hair. "Are you vexed, Norah? For my part, I like you best as you are."

"Well, it cannot be helped," said Norah, with resignation. "I did not think I had; but for a moment I had just a little hope, you looked so funny at me. Oh, Dr. Maurice, I do so wish I was grown up!—for many things. First, there is Mr. Burton, who comes and bullies mamma. I hate that man. I remember at home, in the old days, when you used to be talking, and nobody thought I paid any attention——"

"What do you remember, Norah?"

"Oh, heaps of things. I can scarcely tell you. They would look at each other—I mean Mr. Golden and he. They would say things to each other. Oh, I don't remember what the words were; how should I remember the words? but things—just as you might look at me, and give a little nod, if we had something that was a secret from mamma. I know they had secrets, these two. If I were grown up, and could speak, I would tell him so. Dr. Maurice, can't we punish them? I cannot imagine," cried Norah passionately, "what God can be thinking of to let them alone, and let them be happy, after all they have done to—poor papa!"

"Norah, these are strange things for you to be thinking of," said Dr. Maurice, once more disturbed by a development which he was not acquainted with.

"Oh, no. If you knew how we live, you would not think them strange. I am little; but what does that matter? There is mamma on one side, and there is Mr. Haldane. How different we all used to be! Dr. Maurice, I remember when poor Mr. Haldane used to take me up, and set me on his shoulder; and look at him now! Oh, how can any one see him, and bear it? But it does no good to cry."

"But, Norah, that is not Mr. Burton's fault."

"No, not that; but, oh, it is God's fault," said Norah, sinking her voice to a whisper, and ending with a burst of passionate tears.

"Hush, hush, hush!" He took her hand into both of his, and soothed her. Thoughts like these might float through a man's mind involuntarily, getting no utterance; but it horrified him to hear them from the lips of a child. Was she a child? Dr. Maurice said to himself once more, with an inward groan, that his little Norah, his dream-child of the fairy tales, was gone, and he should find her no more.

"And then it rather vexes one to be so little," she said, suddenly drying her eyes, "because of Clara. Clara is not twelve yet, and she is much bigger than I am. She can reach to these roses—look—while I can't get near them; and they are the only roses we have now. But, after all, though it may be nice to be tall, it doesn't matter very much, do you think, for a woman? So mamma says; and girls are just as often little as tall—in books."

"For my part, I am fond of little women," said Dr. Maurice, and this time he laughed within himself. She kept him between the two, changing from childhood to womanhood without knowing it. "But tell me, who is Clara? I want to know about your new friends here."

"Clara is Clara Burton, and very like him," said Norah. "I thought I should be fond of her at first, because she is my cousin; but I am not fond of her. Ned is her brother. I like him better. He is a horsey, doggy sort of boy; but then he has always lived in the country, and he knows no better. One can't blame him for that, do you think?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Maurice, with great seriousness; "one can't blame him for that." The man's heart grew glad over the child's talk. He could have listened to her running on about her friends for ever.

"And then there was—some one else," said Norah, instinctively drawing herself up; "not exactly a boy; a—gentleman. We saw him in town, and then we saw him here; first with that horrible man, Mr. Golden, and another day with the Burtons. But you are not to think badly of him for that. He was—on our side."

"Who is this mysterious personage, I wonder?" said Dr. Maurice smilingly; but this time it was not a laugh or a groan, but a little shivering sensation of pain that ran through him, he could not tell why.

"He was more like Fortunatus than any one," said Norah. "But he could not be like Fortunatus in everything, for he said he was poor, like us—though that might be only, as I say it myself, to spite Clara. Well, he was grown up—taller than you are, Dr. Mau-

rice—with nice curling sort of hair, all in little twists and rings, and beautiful eyes. They flashed up so when mamma spoke. Mamma was very, very angry talking to that horrible man at our own very door. Fancy, he had dared to go and call and leave his horrid card. I tore it into twenty pieces, and stamped upon it. It was silly, I suppose; but to think he should dare to call—at our own very house—”

“I am getting dreadfully confused, Norah, between the beautiful eyes and the horrible man. I don't know what I am about. Which was which?”

“Oh, Dr. Maurice, how could you ask such a question? Are there two such men in the world? It was *that* Mr. Golden whom I hate: and Mr. Rivers—Cyril Rivers—was with him, not knowing—but he says he will never go with him again. I saw it in his eyes in a moment; he is on our side.”

“You are young to read eyes in this way. I do not think I quite like it, Norah,” said Dr. Maurice, in a tone which she recognised at once.

“Why, you are angry. But how can I help it?” said Norah, growing a woman again. “If you were like me, Dr. Maurice—if you felt your mamma had only you—if you knew there was nobody else to stand by her, nobody to help her, and you so little! I am obliged to think; I cannot help myself. When I grow up, I shall have so much to do; and how can I know whether people are on our side or against us, except by looking at their eyes?”

“Norah, my little Norah!” cried the man pitifully, “don't leave your innocence for such fancies as these. Your mother has friends to think for her and you—many friends; I myself, for example. As long as I am alive, do you require to go and look for people to be on your side? Why, child, you forget *me*.”

Norah looked at him searchingly, penetrating, as he thought, to the bottom of his heart.

“I did not forget you, Dr. Maurice. You are fond of me and of—poor papa. But I have to think of *her*. I don't think you love *her*. And she has the most to bear.”

Dr. Maurice did not make any reply. He did not love Helen; he even shrank from the idea with a certain prudish sense of delicacy—an old bachelor's bashfulness. Love Mrs. Drummond! Why, it was out of the question. The idea disconcerted him. He had been quite pained and affected a moment before at the thought that his little Norah—

the child that he was so fond of—should want other champions. But now he was disconcerted, and in front of the grave little face looking up at him, he did not even dare to smile. Norah, however, was as ready to raise him up as she had been to cast him down.

“Do you think Cyril is a pretty name, Dr. Maurice?” she asked. “I think it sounds at first a little weak—too pretty for a boy. So is Cecil. I like a rough, round sort of name—Ned, for instance. You never could mistake Ned. One changes one's mind about names, don't you think? I used to be all for Gerald and Cyrils and pretty sounds like that; now I like the others best. Clara is pretty for a girl; but everybody thinks I must be Irish, because I'm called Norah. Why was I called Norah, do you know? Charlie Dalton calls me Norah Creina.”

“Here is some one quite fresh. Who is Charlie Dalton?” said Dr. Maurice, relieved.

“Oh, one of the Rectory boys. There are so many of them! What I never can understand,” cried Norah suddenly, “is the difference among people. Mr. Dalton has eight children, and mamma has only one; now why? To be sure, it would have been very expensive to have had Charlie and all the rest on so little money as we have now. I suppose we could not have done it. And, to be sure, God must have known that, and arranged it on purpose,” the child said, stopping short with a puzzled look. “Oh, Dr. Maurice, when He knew it all, and could have helped it if He pleased, why did He let them kill poor papa?”

“I do not know,” said Dr. Maurice under his breath.

It was a relief to him when, a few minutes after, Helen appeared at the garden door, having in the meantime overcome her own feelings. They were all in a state of repression, the one hiding from the other all that was strongest in them for the moment. Such a thing is easily done at twelve years old. Norah ran along the garden path to meet her mother, throwing off the shadow in a moment. But for the others it was not so easy. They met, and they talked of the garden, what a nice old-fashioned garden it was, full of flowers such as one rarely sees nowadays. And Dr. Maurice told Norah the names of some of them, and asked if the trees bore well, and commented upon the aspect, and how well those pears ought to do upon that warm wall. These are the disguises with which people hide themselves when that within does not bear speaking of. There was a

great deal more to be told still, and business to be discussed; but first these perverse hearts had to be stilled somehow in their irregular beating, and the tears which were too near the surface got rid of, and the wistful, questioning thoughts silenced.

After a while Dr. Maurice went to pay Stephen Haldane a visit. He, too, was concerned in the business which brought the doctor here. The two men went into it with more understanding than Helen could have had. She wanted only that Golden should be punished, and her husband's name vindicated—a thing which it seemed to her so easy to do. But they knew that proof was wanted—proof which was not forthcoming. Dr. Maurice told Haldane what Helen gave him no opportunity to tell her—that the lawyers were not sanguine. The books which had disappeared were the only evidence upon which Golden's guilt and Drummond's innocence could be either proved or disproved. And all the people about the office, from the lowest to the highest, had been summoned to tell what they knew about those books. Nobody, it appeared, had seen them removed; nobody had seen the painter carry them away; there was this negative evidence in his favour, if no other. But there was nothing to prove that Golden had done it, or any other person involved, and, so far as this was concerned, obscurity reigned over the whole matter—an obscurity not pierced as yet by any ray of light.

"At all events, we shall fight it out," said Dr. Maurice. "The only thing to be risked now is a little money more or less, and that, I suppose, a man ought to be willing to risk for the sake of justice—myself especially, who have neither chick nor child."

He said this in so dreary a way that poor Stephen smiled. The man who was removed from any such delights—who could never improve his own position in any way, nor procure for himself any of the joys of life, looked at the man who thus announced himself with a mixture of gentle ridicule and pity.

"That at least must be your own fault," he said; and then he thought of himself, and sighed.

No one knew what dreams might have been in Stephen Haldane's mind before he became the wreck he was. Probably no one ever would know. He smiled at the other, but for himself he could not restrain a sigh.

"I don't see how it can be said to be my own fault," said Dr. Maurice with whimsical petulance. "There are preliminary steps, of course, which one might take—but not ne-

cessarily with success—not by any means certainly with success. I tell you what, though, Haldane," he added hastily, after a pause, "I'd like to adopt Norah Drummond. That is what I should like to do. I'd be very good to her; she should have everything she could set her face to. To start a strange child from the beginning, even if it were one's own, is always like putting into a lottery. A baby is no better than a speculation. How do you know what it may turn out? whereas a creature like Norah—Ah, that is what I should like, to adopt such a child as that!"

"To adopt—Norah?" Stephen grew pale. "What! to take her from her mother! to carry away the one little gleam of light!"

"She would be a gleam of light to me too," said Dr. Maurice, "and I could do her justice. I could provide for her. Her mother, if she cared for the child's interest, ought not to stand in the way. There! you need not look so horror-stricken. I don't mean to attempt it. I only say that is what I should like to do."

But the proposal, even when so lightly made, took away Stephen's breath. He did not recover himself for some time. He muttered, "Adopt—Norah!" under his breath, while his friend talked on other subjects. He could not forget it. He even made Dr. Maurice a little speech when he rose to go away. He put out his hand and grasped the other's arm in the earnestness of his interest.

"Look here, Maurice," he said, "wealth has its temptations as well as poverty; because you have plenty of money, if you think you could make such a proposition——"

"What proposition?"

"To take Norah from her mother. If you were to tempt Mrs. Drummond for the child's sake to give up the child, by promising to provide for her, or whatever you might say—if you were to do that, God forgive you, Maurice—I know I never could!"

"Of course I shall not do it," said Maurice hastily. And he went away with the feeling in his mind that this man, too, was his rival, and his successful rival. The child was as good as Stephen's child, though so far removed from himself. Dr. Maurice was so far wrong that it was Helen Stephen was thinking of, and not Norah. The child would be a loss to him; but the loss of her mother would be so much greater that the very thought of it oppressed his soul. He

had grown to be Helen's friend in the truest sense; he had felt her sympathy to be almost too touching to him, almost too sweet; and he could not bear the possibility of seeing her deprived of her one solace. He sat alone after Maurice had gone away (for his mother and sister had left them to have their conversation unfettered by listeners), and pondered over the possible fate of the mother and child. The child would grow up; in a very few years she would be a woman; she would marry, in all likelihood, and go away, and belong to them no more; and Helen would be left to bear her lot alone. She would be left in the middle of her days to carry her burden as she might, deserted by every love that had once belonged to her. What a lot would that be!—worse, even, than his own, who, amid all his pains, had two hearts devoted to him never to be disjoined from him but by death. Poor Stephen, you would have supposed, was himself in the lowest depths of human suffering and solitude; but yet he looked down upon a lower still, and his heart bled for Helen, who, it might be, would have to descend into that abyss in all the fulness of her life and strength. What a sin would that man's be, he thought, who arbitrarily, unnaturally, should try to hasten on that separation by a single day!

Dr. Maurice went back to the other side of the house, and had his talk out quietly with Mrs. Drummond; he told her what he had told Haldane, while Norah looked at him over her mother's chair, and listened to every word. To her he said that it was the lawyers' opinion that they might do good even though they proved nothing—they might stir up public opinion; they might open the way for further information. And with this, perhaps, it might be necessary to be content.

"There is one way in which something might be possible," he said. "All the people about the office have been found and called as witnesses, except one. That was the night-porter, who might be an important witness; but I hear he lives in the country, and has been lost sight of. He might know something; without that we have no proof whatever. I for my own part should as soon think the sun had come out of the skies, but Drummond, for some reason we know nothing of, might have taken those books——"

"Are you forsaking him too?" cried Helen in her haste.

"I am not in the least forsaking him," said Dr. Maurice; "but how can we tell what had been said to him—what last re-

source he had been driven to? If we could find that porter there might be something done. He would know when they were taken away."

Helen made no answer; she did not take the interest she might have done in the evidence. She said softly, as if repeating to herself—

"Burton and Golden, Burton and Golden!" Could it be? What communication could they have had? how could they have been together? This thought confused her, and yet she believed in it as if it were gospel. She turned it over and over like a strange weapon of which she did not know the use.

"Yes, something may come out of that. We may discover some connection between them when everything is raked up in this way. Norah thinks so too. Norah feels that they are linked together somehow. Will you come with me to the station, Norah, and see me away?"

"We are both going," said Helen. And they put on their bonnets and walked to the railway with him through the early twilight. The lights were shining out in the village windows as they passed, and in the shops, which made an illumination here and there. The train was coming from town—men coming from their work, ladies returning, who had been shopping in London, meeting their children, who went to carry home the parcels, in pleasant groups. The road was full of a dozen little domestic scenes, such as are to be seen only in the neighbourhood of London. A certain envy was in the thoughts of all three as they passed on. Norah looked at the boys and girls with a little sigh, wondering how it would feel to have brothers and sisters, to be one of a merry happy family. And Helen looked at them with a different feeling, remembering the time when she, too, had gone to meet her own people who were coming home. As for Dr. Maurice, of course it was his own fault. He had chosen to have nobody belonging to him, to shut himself off from the comfort of wife and child. Yet he was more impatient of all the cheerful groups than either of the others.

"Talk of the country being quiet! it is more noisy than town," he said; he had just been quietly pushed off the pavement by a girl like Norah, who was running to meet her father. That should have been nothing to him, surely, but he felt injured. "I wish you would come with me and keep my house for me, Norah," he said, with a vain harping on his one string; and Norah laughed with gay freedom at the thought.

"Good night, Dr. Maurice; come back soon," she said, waving her hand to him, then turned away with her mother, and did not even look back. He was quite sure about this, as he settled himself in the corner of the carriage. So fond as he was of the child; so much as he would have liked to have done for her! And she never so much as looked back!

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Helen and Norah emerged again out of the lights of the little railway station to the darkness glimmering with a few lamps of the road outside, Mr. Burton's phaeton was standing at the gate. The air was touched with the first frost, there was a soft haze over the distances, the lamps shone with a twinkling glow, and the breath of the horses was faintly visible in the sharpened air. Mr. Burton was standing talking to some one on the pathway accompanied by his son Ned, who though he was but a year older than Norah was nearly as tall as his father. Helen's last interview with her cousin had not been pleasant enough to tempt her to linger now for any greeting, and her heart was sore and wroth against him. She put her veil down over her face, and hurried past. But Mr. Burton had seen her, and long before this he had repented of his rudeness of last night. Had it been successful, had he succeeded in bullying and frightening her, he would have been perfectly satisfied with himself; but he had not succeeded, and he was sorry for the cruelty which had been in vain. It was so much power wasted, and his wisest course now was to ignore and disown what he had done. He stopped short in his conversation, and made a step after her.

"Ah, Helen!" he cried, "you out this cold evening! Wait a moment, I will take you with me. I am going to pass your door."

"Thanks," said Helen, "I think we prefer to walk." And she was going resolutely on; but she was not to be allowed so easily to make her escape.

"One moment. I have something to say to you. If you will not drive with me, I will walk with you," said Mr. Burton, in his most genial mood. "Good evening, Tait, we can finish our talk to-morrow. Well, and where have you been, you two ladies?—seeing some one off by the train? Ned, see if you can't amuse your cousin Norah while I talk to her mother. Helen, when you and I were that age I think we found more to say."

"I do not think we were great friends—at that age," said Helen.

She had meant to say at any age; but the gravity of her thoughts made such light utterances of her anger impossible. When people are going to serious war with each other, they may denounce and vituperate, but they rarely gibe.

"No; I suppose it was at a later period we were friends," Mr. Burton said, with a laugh. "How strangely circumstances alter! I am afraid I made myself rather disagreeable last night. When a man is bilious, he is not accountable for his actions; and I had been worried in town; but it was too bad to go and put it out on you; what I really wanted to ask last night was if the house was quite in order for the winter? But something brought on the other subject, and I lost my temper like an idiot. I hope you won't think any more of it. And it is really important to know if the house is in order—if you are prepared to run the risk of frost, and all that. I was speaking to Tait, the carpenter, this moment. I think I shall send him just to look over the house."

Helen made no reply; this talk about nothing, this pretence of ease and familiarity, was an insult to her. And Norah clung close to her arm, enclosing it with both hands, calling her mother's attention to every new sentence with a closer pressure. They went on for a few minutes before Mr. Burton could invent anything more to say, and Ned stalked at Norah's other side with all a boy's helplessness. He certainly was not in a condition to help his father out.

"Ned has been up to town with me to-day," said Mr. Burton, still more cheerfully. "It will be a loss, but we must make up our minds to send him to school. It is a disadvantage to him being so tall; everybody thinks he is fifteen at least. It is handy for you that Norah is so small. You can make a baby of her for three or four years yet."

Here Norah squeezed her mother's arm so tight that Helen winced with the pain, yet took a kind of forlorn amusement too from the fury of the child's indignation.

"Norah is no baby," she said, "happily for me; Norah is my best companion and comfort."

"Ah, yes; she is in your confidence; that is charming," said Mr. Burton; "quite like a story-book; whereas Ned, the great block-head, cares for nothing but his dogs and nonsense. But he shall be packed off to Eton directly. The house is so full at present, my

wife has been regretting we have seen nothing of you, Helen. I suppose it is too early to ask you to come to us under present circumstances? But after a while, I hope, when we are alone—And Norah must come before Ned goes away. There is to be a children's party. What did your mother settle about that, Ned?"

"Don't know," growled Ned at Norah's other side.

"Don't know! Well you ought to know, since it's in your honour. Clara will send you word, Helen. Now, I suppose, I must be off, or I shall not have time to dress. Why, by Jove, there goes the bell already!" cried Mr. Burton.

He looked round, and the bays, which had been impatiently following at a footpace, held in with difficulty by the groom, stopped at the sign he made, while the sonorous dinner-bell, which rang twice every evening through all seasons, sounded its first summons through the darkness. There was something very awe-inspiring in the sound of that bell. That, as much as anything, impressed the village and neighbourhood with a sense of the importance of the master of Dura. The old Harcourts had used it only on very great occasions; but the Burtons used it every evening. All the cooks in Dura village guided themselves by its sound. "Lord, bless us! there's the bell going at the great house, and my chickens not put down to roast yet," Mrs. Witherspoon at the Rectory would say, giving herself such "a turn" as she did not get over all the evening. Mr. Burton, too, got "a turn" when he heard it.

He cried, "Good night, Helen! Ned, come along," and jumped into his phaeton.

"I'll walk," shouted Ned.

And then there was a jingle, a flash, a dart, and the two bays flew, as if something had stung them, along the frosty road.

"It will be a long walk for you up that dark avenue," said Helen, when the boy, with his hands in his pockets, stood by them at the door of the Gatehouse, hesitating with the awkwardness natural to his kind.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Ned.

"Will you come in—and have some tea?"

Never was an invitation more reluctantly given. When his mother heard of it, it flashed through her mind that Mrs. Drummond had constructed the first parallel, and that already the siege of Ned, the heir of Dura, had begun; but Helen had no such idea. And Norah squeezed her arm with a

force of indignation which once more, though she was not merry, made her mother smile.

"Mamma, how could you?" Norah cried, when the boy had come in, and had been left by the bright little fire in the drawing-room to watch the flickering of the lights while his entertainers took off their bonnets; "how could you? It is I who will have to talk to him and amuse him. It was selfish of you, mamma!"

And Ned sat by the drawing-room fire alone, repenting himself that he had been seduced, in his big boots, with mud on his stockings, into this unknown place. It was not actually unknown to him; he had broken the old china cups and thumped upon the piano, and done his best to put his fingers through the old curtains more than once while the place was empty. But he did not understand the change that had passed upon it now. He sat by the fire confused; wondering how he had ever had the courage to come in; wondering if Mrs. Drummond would think him dirty, and what Norah would say. He would not have to put himself into velvet and silk stockings and show himself in the drawing-room at home, that was a comfort. But what unknown mazes of conversation, what awful abysses of self-betrayal might there be before him here! Norah came in first, which at once frightened and relieved him. And the room was pretty—the old homely neutral-tinted room, with the lively gleam of firelight lighting it up, and all the darkness made rosy in the corners, which was so different from the drawing-room at the great house, with its gilding and grandeur, its masses of flowers and floods of light. Ned's head felt very much confused by the difference; but the strangeness awed him in spite of himself.

"I am always frightened in this room," said Norah, drawing the biggest chair into the circle of the firelight, and putting herself into it like a little queen. She was so small that her one foot which hung down did not reach the floor; the other, I am sorry to say, so regardless was Norah of decorum, was tucked under her in the big chair.

"What a funny girl you are! Why?"

"Do you see that cupboard?" said Norah.

"I know there is an old woman who lives there, and spins and spins, and keeps looking at me, till I daren't breathe. Oh, I think sometimes if I look up it will turn me to stone, that eye of hers. If you weren't here I shouldn't dare to say it; I am most frightened for her in the day, when the light comes in at all the windows, and all the pictures

and things say, 'What's that little girl doing here?' And then the mirror up on the wall—There's two people in it I know, now. You will say it's you and me; but it isn't you and me. It's our ghosts, perhaps, sitting so still, and looking at each other and never saying a word."

Ned felt a shiver run over him as he listened. He thought of the dark avenue which he had to go through all by himself, and wished he had driven with his father instead. And there where he was sitting he just caught that curious little round mirror, and

there were two people in it—never moving, never speaking, just as Norah said.

"There is always a feeling as if somebody were by in this house," Norah went on, "somebody you can't see. Oh, it is quite true. You can't go anywhere, up or down, but they always keep looking and looking at you. I bear it as long as I can, and then I get up and run away. I should not mind so much if I could see them, or if they were like the ladies that walk about and rustle with long silk trains going over the floor, as they do in some old houses. But the



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ones here are so still; they just look at you for hours and hours together, till you get into such a dreadful fright, and feel you can't bear it any longer and rush away."

Just then there was the sound of a little fall of ashes from the fire which made Ned start; and then he laughed hoarsely, frightened, but defiant.

"You are making it all up out of your own head to frighten a fellow," he said.

"To frighten—a fellow!" said Norah, with gentle but ineffable contempt. "What have I to do with—fellows? It frightens *me*."

And she gave a little shudder in her big chair, and shook her head, waving her brown hair about her shoulders. Perhaps the colour in her hair would not have showed so much but for the black frock with its little white frill that came to the throat; and the firelight found out Norah's eyes, and kindled two lamps in them. She was all made up of blackness and brightness, a shadow child, not much of her apparent except the pale face and the two lights in her eyes—unless, indeed, it were that one leg, hanging down from under the black frock, with a white

stocking on it, and a varnished, fire-reflecting shoe.

Never in Ned's life had he experienced anything like this before; the delicious thrill of visionary terror made the actual pleasantness of the warm corner he sat in all the pleasanter; he had thought himself past the age to have stories told to him; but nothing like Norah's visions had ever come in his way. No happiness, however, is perfect in this world. The dark avenue would come across him by moments with a thrill of terror. But the old woman could not sit and spin, that was certain, in the dark, windy, lonely avenue; there would be no mirror there to reflect his passing figure; and he would run; and if the dogs were about they would come to meet him; so the boy took courage and permitted himself to enjoy this moment, which was a novelty in his life. Then Mrs. Drummond came in with her black dress like Norah's, and the long white streamers to her cap, which looked like wings, he thought. Her sorrowful look, her soft voice, that air about her of something subdued and stilled, which had not always been so, impressed the boy's imagination. Ned was an honest, single-hearted boy, and he looked with awe upon any suffering which he could understand. He explained afterwards that Helen looked as if she were very sorry about something. "Awfully sorry—but not bothering," he said, and the look of self-control impressed him, though he could not tell why. Altogether it was so different from home; so much more attractive to the imagination. There was no dimness, no shadows at the great house. There nobody ever sat in the firelight, nor "took things into their heads;" and here everything was so shadowy, so soft, so variable; the fire light gleaming suddenly out now and then, the air so full of mystery. Everything that is strange is attractive to the young fancy to begin with; and there was more than simple novelty here.

Helen brought the lamp in her hand and set it down on the table, which to some extent disturbed his picture; and then she came and sat down by the children, while Susan—old Susan, who was a landmark to Ned, keeping him to reality in the midst of all this wonderfulness—brought in and arranged the tea.

"Are you sure they will not be anxious?" said Helen. "I am afraid your mother will be unhappy about you when she finds you don't come."

"Oh, she'll never find out," said Ned.

"Unhappy! I don't suppose mamma would be unhappy for that; but I'll get home before they come out from dinner. I shan't dress though, it would be absurd, at nine o'clock."

"It will be a dark walk for you up the avenue," said Helen kindly; and when she said this Ned shrank into his corner and shivered slightly. She added, "You are not afraid?"

"Oh no—I should hope not!" said Ned.

"I should be afraid," said Norah tranquilly; "the wind in the trees always makes me feel strange. It sounds so moaning and dreary, as if it were complaining. We don't do it any harm that it should complain. It is like something that is in prison and wants to get out. Do you know any stories about forest spirits? I don't like them very much; they are always dwarfs, or trolls, or something grim—funny little men, hairy all over, that sit under the trees with their long arms, and dart out when you pass."

Ned gave another suppressed shiver in his corner, and Helen came to his aid.

"Norah has read nothing but fairy tales all her life," she said; "but I daresay you know a great deal more than she does, and don't care for such foolish things. You are going to Eton? I was once there when all the boats were out, and there were fireworks at night. It was so pretty. I daresay when you are there you will get into the boats."

"I shall try," said Ned, lighting up. "I mean to be very good at athletics if I can. It does not matter if I work very hard, for I am going into papa's business, where I shan't want it. I am not going to Eton to work, but to get among a good set, and to do what other people do."

"Ah!" said Helen, with a smile. She took but a languid interest in Ned, and she was scarcely sorry that Mr. Burton's son showed no likelihood of distinguishing himself. She accepted it quite quietly, without any interest in the matter, which somehow troubled Ned, he could not have told why.

"At least, they say you're not obliged to work," he said, a little abashed. "I shall do as much as I can at that too."

And then there was a momentary silence, broken only by the ring of the teacups as Susan put them down. Ned had a feeling that no very profound interest was shown in his prospect and intentions, but he was used to that. He sat quite quiet, feeling very shy, and sadly troubled to find that Susan had placed the lamp where it threw its strongest

light upon himself. He drew his muddy boots and stockings as much as he could under his chair, and hoped Mrs. Drummond would not notice them; how foolish he had been to come, making an exhibition of himself! and yet it was very pleasant, too.

"Now you must come to the table and have some tea," said Helen, placing a chair for him with her own hand. Ned knew it was a gentleman's duty to do this for a lady, but he was so confused he did not feel capable of behaving like anything but a loutish boy; he turned everything he could think of as a pleasant subject of conversation over in his mind, with the idea of doing what he could to make himself agreeable; but nothing would come that he could produce. He sat and got through a great deal of bread and butter while he cudgelled his brains in this way. There was not much conversation. Helen was more silent than usual, having so much to think of; and Norah was amused by the unusual specimen of humanity before her, and distracted from the monologue with which she generally filled up all vacant places. At last Ned's efforts resolved themselves into speech.

"Oh, Mrs. Drummond, please, should you like to have a dog?" he said.

"I knew he was a doggy sort of a boy," Norah said to herself, throwing a certain serious pity into her contemplation of him. But yet the offer was very interesting, and suggested various excitements to come.

"What kind of a dog?" said Helen, with a smile.

"Oh, we have two or three different kinds. I was thinking, perhaps, a nice little Skye—like Shaggy, but smaller. Or if you would like a retriever, or one of old Dinah's pups."

"Thanks," said Helen. "I don't know what we should do with it, Ned; but it is very kind of you."

"Oh, no," said the boy, with a violent blush. "It would be a companion for—her, you know. It is so nice to have a dog to play with. Why, Shaggy does everything but talk. He knows every word I say. You might have Shaggy himself, if you like, while I am away."

"Oh, what a nice boy you are!" said Norah. "I should like it, Ned. Mamma does not want anything to play with; but I do. Give it to me! I should take such care of him! And then when you came home for the holidays, I should promise to take him to the station to meet you. I love Shaggy—he is such fun. He can't see out of his eyes; and he does so frisk and jump, and make an

object of himself. I never knew you were such a nice boy! Give him to me."

And then the two fell into the most animated discussion, while Helen sat silent and looked on. She forgot that the boy was her enemy's son. He was her cousin's son; some drops of blood-kindred to her ran in his veins. He was an honest, simple boy. Mrs. Drummond brightened upon him, according to her nature. She was not violently fond of children, but she could not shut her heart against an ingenuous, open face. She scarcely interfered with the conversation that followed, except to subdue the wild generosity with which Ned proposed to send everything he could think of to Norah. "There are some books about dogs, that will tell you just what to do. I'll tell John to bring them down. And there's—Are you very fond of books? You must have read thousands and thousands, I am sure."

"Not so many as that," Norah said modestly. "But I have got through—some."

"I could lend you—I am sure I could lend you—Papa has got a great big library; I forget how many volumes. They are about everything that books were ever written about. We never read them, except mamma, sometimes; but if you would like them—"

"You must not give her anything more," said Helen; "and even the dog must only come if your people are willing. You are too young to make presents."

"I am not so very young," cried Ned, who had found his voice. "I am near fourteen. When Cyril Rivers was my age, he was captain of fourth form;—he told me himself. But then he is very clever—much cleverer than me. Norah! if I should only be able to send Shaggy's puppy, not Shaggy himself, shall you mind?"

"Are you sure you will not be afraid to walk up the avenue alone?" said Mrs. Drummond, rising from the table. "I fear it will be so very dark; and we have no one to send with you, Ned."

"Oh, I don't want any one," said the boy; and he stumbled up to his feet, and put out his hand to say good night, feeling himself dismissed. Norah went to the door with him to let him out. "Oh, I wish I could go too," said Norah; "it is so lonely walking in the dark; but then I should have to get back. Oh, I do so wish you could stay. Don't you think you could stay? There are hundreds of rooms we don't use. Well, then, good night. I will tell you what I shall do. I shall stand at the door here and watch. If you should be frightened, you can shout, and

I will shout back; and then you will always know that I am here. It is such a comfort when one is frightened to know there is some one there."

"I shan't be frightened," said Ned boldly. And he walked with the utmost valour and the steadiest step to the Hall gates, feeling Norah's eyes upon him. Then he stopped to shout—"Good night; all right!"

"Good night!" rang through the air in Norah's treble. And then, it must be allowed, when he heard the door of the Gatehouse shut, and saw by the darkness of the lodge windows that old John and his daughter had gone to bed, that Ned's heart failed him a little. A wild recollection crossed his mind of the dwarfs, with their long arms, under the trees; and of the old woman spinning, spinning, with eyes that fixed upon you for hours together; and then, with his heart beating, he made one plunge into the gloom, under the overarching trees.

This is how Ned and Norah, knowing nothing about it, made, as they each described the process afterwards, "real friends." The bond was cemented by the gift of Shaggy's puppy some days after, and it was made permanent and eternal by the fact that very soon afterwards Ned went away to school.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MEANWHILE the great case of Rivers's bank came before the law courts and the public. It was important enough—for there was no war in those days—to be announced in big capitals on the placards of all the newspapers. *The Great Bank Case—Arrest of the Directors—Strange Disclosures in the City*—were the headings in the bills, repeated from day to day, and from week to week as the case went on. It was of course doubly attractive from the fact that it was founded upon a tragedy, and that every writer in the papers who referred to it at all was at liberty to bring in a discussion of the motives and intentions of "the unhappy man" who had introduced "a watery grave" into the question. A watery grave may not be pleasant for the occupant of it, but it is a very fine thing for the press. The number of times it appeared in the public prints at this period defies reckoning. In some offices the words were kept permanently in type. The *Daily Semaphor* was never tired of discussing what the feelings of the wretched man must have been when he stole down to the river just as all the world was going to rest, and plunged himself and his shame, and the books of the company under the turbid waters. The

Daily Semaphor held this view of the matter very strongly, and people said that Mr. Golden belonged to the same club as its editor, and that the two were intimate, which of course was a perfectly natural reason for its partisanship. Other journals, however, held different opinions. The weekly reviews, less addicted to fine writing, leaned to the side of the unfortunate painter. Their animadversions were chiefly upon the folly of a man interfering with business who knew nothing about it. When would it come to be understood, they said, that every profession required a training for itself, and that to dabble in the stocks without knowing how, was as bad, or at least as foolish, and more ruinous than to dabble in paint without knowing how. There was a great deal about the sutor, who should stick to his last in these discussions of the subject; but, except in this particular, neither the *Sword* nor the *Looker-on* had a stone to throw at poor Drummond. Peace to his ashes, they said, he was a good painter. "During his lifetime we thought it our duty to point out the imperfections which lessened the effect of his generally most conscientious and meritorious work. It is the vocation of a critic, and happy is he who can say he has never exceeded the legitimate bounds of criticism, never given utterance to a hasty word, or inflicted unnecessary pain. Certain we are, for our own part, that our aim has always been to temper judgment with charity; and now that a gap has been made in so melancholy a manner in the ranks of the Academy, we may venture to say that no man better deserved his elevation to the first rank of his profession than Robert Drummond; no man we have ever known worked harder, or threw himself more entirely into his work. His feeling for art was always perfect. Now and then he might fail to express with sufficient force the idea he intended to illustrate; but for harmony of conception, true sense of beauty, and tender appreciation of English sentiment and atmosphere, he has been surpassed by no painter of our modern school. We understand that an exhibition of his collected works is in contemplation, a plan which has been lately adopted with great success in so many cases. We do not doubt that a great many of our readers will avail themselves at once of the opportunity of forming a comprehensive judgment of the productions of a most meritorious artist, as well as of paying their tribute of sympathy to the, we firmly believe undeserved, misfortunes of an honest and honourable man."

It was thus the *Looker-on* expressed its sentiments. The *Sword* did not attempt to take up the same tone of melancholy superiority and noble-mindedness—qualities not in its way; but it made its stand after its own fashion against the ruthless judgments of the public. “No one can respect the British public more than we do,” said that organ of the higher intellect; “its instincts are so unerring, and its good taste so unimpeachable, that, as a matter of course, we all bow to a decision more infallible than that of the Holiest Father that ever sat in Papal See. But after we have rendered this enlightened homage, and torn our victim to pieces, an occasional compunction will make itself audible within the most experienced bosom. After all, there is such a thing as probability to be taken into account. Truth, as we all know, is stranger than fiction; but yet the cases are so few in which fact outrages every likelihood that we are justified in looking very closely into the matter before we give an authoritative assent. So far as our personal knowledge goes, we should say that a painter is as much afraid of the money market as a woman is (or rather used to be) of a revolver, and that the dramatic completeness of the finale which the lively commercial imagination has accepted as that of poor Drummond, quite surpasses the homelier and milder invention of the daughters of art. A dramatic author, imbued with the true modern spirit of his art, might indeed find an irresistible attraction in the ‘situation’ of the drowning director, tossing the books of a joint-stock company before him into the abyss, and sardonically going down into Hades with the proofs of his guilt. But though the situation is fine, we doubt if even the dramatist would personally avail himself of it, for dramatists have a way of being tame and respectable like their neighbours. In our days your only emulator of the piratical and highway heroes of the past is the commercial man *pur sang*, who has not an idea in his head unconnected with business. It is he who convulses society with those witticisms and clevernesses of swindling which charm everybody; and it is he who gives us now and then the example of such a tragical conclusion as used to belong only to poetry. It is no longer the Bohemian, it is the Philistine, smug, clean, decorous, sometimes pious, who is the criminal of the nineteenth century.”

This article made a great sensation in many circles. There were people who thought it was almost a personal libel, and that Golden

would be justified in “taking steps” against the paper, for who could that smug, clean, decorous Philistine be but he? But the manager was better advised. He was the hero of the day to all readers and writers. He was kept under examination for a whole week, badgered by counsel, snubbed by the judge, stared at by an audience which was not generally favourable; but yet he held his own. He was courageous, if nothing else. All that could be done to him in the way of cross-examination never made him falter in his story. Other pieces of information damaging to his character were produced by the researches of the attorneys. It was found that the fate of all the speculations in which he had been involved was suspiciously similar, and that notwithstanding those business talents which everybody allowed to be of the highest order, ruin and bankruptcy had followed at his heels wherever he went. The counsel for the prosecution paid him unbounded compliments on his ability, mingled with sarcastic condolence on this strange and unfailling current of misfortune. He led the witness into a survey of his past life with deadly accuracy and distinctness, damning him before all the world, as history only can damn. “It is unfortunate that this should have happened to you again after your previous disappointments,” he said. “Yes, it was unfortunate,” said the unhappy man. But he held such head against the torrent of facts thus brought up, that the sympathy of many people ran strongly in his favour for the moment. “Hang it all! which of us could stand this turn-up of everything that ever happened to him?” some said. Golden confronted it all with the audacity of a man who knew everything that could be said against him; and he held steadily by his story. He admitted that Drummond had done nothing in the business, and indeed knew next to nothing about it until that day in autumn, when, in the absence of all other officials, he had himself had recourse to him. “But the more inexperienced a man may be, the more impetuous he is—in business; when once he begins,” said the manager. And that there was truth in this, nobody could deny. But gradually as the trial went on, certain mists cleared off and other mists descended. The story about poor Drummond and the books waned from the popular mind; it was dropped out of the leading articles in the *Semaphore*. If they had not gone into the river with the painter, where were they? Who had removed them? Were they de-

stroyed, or only hidden somewhere, to be found by the miraculous energy of the police? This question began to be the question which everybody discussed after a while; for by this time, though proof was as far off as ever, and nobody knew who was the guilty party, there had already fallen a certain silence, a something like respect, over that "watery grave."

And something more followed, which Helen Drummond scarcely understood, and which was never conveyed in words to the readers of the newspapers—a subtle, unexpressed sentiment, which had no evidence to back it but only that strange thrill of certainty which moves men's minds in spite of themselves. "I would just like to know what state Rivers's was in before it became a joint-stock company," was the most distinct expression of opinion any one was guilty of in public; and the persons to whom this speech was addressed would shake their heads in reply. The consequence was one which nobody could have distinctly accounted for, and which no one ventured to speak of plainly. A something, a breath, a mist, an intangible shadow, gathered over the names of the former partners who had managed the whole business, and transferred it to the new company. These were Mr. Burton and another, who has nothing to do with this history. In what condition had they handed it over? What induced them to dispose of such a flourishing business? And why was it that both had got so easily out of it with less loss than many a private shareholder? These were very curious questions, and took an immense hold on the public mind, though they were not discussed in the newspapers; for there are many things which move the public mind deeply, which it would not answer to put in the newspapers. As for Lord Rivers, he was a heavy loser, and nobody suspected for a moment that he knew anything about it. The City men were sorry for him as a victim; but round the names of Mr. Burton and his colleague there grew that indefinable shadow. Not a word could be said openly against them; but everybody thought the more. They were flourishing, men in great business—keeping up great houses, wearing all the appearance of prosperity. No righteous critic turned his back upon them. At kirk and at market they were as much applauded, as warmly received, to all outward appearance, as ever. But a cold breath of distrust had come round them, like an atmosphere. The first prick of the canker had come to this flower.

This was the unrecorded, undisclosed result of the inquiry, with which Helen Drummond, and the Haldanes, and all uninstructed, were so deeply dissatisfied. It had ended in nothing, they said. The managers and directors were acquitted, there being no proof against them. No authoritative contradiction had been or could be given to the theory of Robert Drummond's guilt. The *Semaphore* was still free to produce that "watery grave" any time it was in want of a phrase to round a paragraph. Their hearts had been wrung with the details of the terrible story all over again, and—nothing had come of it. "I told you it would be so," Mr. Burton said, who knew so much better. "It would have been much more sensible had you persuaded Maurice to leave it alone." But Maurice had a different tale to tell when he came to make his report to his anxious clients. He bewildered them with the air of triumph he put on. "But nothing is proved," said Helen sadly. "No, nothing is proved," he said; "but everything is imputed." She shook her head, and went to her room, and knelt down before the Dives, and offered up to it, meaning no harm, what a devout Catholic would call an *acte de reparation*—an offering of mournful love and indignation—and, giving that, would not be comforted. "They cannot understand you, but I understand you, Robert," she said, in that agony of compunction and tenderness with which a true woman tries to make up to the dead for the neglect and coldness of the living. This was how Helen, in her ignorance, looked upon it. But Stephen Haldane understood better when he heard the tale. Golden, at least, would never hold up his head again—or, at least, if ever, not for long years, till the story had died out of men's minds. And the reputation of the others had gone down as by a breath. No one could tell what it was; but it existed—the first shadow, the beginning of suspicion. "I am satisfied," Dr. Maurice said, with a stern smile of triumph. The man had thrown himself entirely into the conflict, and took pleasure in that sweet savour of revenge.

"But Mrs. Drummond?" said Stephen, whose mind was moved by softer thoughts.

"That woman cannot understand," said Dr. Maurice. "Oh, I don't mean any slight to your goddess, your heroine. I may say she is not my heroine, I suppose? She can't understand. Why, Drummond is clear with everybody whose opinion is worth having. We have proved nothing, of course. I knew we could prove nothing. But he is as

clear as you or I—with all people who are worth caring for. She expected me to bring her a diploma, I suppose, under the Queen's hand and seal."

"I did not expect that," said Haldane; "but I did look for something more definite, I allow."

"More definite! It is a little hard to deal with people so exigent," said Dr. Maurice, discomfited in the midst of his enthusiasm. "Did you see that article in the *Looker-on*? The Drummond exhibition is just about to open; and that, I am confident, will be an answer in full. I believe the public will take that opportunity of proving what they think."

And so far Maurice turned out to be right. The public did show its enthusiasm—for two days. The first was a private view, and everybody went. The rooms were crowded, and there were notices in all the papers. The next day there was also a very fair attendance; and then the demonstration on the part of the public stopped. Poor Drummond was dead. He had been a good but not a great painter. His story had occupied quite as much attention as the world had to give him—perhaps more. He and his concerns—his bankruptcy, his suicide, and his pictures—had become a bore. Society wanted to hear no more of him. The exhibition continued open for several weeks, not producing nearly enough to pay its expenses, and then it was closed; and Drummond's story came to an end, and was heard of no more.

This is the one thing which excited people, wound up to a high pitch by personal misfortune or suffering, so seldom understand. They are prepared to encounter scurrility, opposition, even the hatred or the enmity of others; but they are not prepared for the certain fact that one time or other, most likely very soon, the world will get tired of them; it is their worst danger. This was what happened now to the Drummonds; but fortunately at Dura, in the depths of the silent country, it was but imperfectly that Helen knew. She was not aware how generally public opinion acquitted her husband, which was hard; and she did not know that the world was tired of him, which was well for her. He was done with, and put aside like a tale that is told; but she still went on planning in her own mind a wider vindication for him, an acquittal which this time it should be impossible to gainsay.

And quietness fell upon them, and the months began to flow on, and then the years, with no incident to disturb the calm. When

all the excitement of the trial was over, and everything done that could be done, then the calm reign of routine began. There were times, no doubt, in which Helen chafed and fretted at it; but yet routine is a great support and comfort to the worn and weary. It supplies a kind of dull motive to keep life going when no greater motives exist. The day commenced always with Norah's lessons. Helen was not an intellectual woman, nor did she feel herself consciously the better for such education as she had herself received; but such as she had received it she transmitted it conscientiously to Norah. She heard her read every morning a little English and a little French. She made her write a succession of copies, and do exercises in the latter language, and she gave her an hour's music. I fear none of this was done with very much spirit; but yet it was done conscientiously every morning of their lives except Sunday, when they went to church. She did it because it was right, because it was necessary, and her duty; but not with any strong sense of the elevated character of her employment, or expectation of any vast results from it. It had not produced very great results in herself. Her mind had worked busily enough all her life, but she did not believe that her music, or her French, or anything else she had learnt, had done her much good. Therefore she proceeded very calmly, almost coldly, with the same process, with Norah. It was necessary—it had to be done just as vaccination had to be done when the child was a baby; that was about all.

Then after the lessons they had their homely dinner, which Susan did not always cook to perfection; and then they took their walk; and in the evening there were lessons to be learned and needlework to do. When the child went to bed, her mother read—not anything to improve her mind. She was not bent upon improvement, unfortunately; indeed, it did not occur to her. She read, for the most part, novels from the circulating library. The reader, perhaps, is doing the same thing at this moment, and yet, most likely, he will condemn, or even despise, poor Helen. She had one or two books besides, books of poetry, though she was not poetically disposed in any way. She had "In Memoriam" by her, which she did not read (does any one who has ever lived in the valley of the shadow of death read "In Memoriam?"), but pored over night and day, thinking in it, scarcely knowing that her own mind had not spoken first in these words. And then there was Mr. Browning's poem of

"Andrea," the painter who had a wife. Helen would sit over her fire and watch it dying out at her feet, and ponder on Andrea's fate—wondering whether, perhaps, a woman might do badly for her husband, and yet be a splendid woman, no Lucia; whether she might sap the strength out of him with gentle words, and even while she loved him do him harm? Out of such a question as this she was glad to escape to her novel, the first that might come to hand.

And so many people in Helen's state of mind read novels—people who fly into the world of fiction as a frightened child flies into a lighted room, to escape the ghosts that are in the dark passages and echoing chambers—that it is strange so little provision is made for them, and that the love-story keeps uppermost in spite of all. Yet perhaps the love-story is the safest. The world-worn sufferer is often glad to forget all that reminds him of his own trouble, and even when he is not touched by the fond afflictions of the young people, finds a little pleasure in smiling at them in the exuberance of their misery. They think it is so terrible, poor babies, to be "crossed in love." The fact that they cannot have their own way is so astounding to them, something to rouse earth and heaven. Helen ran over a hundred tales of this description with a grave face, thankful to be interested in the small miseries which were to her own as the water spilt from a pitcher is to the sea. To be sure, there were a great many elevating and improving books which Helen might have had if she pleased, but nobody had ever suggested to her that it was necessary she should improve her mind.

And thus the time went on, and Mrs. Drummond dropped, as it were, into the background, into the shade and quietness of life. She was still young, and this decadence was premature. She felt it creeping upon her, but she took no pains to stop the process. So long as Norah was safe there was nothing beside for which she was called upon to exert herself; and thus with all her powers subdued, and the stream of life kept low, she lived on, voluntarily suppressing herself, as so many women do. And in the meantime new combinations were preparing, new personages coming upon the scene. While the older people stood aside, the younger ones put on their singing garments, and came forward with their flowery wreaths, with the sunshine upon their heads, to perform their romance, like the others before them. And so it happened that life had stolen imperceptibly away, so noiseless and soft that no one knew

of its going, until all at once there came a day when its progress could be no longer ignored. This was the day when Norah Drummond, eighteen years old, all decked and dressed by her mother's hands, spotless and radiant as the rose in her hair, with her heart full of hopes, and her eyes full of light, and no cloud upon her from all the tragic mists through which her youth had passed, went up the long avenue at Dura to the House which was brilliant with lamps and gay with music, to make her first appearance, as she thought, in the world. Norah's heart was beating, her gay spirit dancing already before she reached the door.

"Oh, I wonder, mamma, I wonder," she said, "what will happen? will anything happen to-night?" What could happen to her by her mother's side, among her old friends? She did not know; she went to meet it gaily. But Norah found it impossible to believe that this first triumphant evening, this moment of glory and delight, could pass away like the other evenings; that there should not be something in it, something unknown, sweet, and yet terrible, which should affect all her life.

CHAPTER XXV.

A GIRL'S first ball! What words more full of ecstasy could be breathed in this dull world! A vague, overwhelming vision of delight before she goes into it—all brightness, and poetry, and music, and flowers, and kind, admiring faces; everything converging towards herself as a centre, not with any selfish sense of exclusive enjoyment, but sweetly, spontaneously, as to the natural queen. A hundred unexpected, inexpressible emotions go to make up this image of paradise. There is the first glow and triumph of power which is at once a surprise to her and a joy. The feeling that she has come to the kingdom, that she herself has become the fair woman whose sway she has read of all her life; the consciousness, at last, that it is real, that womanhood is supreme in her person, and that the world bows down before her in her whiteness and brightness, in her shamefacedness and innocent confidence, in her empire of youth. She is the Una whose look can tame the lion; she is the princess before whose glance the whole world yields; and yet at the same time, being its queen, is she not the world's sweet handmaid, to scatter flowers in its path, and dance and sing to make it glad? All these thoughts are in the girl's mind, especially if she be a fanciful girl—though,

perhaps, she does not find words to express any of them; and this it is which throws such a charm to her upon the pleasure-making, which to us looks sometimes so stale and so poor.

And it is only after a long interval—unless her case be an exceptionally hard one—that she gets disenchanting. When she goes into the fairy palace, she finds it all that she thought; all, with the lively delight of personal enjoyment added, and that flattery of admiring looks, of unspoken homage, not to the ideal princess, or representative woman, but to *her*, which is so sweet and so new. Thus Norah Drummond entered the ball-room at Dura House, floating in, as it were, upon the rays of light that surrounded her—the new woman, the latest successor of Eve in the garden, unexact queen of the fresh world she had entered into, fearing no rivals—nay, reigning in the persons of her rivals as well as in her own. And when she had thus made her entrance in an abstract triumph, waking suddenly to individual consciousness, remembering that she was still Norah, and that people were looking at her, wondering at her, admiring her—her, and not another—she laughed as a child laughs for nothing, for delight, as she stood by her mother's side. It was too beautiful and wonderful to be shy of it.

"Pinch me, mamma, and it will all pass away like the other dreams," she whispered, holding fast by her mother's arm. But the curious thing, the amazing thing was, that it continued, and warmed her and dazzled her, and lighted her up, and did not pass away.

"Norah, come! you are to dance this dance with me," cried Ned, rushing up. He had seen them come in, though he was at the other end of the room; he had watched for them since the first note of the music struck; he had neglected the duty to which he had been specially appropriated, the duty of looking after and amusing and taking care of the two fair daughters of the Marchioness, who was as good as Lady Patroness of Mrs. Burton's ball. To keep up the proper contrast, I am aware that Lady Edith and Lady Florizel should have been young women of a certain age, uninviting, and highly aristocratic, while Norah Drummond had all the beauty and sweetness, as well as poverty and lowliness, to recommend her; but this, I am sorry to confess, was not the case. The Ladies Merewether were very pretty girls, as pretty as Norah; they were not "stuck-up," but as pleasant and as sweet as English girls need be—indeed, except that they were not Norah,

I know no fault they had in Ned's eyes. But they were not Norah, and he forsook his post. Nobody noticed the fact much except Mrs. Burton. As for Lady Florizel, she had the most unfeigned good-humoured contempt for Ned. He was a mere boy, she said; she had no objection to dance with him, or chatter to him; but she had in her reach two hundred as good, or better, than him, and she preferred men to boys, she did not hesitate to say. So that when Ned appeared by Norah's side, Lady Florizel, taking her place with her partner, smiled upon him as he passed, and asked audibly, "Oh, who was that pretty girl with Mr. Burton? oh, how pretty she was! Couldn't anybody tell her?" Lady Florizel was not offended. But Mrs. Burton saw, and was wroth.

Many changes had happened in those six years. At the time of the trial and after it there had been many doubts and speculations in Helen's mind as to what she should do. Suspecting her cousin as she did, and with Robert's judgment against him, as recorded in that last mournful letter, how was she to go on accepting a shelter from her cousin, living at his very gates in a sort of dependence upon him? But she had nowhere else to go, for one thing, and the shade of additional doubt which had been thrown upon Burton by the trial, was not of a kind to impress her mind; nothing had been brought forward against him, no one had said openly that he was to blame, and Helen was discouraged when it all ended in nothing as she thought, and had not energy enough to uproot herself from the peaceful corner she had taken refuge in. Where could she go? Then she had the Haldanes to keep her to this spot, which now seemed the only spot in the world where pity and friendship were to be found. Stephen, whom she contemplated with a certain reverence in his great suffering and patience, was the better for her presence and that of Norah, and their kind eyes and the voices that bade her welcome whenever she crossed their threshold was a comfort to her. She kept herself apart from the Burtons for a long time, having next to no intercourse with them, and so she would have done still had the matter been in her hands. But the matter was no longer in her hands. The children had grown up, all of them together. They had grown into those habits which fathers and mothers cannot cross, which insensibly affect even their own feelings and relations. Clara Burton and Norah Drummond were cousins still, though so great a gulf of feeling lay between their two houses. Both of them

had been, as it were, brought up with the Daltons at the Rectory. They were all children together, all boys and girls together. Insensibly the links multiplied, the connection grew stronger. When Ned Burton was at Dura there was never a day in his life that he did not spend, or attempt to spend, part of it in the Gatehouse. And Clara ran in and out—she and Mary Dalton; they were all about the same age; at this moment they ranged from twenty to seventeen, a group of companions more intimate than anything but youth, and this long and close association could have made them. They were like brothers and sisters, Mrs. Dalton said anxiously, veiling from herself the fact that some of them perhaps had begun to feel and think as brothers and sisters do not feel. Charlie Dalton, for instance, who was the eldest of all—one-and-twenty—instead of falling in love with Norah, who was as poor as himself—a thing which would have been simple madness, of course, but not so bad as what had happened—had seen fit to go and bestow his heart upon Clara Burton, whose father dreamed of nothing less than a duke for her, and who had not as much heart as would lie on a sixpence, the rector's wife said indignantly; and Heaven knows how many other complications were foreshadowing through those family intimacies, and the brother and sister condition which had been so delightful while it lasted. Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Dalton went together on this particular evening watching from a distance over their respective children. Helen's face was calm, for Norah was in no trouble; but the rector's wife had a pucker on her brow. She could see her Charlie watching so wistfully the movements of Clara Burton through the crowd, hanging about her, stealing to her side whenever he could, following her everywhere with his eyes. Charlie was especially dear to his mother, as the eldest boy of a large family, when he is a good boy, so often is. She had been able to talk to him many a day about her domestic troubles when she could not speak to his father. She had felt herself strengthened by his sympathy and support, that backing up which is so good for everybody, and it broke her heart to see her boy breaking his for *that* girl. What could he see in her? the mother thought. If it had been Norah Drummond! and then she tried to talk to her friend at her side. They had come to be very fast friends; they had leant upon each other by turns, corners, as it were, of the burdens which each had to bear, and Mrs. Dalton knew

Mrs. Drummond could guess what the sigh meant which she could not restrain.

"How nice Norah is looking," she said, "and how happy! I think she has changed so much since she was a child. She used to have such a dreamy look; but now there is no *arrière pensée*, she goes in to everything with all her heart."

"Yes," said Helen; but she did not go on talking of Norah, she understood the give and take of sympathy. "I like Mary's dress so much. She and Katie look so fresh, and simple, and sweet. But they are not such novices as Norah; you know it is her first ball."

"Poor children, how excited it makes them! but dressing them is a dreadful business," said Mrs. Dalton with her anxious look still following her Charlie among all the changing groups. "I need not disguise it from you, dear, who know all about us. It was sometimes hard enough before, and now what with evening dresses! And when they come to a dance like this they want something pretty and fresh. You will feel it by-and-by even with Norah. I am sure if it were not for the cheap shops, where you can buy tarlatan for so little, and making them up ourselves at home, I never could do it. And you know whatever sacrifices one makes, one cannot refuse a little pleasure to one's children. Poor things, it is all they are likely to have."

"At least they are getting the good of it," said Helen. Norah's dress was the first task of this kind that had been put upon her, and she had been forced to make her sacrifices to dress the child who had grown a woman; but Helen, too, knew that she could not buy many ball dresses off her hundred a year. And it was so strange to think such thoughts in this lavish extravagant house, where every magnificence that could be thought of adorned mother and daughter, and the room and the walls. Mrs. Dalton answered to the thought before it had been expressed.

"It is curious," she said, "there is Clara Burton, who might dress in cloth of gold if she liked—but our girls look just as well. What a thing it is to be rich!—for the Burtons you know are—" Here Mrs. Dalton stopped abruptly, remembering that if the Burtons were nobodies, so was also the friend at her side. She herself was connected with the old Harcourts, and had a right to speak.

"Now, ladies, I know what you are doing," said Mr. Burton, suddenly coming up to them; "you are saying all sorts of sweet things to each other about your children, and

privately you are thinking that there is nobody in the room fit to be seen except your own. Oh don't look so caught! I know, because I am doing the same thing myself."

Doing the same thing himself—comparing his child to my Norah—to my Mary, the ladies inwardly replied; but no such answer was made aloud. "We were saying how they all enjoy themselves," said Mrs. Dalton, "that was all."

Mr. Burton laughed that little laugh of mockery which men of vulgar minds indulge in when they talk to women, and which is as much as to say, you can't take me in with your pretences, I see through you. He had grown stouter, but he did not look so vigorous as of old. He was fleshy, there was a furtive look in his eye. When he glanced round him at the brilliant party, and all the splendour of which he was the owner, it was not with the complacency of old. He looked as if at any moment something disagreeable, something to be avoided might appear before him, and had acquired a way of stretching out his neck as if to see who was coming behind. The thing in the room about which he was most complacent was Clara. She had grown up, straight, and large, and tall in stature, like our Anglo-Saxon queen with masses of white rosy flesh and gold-coloured hair. The solid splendid white arm, laden with bracelets, which leaned on her partner's shoulder, was a beauty not possessed by any of the slight girls whose mothers were watching her as she moved past them. Clara's arm would have made two of Norah's. Her size and fulness and colour dazzled everybody. She was a full-blown Rubens beauty, of the class which has superseded the gentler, pensive, unobtrusive heroine in these days. "I don't pretend to say anything but what I think," said Mr. Burton, "and I do feel that *that* is a girl to be proud of. Don't dance too much, Clary, you have got to ride with me to-morrow." She gave him a smile and a nod as she whirled past. The man who was dancing with her was dark, a perfect contrast to her brilliant beauty. "They make a capital couple," Mr. Burton said with a suppressed laugh. "I suppose a prophet, if we had one, would see a good many combinations coming on in an evening like this. Why, by Jove, here's Ned."

And it was Ned, bringing Norah back to her mother. "I thought you had been dancing with one of—" said his father, pointing with his thumb across his shoulder. "Have you no manners, boy? Norah, I am

sure, will excuse you when she knows you are engaged—people that are stopping in the house."

"Oh, of course I will excuse him," said Norah. "I did not want him at all. I would rather sit quiet a little and see everybody. And Charlie has promised to dance with me. I suppose it was not wrong to ask Charlie, was it? He might as well have me as any one, don't you think, mamma?"

"If you take to inviting gentlemen, Norah, I shall expect you to ask me," said Mr. Burton, who was always jocular to girls. Norah looked at him with her bright observant eyes. She always looked at him, he thought, in that way. He was half afraid of her, though she was so young. He had even tried to conciliate her, but he had not succeeded. She shook her head without making any reply, and just then something happened which made a change in all the circumstances. It was the approach of the man with whom Clara had been dancing; a man with the air of a hero of romance; bearded, with very fine dark eyes and hair that curled high like a crest upon his head. Norah gave a little start as he approached, and blushed. "It is the hero," she said to herself. He looked as if he had just walked out of a novel with every sign of his character legibly set forth. But though it may be very well to gibe at beautiful dark eyes and handsome features, it is difficult to remain unmoved by their influence. Norah owned with that sudden flush of colour a certain curiosity, to say the least of it. Mr. Burton frowned, and so did his son and daughter simultaneously, as if by touching of a spring.

"I am afraid you don't remember me, Mrs. Drummond," the stranger said; "but I recollect you so very well that I hope you will let me introduce myself—Cyril Rivers. It is a long time since we met."

"Oh, I remember!" cried impulsive Norah, and then was silent, blushing more deeply than ever. To ask Charlie Dalton to dance with her was one thing, but meeting the hero was entirely different. It took away her breath.

And two minutes after she was dancing with him. It was this he had come to her mother for—not asking any one to introduce him. He was no longer a boy, but a man travelled and experienced, who knew, or thought he knew, society and the world. But he had not yet dismissed from his mind that past episode—an episode which had been fixed and deepened in his memory by the trial and all the discussions in the news-

papers. To say that he had continued to think about the Drummonds would have been foolish; but when he came back to Dura to visit the Burtons, they were the first people who recurred to his mind. As his host drove him past the Gatehouse on the night of his arrival, he had asked about them. And Mr. Burton remembered this now, and did not like it. He stood and looked after the pair as they went away arm-in-arm. Norah did not answer as Clara did as a complete foil and counter to Mr. Rivers's dark handsomeness. It was a mistake altogether. It was Clara who should have been with him, who was his natural companion. Mr. Burton reflected that nothing but kindness could have induced him to invite his cousin's penniless girl to the great ball at which Clara made her debut in the world as well as Norah. He felt as he stood and looked on that it was a mistake to have done it. People so poor and so lowly ought not to be encouraged to set themselves up as equals of the richer classes. He said to himself that his system had been wrong. Different classes had different duties, he felt sure. His own was to get as much of the good things of this world, as much luxury and honour as he could have for his money. Helen's was to subsist on a hundred a year; and to expect of her that she could anyhow manage to buy ball dresses, and put her child in competition with his! It was wrong; there was no other word. Mr. Burton left his neighbours, and went off with a dissatisfied countenance to another part of the room. It was his own fault.

"I should have known you anywhere," said Mr. Rivers in the pause of the waltzing. "You were only a child when I saw you last, but I should have known you anywhere."

"Should you? How very strange! What a good memory you must have!" said Norah. "Though, indeed, as soon as you said who you were, I remembered you."

"But nobody told me who you were," he said, "when I saw you just now, dancing with that young fellow, the son of the house."

"Did you see us then?"

"Yes, and your mother sitting by that stand of flowers. You are half yourself as I remember you, and half her."

"What a good memory you must have!" said Norah, very incredulous; and then they floated away again to the soft dreamy music, he supporting her, guiding her through the moving crowd as Norah had never dreamt of being guided. She had felt she was on her own responsibility when dancing with Ned and Charlie; with, indeed, a little share of re-

sponsibility on account of her partners too. But Mr. Rivers danced beautifully, and Norah felt like a cloud, like a leaf lightly carried by the breeze. She was carried along without any trouble to herself. When they had stopped, instead of feeling out of breath, she stopped only from courtesy's sake, to let the others go on.

"How well you dance, Mr. Rivers!" she cried. "I never liked a waltz so much before. The boys are so different. One never feels sure where one is going. I like it now."

"Then you must let me have as many waltzes as you can," he said, "and I shall like it too. Who are the boys? You have not any—brothers? Boys are not to be trusted for waltzing; they are too energetic—too much determined to have everything their own way."

"Oh, the boys! they are chiefly Ned and—Charlie Dalton. They are the ones I always dance with," said Norah. "And oh, by-the-bye, I was engaged to Charlie for this dance."

"How clever of me to carry you off before Mr. Charlie came!" said the hero. "But it is his own fault if he was not up in time."

"Oh, I don't know," said Norah, with a blush. "The fact is—he did not ask me; I asked him. I never was at a ball before, and I don't know many people, and of course I wanted to dance. I asked him to take me if he was not engaged, so if he found any one he liked better, he was not to be blamed if he forgot. Why do you laugh? Was it a silly thing to do?"

"I don't know Charlie," said Mr. Rivers; "but I should punch his head with pleasure. What has he done that he should have you asking him to dance?"

And then that came again which was not dancing, as Norah understood it, an occasion which had always called for considerable exertion, but a very dream of delightful movement, like flying, like—she could not tell what. By this time she was a little ashamed about Charlie; and the waltz put it out of Mr. Rivers's mind.

"Do you think I may call to-morrow?" he said, when they stopped again. "Will your mother let me? There are so many things I should like to talk over with her. You are too young, of course, to remember anything about a certain horrid bank."

"Ah, no, I am not too young," said Norah, and the smiles with which she had been looking up at him suddenly vanished from her face.

"I beg your pardon. I had forgotten

that it was of more importance to you than to any one. I want to talk to your mother about that. Do you think I may come? Look here; is this Charlie? He is just the sort of youth whom a young lady might ask to dance with her. And, good heavens, how he waltzes! I don't wonder that you felt it a painful exercise. Are Miss Barton and her guests friends?"

"We are all great friends," said Norah, half displeased. And Clara Burton as she passed gave her an angry look. "Why Clara is cross," she said pathetically. "What can I have done?"

Mr. Rivers laughed. Norah did not like the laugh; it seemed a little like Mr. Burton's. There was a certain conscious superiority and sense of having found some one out in it, which she did not either like or understand.

"You seem to know something I don't know," she said, with prompt indignation. "Perhaps why Clara is cross; but you don't know Clara. You don't know any of us, Mr. Rivers, and you oughtn't to look as if you had found us out. How could you find out all about us, who have known each other from babies, in one night?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, with an immediate change of tone. "It is one of the bad habits of society that nobody can depend on another, and everybody likes to grin at his neighbours. Forgive me; I forgot I was in a purer air."

"Oh, it was not that," said Norah, a little confused. He seemed to say things (she thought) which meant nothing, as if there was a great deal in them. She was glad to be taken back to her mother, and deposited under her shelter; but she was not permitted to rest there. Ned came and glowered at her reproachfully, as she sat down, and other candidates for her hand arrived so fast that the child was half intoxicated with pleasure and flattery. "What do they want *me* for?" she wondered within herself. She was so much in request that Ned did not get another dance till the very end of the evening: and even Mr. Rivers was balked in at least one of the waltzes he had engaged her for. He drew back with a smile, seeing it was Mr. Burton himself who was exerting himself to find partners for Norah. But Norah was all smiles; she danced the whole evening, coming little by little into her partner's way. Pleased to be so popular, delighted with everybody's "kindness" to her, and dazzled with this first opening glimpse of "the world."

"If this is the world, I like it," she said to her mother as they drove home. "It is delightful; it is beautiful; it is so kind! Oh, mamma, is it wrong to feel so? I never was so happy in my life."

"No, my darling, it is not wrong," Helen said, kissing her. She was not insensible to her child's triumph.

A PRINTER'S BOOKMEN.

IN the early part of the present century, a printer of the name of Childs, living in the remote and primitive little town of Bungay, in Suffolk, became famous for the excellence of the work issued from his press. The type was clear, the impression good, the paper of superior quality; and this last was much to say, whilst the war tax—still retained—stultified improvement. Whether Childs printed the Bible I cannot say, but he printed other religious books in vast numbers; and a copy from his press of Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," came to be as much desiderated by ordinary people, as the Delphine Classics by scholars, or the English Poets from the Chiswick Press. Childs' reprints were generally speaking in quarto, and often illustrated by the Findens and other early steel engravers.

He must have been a far-seeing man of

business, for he established a London agency; and, judging rightly that beyond the main highways a great population existed, who had little or no facilities for obtaining books, even where they could afford their cost, he organized a system of book-hawking, and by this means scattered the products of his press broadcast over a wide area.

He seems first to have tried his plan in the more hilly regions of England; and his agents and their men traversing the Mendip, the Quantock, and the Cotswold ranges laid the foundations of a good trade. It then occurred to him that the hilly counties of north-western England and North Wales offered fresh ground to his system, and he sent an agent into those districts about the year 1818.

Like all successful employers of labour, he had, judging by the men he chose, a good insight into character, and, what was more,

he perceived and drew upon resources at hand. Just then a considerable local manufacture of linens was dying out, and the weavers, a staid and superior class, were just those best fitted to his purpose. The manufacture of such household linens as shirting, sheeting, and towelling had been largely carried on in Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Suffolk from about the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when many Flemish artisans, driven forth from their country by the infamous persecutions instigated by the Duke of Alva, had settled there as elsewhere. Their number was augmented at the period of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by many French Huguenots. The majority of these settled in Norwich, and enlarged, if they did not found, great staples in woollen and silk, whilst those who wrought in thread sought work in the villages and towns where the manufacture of linen was already established. Here they introduced many improvements both in the preparation and spinning of flax, as also in weaving and bleaching.

Suffolk was as much the home of the linen manufacture as Somersetshire that of woollen. In every farm and cottage the hum of the spinning wheel was to be heard; for when outdoor work was impossible, even the farm labourers spun. The great hanks of dirty white thread thus prepared through the long nights of winter, were, generally speaking, sold in spring to the master weavers of the district, who, almost always men of substance, for they farmed or kept general shops in addition to their trade, could pay the spinners in ready money. The finer goods—such as damask for table linen and hollands for shirting—the masters, assisted by journeymen, wove usually on their own premises, whilst coarser thread for sheeting and towelling was given out to men who had each a loom at home. This poorer class of weavers was spread wide and far over a large agricultural district, and, like their masters, combining a little farming with weaving, grew a few oats, a field of potatoes, or even kept a cow, more particularly when their cottages verged upon those picturesque lanes and commons, immortalised by the poetry of Crabbe and the brush of Gainsborough.

The master weavers usually bleached their own goods; and each spring, when the amount and variety of their stock were sufficient, they or their trustworthy deputies set forth to sell it in substantial covered vans, drawn by a pair of stout horses. The master or deputy drove, a boy or youth sat by his

side, whilst within were the rolls of fair goods, hanks of sewing thread, ell-wands, and yard measures. These vans were so capacious within as to serve for sleeping places, when the attendants got benighted, as would occasionally happen in outlying and thinly inhabited districts. In this case, a sheltered grassy-margined lane or strip of common would be selected, the horses, taken from the shafts, would be hobbled and set to graze, and the owners, locking themselves within the van, would soon be asleep on piles of huckaback and sheeting.

Many of the Suffolk linen vans travelled over a wide country. They trenched but little on the trade of London, though they passed its bridges on their way to the more eastern of the southern counties. The south-western and northern counties they rarely touched, as there they came upon the edge of local manufactures in linen. But, throughout the wide area indicated, the Suffolk cloths had a great sale, for they were renowned for both durability and whiteness; and thus the travelling salesmen not only sold the heavy stocks they started with, but received from time to time fresh consignments of goods, as also took back with them orders sufficient to employ their masters' looms throughout the succeeding winter.

But even before our war with France had closed, the improvements arising from the invention of the power-loom in weaving, and the use of chlorine in bleaching, had so improved and cheapened calicoes of every kind as to bring them gradually into use; and after the peace, every year saw fabrics of cotton superseding those of linen. The trade in Suffolk cloths thus dying down, the vans were taken off the roads, and the majority of the weavers, both masters and journeymen, had to look about them for new vocations.

In addition to his trade in printing, Childs carried on that of a bookseller and book-binder. Amongst his apprentices to the latter was the son of a master weaver; and when the Welsh agency came under consideration, it occurred to Childs that his apprentice's father was just the man he needed. The offer was made and accepted, and not long after the new agent, accompanied by his wife and two young daughters, departed to the distant provincial town which it had been settled should serve as headquarters to the travelling bookmen and their goods.

A more suitable person could not have been chosen. He was a grave, tall, portly

man of about fifty-five, fairly educated, accustomed to business; and, a Wesleyan Methodist by creed, could accept and carry out the rigid Puritanism connected with his new calling. A small old-fashioned house was at first taken in the best suburb of the town, and the bookmen were inquired for and selected. There was ample room for choice, for the town, as all other towns just then, was filled with disbanded soldiers and sailors, many of them with small pensions and good-service medals. From this body of pensioners the majority of men was selected. Preference was given to those rather past middle life, provided they were good pedestrians and still physically capable of bearing variations of temperature and outdoor exposure. It was also necessary that they should be able to read and write, keep simple accounts, be honest, sober, of good habits, staid demeanour, and in such pecuniary circumstances as afforded respectable weather-proof clothing. Eight or ten men possessing these requisites were presently ready, and equipped with leathern wallets strapped across the shoulders, somewhat after the manner of a modern tourist's bag, began their labours in the Welsh hills. To each man was assigned a certain walk or circuit; the master taking one himself, and Welchpool and Wrexham being appointed as places of meeting whilst from home.

The son of the master had meanwhile supplemented his term of apprenticeship with Childs by working for some time as an improver for a noted firm of London bookbinders; and now an accomplished master of his craft, followed his family to the distant town and worked at his trade in a small room in the rear of the house. His excellent workmanship soon ensured customers enough to enable him to take journeymen and apprentices, the book-hawking flourished, and presently there was a removal to larger premises in the town. Here the son opened a bookseller's shop, whilst an immense room up-stairs was used as a store for the Bungay publications.

Anything more picturesque than this fine old border town at that date, 1832-4, cannot well be conceived. A considerable number of the houses were of great antiquity, and many others—the old black-and-white timbered ones—were of that period following the Reformation, when the erection of houses was stimulated not only by the increase of population, but by the acquisition of land hitherto in the hands of the Church. Most of these houses possessed, when first erected, large

gardens; but these, as the value of land increased within the walls, were gradually built over.

Next door to the bookseller's shop thus established was one of these grand old black-and-white timber houses, then and still used as an inn. Originally, no doubt, it stood literally in a garden; but those portions on either side facing the street had, in process of time, been built upon, whilst divers old buildings at the rear were added thereto by the strangest contrivances of passages and doors. Thus, whilst the newly-opened shop was a mere long narrow room with a bow-window and one small room over it, a very long narrow passage, quaintly ascended and descended in its progress by stairs, opened into a really fine parlour, kitchen, or house-place, which, without doubt, had once been a hall or chapel to the great Elizabethan house next door. It had evidently been open to the roof, and one side had been filled in with a great window; but, as customary with the tinkers and adapters of these fine old places, two floors had been set up midway. Still the houseplace was a good room, with an ample fire-place, and the quaintest imaginable recesses formed by blocked-up windows. The floor was paved with those highly-glazed red bricks peculiar to these north-western towns, and this was kept spotlessly clean, as was everything in that peaceful and simple home.

In this room the staid family gathered at meals and evening-time, and here about once a quarter, when the bookmen came home for a week's rest, they assembled to confer with their master, who, himself equally a dispenser of "good words," had only just preceded them. These meetings generally took place on a Saturday evening about six o'clock, and, were it winter time, a true mediæval fire greeted the wanderers as they stepped in one by one; for, though this family had come from a district like that described by Wordsworth—

"Fof in that country coals are dear
As they come far by wind and tide,"

they had, induced by the cheapness of coal, dropped readily into the north-western custom of great fires. These were always elaborately built up early in the afternoon by filling up the bars with cobbles, by placing above these two or three huge blocks, and by closing up the cavernous rear with a pile of wetted slack, or small coals. By half-past five the vast mass would, for the major part, be all a-glow, illuminating the room even to its

darkest corner, making candles almost a superfluity, and so lasting for many hours.

When tea was over, and the fire thus aglow, the master seated on one side of it, in his arm-chair, and with his long clay pipe, and his wife in her arm-chair opposite, engaged with her knitting, the servant, taking a certain great jug—always used on these occasions—went down a few steps to the cellar, and filled it with fine ale. To this, when set on the fender, a brown toast, spice, and sugar were added; the old lady, dim of sight, and for that reason always wearing a Quakeresses's bonnet, taking great pleasure in producing the spice and grater from her pocket, and so preparing the former. The ale, thus standing in such an incandescent glow, had soon a creamy top; and when some clean pipes and tobacco had been set on a distant table, all was ready.

One by one the old, weather-beaten men came dropping in; those just off their journeys, as most were, bearing their book-wallets, and occasionally a long, thin bundle, wrapped in a check pocket-handkerchief. They respectfully greeted the master and his wife, and their daughters if present, and then silently took their seats on chairs placed in a row beneath the great window, and just as though it were a meeting of "male Friends." The master then put on his spectacles, and, drawing his chair to a table near, on which were his ledgers and inkstand, business commenced, as soon as the creamy ale had passed once round. The earliest comer was first attended to, and so on, in succession; each man, as he spoke, advancing a step or two from his chair, and writing, if necessary, as he stood; for his long, narrow account-book was in his pocket, and his ink-horn dangled at his waistcoat-button-hole. During this business process, the bundles would be unfolded, and these were seen to contain small rolls of the finest flannel, being some portion of goods taken in kind, for "Pilgrim's Progresses" or Watts's "Hymns." I believe payments of this nature were frequent; cheeses and flannel performing the part of tobacco and cowrie-shells in more distant lands. These goods were usually parted with in Wrexham and Welchpool; though short lengths of fine flannel were occasionally thus brought home by the men

and duly accounted for. It stood to reason, that, after climbing such mountains as those of Carnarvonshire, a bookman would rather take payment in portable goods, than lose a sale, for the chance of which he had sought those remote solitudes. For, though the Welch, then, as now, were, usually speaking, hoarders of money, it frequently happened that when miles of wild country lay between a house and the nearest village, current money might run short or be wholly wanting. Moreover, this payment in kind was always in favour of the payee, as the goods generally sold at a profitable valuation. When each man had settled his business and received his wages, he sat down and took a pipe, if he were a smoker; but, whether or not, the spiced ale went round and round; and the great brown jug, again filled, again grew creamy-topped, in front of the great fire. These old men, if I recollect rightly, called each other "brother." There was "brother Bennett," and "brother Melody;" the first, an old soldier who had been present in all the battles and sieges of the Peninsula war; the second, a quaint old pensioner who had fought under Admiral Howe. These meetings were generally closed by an exhortation and prayer, delivered by the master.

During the week following, the latter would be busy in the great number-room, above the house-place, where the various parts of given works were stored in pigeon-holed shelves, duly lettered and numbered. Whether any of these works were in the Welsh language, I cannot say; but they were all of a religious character. By the end of the week each man's stock of goods was ready for his pack; and on the following Monday the circuit began again.

This organization lasted till about the year 1828. The master then died, as did the old bookmen, one by one; or, where they survived, infirmity incapacitated them from further travel. At this date a new age of cheap literature had commenced; and the "Penny Magazine," the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and, eventually, "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," took root and flourished, in place of this one of the last signs of the Puritanism of the past.

ELIZA METEYARD



THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

I.

OVER the meadows we two went forth
 On that first bright day of spring,
 When the leaves peep out from the russet boughs
 And the birds begin to sing :
 And not a leaf that was new that day
 Was fresher at heart than we ;
 And not a pair in the feathered choir
 More restless with joy could be :
 I said that life overflowed with love,
 That earth was a sunny place ;
 For my heart was full of his love for me,
 And I gazed on his pleasant face !
 And so we wandered and wandered on,
 Till we heard the noon-day clang,
 Then, as we turned to our homeward path,
 We lifted our voice and sang !

II.

A wide brown moor and a blank grey sky,
 And never a stirring thing ;
 And we two walking the very path
 That we had trodden in spring :
 Not a word we said—neither he nor I,
 And the pain at our hearts was sore,
 For the sweet, sweet song which began in joy,
 Died away with a “Never more !”
 At last, I said in my bitter scorn,
 “I wished we had never met !”
 And then he prayed, with a choking voice,
 “That I might be happy yet.”
 And so we parted—beneath a tree
 Whose leaves were yellow and sere ;
 He went away, and I sat and wept,
 And called—but he did not hear !

III.

One or two prints in the morning snow
 Up to the churchyard gate ;
 And the only sound on the frosty air
 When the robin calls her mate ;
 Again I stand by the side of him
 Whom I walked with long ago ;
 But I am left alone in the world,
 And he is beneath the snow.
 And yet I feel we are nearer now
 Than ever we used to be—
 An angel is far more merciful
 Than a mortal man can be ;
 So he forgives me for all the pain
 Of the cruel words I said,—
 And he knows how I wept on the wide brown moor,
 With the blank grey sky o'erhead !

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.



A wide brown river in I think grey
And forest and trees all round,
And we two walking the old path
That we had trodden in spring.

A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

MR. RUSKIN in one place raises the question why it is that the successful merchant or industrial leader does not have the same regard accorded to him as the great general; why the man whose business it is to quietly organize crowds for purposes of production has less place in our sympathies than the man who organizes crowds for purposes of violence. And he finds the reason in this, that somehow the one is always presumed to act selfishly, whereas the idea of self-sacrifice is involved in the very profession of the other. And so far, doubtless, he is right. The present writer remembers being on one occasion in a mixed company of gentlemen, when the death of a very rich employer of labour, which had just taken place, chanced to be mentioned. The first speaker was inclined to look favourably on the life and activity of the deceased; for, he said, his enterprise had peopled a district, and made thousands busy and comfortable. But a little long-haired man, bearing the marks of a literary or artistic life, shook his head, and sagely declared his belief that such an amount of money as had been left by this man could not have been realised without his running very hard, or even directly wronging, many persons on a considerable scale. And this verdict seemed to be secretly echoed by the majority; for the first speaker, after some protest that his friends were judging without sufficient knowledge of the circumstances, had to pass on in their tack to other topics.

We believe, nevertheless, that that delicate consideration for others which is the essence of true dignity, and that disregard to considerations purely personal which lies at the root of real bravery, may be as decisively shown in industrial leadership as on the field of battle, and is even compatible with the attainment of wealth. But when one resolves to write of a man who was never known to the world as anything but a practical, hard-headed leader of industry; who distinguished himself no otherwise than as a good master, because a very discerning one; who realised millions, though his chief concern in life was to do his work thoroughly, and to spread the benefits of economic labour far and wide over the earth—a certain prejudice of the sort referred to has to be encountered in the outset. The facts themselves, which will come out in our short sketch of the life of Thomas Brassey, whose biography, from

the skilful pen of Mr. Arthur Helps, has just appeared, and from which we have mainly drawn our facts, must justify us in having ventured on such a task in face of the prejudices we have indicated.

Mr. Brassey was born in November, 1805, at Buerton, in the parish of Aldford, Cheshire. His family could trace back their ancestors to the coming of William the Conqueror, and they had possessed for generations a small landed property of three or four hundred acres near Bulkeley. In addition to this, Mr. Brassey's father had bought some land at Buerton, and at the same time rented a large farm near there—evidently a stout-hearted, busy, enterprising man. The family was thus not without its traditions, which were calculated to give its members a certain importance in their own eyes; but these, whatever influence they may have had in the formation of young Brassey's character, were never after manhood looked on by him as entitled to any weight on their own account. Claims of family were among the last things he would have put forward as grounds for consideration. At twelve years of age the lad went to school at Chester, and at sixteen was apprenticed to a Mr. Lawton, a land surveyor and agent. The first work on which he was employed was the Holyhead road, between Shrewsbury and Holyhead, where he assisted in making the surveys. Very soon after his apprenticeship expired, he became Mr. Lawton's partner—evidence sufficient that he had shown industry and intelligence during that period. Mr. Lawton, who, it is clear, was a man of rare practical sagacity, had foreseen the favourable position which Birkenhead—then a mere cluster of houses—occupied for becoming an important centre of commercial enterprise, and set Mr. Brassey at the head of a branch of the business there. The manufacture of bricks at this time engaged a good deal of Mr. Brassey's attention, and he devised a kind of crate by which much labour in loading and unloading was saved, no little destruction prevented, and, in consequence, the cost of delivery considerably reduced. Here, when in his twenty-seventh year, he married a Miss Harrison, who proved to be in every sense a true "helpmeet." Mr. Lawton died a few years after Mr. Brassey had become his partner, but the Birkenhead business was carried on as before. In the ninth year of Mr. Brassey's residence there, he met the famous

George Stephenson ; and this meeting formed one of the great turning-points of his life. Mr. Brassey either possessed, or had the management of, a certain stone-quarry at Stourton, and Stephenson had gone there to examine the stone with a view to its being employed in the building of the Sankey Viaduct on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway—the first railway for passenger traffic ever constructed. Stephenson at once perceived that the person he had been thus thrown into contact with was no common man, and he persuaded Mr. Brassey to tender for work on the grand junction line. This contract, however, he did not obtain, his estimate being too high. Not discouraged, he tendered again—this time for a viaduct between Stafford and Wolverhampton, and was successful ; Messrs. Dixon, bankers, of Chester, on hearing of his determination to embark in the undertaking, having placed at his credit sufficient money to carry on the work.

Mr. Brassey was at that time only twenty-nine years of age, and it should be borne in mind that railway building was then a novel and risky thing, the system and the instruments being still in an embryotic condition, "tipping"—that wonderfully simple short cut to embanking—not yet being in its perfection. Mr. Brassey completed the work successfully within the specified time, and was at once employed on the works of the London and Southampton railway. He now came up to London and settled there. Scarcely had he embarked in this line of work when he saw the necessity of adopting the sub-contract system extensively ; and it is one of his rare merits that he made it a triumphant testimony to the fact that trustfulness in dealing with others may not be the ruinous sort of thing which it is too often supposed to be. From this time forward Mr. Brassey was known as a large and enterprising contractor for public works, every year adding to the extent and value of his contracts. Nor did he limit himself to enterprises at home. He soon pushed his peaceable army of workmen into foreign countries, having operations going on simultaneously in five or six places far apart at the same moment—in France and Austria, in Canada and Australia, in Italy and Denmark, and even India, as well as in every portion of the three kingdoms, employing many thousands of workers. He hit upon a system of agents which he found very helpful, one chief element in his success lying in his almost uniformly wise choice of these.

Instead, however, of attempting to give further detailed accounts of Mr. Brassey's

multifarious and gigantic enterprises—which, indeed, were impossible in our limited space—it will, perhaps, be better to try to fix the leading traits in his character, to which he owed his extraordinary success, and to illustrate these as we go on by salient instances from his life. The first noticeable feature in his character is his almost unerring instinctive knowledge of character. Whom he trusts he trusts wholly, and seldom or never has cause to regret the reliance which he has placed upon his helpers. This enabled him to leave details almost wholly in the hands of others, and to concern himself with broad results. Nothing more irritates those who serve than needless criticism of details from superiors ; nothing more dissipates the energies of those at the head of a large concern than the necessity of busying themselves with such details. Mr. Brassey thoroughly understood this, and acted upon it ; requiring from his agents nothing more than would enable him to form a safe general estimate, and leaving the adjustment of all minor matters implicitly in their hands. "Men must act according to their characters," says Mr. Helps, "and he who is prone to confide largely in others will mostly gain an advantage in the general result of his confidence which will far more than counteract any evil arising from that part of his confidence which is misplaced." Whatever may be said of the general truth of this statement, it certainly stands true of Mr. Brassey's whole career.

For this sort of confidence, resulting necessarily in sympathy and conciliation, is a far more powerful element in the successful management of men than any exactness of knowledge, though to have full effect it needs to go along with that. But that kind of prim exactitude which magnifies one point at the expense of the rest, and diseasedly dwells on what is temporarily out of joint, pertains to a feeble nature, however quick and discerning it may be ; and it is certain to show much of suspicion and disquietude, which a cynical exterior can at best but partially conceal. Mr. Brassey had the trustfulness and he had the knowledge ; but there was no primness, no fuss. He carried a sort of composed bravery with him on all occasions ; it was chiefly through this that he was able to govern men so well as he did.

And he was able in quite an uncommon degree to withdraw himself from the point in dispute, and to look at it entirely as a third party. He was in one word his own lawyer, and could never be urged into litigation, having during his whole career had only one

regular lawsuit. He knew where it was wisest to surrender a point, even when the right lay on his own side. And in spite of the notion which so generally obtains that to make money one must stick to every small point and tenaciously assert every right, however insignificant, in Mr. Brassey's life we see how much a man may gain, directly and indirectly, by perpetual surrenders and generous considerations of the interests of others. In this, indeed, lies the main value of this biography to us, as demonstrating that the small, self-interested dodges of money-grubbers are, after all, short-sighted, and, in the long-run, tend to defeat their own ends.

Early in his career, and before he was quite so able to make generous allowances as afterwards, he had let the construction of a wooden bridge to a sub-contractor for a "lump sum." But the sub-contractor, on proceeding with the work, found that cofferdams and pumping of an expensive description, which he had not included in his estimate, would be imperatively required. He was alarmed at the prospect of loss, which he could ill bear, and wrote to Mr. Brassey, frankly stating the whole matter. To his surprise and relief, he was immediately informed that Mr. Brassey would bear the expense of the cofferdams and pumping, and that the work should go on, on that understanding. On another occasion, later in his life, when a cutting turned out to be hard rock instead of clay, as had been anticipated, the sub-contractor waited with considerable anxiety for Mr. Brassey's visit, which it was his wont to pay once a month or so to the several workings. On looking at the cuttings, Mr. Brassey asked, "What are you getting for this, per yard?" "So much, sir," was the reply. "Then it is clear you are not getting it out for that money." "I am sorry to say not, sir." "Have you applied to the agents for any advance?" "Yes," said the sub-contractor; "but I can make no sense of them." "Very well," replied Mr. Brassey, "we cannot alter the rate, you know; but we will count each yard as two. Will that do for you?" "Thank you, sir, that will do very well," was the reply; and unless human nature is all that the cynics say of it, that bridge would be well built.

On another occasion still, when an accident happened by the fall of some heavy iron, he wrote to his agent in this generous fashion:—

"I think myself it is quite immaterial whether the piece of iron was thrown over or fell by accident, as affects our liability. If the iron caused the damage, and it fell from our scaffolding, I take it we are

liable; and I should recommend the best settlement to be made that can be without reference to lawyers."

These are instances of real business fairness; but in one or two cases his kindly consideration for others rises even to magnanimity. Let the following stand as an instance, which is told by Mr. Milroy, who was for a long period associated with Mr. Brassey. A certain sub-contractor, R. M., who for many years had received kindnesses both from Mr. and Mrs. Brassey, had, under ill advice, become unreasonable, and on various absurd pretences, made extraordinary demands for money. His claims were of course set aside; but, much to Mr. Brassey's annoyance, he had recourse to litigation. At every step he was defeated, and his claims declared to be groundless and absurd. And yet the very day after the final decision was given against him, Mr. Brassey said to Mr. Milroy, "I am afraid, Milroy, that after all this litigation, R. M. must be badly off: I wish you could get him a job. I would be glad if you could." And we are tempted to say again, that unless human nature is all that the cynics say of it, Mr. Brassey would get better service from R. M. than he had done before. We are, therefore, not surprised to read such passages as the following in his biography:—

"He did not state his case," said Mr. Helps, speaking of his first interview with Mr. Brassey; "he understated it; and there are few things more attractive in a man than that he should be inclined to understate rather than to overstate his case. He was also very brief, not going over any part of the ground a second time, as is the habit of ninety-nine persons out of a hundred. After he had gone away, I thought to myself (for I knew the matter pretty well in respect of which he had a grievance) that, had it been my case, I should not have been able to restrain myself so completely and to speak with so little attention to self-interest as he had done."

This faculty of condensed statement, which it is so very difficult to attain, is far more intimately associated with consideration for others than might be supposed; for nothing is more garrulous than the self-conscious egotism which is always touching the old sores by overweening care in the guarding of them. From this Mr. Brassey was remarkably free. He was so frank and open, that after having got acquainted with him we are quite prepared for such statements as this:—

"It may somewhat surprise the reader to find that all the sub-contractors were very willing to accept Mr. Brassey's terms; but this is easily to be accounted for by the conviction which each of them had, that, if any mistake had been made, especially a mistake to their injury, there was a court of appeal which listened very readily to any grievance, and took care to remedy it. The truth is, Mr. Brassey would always increase the price of the contract, or make it up to the sub-contractor in some other way, if the original

contract had proved to be too hard a bargain for the sub-contractor."

His calling was never mere drudgery to him, with money as its final end and result. It was in the highest sense an art. Any loss was of slight account in his mind compared with getting his contract properly done. When, on the Rugby line, he was supplied with bad bricks, he gave orders they should not be used—the loss of bricks was a secondary consideration to making the thing secure. And when a great bridge in process of erection gave way, although he was advised that the Company should bear part of the loss, he at once set about re-building it, without inquiring whether they would or not, and he finished it almost within the contract time, to the astonishment of the Company, who, in appreciation of his energy, did reimburse a large portion of the extra outlay unasked. He never allowed his mind to be diverted from his own proper business; in the generous activity of his powers in that direction he found his fitting sphere, and was content. Hence he would never consent to stand for Parliament, though often requested to do so, nor go willingly into other speculations. So Mr. Helps writes no vague eulogy when he says:—

"The ruling passion of his life was to execute great works which he believed to be of the highest utility to mankind; to become a celebrated man in so doing—celebrated for faithfulness, punctuality, and completeness in the execution of his work; also, for this was a great point with him, to continue to give employment to all those persons who had already embarked with him in his great enterprise, not by any means forgetting the humbler class of labourers whom he engaged in his service."

This singleness of aim had a favourable result in many ways. He was little oppressed with fear of the future or of failure. When disasters did come, they affected not his habitual cheerfulness; his subordinates themselves testify that he bore reverses better than they did. "When any disaster occurred on the works, it was he who comforted and excused his agents, instead of receiving comfort or excuses from them." "I remember," says one of them, "even at the time of the panic, when things were at the worst, Mr. Brassey saying one night, at the Westminster Hotel, 'Never mind, we must be content with a little less, that is all!' This was when he supposed he had lost a million of money."

And it would be a grievous mistake to suppose that Mr. Brassey's career was one smooth run of uninterrupted prosperity. He had his times of struggle; and, even after he was what the world regards as a successful man,

there were periods at which, if he had died, he would have been, comparatively speaking, a poor man; and at no time did he realise more than three per cent. on the money turned over by him. He laid out seventy-eight millions of other people's money on works, every one of which were of grand public utility, and upon that outlay he retained two millions and a half. This singleness of aim, which in his case seemed to achieve easily, as a secondary result, what so many others set before them as a first result, and so grievously miss—the making of money,—had a wonderful effect in yielding a staid composure in face of difficulty, at which all who were brought into practical contact with him often wondered. One instance of this we have on that occasion when unexpected floods carried away a great portion of the works on which he was occupied. Telegram after telegram came from his agents with fresh items of disaster. "I think," he said, to one of his helpers, "I had better wait until I hear that the rain has ceased, so that when I do go I may see what is *left* of the works, and estimate all the disasters at once, and so save a second journey."

It is usually supposed that a "successful" man must be a cold, isolated sort of being, spinning out his selfish plans as a worm his cocoon, all alone, and without any need of aid, or even of that more delicate aid that lies in friendly sympathy—his wisdom all calculation, and his foresight only the sum total of his distrusts. Mr. Brassey in his own person gives the lie to this sort of thing. He was very clear in his judgments; but one element of his success lay in perceiving and in giving to them the peculiar weight which might safely be attached to the judgments of others. The respectful value which to the end he gave to the opinions of others, indeed, is very remarkable in a man who had gained such unwonted success. It is strange, but it is as significant as strange, to read:—"Mr. Brassey was not only a very warm and affectionate friend, but he was extremely solicitous to have the approval of his intimate friends in the works he undertook. This remark applies especially to Mr. Locke, the well-known engineer, the patron, fellow-labourer, and most intimate friend of Mr. Brassey's middle life; and to Mr. Wagstaff, his legal adviser and executor, and the genial companion of his later years. To the latter gentleman he would write almost every day, and sometimes twice a day, telling him what he had done, seeking his approval, and asking his advice."

And it was a beautiful trait in his character, although quite consistent with all we have seen of him, that he should judge himself and those closely connected with him far more severely than he judged others. The thing is so rare, that we can hardly agree with his son—who, however, is well entitled to speak on such a matter—as being a fault in his character. His son writes on this point :—

“If there be a blemish in one who was as free from faults as it seems possible to frail human nature, I would say that hesitation to condemn openly those errors of others, of which he was perfectly sensible, and which inwardly he judged with the severity which they deserved, was one of the few defects of his character. An incapability of refusing a request, or rejecting a proposal, strongly urged by others, was a defect in his character, as a man of business, and the principal cause of the greatest disasters which he experienced. He seldom formed a wrong judgment upon the merits of any business proposed for his acceptance; but he was often induced by others to enter into engagements which he believed *ab initio* to involve excessive risk, or be fraught with disaster, and when to this defect in his character was this other, he would often approve and expressly commend that in others which, if done by members of his own family, he would disapprove and oppose.”

He was never hurried, never flurried; and his economy of time was such, that in one sense, he never lost a moment, and yet he never left a letter unanswered, however humble the writer of it; and he could listen patiently to a recital of grievances from the lowliest in his service, take their point of view, and reason matters out with them calmly. This more than aught else, doubtless it was, which led his work-people to entertain such peculiar respect for him, that one of his agents says, “they seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere in his presence.” And it was quite customary for them, in his regular visits to the “workings,” to get up little demonstrations of welcome—evergreens and other things of the sort being taken advantage of, when they were available.

But in spite of his attachment to his work-people, and his reluctance to part with any of them,—a great portion of his own work consisting in so “prospecting,” that this might not be necessary,—his broad sense of justice yet led him to try, wherever he went abroad, to take advantage of native labour, and to improve the labourer; so that, in a certain sense, he was an educator as well as a worker. At first a few labourers were taken on and trained, till they could earn such wages as made them “regard the English contractors as angels;” then more and more were taken on, till finally some of the works on the Continent were almost executed by native workers. The foreigners were thus

made acquainted with new tools, and the method of using them; they were taught new forms of labour, and the benefits of organization; they were paid regularly, and soon received double, and even treble, what they had ever before earned. At first, for example, the Frenchman's work was found to be worth only two francs a day, while the English labourer could earn four francs and a half. In time, however, the Frenchman's work became worth four francs a day; and speedily the French labourer, on French ground, took the place of the English labourers, who were transported elsewhere. The same process was essentially repeated in Italy, in Denmark, and several other countries where Mr. Brassey had contracts. The socio-economic value of Mr. Brassey's enterprises in this light cannot be over-estimated: he led the way in organizing this form of labour; and, in this respect, has not only a claim to national, but to world-wide gratitude. If that man deserves a blessing who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, then surely he is equally entitled to gratitude and honour, who teaches men to earn four francs instead of two—in works, too, wherein all alike have an interest.

As Mr. Brassey's business increased, the greater demand was necessarily made upon his time by foreign journeys; and the exposures incident to these, more than anything else, told upon his constitution. When at Paris in 1867, partly on business, and partly to visit the Exhibition, he was seized with illness, and obliged to postpone his departure. He was never the same man after that; but, with the indomitable spirit that had made him, when first stricken with paralysis some years before, pull himself over narrow planks, and other perilous passage-ways, to inspect the works on which he was engaged, he still went through almost his old amount of labour, and moved about from place to place as was his wont. In October of the same year he was in Italy, in connection with the Lemberg and Fell Railways, the opening of which last unfortunately proved a failure. One engine after another broke down, and he was exposed for hours to the cold and wet. He was seized with bronchitis, and it was with difficulty that he got to Turin to procure proper medical advice. There, nothing would dissuade him from going on to Venice; and, when he reached Venice, the fever was at its height. In November, he was conveyed by slow stages to England; but in the September following he had another stroke of paralysis, —after which, however, he managed for a

time to move about a little, and to transact his business. Some striking testimonies to the love he inspired were given then.

"Many who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances, solely for the chance of seeing once more their old master whom they loved so much. They were men of all classes—humble navvies as well as trusted agents. They would not intrude upon his illness, but would solicit to be allowed to stand in the hall, and would wait for hours there, in the hope of seeing Mr. Brassey borne to his carriage, and getting once

more from him a shake of the hand or the slightest sign of friendly recognition."

The air of Hastings, where he settled, was favourable; but the disease had taken too deep hold; and, after much suffering, he died on December 8th, 1870. One of the few men who have realised great wealth without suspicion of meanness attaching to his methods, Thomas Brassey deserves to be kept before the eyes of enterprising Englishmen.

H. A. PAGE.

THE NORTHERN TRIBES OF INDIA.

THE death-blow struck at the Viceroy of India, in the Andaman Islands, has reverberated in every corner of India; but loudest, doubtless, on the Khyber Hills, its extreme north-western border. It was there the force, moral and physical, originated which has produced such a disastrous effect, and cast a shadow over England's fair empire in the East. Had this been the only blow of the kind, dealt from the same quarter, we should be inclined to hope that some mad fury had suddenly seized the murderer, or that he had had some provocation of a peculiarly aggravating character. The fact, however, of the murderer having got hold of another man's knife, adapted to his purpose, and the careful selection of time and place, preclude the thought of want of premeditation. No special act of the Viceroy, on the other hand, could have affected Shere Ali personally, for he had been transported for life, in 1867, before Lord Mayo probably dreamt of being Governor-General of India. We may yet hear of some confession of an object, or have some clue given us, as to the particular passion roused in his brain: but we have to note, that Shere Ali is one of a class of assassins, who have blackened by their deeds the corner of India from which they have sprung.

It must then be a subject of interest for England to inquire what influence, or influences, lead men like Shere Ali thus to attack our Indian officials, and strike at the highest.

A short sketch of the country, the customs of the people, and their political and religious character, will perhaps be acceptable to the English people. It will also be a great gain to the men on the north-west border, if, from more general acquaintance with them, England could determine on some policy that would ameliorate the condition of these border

tribes. A great change might thus be effected in the character of these mountaineers.

As to their country:—the English reader should take his map of India, and note the great chain of mountains separating the plains of India from the rest of Asia, and which, with the sea surrounding the other borders, give India a grand boundary,—of inestimable use, as a protection to her, in past ages. Before ships found their way round the Cape from the far north, carrying the hardy races of Europe to her shores, India was practically safe from all attack, except through a small spot on her vast mountain frontier. That one quarter, entered by the valley of Peshawur, and the inlet into this valley, by which all invading armies have come, is a narrow mountain gorge, called by the well-known name of the Khyber Pass. There are a few other passes through the great mountain chain, but so few that they may almost be counted on the fingers; most of these, however, when travellers have with difficulty wound through the mountains from India in single file, are found to end in great reaches of sterile land, before inhabited country is met with. The few traders who use these routes venture across only at particular seasons of the year; for when the snow falls they are impassable. But for these difficulties, Chinese and hungry Tartar hordes would, in past ages, doubtless have often descended on the fertile plains of India, to colonise or plunder. The Khyber Pass is, however, open all the year round, and presents only about twenty-five miles of mountain gorge to an invading army. It is known by the name of "the King's Highway," and admits of the passage of artillery and other carriages. It opens up a route into India from the more or less populous valleys of Cabul, and the great plains of Asia and the north; and through this road all the great invasions of

India, including that of the Greeks under Alexander, have passed.

For many years, in the times of the Moghuls, Puthans, &c., Afghanistan, on the other side of the Pass, was the seat of the capital of India. The Khyber must then indeed have been "the King's Highway," through which great armies and plundering parties passed, times without number, to and from India.

The story of India has thus been intimately connected with this Pass, probably in all ages; for when news spread of the restless hordes of Asia pouring through it, the people of the plains knew that their hour of sore trouble had come. After each northern wave of conquest had passed downwards, the rich plunder of India kept pouring back, for a time, through the Khyber, to the families of the conquerors. Soon after, the families themselves migrated after their fathers and husbands, through the Pass, into India. When the conquering host got merged and weakened, or lost in India, its communications with the north could not be maintained in force, and the bold tribes possessing the Khyber made their living by plundering treasure or goods which were feebly guarded.

The passion for highway robbery has thus become an heirloom through successive generations of Khyberies. Their small patches of cultivation are insufficient for their wants, and no industrial arts are understood or attempted amongst them. Their intellect and power are devoted to skill in fighting. Numbers of them swarm off into military service, in the armies of India and Cabul; returning to their hills to spend the pay they have hoarded in living at home for a year or two in comparative idleness. Such is their relation to the empires on either side of them; but they have also other relations nearer home to look to. They have little wars to wage, at intervals, with jealous neighbours, who would fain occupy their vantage ground, and with whom they are in continual danger of falling out about neighbouring patches of ground, stray camels, elopements, &c. Nor is this all; they have family feuds, which engage their attention inside the tribe. These keep numbers of men at some period, if not all their lives, on the alert against a family enemy who wishes to avenge a fatal blow, or a family feud murder. Could circumstances be imagined more favourable to develop the fiercer passions of men? Yet these are the conditions in which a tribe of about 120,000 souls are educated from their youth up. They are supported in the belief of their mode of life

being legitimate by the actions of the other Hill tribes about them similarly, though less favourably, situated.

The Mahomedan religion, which is the faith held by all these tribes, forms little or nothing of a barrier to their indulgence in these plundering habits, and, indeed, encourages them under certain circumstances. A numerous class of needy Moolahs preach that God is well pleased with the destruction of unbelievers or their property. The latter includes the capture and murder of well-to-do Hindoos, or the demand of heavy ransoms, which the priests negotiate, receiving often the larger share of the booty. This species of fanaticism is common to the whole Peshawar border men, and is greatly encouraged by a body of fanatics from the plains of India, who are supported by their friends and admirers in various parts of the country.

Besides this, a lawless, uncertain style of life has a great fascination for the strong men of the Hill tribes, who look with pity on, and are often envied by, the other Putlan tribes who live under regular government in the plains. Their blood feuds are not, of course, tolerated in English territory, where, as a man is liable to be caught, and hanged, or transported, for such murders, the romance, and opportunity of glorying in his deed are lost. The *quasi* sacredness of British soil is, accordingly, by tacit acknowledgment, respected. An example of this respect occurred to the writer when serving on the frontier. Seeing in the poverty of the Hill men one cause of their lawlessness, he thought of trying to introduce the cultivation of tea into their valleys, and sent for a non-commissioned officer of the regiment, whose home was in the Teerah Valley. The man received a bag of tea-seed, and got ten days' leave to go with it to his home and sow the seed. He went to his barrack, promising to start very early next morning. In the afternoon, however, two young men, brothers, belonging to the same valley, came asking for tea-seed, to carry to their home, in the hope of getting at the same time the much-coveted ten days' leave. They received each a bag of tea-seed, and said they would leave early next morning. The idea of having three men all sowing tea-seed in the same valley, was encouraging;—though, from being unable to accompany them across the border, and see it done, it was by no means certain that any of them would take the trouble to put the seed into the ground. About dusk these hopes were further clouded, by the non-commissioned officer bringing back his tea-seed,

and laying the bag down in the room in a disconsolate way. He was asked what it all meant; and, with some hesitation, answered, that as the two young men had got seed, he did not want to go. He was pressed to say if any weak jealousy was at the bottom of his refusal to go. He said no, and then told a harrowing story: a blood feud was the real difficulty. This man was about forty or fifty years of age, and described how, when he was an infant, the father of these young men fell suddenly on his father, and slew him. His mother fled with him in her arms, and escaped to another tribe, where she brought him up in safety. She instilled into him the duty that devolved on him, of avenging his father's death whenever his strength was equal to the task. He waited patiently for his opportunity till he grew up to manhood, and was successful in killing his enemy. The sons of the murdered man had grown up to manhood next, and it was they who had come offering to take seed up to Teerath. The non-commissioned officer, their father's murderer, said that he and these two young men were safe enough while in British territory, but the moment they crossed the border they were bound to fight, as their duty was to kill him if they could. Strange, indeed, was the fact that these men had been for years in the same company of the same regiment, living together, and fighting side by side in England's battles; the brothers' feudal enemy acting as their superior officer. On hearing the story, the permission to the brothers to go to their homes was withdrawn, and the non-commissioned officer was sent alone with his seed.

The strength of the family feud obligation among the Puthan tribes, in their own country, cannot well be conceived in England at the present day. An illustration of it will, however, give some idea. An Afghan young man, the picture of misery, one afternoon sat down some distance off, opposite the tent of the writer. On being asked if he wanted anything, he said he was hungry. As he had none of the appearance or manner of an ordinary beggar, he was told to take service for a short time, and assist in pitching the tent, &c. He was glad to do this, and after a few days he was asked what brought him to be so ill of. He said that, having recently grown up to manhood, and found himself strong enough to undertake the avenging of an old family blood feud, he had just succeeded in murdering his enemy, and had to run for safety to Hindustan. This, however, did not prey on his mind par-

ticularly; his grief was that he had been lately married. His wife was still in her father's house, and, in his flight, he had called at the house, and killed her, lest in his enforced absence she should be unfaithful, and dishonour him and his family. He understood beforehand that this horrid sacrifice would be required of him, yet he went on to the bitter end with the blood feud.

In such a distracted and disjointed state of society, it is not to be wondered at that the black mail levied on travellers was unequally laid on. Indeed, through the heavy exactions and cruelty of the Khyberies, merchandise periodically ceases to go through their pass. The men of the tribe, therefore, turn their attention to plundering in the neighbourhood of Peshawur. As an excuse for this, a Khyberie, in speaking to the writer, said they were no worse than the rest of mankind, who lived each by plundering his neighbour. He asked how could the rich hoards of the wealthy merchants in Peshawur be otherwise accounted for? They got their great riches through plundering by their wits. The poor Khyberies, having little of that commodity, were driven to use their strong right arms, which secured to them, however, but a small share of the general booty.

This habit of plundering, of course, brings them under the arm of the authorities at Peshawur. During the time the Sikhs held the Province, war to the knife was carried on between the Hill men all round and the Sikhs. The Hill men even plundered the sixty miles of road on the other side of Peshawur, between Attock and the Sikh cantonment; so that no single man or even large body of merchants could pass without a military escort.

When Avitabile, an Italian adventurer in Runjeet-Sing's service, was governor of Peshawur, he dealt very summarily with the Hill men when they were caught plundering. The horrid cruelties he practised on them disgraced his Christian name. One of his favourite modes of punishment was taking two long ropes, each of which was attached by an end, one to the right, the other to the left leg of the captured man, the other ends were attached each to a harnessed horse. At a given signal the horses were started off at a gallop in opposite directions, and the men were thus torn limb from limb. Another favourite punishment—for it was believed by the people about him that he delighted in such severity—was to make the Hill man jump from the top of a high tower, the fall being

sufficient to kill him. These cruelties of course ceased on the occupation of Peshawur by the British. The feeling of insecurity from the continual attacks of the Khyberies and others, gave, and still give, however, a good deal of uneasiness to the civil authorities, and even to the troops in the cantonment. Colonel Mackeson, the first British commissioner, employed a number of paid agents, or spies, among the Hill tribes to give him information of intended raids on our territory, and organized a succession of attacks on different portions of the border. Some of these were severe enough to be deterrent, especially one to the north, when at Skakote the tribes descended into the plain to fight, and suffered severely before they could regain the hills. The others appeared to irritate only, and in some our troops did not always get the best of it.

Their hardihood in venturing down at Skakote, arose from their believing in the power of the Akhoond, or high priest of Swat, to exorcise the guns of our force, and prevent their doing mischief. Each combatant was also furnished with a talismanic verse of the Khoran, to preserve him from personal injury.

When Sir Herbert Edwardes became commissioner of Peshawur, he withdrew at once the paid agents from the tribes, finding they were worse than useless, and that they served, but too well, to engender suspicion and dislike towards the English Government. The next step Edwardes wisely took, was, to shut out from the Peshawur valley and market any offending tribe, until it gave satisfaction for any injuries members of the tribe had inflicted on our people.

One of the first of these he had to deal with was the Bussi Kheyls, a tribe in the hills to the south of Peshawur, near the entrance of the Kohat Pass. A young officer of artillery, Lieutenant, now Sir William, Hamilton, was employed with a few native sappers and miners in making a military road in our own territories, from the station of Peshawur up to the foot of the hills. When near the end of his road, he had sent for money to Peshawur one afternoon to pay his workmen; the treasure arrived safely in camp, not, however, without the knowledge of the Bussi Kheyls, who, not perhaps quite liking the road making, determined to try to stop it, and at any rate to secure and carry off the money. In the middle of the night they made a dash in great numbers on the camp, forcing the sentries, and cutting about them right and left. Part of them made a dash at the officer's tent, who was thus suddenly made

aware of their presence. He started out of bed, and bravely facing his foes, forced his way through them, killing some and wounding others. This checked the attack on him, so that he got away, though severely wounded. An expedition was sent against the Bussi Kheyls, but they evaded much punishment by retiring far into the hills; carrying their families and any little property they had with them. Edwardes then proclaimed, that from that day forth, no Bussi Kheyls should be allowed into Peshawur, until they made amends for this outrage. For more than a year, if a Bussi Kheyl was found in British territory, he was caught and put in prison. The tribe began at last to feel the painfulness of the predicament they had placed themselves in. They had been in the habit of supplying the produce of their hills, especially fire-wood, to the Peshawur market. This they could do no longer. They could not as before go to the bazaars, there to buy clothing, or other necessities for themselves or their families. Feeling distressed and perplexed, they resolved at last to send a deputation of Grey Beards, to wait on the commissioner (Edwardes), and sue for forgiveness. This was granted, on condition that they should restore the treasure. It was, however, impossible for them to do this after such a long interval; for the rupees had been divided among the members of the tribe and spent. Edwardes, therefore, offered to take the value of the treasure in kind, viz., in loads of sticks for fire-wood, which was greatly wanted by the Government engineers, for burning in brick-kilns; and the tribe agreed to his terms.

A similar mode of dealing with another tribe was adopted under the following circumstances. A native chief had been sent up to Cabul, as British representative there. On his way up, while passing through a narrow gorge, with his escort, in the Sheranne district, a man of that tribe slipped from behind a rock, where he had been hiding, and fired a pistol, point blank, at the envoy. Fortunately the bullet struck the hilt of the chief's sword, and glanced off, inflicting, however, a severe bruise on his side. A report of the outrage was sent immediately to Edwardes, at Peshawur, who intimated to the tribe that he must have satisfaction. The tribe had something to say, which they looked on as justification. Their story was, that a transaction had occurred about the selling of a horse, some considerable time before, in Peshawur, between the would-be assassin and the envoy; the chief had not, they said, dealt fairly in the matter, and the out-

rage was perpetrated as an act of private revenge. This was not, however, the way of settling a dispute about the payment of a horse, and the person of a British ambassador must be respected by these mountaineer tribes, as by all other nations. Edwardes, therefore, to teach this lesson to the Shereannees, shut the whole tribe out of the valley, by threatening to put any of its members in confinement that he might find within our borders. This the tribe affected for a time to be indifferent about, but Edwardes knew it to be a grievous cause of vexation to them. They, who had constant dealings with Peshawur, had now to buy and sell through the medium of other friendly tribes, who, however, charged a ruinous percentage for all the orders which they executed. It was at last resolved on by the Shereannees that they should wait on the commissioner of Peshawur, through a Grey Beard, who was sent down to convey the submission of the tribe and negotiate as favourable terms as possible, in order that the tribe might resume their normal relations with Peshawur. The Grey Beard found the commissioner ready to listen to his suing for restoration of privileges, and requested him to name what amends the "Great Sircar" (Government) would be willing to accept. In the course of conversation Edwardes asked what the strength of the Shereanne tribe was; a ready oriental response was, that a thousand matchlocks were at the disposal of the British power, by day or night, to serve in the most daring enterprise they could be called on to engage. In an off-hand way, Edwardes said, "Well, to settle this unfortunate business, we shall say that each of the thousand matchlocks must pay a fine of a rupee. The astute negotiator no doubt wished he had offered the services of five hundred match-lock men, or less perhaps, but he could not say No under the circumstances, and paid the fine. The advantage to his tribe was, doubtless, not to be compared with the payment of so small a sum. Thus ended what might readily enough have been accepted by the British House of Commons as a legitimate cause for a frontier war. Edwardes knew his power, the circumstances that led to the outrage, and the necessities of the tribe, and compelled them to do homage for their offence, without his striking a blow or spending a rupee.

A third instance, as it affects the very tribe from which sprang the assassins of Chief Justice Norman and Lord Mayo, has a peculiar interest at this present time. The Kooki

Kheyls are a small tribe, living on the border of the Khyber. In the cold weather they are to be found on the lower hills, along the western border of the Peshawur valley. In summer many of them migrate to the higher hills, for coolness, as the heat of the plains is trying and disagreeable to them. The story of their little difficulty with the British Government was connected also with the native ambassador to Cabul. He had sickened with fever and ague, in the cold of the Affghan Hills, and wrote down asking for quinine from the Peshawur commissioner, to whom he looked for everything. An ounce bottle was got from a Bombay merchant on the spot, and despatched at once by a "cossid" to Cabul. When the "cossid" reached the mouth of the Khyber, he met a party of Kooki Kheyls, who stopped him and asked where he was going. He told them he was sent with quinine, to the British envoy at Cabul. The Kooki Kheyls had heard of the power quinine had in curing ague, in the British Hospitals at Peshawur. They asked for the bottle, and laughingly told the "cossid" they would take care of the quinine. The man, unable to resist them, was thankful to be allowed away from them with his life, as they were not in the habit of making the mistake of permitting a tell-tale of their robberies to escape them. He said he ran back all the seven or eight miles he had come from Peshawur. When he reached the commissioner's cutcherry, he rushed into Edwardes's presence, and threw himself on his face at his feet. There he lay, demanding that he should be deprived of life, inasmuch as he had lost the Government quinine. Edwardes had him raised up and quieted, that he might hear his story. On understanding how matters stood, he set the man's mind at ease, but called together all the moonshees (writers) belonging to his court. He made them write out warrants to apprehend every Kooki Kheyl who could be found, and offered a reward of twenty-five rupees for each man, and fifty rupees for any chief that could be seized. Horsemen were immediately sent with these orders to the city police and frontier posts. Unaware of what had happened, several of the tribe who had been in town on business soon found themselves seized by the police. A native chief of a neighbouring tribe, which had been for ages at feud with the Kooki Kheyls, heard of the trouble his old enemies were in, and knowing a chief of theirs was in the city, determined to have his quiet little revenge, by helping to catch his enemy. He knew the probable road

the chief would take after passing in safety the British outposts, so he started to waylay him. He chose a dry watercourse, through which the road lay; and, lying there, waited patiently till about dark, when his enemy leisurely and unsuspectingly came up. He seized him, and brought him into Peshawur. That night Edwardes had three hundred rupees' worth of Kooki Kheyls in safe keeping. Next morning, very early, he was told that a deputation of Kooki Kheyl chiefs waited outside to see him. He called them in, when, with many protestations of friendship, they began their story. They said they were greatly afflicted to find that some thoughtless, wild, and ill-mannered lads of their tribe had, in an hour of folly, stopped a "cossid" of the great English Government, that they had dared to take from him a bottle of quinine. For doing this they had incurred the heavy anger of the tribe, and been severely censured by the Grey Beards. The chiefs could not understand such conduct, seeing the good feeling of the whole tribe was so strong towards the British Government. They had brought back the bottle of quinine, which they now gladly handed over to the Sahib. Edwardes at once expressed the desire that the great English people should always remain friends with all their frontier neighbours. Before, however, this state of amity could be said to exist between his Government and the Kooki Kheyls, a little bill, due to his treasury, had to be settled by them. Calling for his treasurer, he asked what amount was standing in his books against the tribe, and was told it was three hundred rupees. The chiefs at once expressed their readiness to pay the amount, and sent off to their homes for the money. When it was paid, Edwardes *now* spoke of the Kooki Kheyl men and their chief, who were in durance vile, and ordered their immediate release. Thus, happily again, what might have been a serious misunderstanding, was amicably settled; the tribe felt the hand of their master pressed firmly on them, but tempered with consideration, and even with kindness of purpose. Thus three hundred rupees (£30) was perhaps the highest ever paid for a quarter of an ounce of quinine, the quantity missing from the bottle.

Edwardes was obliged on one or two occasions, but very unwillingly, to lead a force against some other of the Hill tribes, but his general policy was that of conciliation. The effect of this was seen when the mutiny

broke out, in 1857, while he was still Commissioner. Edwardes, as he said, felt that he held the door of India—that is, stood at the mouth of the Khyber, restraining any attempted descent of the Affghan hordes through it. But he did more than this: he gathered men from these very Hill tribes, and sent them down to Lahore, where, in Lord Lawrence's hands, they were soon prepared to be hurled against the mutinous Sepoys in Delhi. Edwardes's policy of firm conciliation has been successfully followed up by his successors. In pursuance of this policy, Shere Ali, the assassin of Lord Mayo, was admitted into the police service. Others were taken as orderlies or attendants. This has, doubtless, drawn out the kindlier feelings of these men towards the *Sahib log* (English officers) in some instances. The mass of the people of the hills, however, are still robbers, carrying off horses, &c., from cantonments, and closing the Pass against all who will not pay exorbitant tolls.

The question of their subjugation or reformation, is one of the problems yet unsolved. In the course of a few months a new force will be at the door of the Khyber Pass. The iron horse will be snorting there before long, as the railway from Lahore to Peshawur is rapidly approaching completion. Manchester will not like to be told that a handful of men stops the march of calico to the markets of Central Asia. What action will she expect on the part of the Government of India? It would be quite easy, as shown above, to get up a *casus belli*, and let the sword, as of yore, cleave a way through the barrier. The experience of ages, however, shows that a road so made soon gets out of order, and is eventually blocked up again.

Edwardes had a very different plan for subduing the Hill robber, and turning his sword into a ploughshare. About sunrise on the first morning of his arrival at Peshawur, as ruler of the district, he announced to some officers his resolution to defend Christian missions; he ever afterwards gave material and hearty encouragement to the establishment of schools and the teaching of the Bible among the people. This noble work, so bravely begun, has been faithfully carried forward. Edwardes, who knew the people so well, believed they would in time gladly give in to such teaching. Would it not be a glory to England if her sons became the honoured instruments of opening up the Khyber in this peaceful way?

T. FARQUHAR.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

VI.—THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—JOHN xiv. 27.

THESE words fall with soothing effect upon the ear. There is a singular beauty, and force of meaning in them. Every spiritual mind owns this directly, whatever difficulty it may have in analyzing and entering into all the meaning. Like many words of St. John, they address more directly the spiritual instinct than the spiritual intelligence. We *feel* them more than we can explain them. They meet our silent aspirations. They give an answer to our deepest longings.

Christ came to give peace on earth. The promise of the Advent was, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace." The promise might seem to have failed of its fulfilment. Men strive for the mastery as of old, and amidst the movements of human ambition, and the contradictions of human opinion, peace seems as far off as ever. This is true, and yet the text is also true. The peace which our Lord came to give—which He left with his own when He went away—which He gives now—not as the world giveth—to all that ask it, is not peace as men often mean by the word. It is not external quiet, or ease, mere composure or comfort such as men desire and crave after. The gospel is nowhere said to be a gospel of earthly comfort. The happiness which Christ promised is not happiness in the sense of exemption from trouble, or danger, or sorrow. On the contrary, the Lord assured his followers that in the world they would have tribulation. Even as He had been tried and suffered, so would they. The servant was to be as his Lord, the disciple as his Master—in this respect and in others. Yet they were assured of peace. The "weary and heavy laden"—those on whom the burden of care or sorrow might fall most heavily—were to have "rest" unto their souls. Their peace was to work through patience and suffering. It was not only to be compatible with conflict and danger and toil, but in and through these it was to come; and while all things were shaken around them, and "without were fightings and within were fears,"* "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" was to "keep their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."†

What we think of most naturally in connection with such a subject is our Lord's own life—so majestic in its repose—so grand in its peacefulness—with such a pervading depth of calm in it—and yet so troubled outwardly. And here no doubt is the key to the meaning. Our Lord's own life—his spiritual manifestation in life and death—is the best interpreter of all his profoundest sayings. For the Christian lives only in Christ. He has no life apart from Him. All Christian thought is hid in Him. All Christian experience grows out of Him.

According to the terms of the text, our Lord makes first an explicit promise of peace as his gift to his disciples; and then sets in contrast with his own gift, the gifts of the world. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you." We will best bring out the meaning of the divine gift by placing in front the gifts with which it is contrasted.

I. Christ frequently draws in sharp and decisive terms the contrast betwixt himself and the world. We "cannot serve," He tells us, "God and mammon."‡ "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."† It is nowhere said that the world is worthless, or that mammon is unattractive. On the contrary, the very sharpness of the antagonism drawn by Christ implies that what is called the world has powerful attractions for man. It has fair and promising gifts to offer him; otherwise there need have been no such decisive contrast drawn betwixt Himself and it, and no such solemn warning that we cannot serve both Him and it.

Now, what are the gifts of the world? What is meant by the world, and the attractions by which it lures man? There can be no doubt of the general meaning. The world is the outside life of man. Its gifts are possessions dear to his senses, his intellect, and even his heart. It rewards with its own. If we serve it, it will not disown us. To the ambitious man, who knows how to use skilfully the instruments of ambition, it gives influence and authority. To the self-indulgent man, it gives the means of indulgence. It tempts the sight with seeing,

* 2 Cor. vii. 5.

† Phil. iv. 7.

‡ St. Matthew vi. 24.

† 1 John ii. 15.

and the ear with hearing. It ministers enjoyment in a thousand forms. To the industrious, it yields the fruit of industry; for the careful, it heaps up riches; for the clever and adventurous, it presents endless resources of satisfaction and scope of enterprise.

It is needless to speak lightly of such things. They have naturally a great attraction for all. To get on in the world and receive of its best gifts, is a legitimate aim. It is an incentive to youthful aspiration, and middle-aged ambition. It is the inspiration of some of the most definite and valuable forms of social virtue and domestic happiness. It is the spur of social progress—the spring of industry and civilisation. Therefore, there is, and can be nothing wrong in so far using the world. There is nothing to be disparaged in the things which the world gives, if they are given for honest work. Our Lord nowhere hints that we are not to touch its gifts, but rather to condemn and cast them from us. But what He everywhere implies is, that these gifts at the best are not enough for us. They minister enjoyment; they are means of usefulness; but there is that in man which they cannot reach. It is, in short, the abuse, and not the use of the world which our Lord reprobates. It is when the heart so loves the world that it has no room for other love; when the mind so fills itself with the things of sense, or intellect, or imagination, or passion, as to exclude the sense of higher divine things, that judgment is passed upon it, and it is clearly true, that whosoever “loveth the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”

It will be always difficult to persuade the young that the world cannot satisfy them, that its gifts, however fair and attractive, are, if not delusive, yet inadequate to the higher wants of the human soul. They seem so far from the fulness that the world can give them. They stand at such a distance from its giddy heights of ambition, of pride, of pleasure, that they believe, or often do so, that they would be happy if only they once reached those heights, and could look back from them with a proud complacency on all that they had gained. Yet if there is anything more frequently verified by experience than another, it is the fact that the very highest triumphs of the world do not give happiness. And always the more is this the case where the nature that has sought such happiness is a true and noble nature. The more profound the springs of life, the more difficult are they to reach. The more real the heart, the less easily can it be filled. There are depths in almost

every human being that no merely outward gift can reach. The success after which we strive fails to gratify. The joys, which have spurred us on, perish in the using. The brightest of them wear out, and there is no spring of renewal in them. The glittering height that tempted from afar is found when reached to be but a barren level. The knowledge which was dear in the prospect is fruitless in the possession. The glory of the gift vanishes with its realisation. The “light that never was on sea or shore,” and has drawn the youthful spirit from afar, fades into the common day. There is no longer to the jaded sense even “splendour in the grass or glory in the flower.” The very capacity of enjoyment decays, and is ready to vanish away. The eye is no longer satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. The intellect is no longer tempted by inquiry; and out of the very pride of aspiration comes the weakness of exhaustion, or the despair of truth.

Such are the world's gifts at the best. Taking the highest view, they fail because they leave the spiritual side of our nature untouched. They fail, moreover, in themselves, because, like all outward realities, however real, they do not last. The life goes out of them. It withers like the grass, “and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth.”

II. Now the gift of Christ is the opposite of all this.

1. It is primarily *inward*, while the gifts of the world are outward. Our Lord knew what was in man. He was himself a man, profoundly conscious of all the higher qualities and activities of our being. He saw that the root of human misery was the attempt of man to satisfy himself with this world, or with things merely external. This it was that made Him lay his ban upon the world as his own special antagonist. It was not the outside that He condemned; nothing external, in so far as it was merely external or natural, did He for a moment interdict; for that would have been to interdict his own work. But He denounced the outward when it absorbed the inward, and took its place. The world in his view was the displacement of the spiritual by the material, not matter itself, or any form of external advantage, glory, or beauty, but the heart materialised—the mere good of earth in room of the higher good of the Spirit. No happiness, He assured man, could be reached in this way. The nature of man demands spiritual as well as natural food. It cannot

live by bread alone. It cannot quench immortal longings by mere draughts of sensual or even intellectual gratification. These are good to give you what they have, but you need more than they have; and God himself can alone give you all you need. And I who am the revelation of the Father—of His grace and truth—can alone satisfy the wants of your souls. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."* "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life."†

There is something in the very language of the text that suggests the immediate relation of the soul to God, and the deep inwardness of the gift which it promises. Peace is an inward resting. A mind at peace is a mind not only calm and unruffled in its temporary mood, but profoundly composed in its unseen depths. There is not merely quiet upon the surface, but a deep-seated rest of the inner life. The word betrays something of this deeper meaning even in its outer application—as when we look abroad upon the sea, or the silent hills as they sleep in the tranquil folds of the evening light, and say how peaceful they are! we mean not merely that the wind is down or the air is still, but that Nature rests in her inner central depths.

It is such an inward reality—quiet *within* the soul—a restful life beneath all other life—that Christ gives to them that are His. It is something deeper than sense, or intellect, or passion, or all the shows of that life which we can see, or hear, or touch. It is no mere harmony of natural powers—although it is also this—but it is a positive spiritual endowment—a *gift* from the divine—something which at once settles and stays the spirit on a foundation that cannot be moved, though the earth be removed, and the waters roar and be troubled. It is the consciousness of God himself as our loving Father, and of the strength of the Divine Will which we have chosen against all human selfishness and sin.

Christ did not concern himself with man's outward life. He did not try to change the direction of his external activities, although some have conceived his mission after this manner. He nowhere says to his disciples, "You are to come out of the world." At the close of this very discourse

His prayer for them is, not that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil that is in it.* He leaves alone man's outward career—which must be in the world—and through the power of His mighty sympathy—of His living affinity with man in all his true wants—lays hold of his inner life. Here was the root of man's good or evil—of his happiness or misery. Here was the spring which, as it was sweet or bitter, imparted health or disease, life or death, to all the forces of his activity. And He applied the Remedy here. He took of His own things and gave them unto us. He seized the root of our personal life, and planted it in God. And this is to do everything for man—to satisfy his most restless craving, as well as give meaning to his highest aspirations—to reduce all the discords of his life to a unity. So that whatever may befall him, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" shall keep his mind and heart through Jesus Christ. From within outwards the change is wrought. Settled in the Divine—at one with God—there goes forth from this sure stay—this bright confidence—a silent yet potent influence bringing every thought and feeling and act into obedience to Him, gently yet strongly binding all into that unity of the spirit which is the bond of peace.

2. But further, the text enables us yet more fully to understand the peace of which it speaks. "Peace I leave with you, *my* peace I give unto you." The peace which Christ gives is *His own*. Can we say more distinctly what this was? whence it was? The peace of Christ was the fulness of the divine love. It came forth from the perfect unity of the Father and Himself. It was the expression of this unity—the natural reflection of His entire self-surrender to the Father's will. His peace was unbroken because His obedience was unmarred. It was His meat to do the will of Him that sent Him and finish his work. His life on earth was the perfect life of God—the incarnation of the Divine. He dwelt in the radiant fulness of the Divine Presence, daily his delight rejoicing before Him; and so resting with undimmed trust in the Divine, He could have no fear. No shadow of unrest could touch Him. None ever did touch Him, save at the last, when the darkness of the world's sin so covered Him that He cried out in agony. This momentary interruption of our Lord's peace shows more clearly than

* ST. MATTHEW XI. 28.

† ST. JOHN IV. 13, 14.

* XVII. 15.

all else its depths. For alarm could only reach Him through the inner hiding of that Presence which had never before forsaken Him. Unrest only came when the darkened burden of His sin-bearing upon the cross obscured the light of that ineffable love in which He had hitherto dwelt, and left Him for the time as it were alone—without God.

The source of Christ's peace, then, was union with God. It was merely the enjoyment of His nearness to God and the fullness with which He rested in the Divine Love. The peace which He gives is the same which He enjoyed. Our peace, like His, can alone come from the living unity of our wills with the Divine Will; we must be one with the Father as He is. This unity was in Him originally as the Father's eternal Son; it is in us derivatively through the Son. "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me."*

In Christ we are made one with God, "who hath reconciled us to himself."† "Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition." And thus reconciled to our heavenly Father, we are made partakers of His own nature—reinvested with the fulness of His own image—consecrated by His own Spirit. Christ is created within us unto all good works. The old selfish nature is destroyed. The new life of self-sacrifice, purity, and love, lives and grows in us. And as that higher life of love grows strong, our peace waxes more full. Perfect love casteth out fear—the fear of the guilt that we own, of the evil we have done, of the death that we deserve. All sense of wrong, and the misery that comes from it, fall gradually away. And while the gifts of the world lose their attraction, and the sense of all lesser enjoyment grows feeble by experience, this increases in the very use of it. The relish of the Divine is sweeter the larger it is tasted. The joy of God is deeper the longer it is known. The peace that passeth all understanding is yet the more understood the more it is cherished.

3. This peace, we may further say, touches every aspect of our spiritual being. From within it radiates all around. It illumines

the reason, and quiets the conscience while it stays the heart. Yet primarily, from its very nature, it comes to us in the form of trust rather than of knowledge, of relief from a burden rather than a solution of difficulties. It is the haven of the spirit returning to God, from weary and vain voyaging after other good, rather than satisfaction of the intellect seeking after Truth. It is quiet fruition rather than clear vision. It is love rather than light. It is the soul cleaving unto God with the strong pinions of faith and hope, amidst darkness and storm still holding on, rather than the soul dwelling in clearness and seeing face to face. It is strength in Another, and not in ourselves. And what is this to say but that it is religion and not science? It is the grasp of the absolute amidst the accidental, of the Immutable amidst the mutable. It is the consciousness of an abiding Love, to whose bosom we may ever fly, when all else threatens us—when we are broken and wounded by the way—and our hearts are beginning to fail us for fear. It is, in short, nearness to God—the blessed assurance which God himself can alone give that *He is there*, whatever our cold doubts may say—that the everlasting arms are around us, although we may not feel their quiet and strong embrace.

In God such peace is ours through Jesus Christ. In God alone. Elsewhere we may get many things, but we shall not get this. The world may give us its choicest gifts. But unless we sink utterly away from God, we shall need more than these. Religion, if it be a reality at all, is the greatest reality. The peace of God and of Christ, if it be not a devout illusion, is a fact which should be at the root of all our life. It can never be something which we only need at last, when we come to die, and having exhausted the gifts of the natural life we are warned to prepare for another. No, it must be ours now if we would enjoy it then. It must be the pith of our common labour, and the inspiration of our daily happiness, if we should have its joy at last, and finally enter into its fulness in the presence of God—at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—"The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God the Father Almighty, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always," Amen.

JOHN TULLOCH.

* St. John xvii. 22, 23. † 2 Cor. v. 18; Eph. ii. 13, 14.

In Memoriam.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

By A. P. STANLEY, D.D.

IT is not our intention to render in this brief notice any account of the biography—properly so-called, whether personal or ecclesiastical—of the noble-hearted man, whose name has been so long associated with *Good Words*: whose irreparable loss, therefore, cannot pass in these pages without a tribute of honour and affection, however slight; but whose true character and career must be drawn by hands of the same Scottish Church, of the same Scottish nation, which he loved so dearly, and in which he filled so considerable a place. Friends there are, doubtless, who will soon supply these materials. They must meanwhile pardon a stranger for stepping in for a moment to express from a wider circle, from a more distant point of view, the sympathy, which, in its intenser and deeper form, can be only uttered by those who knew him in his own household, in his own parish, in those varied and incessant occupations which filled up every cranny and crevice of a life, laborious beyond the usual lot of men.

Norman Macleod—let us speak of him with that familiarity of name by which he will be known hereafter, and by which he was already spoken of even during his life—was one whose chief influence upon the history of his time flowed from his personal character, and was, therefore, in one sense narrowed to those who fell within its immediate range. Yet, in another sense, it was so wide as to penetrate to many who never saw him—as to be intelligible to those who were themselves left untouched by it. In no public man of our generation has the Celtic element played a more conspicuous, in none so beneficent, a part. The genial humour, the lively imagination, the romantic sentiment, may have been shared by teachers and preachers of our mixed Anglo-Saxon stock, but their effusion and diffusion were all his own—if that may be called his own, which was a special gift of his race, touched by a rare grace which was not of this earth. In every circle of society in which he had ever moved—in every congregation which had crowded round his pulpit—in every public auditory which had hung on his spoken utterances or his written words—the same broad, vast, heart-stirring impression was produced, as of one who not only had within him an inexhaustible fund of pathos, of wit, of laughter, and of tears, but who feared not, nay, who loved to pour it forth for the benefit, for the enjoyment, for the instruction of his fellow-creatures. And this tender overflowing “compassion,” to use the word in its largest sense, was tinged with no weak effeminacy, no unruly fanaticism. There was a force as of his own Highland clan, there was a shrewdness as of his own Scottish nation, which no one could mistake for feebleness or folly. “He is so big,” was the homely phrase of one to whom he had ministered the highest spiritual consolations, and who felt how like a rock was the sense of his presence. It well expressed how that colossal frame and full radiant countenance, were but the outward symbols of the giant yet quiet strength within,

which sustained whilst it cheered, and invigorated whilst it enlightened all who were near it.

In speaking of his effect on the large outer world, we must pause for a moment, especially in these pages,* on his literary efforts. No one would have more freely acknowledged than he how imperfect and slight were these productions—whether as sermons, tales, or travels. "A man," he used to say, "can only produce great works of literature by entire devotion to them; and that devotion cannot be given by one who, like me, has already chosen his chief course in life." He felt that he never could give to what he wrote the finish which was needed. They must be taken for what they are, the mere coruscations of a mind preoccupied and pre-engaged. It was not that he did not appreciate—no one has read a page of his writing, but must perceive this—the grandeur, and relish the enjoyment of literary labour,—but like Mahomet, gazing down, according to the legend, on the world-famous view of Damascus, he felt, "Man has but one Paradise"—each man has but one great end in life—"and mine is fixed elsewhere." Yet, regarding his works as thus the secondary and accidental utterances of a full heart and full mind, they take no mean place in the Scottish literature of our day. The high glee of the "Song of the Curlers," the lofty strain of "Courage, Brother!" the delightful mixture of humour and pathos in the tales of the "Starling" and "Wee Davie," are not unworthy of the countryman of Scott and of Burns, of the Ettrick Shepherd and of Christopher North.

But it is as a chief pastor of the Church of Scotland, as an ecclesiastical statesman of the first order in Great Britain, that he fills the largest place in the retrospect of the last thirty years. He was the acknowledged Primate of the Scottish Church—no other man had in all spiritual ministrations so filled the place of Chalmers; no other man had occupied so high and important a position in guiding the ecclesiastical movements of his country since the death of Robertson, perhaps we might say since the death of Carstairs.

For his more directly pastoral work we can but refer to his plans for organizing relief to the poor, for popularising and raising the tone of the services of the Church, for revising the vexed question of Church patronage, for infusing new life into the missions of the Scottish Church in other lands. These, which formed the backbone of his public life, will be written in the grateful hearts of the people in the quiet retreats of Loudoun and Dalkeith, in the teeming streets of Glasgow, and in the scattered stations far and wide over the length and breadth of India. In the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," we see whence he derived that noble art,—how in that past generation, which it has become the fashion of modern partizans to decry and despise, his venerable grandsire inspired in "the eldest son of the manse," who again transmitted it to his son, these lofty Christian aims which gave a salt and savour to all their ministrations. Other preachers it has been our lot to hear more eloquent, more learned, more profound, more penetrating to the hearts and minds of particular audiences; but we have heard no preacher who possessed an equal gift of addressing large promiscuous congregations, with such a certainty of riveting the attention of all—none in whose case we have lamented so bitterly the rigidity of the English law, which forbade us to use these unique gifts for the instruction of the vast multitudes assembled in the naves of our Southern abbeys and cathedrals—none who combined the self-control of the prepared discourse with the directness of an extemporaneous effort—none where the

* He was connected with GOOD WORDS from its establishment in 1860 till, we may say, the day of his death. He had just read the proofs of the July Number of GOOD WORDS before the final attack which carried him off.

sermon approached so nearly to that which was the ideal and meaning of an ancient "homily;" that is, of a conversation—a serious conversation—in which the fleeting thought, the unconscious objection, of the listener seemed so readily caught up by a passing parenthesis, a qualifying word of the speaker; in which the speaker seemed to throw himself with the whole force of his soul on the minds of the hearers led captive against their will by something more than eloquence.

But Norman Macleod's influence in the Church of Scotland was far beyond that of the persuasive preacher, or efficient pastor. To administer a parish well is no doubt to fill a high, in some respects, the highest office of usefulness. But, just as in an Episcopal Church, there is all the difference between one who is a good Bishop of his diocese, and one who is also a great Bishop of the Church of England, so also in the Church of Scotland, and in every church, he who is filled with the highest sense of his pastoral office, will also be contented with nothing less, Providence will be contented with nothing less, than his becoming a burning and a shining light throughout the whole of his ecclesiastical community. To ignore the vastness, the complexity, the dangers, the opportunities, of the institution, as a whole, and serve the tables or the altar of only one corner of it, may be profound humility, may be absorbing zeal, but it may also be misplaced timidity or narrowness of grasp, or indifference to the grandeur of a national calling. Such timidity, narrowness, or indifference was not in the nature of Norman Macleod. The interests, the privileges, the failings, the virtues of the Church of Scotland were as much his care as the care of his congregation, whether small as at Dalkeith, or overwhelmingly great as at Glasgow.

His largeness of heart and geniality of temperament, almost of necessity indisposed him to accept either the austere discipline and scholastic theories of Calvinism or the hierarchical pretensions of the clergy, whether Presbyterian or Episcopalian, as the last word of the Gospel. He never professed to be a theologian, properly so called. He knew that his vocation was practical rather than speculative. He was too genuinely humble to pronounce dogmatically on questions which he had not had time or opportunity to search to their bottom. But he had studied in Germany enough to know that criticism was not impiety, nor the knowledge of the Bible in its several parts a dangerous gift. He had seen enough of his noble-minded kinsman, John Macleod Campbell, to whose Christian character he rendered so fine a testimony in the May number of *Good Words*, to perceive that there was something deeper and higher in the Biblical statements of the greatest truths than was grasped either in the Decrees of Trent or the Westminster Confession. He had that keen sense of truth—must we not add that keen sense of humour—which made him see, as he has admirably depicted in the tale of "The Starling," how much of the apparent vehemence of theological disputes depends on "the very many who, even in a free country of brave men, before taking any decided part in questions which distract communities small or great, attentively consider on which side the hangman is, or seems likely to be."

For himself he never sought controversy, but it could not but be that in a Church and nation like that beyond the Tweed he should, with those bold and free utterances, find himself from time to time overtaken in one of the periodical tempests which darken the northern ecclesiastical hemisphere. On these we need not here enter. They are gathered to the limbo of dead controversies, and it is much to the credit of the Church of Scotland—it is one of the happy auguries to be drawn from all such tumults, that

once reputed heretic was chosen with universal applause to fill the chair of Moderator. It need hardly be said that, with such a temper and spirit as Norman Macleod displayed, his influence and his fame and his charity were not confined to his own church or nation. Never were words of truer Christian wisdom spoken on the subject of union—that vexed topic, which in Scotland, as elsewhere, is always discharging its olive-branches out of catapults and binding its myrtle wreaths round a sword, than in the parting address which he delivered from that chair in 1866:—"Between the churches which

stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,"

he saw no bridge of actual union possible. "The old lovers cannot be married now." "We cannot look for confessions of wrong-doing from either party where both are unconscious of having done wrong." But he did look and did what in him lay to promote mutual forbearance and respect, and the hope that "both parties, following their own convictions, were being led by God, in a way which neither knew of, and for objects beyond their thoughts; and that in fighting against each other they may even be fighting against God."

Still more visible is the softening and enlarging effect of his influence beyond his own country. It is impossible that any one can have read his noble addresses on Indian Missions—whether that which he delivered on his return from that arduous journey, which gave the first shock to his natural strength, or that which was his last public appearance in the General Assembly of this year, which, by the effort it cost him, issued in his last fatal malady—without feeling that his sympathies were indeed in the full sense of the word "Catholic;" that in every race or religion he rejoiced to discover the glimmerings of divine truth; that, according to the fine figure which he adopted from one of Napoleon's sayings, he felt, "Let the enemy do their worst on our flank and rear, if we have won the centre, the day is ours!"

It was this cosmopolite charity that made the experiences of world-wide travel so deep a refreshment not only to his outward, worn-out frame, but to the inward thirst of his spirit, and which imparted even to his lightest records of them an interest deeper than the moment, because they breathed the hope of a better and higher future.

We return from the wide circumference of his life to the noble individuality from which we started. This, after all, was the paramount source of his power in British Christendom. It was the same generous, genial, faithful nature which enabled him to become the beloved friend, the trusted counsellor, in weal and woe, of his Gracious Sovereign—to smooth the difficulties and controversies of his native church—and to civilise and humanize and unite the various contrasted elements of the great city of Glasgow, with which his name is for ever associated, by ties not less dear in the nineteenth century, than those which attached it to its "darling" Kentigern in the sixth. He died as he had lived in the childlike peace and humility which reposed on his firm conviction that he was in the hands of a loving Father in Heaven. He lies beside his earthly father in the churchyard of Campsie. He has bequeathed to his children, his country, and his Church, the last and highest of his many GOOD WORDS, in the testimony left by his long-sustained example to the power of uniting the warmest natural affections, the keenest enjoyment of his own happiness and the happiness of others, the zest for all that was poetic, playful and true, with an unflinching sense of manly duty, and a burning love and zeal for the things which, being not seen, are eternal.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

I HAVE not taken this task on myself; it was laid upon me. Because of the friendship with which he honoured me, and the love I bore to him, it was thought that I might tell the readers of *GOOD WORDS*, who knew him so well as an author, what Norman Macleod was as a man to those who accompanied him, and as a clergyman the better part of whose life was given to purely Christian work. Yet perhaps no one who was so much in the eye of the world ever needed such an interpreter less. For his writings and his speeches were not the fruits of a special talent, they were rather the simple outpourings of his large and genial nature. Therefore they do not so much tell us what he could have done, as they show us truly what he was. Probably, there is no reader of these *GOOD WORDS* who has not formed already a substantially right idea of the man who wrote "Wee Davie" and "Billy Buttons."

He was born in Campbeltown on the 3rd June, 1812, his father being then parish minister in the pretty little town built by the great Marquis of Argyll as a refuge for the persecuted whigs of Ayrshire, whose descendants—Colvilles, Beiths, and Greenlees—are now the thriving distillers of a spirit only too well known everywhere. The Macleods were a clerical family, like the Moncrieffs, Bonars, and Burnses, who have all given three or four generations to the Scotch Kirk, and the old stock is still as fruitful as ever it was. His father, too, had come out of a manse away north in Ossian's country of Morven, whose hills and lochs and weird mists, and not less its kindly poor folk, with all their Celtic poetry of superstition, are now well known to the readers of "A Highland Parish." It is a pleasant home the Scottish manse, and a good lot to be born in it. The rectory or vicarage is associated in the English mind with winter flannels and soups and wines for the poor, and with cultivated, well-to-do families whose natural place is among the gentry. In Scotland, the manse seems to belong more to the people; though quite as kindly, it is not so patronising as the rectory. Its sons mingle with the sons of farmers and cottars at the parish school; yet the lessening of social distance does not lessen respect. I suspect that, in an English parish, the rectory is not of

so much consequence as the squire's house; but the minister is more to the Scottish people than the laird is, because he has done far more for their liberty and civilisation. Those who have lovingly studied our history, too, find that an unusually large proportion of those who have done the nation highest service as judges, statesmen, and soldiers, have come out of the manse.

The minister of Campbeltown—a Norman, like his father and eldest son, and the name seems to indicate the Norse origin of the family—was an able man, and a popular preacher, especially dear to the Highlanders as one of the best Gaelic scholars of his time. But in Scotland good preachers are seldom left long in such out-of-the-way nooks as Cantyre. They soon get talked about, and are asked to "help" at communion seasons, which happen only twice a year, and are therefore great days, particularly in the Highlands. Ere long, therefore, young Norman had to leave the beautiful little loch, along whose shores the Ayrshire whigs have planted their distilleries, and builded their churches; and instead of the long roll of the Atlantic on the beach of Machrahanish Bay, the boy listened to the linn as it tumbled and plunged in Campsie glen. The father had been presented to that parish, where afterwards Dr. Robert Lee spent some of his busy scholarly years. It is in the neighbourhood of Glasgow; and, with a growing family of boys needing to be educated, it was of importance to be within reach of good schools, such as were to be had there. The Macleods, too, were always a sociable race, more effusive than the Scottish Celt generally is, and probably the elder Norman longed for more of the fellowship of cultured minds than was to be had at Campbeltown, where he was likely to find few but the duke's factor and the "relief" minister to exchange thoughts with him. In the end, he migrated to St. Columba's Church, Glasgow, where, for many years, he was a power, especially among the Highlanders.

In Glasgow, Norman Macleod got at least the bookish part of his schooling; but not a little of his actual mental furniture, certainly the most fruitful part of it, was picked up, during summer holidays, among the trailing mists of Morven, from shepherds and fishermen, who all opened their Highland

hearts to the minister's bright grandson. In the college class-room he held a respectable place, though I fancy he was better known as a good companion, full of life and fun, than as a thorough scholar, which he never affected. It was a class of quite unusual brilliancy; its "Grecians" especially rejoicing the heart of eloquent Sir Daniel Sandford. Archibald Tait contended with James Halley, and the last was more than the first; but the one is now in Lambeth, and the other in an untimely grave. James Hamilton, afterwards minister of Regent's Square Church, London, then laid the foundations of that ripe and varied learning which, to those who knew him, was even more notable than his quaint fancy and cheerful piety. Among such men it was something for Macleod to hold even a respectable place, especially with a many-sided nature like his, whose best energies were turned in quite other directions, while theirs were all concentrated on their proper tasks. Exact scholarship, however, was not in his way; still less the exact sciences; and as to metaphysical studies, I doubt if he ever read either Plato or Aristotle, Hume or Spinoza, till he dipped into Jowett's translation of the first of these, some two years ago, and felt the world broadening about him. He was always, indeed, a great reader; at least, he was so ever since I knew him; though how he found time, with all his labours and wanderings, it was hard to see. But his reading was chiefly of the miscellaneous kind, having, however, a deeper purpose than pastime; and it found character and unity from a powerful mind which could order and utilise what, in a weaker brain, would have been a mere gathering of odds and ends.

At the close of the undergraduate course, he spent some time in Germany, not at an university, for that old custom of Scottish students had not then been revived, as it has lately been to the great advantage of theological thought among us; but as travelling tutor to a young Englishman, with whom he lived for a season at Weimar, and saw somewhat of the court not long before brightened by the presence of Goethe and Schiller and Herder. With this gentleman he also visited the northern countries of Europe, and doubtless fostered that taste for travel which clung to him as long as he lived. But his winters were chiefly passed in Edinburgh, where Chalmers was now firing young clerical aspirants with Evangelical fervour rather than theological zeal. Macleod was a favourite student of his, as we can well suppose, the

two big, kindly, cheery human hearts naturally *kything* together. But if not previously inclined to the study of systematic divinity, certainly he would not be led to it in Chalmers' class-room. That great man—greatest of modern Scotchmen—had a few leading principles which he drove home with even monotonously repeated strokes, as of hammer on anvil, explaining and illustrating and enforcing them with infinite brilliancy of imagination and passionate belief. He had no turn for theological subtleties, almost no patience with them. But if he did not produce great divines, he was fruitful of earnest preachers, whose intensity and spirituality provided the very best kind of preparation for the time of sifting that was near at hand. For only an age, made ready by a deep moral earnestness, may safely plunge into questions which, in so shallow and frivolous a period as the last century, could not be faced without infinite hazard. A spiritual revival is necessary to clear the way for a searching inquiry. Now life was a grave and awful thing to Chalmers, and he taught his students to feel the mystery and the earnestness of it.

Hence men, like Macleod, came from his class-room, if not thoroughly equipped in theology, yet prepared to deal with its great problems, not in a spirit of dilettanteism, but as with the supreme ideas on which the world's well-being depended. On the whole, this was a high education, and he profited by it. To the last the basis of his theology was, like that of Chalmers, what is known as Evangelical. But there were parts of the system which, in course of time, dropped quietly out of sight; and there were new elements added, as light gradually came upon him; and, still more clearly, there were truths that rose into prominence, which had once lain hid in the shade.

One might say that latterly the special characteristic of his theology was, that with a certain fixed pivot on which it firmly rested, it was generally moveable, and indeed moving ever forward towards that idea which he described so grandly in his last speech, when he said, "I desire to be as broad as the charity of Almighty God, and as narrow as His righteousness which divides the slightest shades of right and wrong." He was singularly open to the reception of all the new light, which seemed to him necessary in order to retain the essentials of Christian revelation, and the purity of Christian morals; and he was indifferent about some of the outworks which were once reckoned of importance for defending the citadel, till they rather came to be

known as weak points which provoked the enemy's assault.

So much he got in Chalmers's class-room ; but that was not all. He also made the acquaintance of John Mackintosh, son of Mackintosh of Geddes, an old Nairnshire family, who was then also studying for the Church ; out of which friendship came in due time yet closer relationships, through her who so long brightened his home and now mourns for his loss.

Of course young Norman Macleod, with the frank Norse tongue in him, and various Celtic imaginations, had not long to wander the country as a licentiate on the outlook for "probable vacancies." In 1838 he was ordained pastor in the parish of Loudon, then a pleasant rural district, now honey-combed with mines of coal and iron. There he laboured diligently and quietly for some years, with a stormy ecclesiastical atmosphere all round him—having his own thoughts, no doubt, as to the part he himself should play when the crisis came. Not that there ever was any doubt which side he would take ; but the Macleods stood in a somewhat peculiar relation to the struggle then going on. For in the minds of the Scottish people the two parties in the Church were broadly, and on the whole rightly, distinguished, not merely by their ecclesiastical politics, but also by their general religious spirit and teaching. Both, indeed, equally professed their adherence to the Westminster Confession of Faith ; and there have been few abler defenders of its Calvinism than Principal Hill and Dr. Mearns, who were leaders of the "Moderate" party. Still the popular section, now guided by Chalmers, were justly identified with the doctrine and spirit known as Evangelical, while their opponents followed generally what Mark Pattison calls the Moral Theology. Now the Macleods, like nearly all the Highland ministers, were Evangelical in their doctrine, though Moderate in Church polity. It is a clear proof of this that young Norman went to Edinburgh to study under Chalmers, though he could not follow him to Tanfield Hall. His father had always been Evangelical in his views ; yet it was he who told the story of the two goats meeting on a narrow ledge of rock, where there was not room either to pass each other, or to turn and go back the way they came ; and how, after staring at each other for a while, the weaker one had perforce to lie down and let the other walk over him—an illustration which rankled for some years in the minds of

his opponents, and was thought to be disgracefully humbling to the Church. Indeed, there was then a more bitter feeling in Scotland against the clergy of this stamp than against the out-and-out "Moderates." These last were thought to have done "after their kind ;" nothing better was expected of them. But the Evangelical Erastian seemed, in the deepest part of his nature, bound up with those who stood by the rights of the people and the independence of the Church ; and hence there was a feeling of soreness and even resentment at them, as if they had been false to their real convictions—which they were not. Looking back now from the standpoint of present experience, we can believe that it was well they did not see their way to join the Free Church ; for, by remaining behind at the disruption, they became the "little leaven" which saved the Church of Scotland from becoming what no lover of his country would ever like to see her. Most of them also in the course of time broadened out their theology, to meet the larger culture of the new era ; and thus they not only steadied the Church when staggering under the blow received in 1843, but also restored it latterly to not a little of its original power and usefulness.

Norman Macleod was a sincere Churchman who loved the old historical Kirk with all his heart. But he was, in no sense, a High Churchman. The "divine right" of presbytery had no more hold on his mind than it had on that of Chalmers. The *metaphysique* of Church establishments, with its national personality and conscience, highly ingenious and wholly unworkable, was nowhere in all his thoughts. Regarding the Church simply as an organization for teaching Christian truth, and diffusing Christian life, he valued the national endowment because he feared that, without it, the poor might be left outside in the cold, and Christian help reserved for those who could pay for it. And he likewise held, whether rightly or wrongly, that only under an Establishment could the highest freedom of the individual be secured. As to lay patronage, the rock on which the Church of Scotland had more than once struck and splintered, he had no particular liking for it. Only, in those days, the clergy were all Tories ; a Radical, like Patrick Brewster, of Paisley, was looked on as little better than an infidel ; and young Norman being then, of course, Tory, would have preferred some modification of patronage rather than its abolition. Assuredly he would not

have made a disruption in favour of it had the Evangelical party gained the day; and he lived to see a time when it was almost universally looked on as a main hindrance to the popularity and efficiency of the Church. But with the claim for "spiritual independence" he never had any sympathy. On this point we had often brisk little controversies together, not without gay sallies of wit and humour on his part, under cover of which he marched away triumphant. For as a Free Churchman I held fast by the autonomy of the Church, and abhorred what Menzel calls a "moral-police Church." Macleod, however, seemed to me to evade the real issue, making it purely a question of judicial training, as to which we were really at one. He held that judges, accustomed to weigh evidence, and to strictest impartiality in determining what was law, and what was not law, were infinitely fitter to settle all legal questions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, than a popular general assembly which was virtually accuser, judge, and jury all at once. I fancy this feeling had, early in life, taken all the stronger hold on his mind in consequence of the Church's unhappy decision in the case of his friend and relative, Dr. John Macleod Campbell, of Row—a man whose singular holiness and faithful service and depth and purity of thought would, in earlier ages, have led to canonisation, but who, by a disgraceful combination of hard "moderates" and frightened "Evangelicals," was deposed from the ministry when Macleod was still a student. On this subject we were heartily at one. He thought, and I quite agreed with him, that if corporate bodies had any corporate conscience, the Church of Scotland should long ago have sent a deputation to Dr. Campbell, clothed in sackcloth, and entreating him to return as Moderator of the next Assembly, which would have been one of the most beautiful "Acts of Faith" possible to these modern ages. We were pretty much at one, also, as to the unfitness of a General Assembly to exercise the functions of supreme judicial authority. But I held that, like the House of Lords, it might delegate its authority to a committee of trained judges; for the self-government of the Church is one thing, and its mode of judicial procedure is quite another matter. To the last, however, Macleod remained contemptuous of the Church's claim to spiritual independence, and rather indignant—as he well might be—that it should be identified with loyalty to the crown of Christ. He did not wish the weaker goat to lie down and be walked over.

He would not have consented to anything of the kind. But he had no confidence in the rough-and-ready decisions of a general assembly in matters of nice theological inquiry. Hence he used latterly to say that the Church of Scotland was the freest Church in the country; meaning that it was more tolerant of earnest free thought than any disestablished Church. Which perhaps is true; only such toleration is not worth much, unless it be the result of an enlarged charity within the Church itself.

In 1843, then, having taken his place decisively as a Churchman, Macleod had naturally many offers of promotion. He chose the parish of Dalkeith, then supposed to be a place of importance from the neighbourhood of the ducal palace. But it could not be his abiding place. His sphere was in the heart of a great city, where life was full and strong. He needed plenty to do, in order to know how much he could do. In 1851, then, being called to the Barony Church of Glasgow, he finally took up his abode there, and substantially began the real work of his life. It was about this time I first saw him, and heard him address a public meeting. In the prime of life, tall, handsome, with a singularly winning expression, he was about as splendid a human creature as one could wish to look upon. Latterly, and especially when his health began to fail, he inclined to be too portly; but in those days his robust form showed immense power of work, and the Barony was the very sphere to put it to the proof.

Its population, even then, was over one hundred thousand souls; it is now considerably more than twice that number. A good many of the wealthier citizens lived in its western division; and these, with his hearty encouragement, have built and endowed churches for themselves. There were also a number of Free and other churches, doing Christian work in a more or less vigorous and efficient manner. Still there was a large portion of the parish occupied by the very poorest of the people, and by not a few of the vicious and regardless, on whose behalf specially he held that the country had endowed him. If Norman Macleod had been the happy, easy-going parson some have described him, he would have settled down in his ugly Barony kirk, satisfied with the routine of congregational work, which would not have been an idle life, either, for the membership numbered generally from eleven to twelve hundred adults. But he could not look without

pity on the throng who "were as sheep without a shepherd." Neither did he regard his congregation merely as a company of people to be preached to, but rather as a body of men whom he had to lead unto every good work.

From his father, and from his mother, whom he fondly loved, and who still survives him, he had received childhood's lessons of piety and duty. From a younger brother, James, who died early (and the two now sleep together in Campsie churchyard), he had received very special religious impressions—good seed which had fallen on "an honest and good heart." From Dr. Chalmers he had caught the fire of missionary zeal, which burnt so brightly in that brave old spirit. Ere long, therefore, the parish began to be pervaded by its earnest and vigorous minister. Commonly he preached thrice every Sabbath, besides conducting a large class of his own; and his preaching was no mere stringing together of theological commonplaces, but the expression of earnest thought about the highest things, full of practical help and counsel for living men. Not what is often called "pulpit eloquence:" not simply the old clothes of the seventeenth century, bedizened with a gold lace of nineteenth-century similes; but plain, manly, often even homely *talk* about those things which make a man's life great and earnest and hopeful; now flaming out into indignant rebuke of our selfishness; and by-and-by soaring, as was meet, into high, rhythmic utterance of the Divine sacrifice and love. Once a week he presided at the meeting of his Sunday-school teachers, carefully going over the appointed lessons with them. Bands of earnest fellow-workers, animated by the spirit he diffused, gathered round him as their natural leader, and devoted their time and their means to mill girls, to foundry boys, to savings-banks, to every likely means for improving the condition of the poor. Five excellent schools were built in as many needy localities, at a cost of some £8,000 or £9,000. Three mission churches, too, were erected, all free of debt, the congregation expending on these about £11,000. There he delighted to preach to people who came, the men in their fustian jackets, the women in their cotton "mitches;" for all the well-dressed were excluded, and respectable persons who wanted to go, had to borrow some worn and torn garments, and smuggle themselves in. I am told, and can believe it, that his sermons in the highest quarters were not for a moment comparable to the great-hearted eloquence of some of those

working-men's discourses. Penny-banks were first introduced to Glasgow by him, and with them, refreshment-rooms for the poor, and Saturday evening social meetings. Nor did he only set up the machinery. He was its moving power, keeping it all in vigorous and persistent activity by his presence, and also making it work smoothly by the oil of his cheery and unflinching good humour. Especially the children of his various schools called forth his warmest interest, and some of his choicest powers. He was always great among children, whether singing his own "Squirrel" or "Curler" songs at the home fireside, or scratching odd and clever caricatures, full of life and spirit, or pouring forth the funniest nonsense to the Foundry boys, but always with a "gold thread" running through it all. To the general world, he was chiefly known as a man of letters, a man of fine gifts and accomplishments; and such men are not thought to be the most efficient pastors. But in Glasgow, he was emphatically the Barony minister, dear to old and young for his good words and good works, ready to take his part, which was naturally the leading part, in every scheme for the social or spiritual amelioration of the people. Certainly, never since Thomas Chalmers, was there such a pervading moral power in that city as Norman Macleod.

It might seem that, with all these duties and schemes, he had his hands already full enough; and so, in truth, they were. But the capable man, seeing that a piece of work has to be done, and that it is laid to him, finds, some way or other, the time to do it. A nine hours day is no desire of his. Not how to shorten, but how to lengthen its working hours, is the question with such an one; and I fear that Norman Macleod, in trying to do good to others, stole too many hours from the night, to be altogether good for himself. New work, however, came to him, and he could not put it away. In the Disruption times, when everybody was writing pamphlets, he too had written one, which he called "A Crack about the Kirk"—a racy, rattling production of humour, and buoyant young life. Then for some ten years, he edited the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, a periodical of the old religious type, doing some good, but not paying its own way; heartless work sailing that sort of craft, with half one's time spent in baling out, so as to keep her afloat. At length, in 1860, he found his sphere in letters. In last *Contemporary Review* we are told how it was desired to realise Arnold's wish

for a periodical that should not be a religious one, and yet should have a religious spirit; how, beating about for an editor, the enterprising publisher chanced to read, in the *Scotsman* newspaper, the report of a chat on "Cock Robin" with some Ayrshire children; and how, finally, Macleod consented to be captain of the new adventure. "GOOD WORDS," "worth much and costing little,"—a magazine meant for every day, and for everybody,—neither clerical, nor critical, nor scientific, but broadly human, and in spirit Christian,—this exactly suited Macleod's character. He had a considerable literary acquaintance, and he could count on willing help from such men as Stanley, Kingsley, and Trollope, and with his own ready pen, and varied stores of humour and pathos, and solid thought, the success of the undertaking was certain in the long-run. Of course, it had a period of up-hill work. It met even with some bitter and ungenerous criticism. But, at length, wherever English-speaking men and women lived, its name became an "open sesame" to the wise and genial editor.

In GOOD WORDS his chief contributions to literature appeared, all except his life of John Mackintosh, "The Earnest Student," which is perhaps the most artistically finished of them all. Our readers, therefore, must be familiar with those bright sketches of nature and human nature which were among the first things the paper-cutter hurried to on the monthly appearance of the welcome brown cover. "Wee Davie," it has been said, was his own favourite, and its exquisite pathos has, perhaps, made this the general verdict, though the humour of "Billy Buttons" shows a still finer touch, and is a fit rival to Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." But I know that he reckoned "The Starling," of all his books, the one most likely to perpetuate his name, having cost him far more labour of thought than the others. Whether he was right in this estimate the future will tell. None of his other tales are so finished. They seem rather to have been thrown off at a heat,—simple, artless, and natural; and, indeed, they were most of them not even the fruits of a busy leisure, but booty snatched from the hours of sleep. They all indeed contain some gleam of rich humour, or some pathetic stroke; or, at the very least, some ray of kindly wisdom to cheer our way of life. On the whole, my favourite is "The Recollections of a Highland Parish." It is fragmentary, but fresh, natural, and true; just the kind of work which could be best

done under such conditions as were imposed upon him. But none of his books give anything like a full idea of the man's real greatness. There are men who have written remarkable books, but whose personality, when you come to know them, is extremely commonplace. Their literary power is a knack, but they are quite ordinary men. It was the very reverse with Macleod. What his literary faculty might have been had he devoted himself exclusively to its cultivation, it were hard to say. As it is, no one would have been more ready than he to admit the sketchy, unfinished character of nearly all he has written. Even his preaching, great as it was, hardly gave a sufficient conception of him, though some of his platform speeches came nearer to doing so. It was in the freedom of his private and familiar intercourse with one or two friends that we felt what a power he was. For he was essentially a talker, and, without a Boswell, will be almost as much lost to the world as Johnson would have been. It was when seated with him in the queer little out-house, which had been a laundry, I think, and which he turned into a study, that one came to know him right, and to comprehend what varied spiritual forces were in him, what insight into things which his pen seldom touched, what scorn of all baseness, what love for all that is noble and pure and true, and what boundless capacity for anything he might have to do. In those hours of unrestraint and confidence, even amid the flow of a humour which he indulged and relished as a lark does its singing, you might hear the deep undertone of a spirit that knew the burden of the mystery, and along with that, the wonder and the joy and the stirring eloquence of a faith which dwelt in the Father, with "the peace that passeth understanding."

He was not a man to "wear his heart on his sleeve." But those who were privileged to spend a few evenings in that little "sanctum" will not soon forget the impression they left—that this was one of the greatest and truest of men. There was always some good story of Scottish humour, and plenty of hearty laughter; for he was a great laugh, not with the mouth only, but, as it were, all over, every bit of him heaving with honest, genial mirth. But always, too, one came away with some grave and earnest thought, which rose uppermost and remained long after the good jokes had done their turn and passed away. The very last time I was there, only a few days before the illness that carried him off, after a pleasant half-hour or so, he dropped into this more serious vein;

speaking of the difficulties of a true spiritual life, and the shame and self-contempt he felt at the poverty of his spiritual character: yet it was rich, though he called it "all rubbish." Then, alluding to the changing tone of religious thought, he told me how he had shrunk from it at first—how, even when the light had loosened many of his early opinions, so that they hung like an avalanche, ready to be precipitated by a touch or the sound of a voice, yet he had avoided all utterance of the thought that was in him until he had proven the new light by its moral influence. And then he added, "I can quiet my dear old mother's anxiety, when I show her that it is more agreeable to Scripture, and that it also makes me a humbler and a better man, helps me to hate evil more, and to live nearer God. I never feel safe on mere intellectual ground. I cannot follow logic, unless the life goes with it." That was the substance of our last conversation; and it will be ever a pleasant memory to me. The man had not yet attained, neither was already perfect; but he was reaching forth and pressing on to the mark for the prize of his high calling.

"It was not," writes one who knew him well, "in the fire and animation of his platform addresses, nor yet in the fervid outpourings of his heart from the pulpit, that one came to know how deeply grounded was his whole life and action on a childlike faith and trust in God: it was when alone with him in his study, when the heart gave utterance as it willed, and free from all restraint. To be with him then was to learn a lesson which no public teaching, whether by voice or pen, could ever have given. How naturally did all his thoughts seem to take tone and colour from that one pervading influence! How he taught me—as he taught many, whose happiest fortune it has been to share now and again in these quiet hours—that all of the bright and beautiful in life, all that could gladden the spirit and cheer the heart, gained yet a brighter tint in the light reflected from a Father's love; that mirth became more deep, and so much more real; that each good gift became more cherished from the recognition of the great Giver of all! And here truly, it has seemed to me, did he especially prove himself a minister of the Gospel. For was it not a Gospel to many, who might else, not improbably, have turned away from thoughts of any such things, to learn—not from direct teaching, but from their own experience of an actual life—that there was a faith and trust which

could imbue every sense of enjoyment with fresh keenness of perception and zest of participation; that only through such a faith and trust could pleasure reach its highest realisation, and all that was best, and brightest, and happiest in our nature obtain its true development? Nothing was more strange to me at first—nothing came to be accepted by me as more natural afterwards—than the constant evidence which each opportunity of private intercourse with this great, large-hearted, noble-minded man afforded me of the deep undercurrent in his thoughts and life. I never knew him, in all my meetings with him, force a reference to religious thought or feeling. I never was with him for a quarter of an hour that his confidential talk, however conversational, however humorous even, had not, as it were of itself and as of necessity, disclosed the centre round which his whole life revolved."

In his varied labours the years, flowed happily on; for he enjoyed life greatly, and with a thankful heart. He knew it would have its crosses without his manufacturing them for himself. So he enjoyed his occasional visits to London literary society, and still more, his pleasant retirements to the Highlands—fishing with his boys, and singing away the summer twilights with his girls. Above all, he enjoyed travelling to new countries, and thus, by converse with strange forms of life, broadening his Christian charity, and intensifying his Christian piety. I remember well with what glee he prepared for his visit to Palestine, from which he hoped much, and, unlike most pilgrims thither, was not disappointed. I met him one day just before he started. "Come along," he said, "I want to buy a lot of squibs and rockets and Roman candles. They say I must take pistols and a revolver. But that's nonsense, you know. So, if these beggars of Arabs want to kill me, I mean to let off my fireworks, and they'll swear I'm the biggest magic-man since Solomon." I forget what came of the fireworks; but he was as gleesome as a boy at the idea of walking in perfect peace with a rocket for a staff, while his companion was miserably fingering a revolver. His journey to India was a different matter. By that time his health was seriously affected, and many of his friends doubted whether he was fit for the task. He himself was quite aware of the risk he ran. But his heart was in the work. The India mission was very dear to him; and the love of travel, too, was still strong within him. He wanted to see the wonderful "tombs and temples,

and fakirs, and cross-legged, goggle-eyed gods at home ; nor would he object to the glimpse of a tiger in the jungle ; only he did not like those ugly-headed cobras—nearly as ugly as the Barony Kirk." Anyhow, a soldier, he added, "has nothing to do with the danger, but only to think of the duty." Alas ! the danger proved to be more serious than he imagined. He was never the same man after that Indian journey. He came back, indeed, with a deepened interest in the mission, and a stronger hope of its final success. He came back, to plunge into new and exhausting efforts to revive the mission zeal of the Church, and replenish the streams of its liberality. But it was with a feeling of disappointment and sorrow that he went up to the last Assembly to give in his final report, and to deliver the great speech which was to be his last word of counsel to the Church—a brave and a wise word, whether we heed it or not.

A life so public as his could not well be without its disagreeables, though, to say the truth, they were not many. Dean Stanley seems to think that he had a kind of natural archbishopric in the Kirk of Scotland ; yet the Dean might have known that mitres do not always light on the wisest or noblest heads. He was loyal to the Church of Scotland, but knew that a still deeper loyalty was due to the Church Catholic. He was not very careful about the prim decorums of clerical manners, and this of course displeased those who but for such decorums would have been "found out." He walked in wisdom toward "them that are without," and had a good report of them ; but to the same extent he was distrusted by many of his brethren. He had great influence in the country, but many smaller men had more "say" in the councils of the Church. Indeed, but for the hold he had on the hearts of the people, I doubt whether he would not have been sharply dealt with in the matter of his famous speech about the Decalogue. The business is hardly worth remembering now, but at the time it was a source of keen pain to him. He knew that his view did not accord with that of many of his brethren, or perhaps with general Scottish sentiment at the time. He was prepared for opposition, therefore, and went to the Presbytery with the light of battle in his eyes, constrained by a sense of stern duty. But he hardly imagined that a mere formal abrogation of the Decalogue, with the view of introducing a higher principle of law, would be regarded as an opening of the flood-gates to licensed immorality. I thought at the time, and think still, that he unwisely

narrowed his ground, appearing to select for abolition only the best part of a system which was all disannulled by the Gospel. But there was no calm, thoughtful discussion of the matter possible at the time. He felt keenly the alienation of old friends, and the unfair abuse and misrepresentation to which he was subjected ; nor was he greatly comforted by the approval which he won in certain quarters. For the Lord's-day was as dear to him as to any man. He only wanted it to be shifted from a Jewish foundation, and placed on a Christian one, with the light of Christian beneficence shining on all its arrangements. The result was altogether good in the long-run, turning men's minds away from compulsory Sabbatism to the great principle that "the Sabbath was made for man." Happily, too, the storm was soon spent, and ere long the Church, which had been on the point of trying him for heresy, chose him to fill the chair, which is the highest honour it has to bestow.

And his life was full of honours, as it well deserved to be. One in particular he enjoyed, which never before fell to the lot of any Scottish minister, except William Carstairs—he was privileged to be equally the friend of his Sovereign and of the people. The Scottish clergy are not to be blamed, that only two of them have held such a position. Their patriotism had often to contend with their loyalty ; and it is to their credit that they stood by the cause of the people. But in these two cases it happened fortunately that they had Sovereigns whose friendship could be enjoyed along with the confidence of the country, so that they became the happy medium of good service to both. As to his relations with the Court, he proved that the royal confidence had been wisely bestowed, both by his careful reticence, and by the use he made of such influence as he possessed. Those who hoped to hear Court gossip from him were sorely mistaken. Even in his hours of most careless unrestraint that was a sacred subject, and all he said in the closet might have been proclaimed on the housetop. I do not believe, either, that he ever sought to exert his influence on his own behalf ; but I know that he was always ready to bring under the notice of her Majesty any one, however humble, that he thought deserved her regard. More than one instance of this I could easily adduce ; and I doubt if ever there was a man so greatly favoured and trusted of his Sovereign who sought less for himself than Norman Macleod.

Such as I knew him I have tried to describe him; but those who knew him as well will best understand how far I have come short of the reality. Always bright and cheery, even when one knew he had his own burden to bear; always in very earnest, even when he seemed to play and trifle in the wantonness of his gay humour; always ready with a wise or witty saying, even though you only passed him hurriedly on the street in a shower of rain; always interested in some one or other, for I think I hardly ever met him that he had not some "case" in hand—some poor human brother, about whom he had many thoughts and took

no end of trouble; always busy in some good work or "Good Word"—death came upon him while he was still in fullest sympathy with the great life that stirred around him, and full of hope for its progress, and doing his full share of its task; and so happily he did not live an hour beyond his usefulness. On Sunday, the 16th of June, he fell asleep; "burdened," he said, "with a sense of God's mercy," and leaving to the heavenly Father's care a widow with eight children. He sleeps in Campsie churchyard, near the glen where he watched as a boy the "squirrel in the old beech-tree," and learned from his brother James to "TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT."

IN MEMORIAM.

LARGE-fashioned, and large-hearted—Life and Love
Found in him room for Action. Men to move
Onward and upward to a higher goal
Was the enduring Passion of his soul,
Unresting and untiring. On the road
That leads through man's humanities to God
He stood, he taught, yet ever onward went:
Not of his Sovereign only Friend and Guide,
But of ten thousand thousands, to his side
Drawn by th' attraction of his high intent.
"Good Words" he spake: and left to cheer and teach,
When he should be no longer within reach.
His Good Works follow; by that Friend best known
For Whom, and in Whom they were done alone.

JOHN MONSELL.

A CONVERSATION OF CERTAIN FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

MILVERTON. I want to consult you about something. But, first of all, I must tell you that there has nearly been a vacancy in the "Friends in Council!" I was upset from a boat in the river the other day.

Ellesmere. Good gracious, Milverton! How could you be so foolish as to let such a careless person as yourself go out in a little boat, for I have no doubt it was a little one, on this perilous river?

Cranmer. I must say it was very imprudent.

Maulsloverer. One optimist the less: what a loss to the world!

Ellesmere. But tell us all about it.

Milverton. My godson, Arthur Travers, was going out to the colonies; and the day before he went, he asked me to go out for a row with him. I hate boating: one can't move about in a boat. What Dr. Johnson says of a ship,

is in my mind applicable to that lesser evil a boat. But when a young fellow is going away, and one may never see him again, one can't refuse him anything.

Ellesmere. He was not so idiotic as to let you steer, was he?

Milverton. No: but I winked, or coughed, or pointed to some beautiful building on the side of the river, whereupon the wretched thing, I think they call it an outrigger, turned over; and there was I in the water. Luckily it was near the shore, and somehow or other I got to land, having been immersed from head to foot. Not one of the least annoyances on such occasions, is the being accompanied by a troop of boys to the first place of refuge.

Ellesmere. That is one of the most curious facts in natural history. In tropical climates an overlaiden mule falls down upon the sandy

plain, never to rise again. Forthwith, in the dim distance, a black speck is seen to arise. It is the vulture which is coming for a feast. There is the same phenomenon to be observed with boys as with vultures. I met with a cab accident the other day. The axle broke, the wheels came in on both sides of the cab, and we were at once a pitiable wreck. Forthwith twenty or thirty boys, appearing to rise out of the ground, surrounded us. It is my firm belief that misfortune breeds boys without any superfluous assistance from parents.

Milverton. I must now tell you what were my second thoughts, after my first thankfulness for deliverance from what was really a great peril.

I have written several books in my lifetime.

Ellesmere. Yes!

Milverton. And have treated of many subjects in those books.

Ellesmere. Yes!

Sir Arthur. You need not speak in quite so dolorous a tone, Ellesmere.

Ellesmere. It is always painful to listen to the confessions of one's friends of their past errors and follies.

Milverton. Never mind his nonsense. What I was going to say is, that I have never done justice to a subject which has the deepest interest for me, namely, the treatment of the lower animals by man. I said to myself, I will not go out in a boat again, or take a journey upon the — railway, before I have put down my thoughts and really said my say, upon the great question of the treatment of animals.

Mauleverer. But what did you want to consult us about?

Ellesmere. What a farce the consultation of friends is! What a fellow generally wants, and is very angry if he does not get when he consults his friends, is an entire approval on their part of what he is resolved to do.

Milverton. I wanted to consult you as to the best means of putting forward my views upon this question. Shall I try a pamphlet?

Ellesmere. No; people can't abide pamphlets in these days. The pamphlet has vanished into space.

Sir Arthur. More's the pity. Some of the best things that were written in our early days were put in the form of pamphlets. Do think of Sydney Smith's pamphlets, for instance.

Ellesmere. But pamphleteering is a dead and gone thing.

Milverton. I could introduce what I want to say into some report.

Ellesmere. There is nothing so confidential

as reports. If I wished to make love to a lady, and to make it most secretly, I should insert my love-letters into some official report, and then get it published in a blue-book. Why not talk the matter out? I know that conversations, even ours, are a perplexity to some people — those people who are always anxious for clear, undoubted views, for definite results, for something at once to enlighten and guide them, without any trouble on their part. But I boldly say this, that the greatest and most secure portion of the teaching of the world has been done in and by conversation, or, to use a finer word, in and by dialogue. (Here Ellesmere paused, and there was silence for a minute or two.)

Sir Arthur. I never heard this question so boldly stated; but, upon my word, I think Ellesmere is right. Many of the most memorable things in literature, and even in higher teaching than that of literature, has been given forth in dialogue.

Milverton. Dialogue has its drawbacks; but I think with Ellesmere, that it has immense advantages. It happens particularly to suit me, because I am always anxious not to overstate, and to be tolerably secure in what I ultimately make up my mind to abide by. Now if I submit any of my thoughts to you, who are men of such varied natures and pursuits, and these thoughts pass muster with you, or do so without a damaging amount of objection, I feel tolerably comfortable about them, and think that they may then be given to a wider circle. But I am not ready now.

Ellesmere. Yes, you are, if we allow you to get "ready," as you call it, there will be a treatise. How is it that most pictures are spoiled — especially portraits? By working too much at them. I have often observed that there is a great likeness after the third sitting, which is gradually improved away. It is the effort at completeness which results in that "padding" that is the ruin of so much good work. Give us your main thoughts, if only the headings that there would be of chapters.

Milverton. First, I should point out the enormous extent of thoughtless and purposeless cruelty to animals. You really can have no adequate idea of this, until you have studied the subject, when you will be able to appreciate the vastness of this area of cruelty. The subject would be divided under several heads; the cruelties inflicted upon beasts of burden; the cruelties inflicted in the transit of animals used for food; the

cruelties inflicted upon pets; the cruelties perpetrated by what is called science: and, generally, the careless and ignorant treatment manifested in the sustenance of animals from whom you have taken all means and opportunities of providing for themselves. It is a formidable catalogue, and I think that the details which I should furnish for each chapter, would astonish and shock you beyond measure.

Sir Arthur. Doubtless you have considered, in reference to this subject, the varied treatment of the lower animals, by the different races of mankind.

Milverton. I have; but I think that there is a broader way of looking at this part of the subject than that which has reference alone to difference of race. There is no one phrase which would embrace what I mean; but, speaking generally, the difference of human conduct to animals depends largely upon the differences of culture in men, and still more upon the differences of their familiarity with animals.

I am very glad, Sir Arthur, that you asked me the question which you have just asked, for it brings me naturally to a mode of viewing the subject, which seems to me of the utmost importance, and which I did not see the proper way of introducing. Now let us go into detail. When the familiarity is extreme—when, for instance, the lower animal is constantly in the presence of man, and is one of the family, as for example the horse with his Arab master, the man begins to understand the lower animal; and understanding of any kind necessarily produces kindness and sympathy.

There is a familiarity of a much lower order, and this does not necessarily produce kindness, unless it is accompanied by some culture.

Then, there is culture of a high kind, such as exists in the higher classes everywhere. That amount of culture would lead to a thoroughly good treatment of animals, if it were but joined with the needful familiarity.

There is always something rather hazy in any axioms of a general kind that one may lay down. A very slight, yet significant, illustration will carry home my meaning to you. There is a thing called the bearing rein. It is an atrocity when applied to a beast of burden. It contradicts every sound principle connected with the subject. The coachman, who has some familiarity with the animal, but not the Arabian familiarity, is uncultured, and has not the slightest notion of the real effect of this rein. The culti-

vated master or mistress, who knows, or might by a few words be taught, the mischief of this rein, and the discomfort which it causes to the animal, is often so unfamiliar with the animal, that he or she is quite unobservant of the way in which it is treated, and does not understand its mode of expressing its discomfort. You will notice, on the other hand, that, as a general rule, the educated man who drives his own horses, and learns to know something about them, slackens this bearing rein, or leaves it off altogether.

Now this comparatively trivial instance is, I can assure you, of the most general and wide application. The one class does not know, the other does not heed.

That most accomplished of modern political economists, Bastiat, points out how a class of work falls into routine, and into the sphere of action of the least instructed classes:—

“Un ensemble de travaux qui suppose à l'origine, des connaissances trèsvariées, par le seul bénéfice de siècles, tombe sous le nom de *routine* dans la sphère d'action des classes les moins instruites: c'est ce qui est arrivé pour l'agriculture. Des procédés agricoles, qui, dans l'antiquité, méritèrent à ceux qui les ont révélés, au monde les honneurs de l'apothéose, sont aujourd'hui l'héritage, et presque le monopole des hommes le plus grossiers, et à tel point que cette branche si importante de l'industrie humaine, est, pour ainsi dire, entièrement soustraite aux classes bien élevées.*

This remark, as you see, applies to agriculture. I am going to apply it to the treatment of animals. By the way, I must just note that Bastiat's censure does not apply to England so much as to France; for it cannot be maintained that with us agriculture is the monopoly of the most coarse men. This correction, however, of Bastiat's statement will not detract from the force of my illustration, but will enhance its value. If you had the intelligence of cultured people, joined to the familiarity with animals which the ordinary practical farmer possesses, you would then have an admirable treatment of stock, and that includes a humane treatment. Pretty nearly half the diseases of the domestic animals are the result of a direct violation of the laws of nature upon the part of the owners of the animals. The loss to the nation is immense, and I am convinced that there is no way out of this difficulty but by the union of culture in the owner, and a certain familiarity with the animal which he owns.

What I have just said is substantially the answer to your question, Sir Arthur. You ask me to explain the varied treatment of

* Bastiat, “*Harmonie Économique*.”

animals by different races. I reply to you—Do not look at the question as a matter of race. There are higher laws which govern it than those resulting from difference of race. I would not, however, pedantically lay down a dictum that race has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Difference of race may have some influence, but not that dominating influence which the other causes I have intimated possess.

It is always pleasant to indulge in a little personality. Here is Ellesmere. I suppose every one who knows him would admit that he is fonder of the lower animals than of men—at least he finds much less fault with these lower animals. But he is not familiar with them, except with Fairy, and his equestrian knowledge is not quite on a par with his legal knowledge. I should venture to assert that he has not driven a pair of horses since he left college. I observed that his coachman was as absurd as most other coachmen about this detestable bearing rein. When Ellesmere was first made Attorney-General—

Ellesmere. How I do hate personality!

Milverton. The bearing rein was tightened in honour of the master's rising fortunes. Poor Ellesmere never noticed this. What is the good, you see, of fondness for animals without knowledge or observation of their ways? I hate interference with other people's affairs, but I could not stand this tightening of the bearing rein, and so I attacked Ellesmere himself upon the point. Moreover, I ventured to discuss with him the arrangements of his stable. They were abominable. Of course his horses were always ill. Ventilation was a thing unthought of. I must do Ellesmere the justice to say that he listened to me very patiently, and provided remedies for all the evils I noticed. Now is not this a true bill, Ellesmere?

Ellesmere. Yes; I must own it is; and I wish you could know the trouble I had in persuading my coachman to discard the bearing rein.

Milverton. But, seriously speaking, though my instances may have been trivial, are they not sufficient? I should not like to worry you with all the details which go to prove ill-management, both as regards economy and humanity, of beasts of burden and of farming stock generally. I re-state my first statement, which is to this effect: that perfect familiarity with the animal will almost supply the place of culture; that imperfect familiarity requires to be joined with culture, on the part of the owner; and, finally, that culture without the requisite familiarity, admits of barbarous things

being done, or rather permitted, by the owner, from sheer want of thought and observation.

Ellesmere. He lays down the law, doesn't he? One would think he had been brought up as a farrier, a veterinary surgeon, or a cow-doctor.

Milverton. I hope I have not been arrogant; but though not a farrier or a cow-doctor, it has been a part of my business, for many years, to consider the treatment of animals—a somewhat hard fate for one so sensitive as I am, as regards their sufferings. But perhaps the knowledge I have gained may be made of some use, and so I must not mind the pain that I have endured in gaining it.

Sir Arthur's question diverted me from the branch of the subject I was next going to consider; which was the transit of animals. The cruelties of this transit have increased, by reason of the changed modes of locomotion. Perhaps, however, it would be safer to say that new forms of suffering have been introduced by this change, to alleviate which the proper remedies have not yet been fully provided. The Transit of Animals Committee, of which I was a member, made a beginning in the way of improvement, as regards this transit; and their recommendations have been, to some extent, adopted by the Government. But much remains to be done. I will give you the most recent case in my knowledge of the inhuman treatment of animals in transit.

A few weeks ago there arrived at one of our ports a German vessel, with 1,793 sheep alive, and 5 dead. On inquiry, it was found that 646 sheep had been thrown overboard during the voyage. Of course this was put down to stress of weather; but the real truth was, that the poor animals had been most inhumanely crowded together, without any of those provisions against overcrowding which were laid down, as absolutely necessary, by our committee. In fact, the 646 sheep were suffocated. You will observe it was a German vessel, and all that our Government could do was to lay the facts before the German authorities, expressing a hope that when the attention of the German Government should be given to the regulations which the English Government have adopted in this matter, and to the cruel sufferings which are experienced by animals during transit through overcrowding and faulty ventilation, steps might be taken to compel shipowners to make provisions which would lessen the amount of ill-usage to which

animals are frequently exposed during their transit from Germany to this country.

Ellesmere. Bismarck would soon set these matters to rights, if he once gave his attention to them.

Cranmer. But surely, Milverton, the remedy for these inhumanities, which result in such great losses, will be provided by the shipper?

Milverton. There enters the peculiar delusion which besets men like yourself, Cranmer, who believe wholly in certain *dicta* of political economy. You think, or you talk as if you thought, that every man has a plenary power of protecting himself and his own interests, whereas I maintain that the individual is often perfectly powerless. The owner of those sheep doubtless grieves over his loss—is perhaps half-ruined by that loss, and would, as you contend, take care not to run the risk of any such loss again. But, in practice, this is not found to be the case. A man brings his sheep to the place of export. He cannot afford to keep them long there, waiting for a vessel that should be properly prepared to carry animals, if indeed there exists such a ship engaged in the trade at that port. He is not a shipmaster, and has probably but little influence with shipmasters. It would require great skill, energy, and devotion to a purpose foreign to his pursuits, to organize a combination of sheepowners, who might insist upon proper provision being made in cattle-carrying ships, for the treatment of animals.

I made inquiries, from experienced persons, upon this very point. I asked whether this owner of the suffocated sheep would be likely to be able to provide, by any management on his part, against a recurrence of this fearful and cruel loss. They told me that they thought not—that he would be obliged to use the means of transit provided at his port, whether they were good or whether they were bad.

This is one of the many instances in which, as I contend, the only remedy is to be found in Governmental action.

Sir Arthur. I agree with you in the main, Milverton; but you slightly exaggerate here. In the course of time a remedy would be found. Gradually combination would arise among the sheepowners: competition would come in. New vessels would be built, in which, from the first, when it would be far less expensive, arrangements would be made for the more humane carrying of the traffic.

Milverton. Well, it may be so: but observe all that you say is hypothetical, and is to

happen, if ever it does happen, “in the course of time,” whereas the German Government can prescribe, as our Government has prescribed, certain regulations which would at once go some way to attain the desired object.

I hope you observe that the public suffers greatly from this imperfect and inhuman mode of transit—in the loss of those animals which die, in the deterioration of those that survive, and in the probable introduction of diseased meat. On that ground alone I think we have a right to ask for the interference of Government. It is very probable that, at the port of entry in England the price of meat was slightly increased, on the next market-day after that German vessel had arrived, by reason of the loss of these 646 sheep that were expected. Many a poor housewife may have grumbled and fretted at this increased price, and blamed the butcher, little imagining that it was all the fault of some *geheimnissrath*, in distant Berlin, who had never taken the pains to look after a matter that properly belonged to his department.

I may also notice how injurious is the absence of the proper regulations for cattle-transit to the exporting country. Of course their cattle come to be looked upon unfavourably in the markets of the world; and therefore the improvement of their cattle-carrying ships is a thing which concerns the whole of their agricultural population.

Ellesmere. I hate a fellow who is always chock full of facts. No sooner does one produce a good argument (I really thought Cranmer was going to make a good case), than our fact-full friend whips out some unpleasant fact, which knocks over the whole of the argument. I must say that Milverton has the best of the contest.

Mauleverer. I have not hitherto said a word. I know as well as possible that whatever I should say, in the way of opposition or cavil, would be met on Milverton's part by some of these unpleasant facts; and so I shall join in the conversation by coming to his aid. I like what you call the lower animals, and though I think that men are nearly incorrigible, something may be done by educating them a little better, in regard to the humane treatment of animals. I am not a great frequenter of preachers now; but, upon a moderate calculation, I think I have heard, in my time, 1,320 sermons, and I do not recollect that, in any one of them, I ever heard the slightest allusion made to the conduct of men towards animals. I think that

it would not have been a wasteful expenditure of exhortation, if, in two per cent. of these sermons, the humane treatment of animals had been the main subject of the discourse.

Ellesmere. Very good, Mauleverer. The great defect of preaching nowadays is, that the sermons appear to be built upon the supposition that the preacher is introducing Christianity, for the first time, to the notice of his hearers.

Milverton. Turning to the treatment of beasts of burden, I sometimes think that it was a misfortune for the world that the horse was ever subjugated. The horse is the animal that has been the worst treated by man; and his subjugation has not been altogether a gain to mankind. The oppressions which he has aided in were, from the earliest ages, excessive. He it is to whom we owe much of the rapine of those ages called "the dark ages." And I have a great notion that he has been the main instrument of the bloodiest warfare. I wish men had to drag their own cannon up-hill; I doubt whether they would not rebel at that. And a commander, obliged to be on foot throughout the campaign, would very soon get tired of war.

To what a height of material civilisation a nation might arrive without the horse, was to be seen in Mexico and Peru, when the Spaniards first entered and devastated those regions, where they found thousands of houses well built, and with gardens attached to them. I doubt whether there was a single Mexican so ill-lodged as millions of our poor countrymen are. So you see, when I almost regret the subjugation of the horse, I do not assume that civilisation would thereby have certainly been retarded.

Ellesmere. I do not object to the horse having been subjugated; but what I regret is, that he cannot make a noise. Considering how he is wronged, he is the most quiet and uncomplaining creature in the world. Observe the cab-horse quietly lifting up one of his fore-feet, just showing to the observant by-stander how full it is of pain (you see I do observe animals sometimes); and then think what a row any other animal would make in a similar condition, and how noisily he would remonstrate against the needless brutality of his driver. His conduct and its results form a notable instance of the folly of being silent about our grievances. The busy world pays attention only to those who loudly complain, and accords that attention in exact proportion to the loudness and consistency of the complaint. If there had been a Rochefaucauld, or an Ellesmere, amongst the horses

(for, doubtless, like all other animals, they have a way of communicating with one another), what judicious maxims he might have instilled into them!

There have been a few wise horses in the world. I knew one myself of a sorrel colour. He did not kick, or rear, or pursue any of those fantastic devices for getting rid of his rider; but when he objected to him, he always rubbed him off against a wall or a cart-wheel. No human being, who made himself objectionable to this horse, was ever known to "remain." You do not understand the allusion. A Frenchman, who had taken to riding in England, was asked how he succeeded in this mode of locomotion, so novel to him. He replied—

"When he go easy I am (j'y suis); but when he jump hard, I do not remain."

Now nobody could "remain" upon the horse I have been telling you about. But, alas! a wise horse, like a wise man, often keeps all his wisdom to himself; and this wise sorrel (was not the wisest horse that Gulliver met with in his sojourn with the Honyhnhums a sorrel nag?) did not impart his secret to his brother bays or greys.

Sir Arthur. I say, Milverton, what about pets?

Ellesmere. Yes, let us question and cross-question him, and not allow him to keep exactly to systematic discourse. That is the way in which truth is best arrived at.

Milverton. It goes against the grain with me, to speak against the keeping of pets; and for this especial reason, that the young people who keep pets, are, generally, in after life, those who are the best friends to animals. But, if I must answer the question truthfully, I do think that there is a great deal of cruelty in keeping pets—not so much directly, as indirectly. There are the cruel devices by which pets are caught and tamed. Moreover, we make pets of creatures which were never meant to be made pets of. I allude particularly to the feathered creation. A miserable creature, to my mind, is a caged bird. I do not know that I ever saw a countenance more expressive of dignified misery, and of its owner having known better days, than that of an eagle which I once saw in a cage about four feet square. Of course what I have just said does not in the least apply to those creatures, such as cats and dogs, who really appear to like the society of men.

Ellesmere. I am always afraid lest dogs should come to learn our language. If they ever do, they will cut us entirely. Everything seems clever and uncommon-place in a lan-

guage of which you know but little; and that is why we appear such clever and interesting fellows to dogs. If they knew our language well, would any dog sit out a public dinner? Would any dog remain in the nursery, listening to the foolish talk of nurses and mothers? I am not quite sure whether our Fairy here would stay so resolutely with us, if she understood all we said.

Sir Arthur. There is a fact which militates against your theory, Ellesmere, and that is, that a colley dog understands his master better than other dogs understand their masters, and yet he is true to him, and does not cut him.

Ellesmere. No! it makes for me. The shepherd uses certain signs, and they are sensible signs. They indicate certain judicious things to be done. The dog approves of the proposed transactions, and willingly takes his part in them. He gives his master credit for judicious talk at home, which the dog does not understand, but supposes to be equally clever with that which takes place between himself and his master, on the hill-side.

Mauleverer. Going back for a moment to the pets of which Milverton disapproves, I hope that he includes gold-fish. When I see those wretched creatures moving round and round about in a glass bowl, I don't know how it is, but I always think of the lives of official and ministerial people, doing their routine work in a very confined space, under very unpleasant and continuous observation, never suffered to retire into private life amongst comfortable weeds and stones and mud, but always having the eyes of the public and the press upon them.

Ellesmere. That is a very sound simile of Mauleverer's, and it seems to me that I ought to have seen the similitude before. I will treat you to another simile of equal exactness. Whenever I see a favourite cat, with its so-called master or mistress, I always feel that the cat considers the master or mistress as a hired companion. The cat feels that it has somebody to open the door for it, to find out the sunniest window-sill for it, and in fact to perform a thousand little offices belonging to the duties of hired companionship, in return for which the cat purrs out some wages, and is content always to be in a graceful attitude, as an additional payment to the hired human companion.

Sir Arthur. Don't calumniate cats, Ellesmere; I once had a cat which——

Ellesmere. Forgive me for interrupting, but I must tell you something which I may forget to tell you if I do not say it now. The word "calumniate" puts me in mind of it. It relates to calumny, or rather perhaps to scandal. It will be worth the whole of the rest of our conversation to-day.

Some girls were asked by one of our inspectors of schools, at a school examination, whether they knew what was the meaning of the word scandal. One little girl stepped vigorously forward, and throwing her hand up in that semaphore fashion by which children indicate the possession of knowledge, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she uttered these memorable words: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere."

I once read an essay of Milverton's about calumny, which has not been published, I believe; and it was divided into sections and sub-sections, and was meant to be very exhaustive. There was nothing in it, however, equal to this child's saying, which, in fact, reminds one of Bacon, Swift, and Macchiavelli all compounded together. Listen to it again. "Nobody does nothing (regard the force of that double negative) and everybody goes on (note the continuity of slander) telling of it everywhere." (No reticence, you see, as regards time or place.) I am sure that some member of that child's family, father, or mother, or sister, or brother, had been subject to village scandal, and the child had thought over the matter deeply. I have good authority for the story. It was told me just before I came here by Sir George——

Mauleverer. Upon my word it is admirable. That child and I should agree in our views of human life.

Ellesmere. But what about your cat, Sir Arthur?

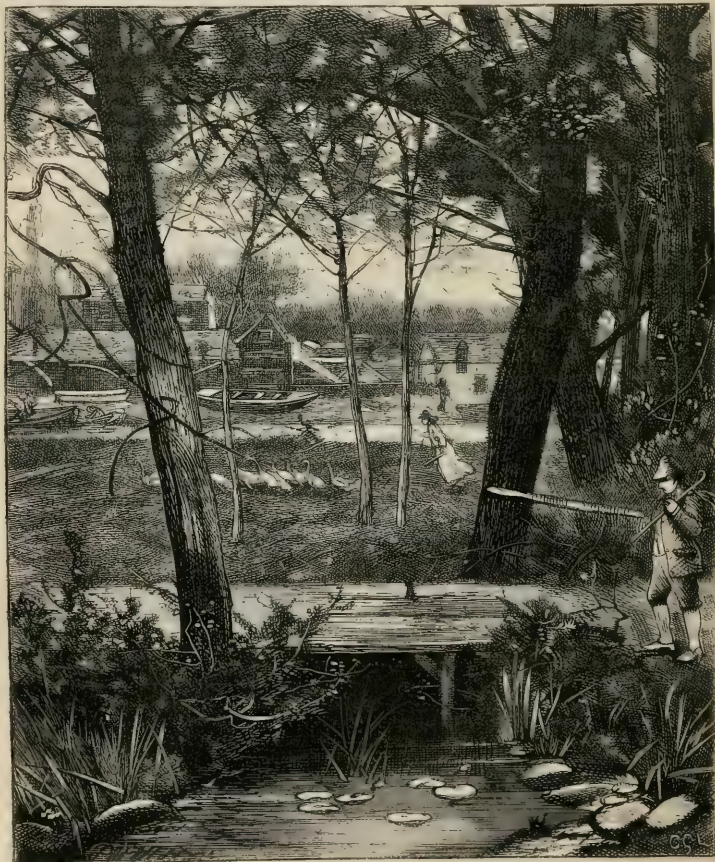
Sir Arthur. Everything will sound so tame, Ellesmere, after your story. It was merely that I had a cat that would walk out with me like a dog, and would sit for hours on my study-table, watching me at work.

Ellesmere. Yes, it was one of those cases, not uncommon, in which the master or the mistress becomes very much attached to a loveable and agreeable hired companion. I never said that cats were devoid of affection, only that they thoroughly understand their superiority to the human beings whom they take into their employment.

THE SUMMERS LONG AGO.

O FOR those merry, merry times,
 When England's pleasant vales
 Were musical with May-morn chimes
 And songs of nightingales !
 When kingcups smiled through early dew
 And daisies loved to blow,
 The sweet and sunny times we knew
 In summers long ago.

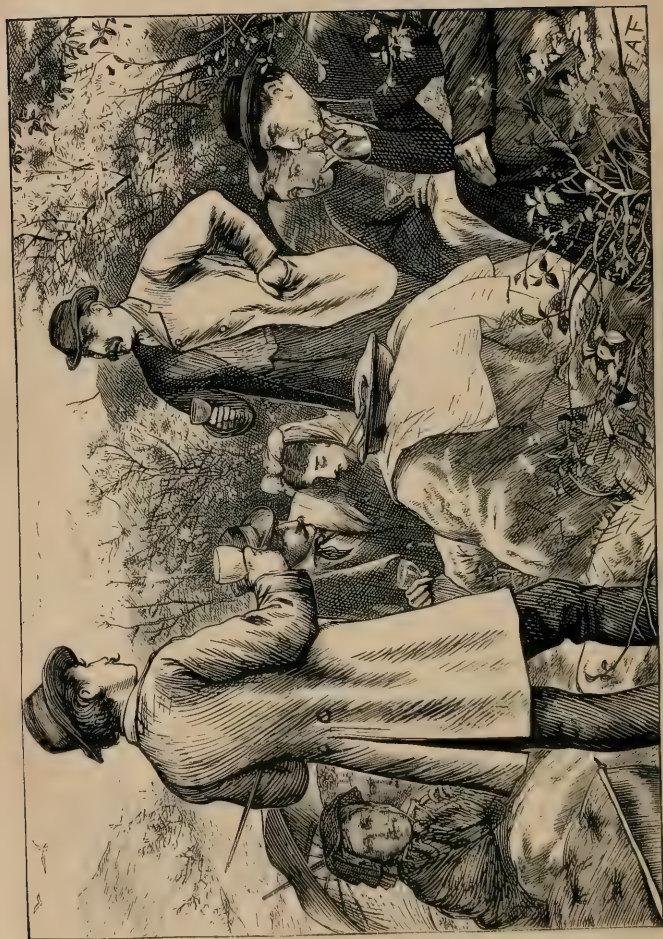
O wearisome and dreary days,
 O cold and blighting air !
 Where are the olden roundelays
 That lightened half our care ?
 The cuckoo is a silent bird,
 To sing the lark is slow,
 O for the warblings that we heard
 In summers long ago !



The youth forsakes the trysting stile,
 The maid forgets her vow,
 And minstrels pine to see the smile
 That nature lacketh now.

Are love and song to die ? Alas !
 Shine, sun, with golden glow,
 And give the glory as we pass
 Of summers long ago !

EDWARD CAPERN.



"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.



MICHAEL VOSS at this time was a very unhappy man. He had taught himself to believe that it would be a good thing that his niece should marry Adrian Urmand, and that it was his duty to achieve this good thing in her behalf. He had had it on his mind for the last

The stupid, mean little fellow, with his white pocket handkerchief, and his scent, and his black greasy hair, had made his way into the house and had destroyed all comfort and pleasure! That was the light in which Michel was now disposed to regard his previously honoured guest. When he made a comparison between Adrian and George, he could not but acknowledge that any girl of spirit and sense would prefer his son. He was very proud of his son,—proud even of the lad's disobedience to himself on such a subject; and this feeling added to his discomfort.

He had twice seen Marie in her bed during that day spoken of in the last chapter. On both occasions he had meant to be very firm: but it was not easy for such a one as Michel Voss to be firm to a young woman in her night-cap, rather pale, whose eyes were red with weeping. A woman in bed was to him always an object of tenderness, and a woman in tears, as his wife well knew, could on most occasions get the better of him. When he first saw Marie he merely told her to lie still and take a little broth. He kissed her however and patted her cheek, and then got out of the room as quickly as he could. He knew his own weakness, and was afraid to trust himself to her prayers while she lay before him in that guise. When he went again he had been unable not to listen to a word or two which she had prepared, and had ready for instant speech. "Uncle Michel," she said, "I will never marry any one without your leave, if you will let M. Urmand go away." He had almost come to wish by this time that M. Urmand would go away and never come back again. "How am I to send him away?" he had said crossly. "If you tell him, I know he will go,—at once," said Marie. Michel had muttered something about Marie's illness and the impossibility of doing anything at present, and again had left the room. Then Marie began to take heart of grace and to think that victory might yet be on her side. But how was George to know that she was firmly determined to throw those odious betrothals to the wind? Feeling it to be absolutely incumbent on her to convey to him this knowledge, she wrote the few words which the servant conveyed to her lover,—making no promise in regard to him, but simply assuring him that she would never,—

year, and had nearly brought it to pass. There was, moreover, now, at this present moment, a clear duty on him to be true to the young man who with his consent, and indeed very much at his instance, had become betrothed to Marie Bromar. The reader will understand how ideas of duty, not very clearly looked into or analysed, acted upon his mind. And then there was always present to him a recurrence of that early caution which had made him lay a parental embargo upon anything like love between his son and his wife's niece. Without much thinking about it,—for he probably never thought very much about anything,—he had deemed it prudent to separate two young people brought up together, when they began, as he fancied, to be foolish. An elderly man is so apt to look upon his own son as a boy, and on a girl who has grown up under his nose as little more than a child! And then George in those days had had no business of his own, and should not have thought of such a thing! In this way the mind of Michel Voss had been forced into strong hostility against the idea of a marriage between Marie and his son, and had filled itself with the spirit of a partisan on the side of Adrian Urmand. But now, as things had gone, he had been made very unhappy by the state of his own mind, and consequently was beginning to feel a great dislike for the merchant from Basle.

never,—never become the wife of that other man.

Early on the following morning Michel Voss went off by himself. He could not stay in bed, and he could not hang about the house. He did not know how to demean himself to either of the young men when he met them. He could not be cordial as he ought to be with Urmand;—nor could he be austere to George with that austerity which he felt would have been proper on his part. He was becoming very tired of his dignity and authority. Hitherto the exercise of power in his household had generally been easy enough, his wife and Marie had always been loving and pleasant in their obedience. Till within these last weeks there had even been the most perfect accordance between him and his niece. "Send him away;—that's very easily said," he muttered to himself as he went up towards the mountains; "but he has got my engagement, and of course he'll hold me to it." He trudged on he hardly knew whither. He was so unhappy that the mills and the timber-cutting were nothing to him. When he had walked himself into a heat he sat down and took out his pipe, but he smoked more by habit than for enjoyment. Supposing that he did bring himself to change his mind,—which he did not think he ever would,—how could he break the matter to Urmand? He told himself that he was sure he would not change his mind because of his solemn engagement to the young man; but he did acknowledge that the young man was not what he had taken him to be. He was effeminate, and wanted spirit, and smelt of hair grease. Michel had discovered none of these defects,—had perhaps regarded the characteristics as meritorious rather than otherwise,—while he had been hotly in favour of the marriage. Then the hair grease and the rest of it had, in his eyes, simply been signs of the civilisation of the town as contrasted with the rusticity of the country. It was then a great thing in his eyes that Marie should marry a man so polished, though much of the polish may have come from pomade. Now his ideas were altered, and, as he sat alone upon the log, he continued to turn up his nose at poor M. Urmand. But how was he to be rid of him?—and, if not of him, what was he to do then? Was he to let all authority go by the board, and allow the two young people to marry, although the whole village heard how he had pledged himself in this matter?

As he was sitting there, suddenly his son came upon him. He frowned and went on

smoking, though at heart he felt grateful to George for having found him out and followed him. He was altogether tired of being alone, or, worse than that, of being left together with Adrian Urmand. But the overtures for a general reconciliation could not come first from him, nor could any be entertained without at least some show of obedience. "I thought I should find you up here," said George.

"And now you have found me, what of that?"

"I fancy we can talk better, father, up among the woods, than we can down there when that young man is hanging about. We always used to have a chat up here, you know."

"It was different then," said Michel. "That was before you had learned to think it a fine thing to be your own master and to oppose me in everything."

"I have never opposed you but in one thing, father."

"Ah, yes; in one thing. But that one thing is everything. Here, I've been doing the best I could for both of you, striving to put you upon your legs, and make you a man and her a woman, and this is the return I get!"

"But what would you have had me do?"

"What would I have had you do? Not come here and oppose me in everything."

"But when this Adrian Urmand—"

"I am sick of Adrian Urmand," said Michel Voss. George raised his eyebrows and stared. "I don't mean that," said he; "but I am beginning to hate the very sight of the man. If he'd had the pluck of a wren he would have carried her off, long ago."

"I don't know how that may be, but he hasn't done it yet. Come, father; you don't like the man any more than she does. If you get tired of him in three days, what would she do in her whole life?"

"Why did she accept him, then?"

"Perhaps, father, we were all to blame a little in that."

"I was not to blame—not in the least. I won't admit it. I did the best I could for her. She accepted him, and they are betrothed. The Curé down there says it's nearly as good as being married."

"Who cares what Father Gondin says?" asked George.

"I'm sure I don't," said Michel Voss.

"The betrothal means nothing, father, if either of them choose to change their minds. There was that girl over at Saint Die."

"Don't tell me of the girl at Saint Die."

I'm sick of hearing of the girl at Saint Die. What the mischief is the girl at Saint Die to us? We've got to do our duty if we can, like honest men and women; and not follow vagaries learned from Saint Die."

The two men walked down the hill together, reaching the hotel about noon. Long before that time the innkeeper had fallen into a way of acknowledging that Adrian Urmand was an incubus; but he had not as yet quite admitted that there was any way of getting rid of the incubus. The idea of having the marriage on the first of the present month was altogether abandoned, and Michel had already asked how they might manage among them to send Adrian Urmand back to Basle. "He must come again, if he chooses," he had said; "but I suppose he had better go now. Marie is ill, and she mustn't be worried." George proposed that his father should tell this to Urmand himself; but it seemed that Michel, who had never yet been known to be afraid of any man, was in some degree afraid of the little Swiss merchant.

"Suppose my mother says a word to him," suggested George.

"She wouldn't dare for her life," answered the father.

"I would do it."

"No, indeed, George; you shall do no such thing."

Then George suggested the priest; but nothing had been settled when they reached the inn door. There he was, swinging a cane at the foot of the billiard-room stairs—the little bug-a-boo, who was now so much in the way of all of them! The innkeeper muttered some salutation, and George just touched his hat. Then they both passed on, and went into the house.

Unfortunately, the plea of Marie's illness was in part cut from under their feet by the appearance of Marie herself. George, who had not as yet seen her, went up quickly to her, and, without saying a word, took her by the hand and held it. Marie murmured some pretence at a salutation, but what she said was heard by no one. When her uncle came to her and kissed her, her hand was still grasped in that of George. All this had taken place in the passage; and before Michel's embrace was over, Adrian Urmand was standing in the doorway looking on. George, when he saw him, held tighter by the hand, and Marie made no attempt to draw it away.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Urmand, coming up.

"Meaning of what?" asked Michel.

"I don't understand it—I don't understand it at all," said Urmand.

"Don't understand what?" said Michel. The two lovers were still holding each other's hands; but Michel had not seen it, or, seeing it, pretended not to have observed it.

"Am I to understand that Marie Bromar is betrothed to me, or not?" demanded Adrian. "When I get an answer either way, I shall know what to do." There was in this an assumption of more spirit than had been expected on his part by his enemies at the Lion d'Or.

"Why shouldn't you be betrothed to her?" said Michel. "Of course you are betrothed to her; but I don't see what is the use of your talking so much about it."

"It is the first time I have said a word on the subject since I've been here," said Urmand. Which was true; but as Michel was continually thinking of the betrothal, he imagined that everybody was always talking to him of the matter.

Marie had now managed to get her hand free, and had retired into the kitchen. Michel followed her, and stood meditative, with his back to the large stove. As it happened, there was no one else present there at the moment.

"Tell him to go back to Basle," whispered Marie to her uncle. Michel only shook his head and groaned.

"I don't think I am at all well-treated here among you," said Adrian Urmand to George as soon as they were alone.

"Any special friendship from me you can hardly expect," said George. "As to my father and the rest of them, if they ill-treat you, I suppose you had better leave them."

"I won't put up with ill-treatment from anybody. It's not what I'm used to."

"Look here, M. Urmand," said George. "I quite admit you have been badly used; and, on the part of the family, I am ready to apologise."

"I don't want any apology."

"What do you want, M. Urmand?"

"I want—I want— Never mind what I want. It is from your father that I shall demand it, not from you. I shall take care to see myself righted. I know the French law as well as the Swiss."

"If you're talking of law, you had better go back to Basle and get a lawyer," said George.

There had been no word spoken of George returning to Colmar on that morning. He had told his father that he had brought

nothing with him but what he had on ; and in truth when he left Colmar he had not looked forward to any welcome which would induce him to remain at Granpere. But the course of things had been different from that which he had expected. He was much too good a general to think of returning now, and he had friends in the house who knew how to supply him with what was most necessary to him. Nobody had asked him to stay. His father had not uttered a word of welcome. But he did stay, and Michel would have been very much surprised indeed if he had heard that he had gone. The man in the stable had ventured to suggest that the old mare would not be wanted to go over the mountain that day. To this George assented, and made special request that the old mare might receive gentle treatment.

And so the day passed away. Marie, who had recovered her health, was busy as usual about the house. George and Urmand, though they did not associate, were rarely long out of each other's sight ; and neither the one nor the other found much opportunity for pressing his suit. George probably felt that there was not much need to do so, and Urmand must have known that any pressing of his suit in the ordinary way would be of no avail. The innkeeper tried to make work for himself about the place, had the carriages out and washed, inspected the horses, and gave orders as to the future slaughter of certain pigs. Everybody about the house, nevertheless, down to the smallest boy attached to the inn, knew that the landlord's mind was pre-occupied with the love affairs of those two men. There was hardly an inhabitant of Granpere, who did not understand what was going on ; and, had it been the custom of the place to make bets on such matters, very long odds would have been wanted before any one would have backed Adrian Urmand. And yet two days ago he was considered to be sure of the prize. M. le Curé Gondin was a good deal at the hotel during the day, and perhaps he was the staunchest supporter of the Swiss aspirant. He endeavoured to support Madame Voss, having that strong dislike to yield an inch in practice or in doctrine, which is indicative of his order. He strove hard to make Madame Voss understand that if only she would be firm and cause her husband to be firm also, Marie would of course yield at last. "I have ever so many young women just in the same way," said the Curé, "and you would have thought they were going to break their hearts ; but as soon as ever they

have been married, they have forgotten all that." Madame Voss would have been quite contented to comply with the priest's counsel, could she have seen the way with her husband. But it had become almost manifest even to her, with the Curé to support her, that the star of Adrian Urmand was on the wane. She felt from every word that Marie spoke to her, that Marie herself was confident of success. And it may be said of Madame Voss, that although she had been forced by Michel into a kind of enthusiasm on behalf of the Swiss marriage, she had no very eager wishes of her own on the subject. Marie was her own niece and was dear to her ; but the girl was sure of a well-to-do husband whichever way the war went ; and what aunt need desire more for her most favourite niece than a well-to-do husband ?

The day went by, and the supper was eaten, and the cigars were smoked, and then they all went to bed. But nothing more had been settled. That obstinate young man, M. Adrian Urmand, though he had talked of his lawyer, had said not a word of going back to Basle.

CHAPTER XX.

It is probable that all those concerned in the matter who slept at the Lion d'Or that night made up their minds that on the following day the powers of the establishment must come to some decision. It was not right that a young woman should have to live in the house with two favoured lovers ; nor as regarded the young men was it right that they should be allowed to go on glaring at each other. Both Michel and Madame Voss feared that they would do more than glare, seeing that they were so like two dogs with one bone between them, who in such an emergency will generally fight. Urmand himself was quite alive to the necessity of putting an end to his present exceptionally disagreeable position. He was very angry ; very angry naturally with Marie, who had, he thought, treated him villainously. Why had she made that little soft, languid promise to him when he was last at Granpere, if she had not then loved him ? And of course he was angry with George Voss. What unsuccessful lover fails of being angry with his happy rival ? And then George had behaved with outrageous impropriety. Urmand was beginning now to have a clear insight of the circumstances. George and Marie had been lovers, and then George, having been sent away, had forgotten his love for a year or more. But when the girl had been accom-

modated with another lover, then he thrust himself forward and disturbed everybody's arrangements! No conduct could have been worse than this. But, nevertheless, Urmand's anger was the hottest against Michel Voss himself. Had he been left alone at Basle, had he been allowed to receive Marie's letter, and act upon it in accordance with his own judgment, he would never have made himself ridiculous by appearing at Granpere as a discomfited lover. But the innkeeper had come and dragged him away from home, had misrepresented everything, had carried him away, as it were, by force to the scene of his disgrace, and now—threw him over! He, at any rate, he, Michel Voss, should, as Adrian Urmand felt very bitterly, have been true and constant; but Michel, whose face could not lie, whatever his words might do, was clearly as anxious to be rid of his young friend as were any of the others in the hotel. Urmand himself would have been very glad to be back at Basle. He had come to regard any further connection with the inn at Granpere as extremely undesirable. The Voss family was low. He had found that out during his present visit. But how was he to get away, and not look, as he was going, like a dog with his tail between his legs? He had so clear a right to demand Marie's hand, that he could not bring himself to bear to be robbed of his claim. And yet he had come to perceive how very foolish such a marriage would be. He had been told that he could do better. Of course he could do better. But how could he be rid of his bargain without submitting to ill-treatment? If Michel had not come and fetched him away from his home the ill-treatment would have been by comparison slight, and of that normal kind to which young men are accustomed. But to be brought over to the house, and then to be deserted by everybody in the house! How, oh, how, was he to get out of the house? Such were his reflections as he sat solitary in the long public room drinking his coffee, and eating an omelet, with which Peter Veque had supplied him, but which had in truth been cooked for him very carefully by Marie Bromar herself. In her present frame of mind Marie would have cooked ortolans for him had he wished for them.

And while Urmand was eating his omelet and thinking of his wrongs, Michel Voss and his son were standing together at the stable door. Michel had been there some time before his son had joined him, and when George came up to him he put out his hand almost furtively. George grasped it instantly,

and then there came a tear into the innkeeper's eye. "I have brought you a little of that tobacco we were talking of," said George, taking a small packet out of his pocket.

"Thank ye, George; thank ye; but it does not much matter now what I smoke. Things are going wrong, and I don't get satisfaction out of anything."

"Don't say that, father."

"How can I help saying it? Look at that fellow up there. What am I to do with him? What am I to say to him? He means to stay there till he gets his wife."

"He'll never get a wife here, if he stays till the house falls on him."

"I can see that now. But what am I to say to him? How am I to get rid of him? There is no denying, you know, that he has been treated badly among us."

"Would he take a little money, father?"

"No. He's not so bad as that."

"I should not have thought so; only he talked to me about his lawyer."

"Ah;—he did that in his anger. By George, if I was in his position I should try and raise the very Devil. But don't talk of giving him money, George. He's not bad in that way."

"He shouldn't have said anything about his lawyer."

"You wait till you're placed as he is, and you'll find that you'll say anything that comes uppermost. But what are we to do with him, George?"

Then the matter was discussed in the utmost confidence, and in all its bearings. George offered to have a carriage and pair of horses got ready for Remiremont, and then to tell the young man that he was expected to get into it, and go away; but Michel felt that there must be some more ceremonious treatment than that. George then suggested that the Curé should give the message, but Michel again objected. The message, he felt, must be given by himself. The doing this would be very bitter to him, because it would be necessary that he should humble himself before the scented, shiny head of the little man; but Michel knew that it must be so. Urmand had been undoubtedly ill-treated among them, and the apology for that ill-treatment must be made by the chief of the family himself. "I suppose I might as well go to him alone," said Michel, groaning.

"Well, yes; I should say so," replied his son. "Soonest begun, soonest over;—and I suppose I might as well order the horses."

To this latter suggestion the father made

no reply, but went slowly into the house. He turned for a moment into Marie's little office, and stood there hesitating whether he would tell her his mission. As she was to be made happy, why should she not know it?

"You two have got the better of me among you," he said.

"Which two, Uncle Michel?"

"Which two? Why, you and George. And what I'm to do with the gentleman upstairs, it passes me to think. Thank heaven, it will be a great many years before Flos wants a husband."

Flos was the little daughter up-stairs, who was as yet no more than five years old.

"I hope, Uncle Michel, you'll never have anybody else as naughty and troublesome as I have been," said Marie, pressing close to him. She was indescribably happy. She was to be saved from the lover whom she did not want. She was to have the lover whom she did want. And, over and above all this, a spirit of kind feeling and full sympathy existed once more between her and her dear friend. As she offered no advice in regard to the disposal of the gentleman upstairs, Michel was obliged to go upon his painful duty, trusting to his own wit.

In the long room up-stairs he found Adrian Urmand sitting at the closed window, looking out at the ducks who were paddling in a temporary pool made by the late rains. He had been painfully in want of something to do,—so much so that he had more than once almost resolved to put his things into his bag, and leave the house without saying a word of farewell to any one. Had there been any means for him to escape from Granpere without saying a word, he would have done so. But at Granpere there was no railway, and the only public conveyance in and out of the place started from the door of the Lion d'Or;—started every morning, with much ceremony, so that it was impossible for him to fly unobserved. There he was, watching the ducks, when Michel entered the room, and very much disposed to quarrel with any one who approached him.

"I'm afraid you find it rather dull here," said Michel, beginning the conversation.

"It is dull; very dull indeed."

"That is the worst of it. We are dull people here in the country. We have not the distractions which you town folk can always find. There's not much to do, and nothing to look at."

"Very little to look at, that's worth the trouble of looking," said Urmand.

There was a malignity of satire intended

in this; for the young man in his wrath, and with a full conviction of what was coming upon him, had intended to include his betrothed in the catalogue of things of Granpere not worthy of inspection. But Michel Voss did not at all follow him so far as that.

"I never saw such a place," continued Urmand. "There isn't a soul even to play a game of billiards with."

Now Michel Voss, although for a purpose he had been willing to make little of his own village, did in truth consider that Granpere was at any rate as good a place to live in as Basle. And he felt that though he might abuse Granpere, it was very uncourteous in Adrian Urmand to do so. "I don't think much of playing billiards in the morning, I must own," said he.

"I dare say not," said Urmand, still looking at the ducks.

Michel had made no progress as yet, so he sat down and scratched his head. The more he thought of it, the larger the difficulty seemed to be. He was quite aware now that it was his own unfortunate journey to Basle which had brought so heavy a burden on him. It was as yet no more than three or four days since he had taken upon himself to assure the young man that he, by his own authority, would make everything right; and now he was forced to acknowledge that everything was wrong. "M. Urmand," he said at last, "it has been a very great grief to me, a very great grief indeed, that you should have found things so uncomfortable."

"What things do you mean?" said Urmand.

"Well;—everything;—about Marie, you know. When I went over to Basle the other day, I didn't think how it was going to turn out. I didn't indeed."

"And how is it going to turn out?"

"I can't make the young woman consent, you know," said the innkeeper.

"Let me tell you, M. Voss, that I wouldn't have the young woman, as you call her, if she consented ever so much. She has disgraced me."

To this Michel listened with perfect equanimity.

"She has disgraced you."

At hearing this Michel bit his lips, telling himself, however, that there had been mistakes made, and that he was bound to bear a good deal.

"And she has disgraced herself," said Adrian Urmand, with all the emphasis that he had at command.

"I deny it," said Marie's uncle, coming

close up to his opponent and standing before him. "I deny it. It is not true. That shall not be said in my hearing, even by you."

"But I do say it. She has disgraced herself. Did she not give me her troth, when all the time she intended to marry another man?"

"No! She did nothing of the kind. And look here, my friend, if you wish to be treated like a man in this house, you had better not say anything against any of the women who live in it. You may abuse me as much as you please,—and George too, if it will do you any good. There have been mistakes made, and we owe you something."

"By heavens, yes; you do!"

"But you shan't take it out in saying anything against Marie Bromar,—not in my hearing."

"Why;—what will you do?"

"Don't drive me to do anything, M. Urmand. If there is any compensation possible——"

"Of course there must be compensation."

"What is it you will take? Is it money?"

"Money;—no. As for money, I'm better off than any of you."

"What is it, then? You don't want the girl herself?"

"No;—certainly not. I would not take her if she came and knelt to me."

"What can we do, then? If you will only say."

"I want—I want—I don't know what I want. I have been cruelly ill-used, and made a fool of before everybody. I never heard of such a case before;—never. And I have been so generous and honest to you! I did not ask for a franc of *dot*: and now you come and offer me money. I don't think any man ever was so badly used anywhere!" And on saying this Adrian Urmand in very truth burst into tears.

The innkeeper's heart was melted at once. It was all so true! Between them they had treated him very badly. But then there had been so many unfortunate and unavoidable mistakes! When the young man talked of compensation, what was Michel Voss to think? His son had been led into exactly the same error. Nevertheless, he repented himself bitterly in that he had said anything about money, and was prepared to make the most abject apologies. Adrian Urmand had fallen into a chair, and Michel Voss came and seated himself close beside him.

"I beg your pardon, Urmand; I do indeed. I ought not to have mentioned

money. But when you spoke of compensation——"

"It wasn't that. It wasn't that. It's my feelings!"

Then the white cambric handkerchief was taken out and used with considerable vehemence.

From that moment the innkeeper's goodwill towards Urmand returned, though of course he was quite aware that there was no place for him in that family.

"If there is anything I can do, I will do it," said Michel piteously. "It has been unfortunate. I know it has been very unfortunate. But we didn't mean to be untrue."

"If you had only left me alone when I was at home!" said the unfortunate young man, who was still sobbing bitterly.

They two remained in the long room together for a considerable time, during all of which Michel Voss was as gentle as though Urmand had been a child. Nor did the poor rejected lover again have recourse to any violence of abuse, though he would over and over again repeat his opinion that surely, since lovers were first known in the world, and betrothals of marriage first made, no one had ever been so ill-used as was he. It soon became clear to Michel that his great grief did not come from the loss of his wife, but from the feeling that everybody would know that he had been ill-used. There wasn't a shopkeeper in his own town, he said, who hadn't heard of his approaching marriage. And what was he to say when he went back?

"Just say that you found us so rough and rustic," said Michel Voss.

But Urmand knew well that no such saying on his part would be believed.

"I think I shall go to Lyons," said he, "and stay there for six months. What's the business to me? I don't care for the business."

There they sat all the morning. Two or three times Peter Veque opened the door, peeped in at them, and then brought down word that the conference was still going on.

"The master is sitting just over him like," said Peter, "and they're as close and loving as birds."

Marie listened, and said not a word to any one. George had made two or three little attempts during the morning to entice her into some lover-like privacy. But Marie would not be enticed. The man to whom she was betrothed was still in the house; and, though she was quite secure that the betrothals would now be absolutely annulled,

still she would not actually entertain another lover till this was done.

At length the door of the long room was opened, and the two men came out. Adrian Urmand, who was the first to be seen in the passage, went at once to his bed-room, and then Michel descended to the little parlour. Marie was at the moment sitting on her stool of authority in the office, from whence she could hear what was said in the parlour. Satisfied with this, she did not come down from her seat. In the parlour was Madame Voss and the Curé, and George, who had

seen his father from the front door, at once joined them.

"Well," said Madame Voss, "how is it to be?"

"I've arranged that we're to have a little picnic up to the ravine to-morrow," said Michel.

"A picnic!" said the Curé.

"I'm all for a picnic," said George.

"A picnic!" said Madame Voss, "and the ground as wet as a sop, and the wind from the mountains enough to cut one in two."

"Never mind about the wind. We'll



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take coats and umbrellas. It's better to have some kind of an outing, and then he'll recover himself."

Marie, as she heard all this, made up her mind that if any possible store of provisions packed in hampers could bring her late lover round to equanimity, no efforts on her part should be wanting. She would pack up cold chickens and champagne bottles with the greatest pleasure, and would eat her dinner sitting on a rock, even though the wind from the mountains should cut her in two.

"And so it's all to end in a picnic," said M. le Curé, with evident disgust.

It appeared from Michel's description of what had taken place during that very long interview that Adrian Urmand had at last become quite gentle and confidential. In what way could he be let down the most easily? That was the question for the answering which these two heads were kept together in conference so long. How could it be made to appear that the betrothal had been annulled by mutual consent? At last the happy idea of a picnic occurred to Michel himself. "I never thought about the time of the year," he said; "but when friends are here and we want to do our best for

them, we always take them to the ravine, and have dinners on the rocks." It had seemed to him, and as he declared to Urmand also, that if something like a jubilee could be got up before the young man's departure, it would appear as though there could not have been much disappointment.

"We shall all catch our death of cold," said Madame Voss.

"We needn't stay long, you know," said Michel. "And, Marie," said he, going into the little office in which his niece was still seated, "Marie, mind you behave yourself."

"Oh, I will, Uncle Michel," she said. "You shall see."

CHAPTER XXI.

THEY all sat down together at supper that evening, Marie dispensing her soup as usual before she went to the table. She sat next to her uncle on one side, and below her there were vacant seats. Urmand took a chair on the left hand of Madame Voss, next to him was the Curé, and below the Curé the happy rival. It had all been arranged by Marie herself, with the greatest care. Urmand seemed to have got over the worst of his trouble, and when Marie came to the table bowed to her graciously. She bowed in return, and then eat her soup in silence. Michel Voss overdid his part a little by too much talking, but his wife restored the balance by her prudence. George told them how strong the French party was at Colmar, and explained that the Germans had not a leg to stand upon as far as general opinion went. Before the supper was over Adrian Urmand was talking glibly enough; and it really seemed as though the terrible misfortunes of the Lion d'Or would arrange themselves comfortably after all. When supper was done the father, son, and the discarded lover smoked their pipes together amicably in the billiard room. There was not a word said then by either of them in connection with Marie Bromar.

On the next morning the sun was bright and the air was as warm as it ever is in October. The day perhaps might not have been selected for an out-of-doors party had there been no special reason for such an arrangement; but seeing how strong a reason existed, even Madame Voss acknowledged that the morning was favourable. While those pipes of peace were being smoked over night Marie had been preparing the hampers. On the next morning nobody except Marie herself was very early. It was intended that the day should be got through at any rate

with a pretence of pleasure, and they were all to be as idle, and genteel, and agreeable as possible. It had been settled that they should start at twelve. The drive unfortunately would not consume much more than half an hour. Then what with unpacking, climbing about the rocks, and throwing stones down into the river, they would get through the time till two. At two they would eat their dinner—with all their shawls and great coats around them—then smoke their cigars, and come back when they found it impossible to drag out the day any longer. Marie was not to talk to George, and was to be specially courteous to M. Urmand. The two old ladies accompanied them, as did also M. le Curé Gondin. The programme for the day did not seem to be very delightful; but it appeared to Michel Voss that in this way better than in any other could some little halo be thrown over the parting hours of poor Adrian Urmand.

Everything went as well as could have been anticipated. They managed to delay their departure till nearly half-past twelve, and were so lost in wonder at the quantity of water running down the fall in the ravine, that there had hardly been any heaviness of time when they seated themselves on the rocks at half-past two.

"Now for the business of the day," said Michel, as, standing up, he plunged a knife and fork into a large pie which he had placed on a boulder before him. "Marie has got no soup for us here, so we must begin with the solids at once." Soon after that one cork might have been heard to fly, and then another, and no stranger looking on would have believed how dreadful had been the enmity existing on the previous day—or, indeed, how great a cause for enmity there had been. Michel himself was very hilarious. If he could only obliterate in any way the evil which he had certainly inflicted on that unfortunate young man! "Urmand, my friend, another glass of wine. George, fill our friend Urmand's glass; not so quickly, George, not so quickly; you give him nothing but the froth. Adrian Urmand, your very good health. May you always be a happy and successful man." So saying Michel Voss drained his own tumbler.

Urmand at the moment was seated in a niche among the rocks, in which a cushion out of the carriage had been placed for his special accommodation. Indeed, every comfort and luxury had been showered upon his head to compensate him for his lost bride. This was the third time that he had been by

name invited to drink his wine, and three times he had obeyed. Now feeling himself to be summoned in a very peculiar way—feeling also, perhaps, that that which might have made others drunk had made him bold, he extricated himself from his niche, and stood upon his legs among the rocks. He stood upon his legs among the rocks, and with a graceful movement of his arm waved the glass above his head.

"We are delighted to have you here among us, my friend," said Michel Voss, who also, perhaps had been made bold. Madame Voss, who was close to her husband, pulled him by the sleeve. Then he seated himself, but Adrian Urmand was left standing among them.

"My friend," said he, "and you, Madame Voss, particularly, I feel particularly obliged to you for this charming entertainment." Then the innkeeper cheered his guest, whereupon Madame Voss pulled her husband's sleeve harder than before. "I am indeed," continued Urmand. "The best thing will be," said he, "to make a clean breast of it at once. You all know why I came here,—and you all know how I'm going back." At this moment his voice faltered a little, and he almost sobbed. Both the old ladies immediately put their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Marie blushed and turned away her face on to her uncle's shoulder. Madame Voss remained immovable. She dreaded greatly any symptoms of that courage which follows the flying of corks. In truth, however, she had nothing now to fear. "Of course I feel it a little," continued Adrian Urmand. "That is only natural. I suppose it was a mistake; but it has been rather trying to me. But I am ready to forget and forgive, and that is all I've got to say." This speech which astonished them all exceedingly remained unanswered for some few moments, during which Urmand had sunk back into his niche. Michel Voss was not ready-witted enough to reply to his guest at the moment, and George was aware that it would not be fitting for him, the triumphant lover, to make any reply. He could hardly have spoken without showing his triumph. During this short interval no one said a word, and Urmand endeavoured to assume a look of gloomy dignity.

But at last Michel Voss got upon his legs, his wife giving him various twitches on the sleeve as he did so. "I never was so much affected in my life," said he, "and upon my word I think that our excellent friend Adrian Urmand has behaved as well in a trying

difficulty as,—as,—as any man ever did. I needn't say much about it, for we all know what it was. And we all know that young women will be young women, and that they are very hard to manage." "Don't, Uncle Michel," said Marie in a whisper. But Michel was too bold to attend either to whisperings or pullings of the sleeve, and went on with his speech. "There has been a slight mistake, but I hope sincerely that everything has now been made right. Here is our friend Adrian Urmand's health, and I am quite sure that we all hope that he may get an excellent, beautiful young wife, with a good dowry, and that before long." Then he too sat down, and all the ladies drank to the health and future fortunes of M. Adrian Urmand.

Upon the whole the rejected lover liked it. At any rate it was better so than being alone and moody and despised of all people. He would know now how to get away from Granpere without having to plan a surreptitious escape. Of course he had come out intending to be miserable, to be known as an ill-used man who had been treated with an amount of cruelty surpassing all that had ever been told of in love histories. To be depressed by the weight of the ill-usage which he had borne was a part of the play which he had to act. But the play when acted after this fashion had in it something of pleasing excitement, and he felt assured that he was exhibiting dignity in very adverse circumstances. George Voss was probably thinking ill of the young man all the while; but every one else there conceived that M. Urmand bore himself well under most trying circumstances. After the banquet was over Marie expressed herself so much touched as almost to incur the jealousy of her more fortunate lover. When the speeches were finished the men made themselves happy with their cigars and wine till Madame Voss declared that she was already half-dead with the cold and damp, and then they all returned to the inn in excellent spirits. That which had made so bold both Michel and his guest had not been allowed to have any more extended or more deleterious effect.

On the next morning M. Urmand returned home to Basle, taking the public conveyance as far as Remiremont. Everybody was up to see him off, and Marie herself gave him his cup of coffee at parting. It was pretty to see the mingled grace and shame with which the little ceremony was performed. She hardly said a word; indeed what word she did say was heard by no one; but she crossed her hands

on her breast, and the gravest smile came over her face, and she turned her eyes down to the ground, and if any one ever begged pardon without a word spoken, Marie Bromar then asked Adrian Urmand to pardon her the evil she had wrought upon him. "Oh yes;—of course," he said. "It's all right; it's all right." Then she gave him her hand, and said good-bye, and ran away up into her room. Though she had got rid of one lover, not a word had yet been said as to her uncle's acceptance of that other lover on her behalf; nor had any words more tender been spoken between her and George than those with which the reader has been made acquainted.

"And now," said George, as soon as the diligence had started out of the yard.

"Well;—and what now?" asked the father.

"I must be off to Colmar next."

"Not to-day, George."

"Yes, to-day;—or this evening at least. But I must settle something first. What do you say, father?" Michel Voss stood for awhile with his hands in his pockets and his head turned away. "You know what I mean, father."

"Oh yes; I know what you mean."

The End.

"I don't suppose you'll say anything against it now."

"It wouldn't be any good, I suppose, if I did," said Michel crossing over the courtyard to the other part of the establishment. He gave no further permission than this, but George thought that so much was sufficient.

George did return to Colmar that evening, being in all matters of business a man accurate and resolute; but he did not go till he had been thoroughly scolded for his misconduct by Marie Bromar. "It was your fault," said Marie; "your fault from beginning to end."

"It shall be if you say so," answered George; "but I can't say that I see it."

"If a person goes away for more than twelve months and never sends a word or a message or a sign, what is a person to think, George?" He could only promise her that he would never leave her again even for a month.

How they were married in November, and how Madame Faragon was brought over to Granpere with infinite trouble, and how the household linen got itself marked at last—with a V instead of a U, the reader can understand without the narration of further details.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

VII.—THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF CHRIST.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—2 Tim. i. 12.

WE have still an interest in this boldness and confidence of the Apostle; for the question of the Trustworthiness of Christ, or of God as known to us in Christ, is in many respects, a larger question now than it was even in his day. It has grown in every direction so as vitally to touch all the hopes and all the effort of our time. It is now interwoven with the whole texture of our thought and life. And such is the connection between it and them, and such their present condition, that if from the pressure of any forces that may now be felt by us we were driven from the foundation on which life, social and individual, has been so largely built up, it might still be said, if only as characteristic of this connection and condition, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."* But

taking this interest for granted, it is noteworthy that *St. Paul's confidence proceeds on knowledge*. It is no mere ebullition of feeling or momentary impulse. It presents itself to us as an intelligent confidence that need not shrink from any test that may be applied to it, on the score of its reasonableness. His knowledge of Christ and the persuasion which he had of *his* trustworthiness—these are his reasons for not being ashamed of his sufferings for Christ's sake. But these reasons do not stand apart, separate and distinct. They are connected, and so connected, as to make it evident that the one grew out of the other—that his persuasion grew out of his knowledge. It concerns us to inquire whether a similar persuasion be now attainable, or whether there is still within our reach a knowledge that may lead to a like confidence.

If, then, we examine those somewhat

* 1 Cor. iii. 11.

parallel cases that occur daily in business transactions or in the mutual relations and dealings of men with each other—cases in which knowledge leads to confidence and trust—we find that such knowledge comes to us from more than one source, and through more than one channel.

A man's confidence rests, at times, on knowledge that has been derived from the testimony of others. On knowledge of this sort, although it is but knowledge at second-hand, a man is oftentimes content to peril much. Proceeding on such knowledge, he confides in the security of an investment of which directly he knows nothing in the world, and trusts in the honesty of men whom he has never seen. For instance, one man builds a ship, or has it built at his expense, and another freights it with costly goods, and a third embarks in it with wife and child; and perhaps not one of them has any direct knowledge of any one of a multitude of things in which (in such a case as this) they are very deeply interested. But then, they have satisfactory evidence from others, as they suppose, that the ship is well built, well found in stores, well manned—that the master is a skilful mariner; in short, that everything is as it ought to be; and they are content. It is the same in an endless variety of transactions, more or less important, on every side of us.

At other times, again, *confidence is founded on knowledge that is got by direct observation.* To rely on what we have seen with our own eyes—on what we have inquired into and examined for ourselves: all this is so natural to us, and occurs so often that it needs no comment and no illustration.

But there is yet *another source from which knowledge may flow in to us that is of such a nature as to lead to trust.* To describe this kind of knowledge and its sources roughly, for here definition is not easy, it may be said of it that one's own life must yield it for one; the life of each yielding it for each, through those living processes of experience that find a place in every life. Like the fountain that wells up through crevices in the soil, it reaches us from the innermost recesses of our own being. So far, it is a knowledge that is personal to ourselves and is different from all information that is got from others. But to say that it is personal is not to characterize it sufficiently. What chiefly distinguishes it is this, that it comes to us through a living experience, towards which our whole being contributes; and that each new accession to it is gained by a kind of unconscious proof

or trial. It is not that we set ourselves, knowingly and intentionally, to an examination of things or persons, but that our life in its oneness is wonderfully affected by both things and persons, and that in regard to these a certain work of examination—a work of trying or testing goes on within us, of which we are hardly aware. Our life, our nature does it for us, and it may be almost without our knowing it.

In this way all our mental faculties, our powers of feeling, our capacities in the way of receiving impressions, our very instincts, and any power we may have of moral insight—all these become so many sources of knowledge for us, especially when we come in contact, or have to do with persons. It is just in proportion as another influences us in all these directions that we get to know what he really is. It is this kind of knowledge that leads children implicitly to trust their parents—that brings a child with a rush to a mother's arms, or makes him cling to a mother's breast. And that which makes such knowledge possible is the fact that the whole life or nature of each of us is ever being impressed—influenced somehow, silently and unconsciously it may be, but yet certainly and continuously—by the whole nature of those by whom it is surrounded, or with whom it is in frequent or uninterrupted communication. Call it by what name we may, it is on knowledge of this sort, for the most part, that the confidence which we have in persons is founded. Objects in nature, a piece of workmanship, or a system of ideas may be tested otherwise, but not persons. We may put an anchor or a bar of iron to the proof by submitting it to the strain of so many tons, or the pressure of so many pounds' weight, but we cannot in the same way, or in any similarly exact, mechanical way get at the quality and the value of a living soul. It needs a slower and a much more subtle process to reach the core of another life such as our own, and to give us a moral certainty that *there* we may repose a confidence for life and death.

Now all these sources of knowledge are as open to us in spiritual things as in any others, and each of them may help us towards one and the same end. Some may prefer one and trust more to one of them; some may prefer another of them. Some may look more to the cloud of witnesses, seen and unseen, who give their testimony to the trustworthiness of the common Saviour; for of a truth, men from every clime, out of every rank of life, possessed of every diver-

sity of gifts, and tried by all manner of temptation, have placed it upon record that he is worthy of all trust. Others, again, may lean more to an intelligent examination, on their own part, of his life and teaching, making use of these, and the facts by which his life is compassed on every side of it, and in which it closes, to throw light on the nature of his mission, his offices, and his person. But most men are not in a position to avail themselves to the utmost, or even to any great extent, of these sources, and especially of this last. They have not the leisure, or the information, or the mental training, that is requisite. For most men, some additional, if not some entirely different source of knowledge concerning Christ is absolutely necessary—if a conviction or persuasion of his trustworthiness is really to be within their reach. The conclusion to which these remarks point is this—that *to have a living confidence in Him, our knowledge of Him must be of that kind which comes to us by a process of experience in the life.* To be persuaded or to have a moral certainty of his power and faithfulness, we must know Himself and not merely an account of Him. We must come in contact with Him as a living being, and live into his life, and try the truth that is in his life by its truthful working in our own life.

Then as to the way in which this might work—we may see any day, how a fact may prove or disprove a theory; how an action may remove a prejudice or confirm a truth; how knowledge of one another may bring those together in esteem and friendship who were previously estranged—from all which we may learn that there is a knowledge to be derived from living out what is true and doing what is right, as well as from reading and thinking and discussing about them. It is probably on the strength of some such principle as this that our Lord speaks elsewhere of the possibility of doing the will, and thereby knowing of the doctrine. And why so? How is this possible, but because then our whole life is searching and trying by many tests—some of them too delicate to be consciously present to our own minds—whether the teaching is true to life, its realities and necessities; and because, in the process, our whole nature reflects the direction and the force of doctrine in aspects that had otherwise escaped us. To live, or strive to live, in the spirit of Christ's own life and teaching, to open the hearts of others by opening our own hearts to them, to draw towards us the miserable for their consolation, or in some other way to abide in the

same spirit, is for our own life to be lighted up by his and to throw back its witness to the truth in Him. This is but saying that to know Christ as to us a being of inexpressible power, tenderness, and fidelity, we must first stand in relation to Him as one living person to another—and that, when this relation has been established, it becomes possible for that to happen which to a certain extent actually does happen in the formation of character.

In the formation of character a thousand insensible forces of attraction and repulsion are at work; many of them as subtle as the light and as imperceptible as the air. But no influence which can possibly be brought to bear upon the life can be compared to that personal influence which one man may exert upon another. There is not a single life that is not surrounded by an atmosphere of silent, almost impalpable influences, ever acting upon every other life that comes within its range of influence. And it is impossible to tell what strength of will, what steadiness of resolution, what sweetness of temper, what patience, sympathy, affection, are thus insensibly diffused on every side—or to say how much we owe to them.

It is to these unobtrusive influences, for example, that friendship owes its strength, and not to any direct acts or consciously persistent efforts on either side to gain it or advance it. What takes place takes place in such a way as in great measure to elude observation. In any case of the kind, we cannot lay down precise rules; so much is it a matter of those well-nigh hidden motions of the life within us. Here life defies our attempts at reducing it to definite law. We may be able to see that an affinity of one spirit to another, or an adaptation of different minds each to each, or a harmony and fitness of some kind, are necessary to its existence and continuance. But, who can tell, in most cases wherein that fitness altogether consists, or by what minute, insensible advances minds and hearts are thus drawn together? We may be able also to see that in all true friendship there must be a free interchange of thought, a frank expression of feeling, an intercourse of heart with heart, of soul with soul; but it is hard, if not impossible, to see the whole of that process, by means of which, and in the course of which, an assimilation of character takes place, as close as if the lives of two were beating in the same pulse. Nevertheless, our life somehow does this for us.

Now, like to this is the way in which the gospel of Christ and Christ himself may still influence the soul. The message from God

which is come to us in the gospel is addressed to us not as intelligent beings only, but as living beings. It has not been sent to the understanding, or to the heart, or the conscience only. It appeals to the whole man. And there is still so much vitality in the message, there is so much of Christ with us in his words and works, in the ministrations of his Church, and otherwise, that by these Christ still looks on us through the ages that lie between as with living eyes, and we see Him as One still living. If only on this ground it would not be easy to over-estimate the value of the Scriptures, or the service which in this way they are capable of doing us. We may indeed give too high a place even to the Scriptures, a place to which they have no claim. We may put them in the place of Christ, in the place of God. We may use them as the letter that killeth, instead of finding in them the spirit that maketh alive. But as a means of bringing us marvellously near to Christ himself, as breathing his own life and spirit on us, they cannot be overvalued. They have still power to lead us into the presence of a living personal existence, of the living Christ, and to make us feel as if He were still dwelling in the midst of us, and we walked with Him or sat learning at his feet. It is only then, when we are thus led into his presence, that we are come within the reach of those silent but all-powerful influences that are exerted by one mind and heart upon another, and that bind the weaker to the stronger. It is only when his spirit breathes on our spirit that we gain a living insight into his wisdom and strength and beauty.

Wherefore for most (if not for all of us) to know Christ, so as to be able to peril all on his trustworthiness, so as to feel it to be our duty to square our whole life by his teaching, so as to commit all unto Him against that day, and to be persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him, implies, on this view of the matter, something of the nature of a close personal intercourse very much akin to that which may be carried on between one man and another. It is not easy to see how otherwise we can lean on Him at all times with unshaken confidence, as when the feeble lean upon the strong, or men trust in a tried friend. Nor is there any lot in life, or sphere of action, or occurrence in our daily life, that is not so ordered as to afford opportunity for carrying on this personal intercourse, and of putting his trustworthiness to the test of a life-experience.

And if in this way we find Him a very

present help in trouble, able to bind up our wounds as none else has power; if we find that He is able to comfort the stricken heart with strong consolations in the very depths of a human misery and sorrow, that amid all our varying circumstances, amid all our trials, and in the darkest hour He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, that He warns in words of truth and tenderness that never err, and guides by counsels that never fail in wisdom or in love, must we not get a deeper, truer insight into what He is than we can ever hope to get, so long as we go chiefly on the strength of what others say of Him, or sit down weighing evidence on the one hand, and evidence on the other hand, about Him, as if the living Christ were a mere abstraction, or a system of thought, or a creed even, and not One who is nigh unto us in the power of an endless life.

In this sense it is possible for each of us to put the trustworthiness of Christ to the proof in his own life now, and if we find that He is able to meet our wants now, and in each particular of the soul's necessity to supply all our need, shall we not trust Him beyond the present? If we find that his word is a true word in every case in which we can put its truthfulness to the proof, and that He does not fail us in anywise whenever we can try this by the necessities or experience of life, shall we not believe Him even where we cannot see—and trust Him, even there where, as yet, we have had no experience?

When the question comes to this, it were surely to despair of God, or of any truth in life, if we were still to go on doubting how far a life-experience found to be consistent with itself may safely go in trusting Him.

Nay, it is through this every-day companionship with our Lord, in the course of which our character is moulded after his, and to which there is much that is analogous in the most familiar ties and relationships of life, it is when his life intertwines itself with ours in inmost thought, and roots itself deep down within us, and He becomes our strength and joy, the light and life of our life; it is when we feel constrained to make diligence that we may be like Him; it is when we learn after a living manner that He is not only as true, but infinitely truer, wiser, more tender-hearted, and more faithful than we are, that a confidence grows up within us which in the end may prove to be a confidence which nothing can destroy—for in the end it may be so interwoven with every fibre of our being, that it might as well be tried to shake our life out of ourselves, and leave us still

ourselves, as to shake this confidence out of our life. It is very much as Luther says it is in his own strong way, when speaking in another connection (of the hidden leaven) —“Just as leaven when once it has been mixed with dough cannot be separated from the dough because it has changed the nature of the dough, so Christians cannot be separated from Christ. For the leaven Christ is so incorporated in them that there is but one body, one lump. The dough is leavened, and Satan cannot separate it from the leaven; let him roast or burn it, the leaven Christ remains in it, and will remain till the last day.” And although the mere strength of such a confidence does not secure the truth of the facts regarding which it may hold itself to be well assured, neither, on the other hand, does it warrant the assumption that they are, on that account, less true or that they have been lightly taken up. What is of consequence is that a natural provision actually exists for the growth of such a disposition; that, so far, it is legitimate; and that throughout the whole of the process by which it is developed intellectual action need not be so much hindered as helped—need not be so much bound in its freedom to receive or to reject, to approve or disapprove as strengthened to act in harmony with our whole being. It is when thought on certain subjects is divorced from action and its results are kept apart from life that the justice of its position and the value of its results are alike questionable. Logic is not life, although, among other things, a help to right living; and it has to do with matters in which the truth of the premises cannot be ascertained or vouched for without the aid of action, practice, and experience. Nothing is more common than for theories that are faultless

in the closet to break down under the facts and the demands of life. And when the question is one of trust or trustworthiness, as between heart and heart or spirit and spirit, the experience that is to be got from life must have its own part to perform in the determination of what is true. It supplies practical verifications that are not to be had from purely critical inquiries, speculations, or discussions, however earnest, moderate, or constant, or useful toward their proper ends. It is only when intellect has fructified in the heart that trust and confidence are its fruits. As well may the schoolboy guide his kite through the windy currents of the air without its string, as a man hold by the truth in such matters, in midst of sentiments and opinions moving opposite ways, who does not hold it by the only bond by which it can be held to life—an experience that is being won through the life itself.

Of this, at least, we may be certain, that it was no mere intellectual apprehension of the truthfulness and faithfulness of Christ, but that it was a knowledge founded on the intercourse of his inner life with the spirit of Christ that sustained the soul of the Apostle at the prospect of that day; and when the sunset of a marvellously chequered and eventful life was casting its mingled lights and shadows on the past and future, enabled him to say with so much strength of soul and quiet, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.”

God grant that when the hour comes to us, when the evening darkness shall begin to fall, we may be able to look calmly through the darkness towards day, with the like well-grounded confidence in God our Saviour.

M. C. TAYLOR.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

THOU wilt not hearken, though I weep
Hot tears against thy folded hands;
Though Love, this exile bird we keep,
Sits pining for his radiant lands;
Sick of some tiny fleck or mote,
He never sings us now a single note.

He hangs his head, his eyelids close,
The gloss is faded on his wing;
So broken down he seems with woes,
He may not pipe us anything.
I call; his pale lips quiver loth;
Is then his song all over for us both?

Thy captive, his were golden chains,
They netted him in evil snares;
Thy tame bird, he would count the grains
Thy pity gave him unawares.
He was bound in with golden bars,
Till he forgot the weather and the stars.

All day he saw thee near his cage;
To watch thee, moving or in rest,
Became the poor bird's only wage;
When thy hand fed him he was best.
He gave thee every note and trill,
And piped his little welcome with a will.

And so he sang till yesterday,—

Came to the bars with many a bend ;
His music made the old soft way,
Till sleep fell on him, and the end.
Laid in his sand now, cold and grey,
Interpret me his latest honey-lay.

I think he sang, " I am only thine,
I am broken if thou leavest me ;
I faint if thou art gone, divine ;
This is no prison if near thee.
My heart floods out to thee in song,
And in thy smile my melody is strong.

" Take freedom, God's own gift on all,—
Remove Heaven's joy, and leave me none ;
Take light, life's highest festival,
And leave me blind beneath the sun
To do thy bidding, sweet, all day,
Take all except thy dearest self away."

We kept him caged, and he is dead.
We did unwisely, doing so ;
Between his prison wires was shed
A meadow breath, which laid him low.
He loved thee much, but pined unseen,
And brake his heart when woods grew tender
green.

Love is thy cage-bird, like to die ;
He mopes, is weary, must begone ;
He finds no favour in thine eye,
Or answer in thine altered tone.
Thy god will pine as pined the bird,—
Each gave free heaven away for thy sweet
word.

O changeful queen of many wiles,
Why lure and tend me for a whim,
And waste thy hundred pretty smiles
A season, till the love grows dim
Between thy rose lips unawares ?
Fickle, they change. Unaltered I am theirs.

Doth all Love end in weariness ?

The music falters in his string,
The arms grow faint in their caress
Which bound me like a marriage ring.
What have I failed in then, my sweet,
That I must weep for pity at thy feet ?

At light offence Love opens wing,
For sorry reason he will go ;
At straws, which casual breezes fling
Against his feet, his angers glow.
In all my thought I cannot touch
One crime, save loving thee, my love, too
much.

Bid me begone, but tell me why,
That I may mend what is amiss.
Love, I am patient ; earnestly
I will search out and alter this.
Reprove, and I will earn new praise,
Increasing due observance of love's ways.

Thy frown is like a winter house,
Laid eastward in a bitter land,
By roads and ruts of frozen snows,
Lit with no stars on either hand.
My heart melts at thy still reproof,
And keen winds freeze in ice-teeth at my roof.

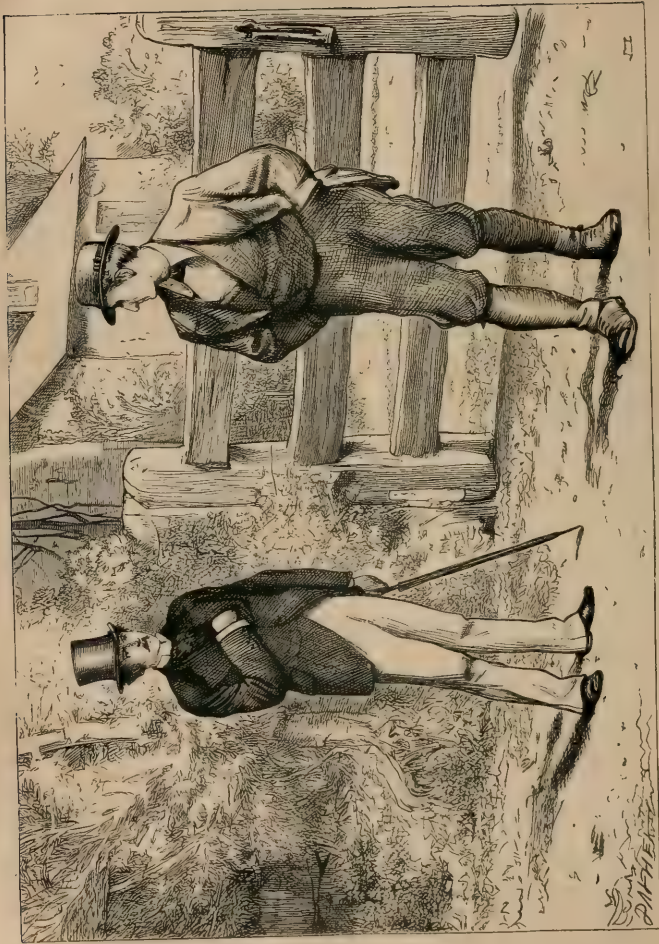
There heaven is stayed from dew, and dry
The ice-sheet saws upon the reeds.
The wind is up with a wailing cry,
The deep has wrought and flung its weeds.
The blotted sun went long ago,
And the stained cliffs are keen in furrowed
snow.

I have been weary with such days ;
Let this grey change to rose again.
Indeed, but it shall dim thy praise
To leave me out in sweeping rain.
My spring waits only thy command,
The seasons of my soul are in thy hand.

The iron day declines. The flower
Comes fair in seams of mountain stone ;
The leaves are round the barren bower ;
Love lately rent behold reseed.
Say, " I forgive ;" that word, as fire,
Shall raise me to the lips of my desire.

J. LEICESTER WARREN.





"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVI.



It is vanity, my dear, vanity. You must not set your mind upon it," said Mrs. Haldane.

"Oh, but it was delightful," said Norah, "it was wonderful! if you had been there yourself you would have liked it as much as I did. Every-

body looked so nice, and everybody *was* so nice, Mrs. Haldane. A thing that makes every one kind and pleasant and smiling must be good, don't you think so? We were all as amiable, as charming, as fascinating as ever we could be."

"And whom did you dance with?" said Miss Jane.

"I danced with everybody. It is quite true. You cannot think how kind the people were. When we went in first," said Norah, with a laugh and a blush, "I saw so many strange faces, I was afraid I should have no dancing at all; so I whispered to Charlie Dalton, 'Do take me out for the next dance, Charlie!'" and he nodded to say yes. I suppose it was dreadfully wrong and ignorant; but I did so want to have a good dance!"

"Well, then, that is one," said practical Miss Jane, beginning to count on her fingers.

"Oh, no! it is not one at all. Mr. Rivers came and asked me, and I forgot all about Charlie. He forgot too, I suppose; for I did not dance with him the whole evening. And then there was Ned, and young Mr. Howard, and Captain Douglas, and Mrs. Dalton's brother, and—I told you, everybody; and, to be very grand, Lord Merewether himself at the end."

"Lord Merewether!" Miss Jane was

deeply impressed, and held the finger on which she had counted this potentate for a full minute. "Then, Norah, my dear, you had the very best of the great county folks."

"Yes," said Norah, "it was very nice; only he was a little—stupid. And then Ned again, and Mr. Rivers; Mr. Rivers was always coming; mamma made me say I was engaged. It did not turn out to be a fib, for some gentleman always came to ask me; but one always shows it in one's face when one says a thing that is not quite true."

"Oh, Norah!" said Mrs. Haldane, "is not that just what I told you? Do you think anything can be good or right for a young girl in a Christian land that makes you say what is not quite true? There may be no harm in the dancing by itself, though in my day we were of a different way of thinking; but to tell—lies——"

"Not lies, mother," said Stephen. "When Norah told Mr. Rivers she was engaged, he understood, of course, that she did not want to dance with him."

"Well," said Norah slowly, "I don't know. To tell the very, very truth, I did want very much to dance with him. He dances like an angel—at least, I don't know how an angel dances—Oh, please don't look so shocked, Mrs. Haldane; I did not mean any harm. He is just simply delightful to dance with. But mamma thought something—I don't know what. It is etiquette, you know; a girl must not dance very often with one man."

"And who is this Mr. Rivers?" said Stephen. "Is he as delightful in other ways?"

"Don't you remember?" said Norah. "It is so funny nobody seems to remember but me. When we came here first, he was here too, and mamma and I met him one day at our own old home in London. Mr. Stephen, I am sure I have told you; the boy, I used to call him, that was on our side."

"Ah, I remember now," said Stephen; "and he seems to be on your side still, from what you say. But who is he, Norah, and what is he, and why did he want to dance so often with you?"

"As for that," said Norah, laughing, "I suppose he liked me too; there was not any other reason. He is so handsome!—just exactly like the hero in a novel. The moment I saw him I said to myself, 'Here is the hero.' He is almost too handsome: dark, with hair

that curls all over his head, and the most beautiful dark eyes. You never saw such beautiful eyes! Oh, I am not speaking because I like him. I think I should almost like him better if he was not quite so—don't you know? If I were writing a novel, I should take him for the hero. I should make everybody fall in love with him—all the ladies, one after another. When one sees a man like that in real life," said Norah, with gravity, "it puts one directly on one's guard."

"Are you on your guard, Norah?" said Stephen, with a smile. The incipient fun in his eyes was, however, softened by a tenderer alarm, a wistful curiosity. The child! Since poor Drummond used to call her so, regarding her as the child *par excellence*—the type and crown of childhood—this was the name that had seemed most appropriate to Norah. And it meant so much—not only Robert's child, who was gone, and had left her to the love of his friends, but the very embodiment of youth and innocence—the fresh, new life, to be made something better of, than any of the older lives had been. Should she, too, fall just into the common snare—just into the vulgar pitfalls, as everybody did? The thought disturbed her self-appointed guardian—her father's friend.

"Me!" said Norah, and her colour rose, and she laughed, with a light in her eyes which had not been there before. It was not the glance of rising excitement, as Stephen feared, but only a merry glow of youthful temerity—that daring which loves to anticipate danger. "Oh, what fun it would be! But no, Mr. Stephen; oh, no! that was not what I meant in the least. I am not that sort of girl. Mr. Rivers," she added, with a certain solemnity, "had something to do with that bank, you know. I don't know what he had to do with it. He is Lord Rivers's son, and it is to talk over that that he is coming to see mamma."

"Oh, to talk over that!" said Stephen, half amused.

"Yes, to talk it over," said Norah, with great gravity; and then she made a sudden leap from the subject. "The Merewethers are all staying at the great house—the marchioness herself, and Lord Merewether, and the girls; I think they are very nice girls. But, oh! Miss Jane, I must tell you one thing; she had on her diamonds. I never saw diamonds before. They are like light. They change, and they glimmer, and they make little rainbows. I never saw anything so beautiful! They are like a quantity of dewdrops when the sun is shining—

only you never could get dewdrops to keep still in one place."

"And I suppose they are worth a mint of money," said Miss Jane, with a sigh of admiration. "I have never seen them but in the shops, Norah; but I don't think I should like to wear as much as would keep half-a-dozen poor families round my neck."

Norah paused doubtfully, not feeling equal to this question.

"I suppose they belong to the family, and she dare not sell them, and then, perhaps—Would God have made diamonds if He did not mean people to wear them?" she asked, with hesitation. "Oh, do you know, I think I should like so much to wear them, if they were mine!"

"Ah, my dear," said old Mrs. Haldane, "see how vanity comes into the mind. Yesterday you had never thought of diamonds; now you would like—you know you would like—to have them; and from that to trying to get them is but a step, Norah, but a step—if you don't mind."

"I could only try to get them by stealing them," said Norah; "and, after all, I don't care so much as that. Besides, girls don't wear diamonds. But I'll tell you what I should like. I should like to take those lovely things of the marchioness's, and put them upon mamma."

"There, I told you!" said the old lady. "Norah, don't go to these places any more. You have begun to covet them in your heart."

"Oh, how beautiful mamma would look in them!" cried Norah. "Mr. Stephen, is it vanity to admire one's mother? I suppose it must be really; for if there is anything in the world that belongs to you, of course it is your mother. I think mamma is beautiful: even in her black silk, made square, and not so fresh as it once was, she was the most beautiful in the room—I don't mean pretty, like us girls. And if I could have put her into black velvet instead, with lovely lace, like Mrs. Burton's, and the marchioness's diamonds—oh!" cried Norah, expanding in her proud imagination, "she would have been like a queen!"

"Oh, Norah, Norah!" cried Mrs. Haldane, shaking her head.

"And so she would," said Stephen. "Norah is quite right."

He spoke low, and there was a melancholy tone in his voice. He was thinking sadly how she had been buried like himself in the middle of her days—shut out from all those triumphs and glories which are pleasant to a

woman. A less human-hearted man in Stephen Haldane's position would no doubt have pronounced it happy for Helen that she was thus preserved from vanity and vainglory. But he had learned to feel for all the deprivations of life. This was what he was really thinking, but not what he was supposed to think. Miss Jane gave a glance of her eye at him from her sewing, half-indignant, half-sorrowful. She had fancied something of the sort often, she said to herself. Stephen, poor Stephen! who could never have a wife, or any other love different from her own. She thought that the other woman whom she had admitted in all the confidence of friendship had stolen from him her brother's heart.

"Well, and if she had," said Miss Jane, with some sharpness, "what good would that have done her? I never heard that to be like a queen made anybody the happier yet."

"I was not thinking of what made her happier," said Norah, coming behind Miss Jane's chair, and stealing an arm round her neck, "but of what would make *me* happier. Shouldn't you like to have everything that was nice for Mrs. Haldane and Mr. Stephen, even if they didn't want it? Oh, I know you would! and so should I."

"You coaxing child! you would make one swear black was white! What has that to do with lace and diamonds?" said Miss Jane; but she was vanquished, and had no more to say.

"Mary and Katie were in white tarletane," said Norah. "They looked so pretty! Clara looked very much the same. You can't have much better than fresh white tarletane, you know; only she had the most beautiful silk underneath, and heaps of ornaments. She is so big she can stand a great deal of decoration; but it would not have done for any of us little things. How anxious I used to be to grow big!" Norah went on. "Now, on the whole, I think it is best not; one does not take up so much room; one does not require so much stuff for a dress; one can do without a great many things. If I had been as big as Clara, now, for instance, I never could have done with those little bits of bracelets and mamma's one string of pearls."

"So you see good comes from evil," said Stephen, with a smile.

"Oh, Stephen, don't talk so to encourage the child! With your upbringing, Norah, and with all the advantages you have had, to give up your mind to such follies! If I were your poor mamma——"

"She is saying nothing wrong, mother," said Miss Jane. "It *is* a great gain to Norah, you know, that she is little, and can get a pretty dress out of twelve yards of stuff, when Clara Burton takes twenty. That is thrift, and not vanity. I am very glad you are little, Norah; big women are always in the way. That Clara Burton, for instance—if she were in a small house she would fill it all up; there would not be room for any one else. What does Mr. Rivers see in her, I wonder? She is not half so nice as some people I know."

"Mr. Rivers?" said Norah.

"Yes, my dear. They say it is almost a settled thing between the two families. She will have quantities of money, and he will be Lord Rivers when his father dies. They say that is why he is here."

It did not matter anything to Norah. She did not care; why should she? Her very admiration of him had been linked with a gibe. He was too handsome; he was a man out of a book. Nevertheless, she looked at Miss Jane for a moment aghast. "The boy that was on our side!" she said to herself.

"Who are *they*, and what do they know about it?" said Stephen. "People don't make such arrangements nowadays. If this were intended, you may be sure nothing at all would be said."

Stephen made this little speech partly out of a real regard for Norah's cheerfulness, which he thought was affected, and partly to rouse her to self-defence.

"But it would be quite nice," said Norah, recovering her dismay. "Oh, how funny it would be to think of one of us being married! It should be Clara the first; she is the youngest, but she is the biggest, and she was always the one who would be first, you know. She is very, very handsome, Miss Jane. You never were fond of Clara; that is why you don't see it. It would be the very thing!" cried Norah, clapping her hands. "She is not one of the girls that would go and make him vain, falling in love with him. She will keep him in his right place; she will not let him be the hero in the novel. The only thing is, I am a little disappointed—though it is very foolish and stupid; for of course all that is over long ago, and Clara is like my sister; and if Mr. Burton was wicked, I hope he has repented. But still, you know, I have always thought of Mr. Rivers as one that was on our side."

"Hush, child!" cried Miss Jane. "Don't be the one to keep up old quarrels. That is all over now, and we have no sides."

"So I suppose," said Norah; "but I feel a little as if he were a deserter. I wonder if Clara likes him. I wonder if—— It is all so very funny! One of us girls! But I must go now to mamma. Mr. Stephen, I will come back in the evening, and tell you what mamma thinks, and if Mr. Rivers had anything to tell her—that is, if he comes to-day."

And Norah ran away unceremoniously, without leave-taking. She was the child of both the households. Sometimes she went and came a dozen times in a day, carrying always a little stream of youth and life, and freshness into the stagnant places. Stephen laid down his book with a smile at the sight of her; he took it up now with a little sigh. He had sat there all these six years, a motionless, solemn figure, swept aside from the life of man, and Norah's comings and goings had been as sweet to him as if she had been his own child. Now he feared that a new chapter of life was opening, and it moved him vaguely, with an expectation which was mingled with pain; for any change must bring pain to him. To others there would be alternations—threads twisted of dark and bright, of good and evil; but to him in his chair by the window, no change, he felt, could bring anything but harm.

"Oh, mamma," said Norah, rushing into the drawing-room at the other side of the house, "fancy what I have just heard! They say it is all but settled that Clara is to marry Mr. Rivers. They say that is why he is here."

"It is very likely, dear," said Helen. "I thought something of that kind must be intended from what I saw last night."

"What did you see, mamma? How odd I should never have thought of it! I feel a little disappointed," said Norah; "because, you know, I always made up my mind that he was on our side."

"We don't want him on our side," said Mrs. Drummond, with a decision which surprised her daughter. "And, Norah, I am glad you have spoken to me. Be sure you don't forget this when you meet Mr. Rivers: he is very agreeable, and he seems very friendly; but you must take care never to say anything, or to let him say anything, that you would not wish Clara to hear."

Norah paused, and looked at her mother with considerable bewilderment. "How very strange of you to say this, mamma! How very disagreeable—never to say anything, nor let him say anything! But I should hate to have Clara, or any one, listening to

all I say. I will not talk to him at all. I will close my lips up tight, and never say a word. I suppose that will be best."

"Not to-day, however," said Mrs. Drummond; "for I see him coming, Norah. You must be as you always are—neither opening your mouth too much, nor closing it up too tight."

"I hate the *juste milieu*," said naughty Norah; but at that moment the door-bell rang, and, before she could speak again, Mr. Rivers was shown in, looking more like the hero of a novel than ever. He was tall, slender, well-proportioned. He had those curls about his temples which go to a girl's heart. He had the most ingratiating nose, the beautifullest eyes. "For one thing," said Norah to herself savagely, "Clara will not go and fall in love with him and make him vain!" Clara had too great an opinion of herself; she was not likely to be any man's worshipper. There was consolation in that.

"It is a long time since we met," Mr. Rivers said; "but you must pardon me for thrusting myself upon you all at once, Mrs. Drummond. I have never forgotten what passed when I saw you last. I doubt whether I ought to speak of it after all these years."

"Perhaps it is better not," said Helen.

"Perhaps; but I should like to say one thing—just one thing. I do not know if you thought my father to blame. He is a quiet man; he never makes any public appearance; he was a sufferer only. He had nothing to do with the bank. He was one of those who were wronged, not of those who did the wrong."

"I have always known that," said Mrs. Drummond; and then there was a pause. ("He is on our side still," Norah thought to herself; but her mother changed the subject abruptly.) "The children have all grown up since you were here. Time has made more change upon them than upon you."

"Do you think so?" said the hero. "I am not sure. Time has made a great deal of difference in me. I am not half so sure of the satisfactoriness of life and the good qualities of the world as I used to be. I suppose it is a sign that age is coming on; whereas these young people, these fairy princes and princesses, who were babies when I was here——"

At this point Norah was seized with one of those irresistible, seductive laughs which lead the spirit astray. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said; "but I was puzzled to think how poor, dear Ned could be a fairy

prince! He is such a dear fellow, and I am so fond of him; but Prince Charmant, mamma!"

"If he is a dear fellow, and you are fond of him, I should think it did not matter much whether he looked like Prince Charmant or not," said Mr. Rivers; and then he added, with a smile—"There are other kinds of princes besides Charmant. Riquet, with the tuft, for instance; and he with the long nose——"

Now Ned, poor fellow, had a long nose. He had not grown up handsome, and Norah was strongly conscious of the fact. She felt that she had been the first to laugh at him, and yet she hated this stranger for following her example. She grew very red, and drew herself up with the air of an offended queen.

"They all got *charmant* at the last," she said stiffly; "that is better than beginning by being *charmant*, and turning out very disagreeable in the end."

Mrs. Drummond gave her daughter a warning glance. "It was a pretty party last night," she said; "I hope you liked it. We thought it very grand; we have so little gaiety here."

"Was it gaiety?" said the young man. "I suppose it was; but a ball is always rather a solemn affair to me, especially when you are staying in the house. The horror that comes over you lest you have danced with some one you ought not to have danced with, or left some one whom you ought. I broke away for a little while last night when I saw you, and went in for simple pleasure—but duty always drags one back at the end."

"Duty at a ball! Why it is all pleasure," cried Norah. "It may be foolish and frivolous, or it may even be—wrong; but I never was so happy in my life."

Then the hero of romance turned upon her, and smiled. "You told me it was your first ball," he said; "and that, I suppose, would naturally make it look like Paradise."

"It was very nice," said Norah. His smile and his look drove her back into the shelter of commonplace. Somehow when he looked at her, her energy seemed to turn into exaggeration, and her natural fervour into pretence. Then she plunged into the heart of a new subject with all a child's temerity. "Don't you think Clara is very handsome?" she said.

Mr. Rivers did not shrink from a reply. "She is very handsome—if she knew how to dress."

"Dress! why, she had the loveliest dress——"

"It was all white and puffy—like yours," he said. "Fancy that girl having no more perception than to dress herself like you! What has she to do with shadows, and clouds, and mystery? She should be in heavy silks or satins, like the Juno she is."

Norah did not quite make out what this meant; whether it was the highest admiration or a covert sneer. She took it for granted it must be the former. "Yes; I know she is like a Juno," she said, somewhat doubtfully; adding, with a slightly faltering tone, "and she is very nice too."

"She is your cousin, Norah," said Mrs. Drummond quietly; and then the child grew redder than ever, and felt herself put on her defence.

"I did not mean to gossip, mamma. I don't know what Mr. Rivers likes to talk about. When any one is quite a stranger, how can you tell, unless you are very, very clever, what to talk about? And then I have been with Mr. Stephen, telling them all about the ball. It is in my head. I can't think of anything else. How pretty the Merewether girls are! Oh, I beg your pardon. I did not mean to go back to the same subject. But I had to tell *them* everything—what people were there, and whom I danced with, and——"

"Mr. Stephen always encourages your chatter," said Helen, with a smile.

"What a sensible man Mr. Stephen must be! May I know who he is?" said young Rivers; and thus a new topic presented itself. Stephen Haldane's name and his story brought up an unintentional reference to the misfortunes which linked the two households together, and which had given Cyril Rivers a certain hold upon them. When this chance was afforded him, he told them, very simply and shortly, what sacrifices his father had made; how he had mortgaged some of his property, and sold some, and was living very quietly now, in retirement, till his children were all educated. "I am sent out into the world, to see how it looks after the waters have abated," he said, laughing. "I have got to find out how the land lies, and if there is any green showing above the flood; but I don't know whether I am most likely to turn out the raven or the dove."

"Oh, I should like to find an olive leaf for you to fly back with!" said Norah, obeying her first impulse, in her foolish way. Mrs. Drummond looked at him very gravely, without any of her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Mr. Rivers must find the olive leaf in some warmer corner," she said. "They don't grow in our garden, Norah. We have none to give."

"That is true," said the heedless girl; "but, if the olive would do, Mr. Rivers, there is one in the conservatory at the great house—a poor, little, wee, stunted thing; but there is one, I know."

Did she mean it? or was it mere innocence, heedlessness? It was not wonderful if Cyril Rivers was puzzled, for even Mrs. Drummond could not make quite sure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was natural that there should be nothing talked about that morning throughout Dura except the ball. All the young people were late of getting up, and they were all full of the one subject—how this one and that one looked; how Charlie haunted Clara all the evening; how young Mr. Nicholas, the curate, whom decorum kept from waltzing, stood mournfully and gazed at Mary Dalton through all the round dances. Things were getting very serious between Mary and Mr. Nicholas; though waltzing was such a temptation to her, poor child, and though she had plenty of partners, she sat still half the evening out of pity for the curate's wistful eyes; and yet he had been ungrateful all the same, and reproachful on the way home. Katie Dalton, to her own great comfort, was still quite loverless and hampered by nobody's looks. "I would not put up with it," she said to her sister; "because a man chooses to make himself disagreeable, can you not be allowed to enjoy yourself? It is not so often we have a dance. I should let him know very plainly, if it were me."

"Oh, Katie dear," said her sister, "you don't know what you would do if it were you."

"Well, then, I am very glad it isn't me. I hate parsons!" cried Katie. This was but a specimen of the commotion made by the ball. The sudden incursion of quantities of new people into the limited little society in which everybody had appropriated a companion to his or herself was at the first outset as disagreeable as it was bewildering. The Dura boys and girls had each a sore point somewhere. They had each some reproaches to make, if not audibly, yet in their hearts. Norah and Katie, who were quite fancy-free, were the only ones who had received no wound. At the moment when Mr. Rivers sat in the drawing-room at the Gatehouse, Ned and Clara Burton were

walking down the avenue together, discussing the same subject. They were both of them somewhat sulky; and both with the same person. It was Norah who had affronted both the brother and sister; and to Clara, at least, the affront was doubly bitter, from her consciousness of the fact that, but for the kindness, nay, charity, of the Burtons, Norah never could have come into such a scene of splendour at all. Clara was her father's child, and this was a thing which she never forgot.

"I have never been so fond of Norah Drummond as the rest of you were," she said. "I think she is a heartless little thing. I am sure what she and her mother want is to be revenged on us because we are so much better off. I am sure papa thinks so. It is the shabbiest, the most wretched thing in the world, to hate people because they are better off."

"Trust to you girls for imputing bad motives," said Ned. He was very sulky, and rather unhappy, and consequently ready to quarrel with his best friend. In his heart he had no such bad opinion of "girls;" but at this moment he felt that nothing was too disagreeable to be said.

"We girls know better what we are about a great deal than you do," said Clara. "We see through things. Now that you begin to have your eyes opened about Norah Drummond, I may speak. She is a dreadful little flirt. I have seen it before, though you never did. Why, I have seen her even with Mr. Nicholas; and she asked Charlie Dalton to dance with her last night—asked him! Would any girl do that who had a respect for herself, or cared for what people think?"

"Did Charlie tell you?" said Ned with deeper wrath and wretchedness still. "She never asked me," he said to himself; though he would have been ready to dance himself half dead in her service had she but taken the trouble to ask.

"I heard her," said Clara; "and then, as soon as something better came, she forgot all about Charlie. She made Cyril Rivers dance with her, claiming acquaintance because she met him once when we were all little. Ned, I would never think of that girl more, if I were you. In the first place, you know it never could come to anything. Papa would not allow it—a girl without a penny, without any position even, and all that dreadful story about her father!"

"The less we say of that dreadful story the better," said Ned.

"Why? We have nothing to do with it—except that papa has been so very kind. I

don't think it is wise to have poor relations near," said Clara. "You are obliged to take some notice of them; and they always hate you, and try to come in your way. I know mamma was quite wild to see you, the very first thing—before you had danced with Lady Florizel, or any one—taking Norah out."

"Mamma is too sensible to think anything about it," said Ned.

"You may suppose so, but I know to the contrary. Mamma was very anxious you should be attentive to Lady Florizel. We are rich, but we have not any connections to speak of; only rich people, like poor grandpapa. I don't mean to say I am not very fond of grandpapa; but the exhibition he always makes of himself at those meetings and things, and the way he throws his money away—money that he ought to be saving up for us. Papa says so, Ned! Why should you look so fierce at me?"

"Because it is odious to hear you," said Ned. "You have no right to repeat what papa says—if papa does say such things. I hope my grandfather will do exactly what he likes with his money. I am sure he has the best right."

"Oh, that is all very well," said Clara. "I never had college debts to be paid. It suits you to be so independent, but it is chiefly you that the rest of us are thinking of. You know we have no connections, Ned. Grandpapa and his Dissenters are enough to make one ill. If he had only been philanthropic, one would not have minded so much; but fancy having, every month or two, Mr. Truston from the chapel to dinner! So you are bound to make a high marriage when you marry."

"I wish, Clara, you would talk of things you understand. I marry—is it likely?" said Ned.

"Very likely—if you ask Lady Florizel. Papa would not ask you to go into the business, or anything. Oh, I know! He does not say much about his plans, but he cannot hide a great deal from me. But you spoil it all, Ned," said Clara severely. "You put everything wrong, and make your own people your enemies. Instead of seeing how nice and how sweet and how charming the right young lady is, you go and throw yourself away on Norah Drummond—who leaves you in the lurch the moment she sees some one else better worth her pains."

"And who might that be?" asked Ned. He tried to laugh, poor fellow, but his laugh and his voice were both unsteady. There was truth in it all; that was what made

him so tremulous with anger and suppressed passion.

"As if you could not see for yourself," said Clara, herself flushing with indignation. "Why, Cyril Rivers, of course. No doubt they had decided he was the best man to pitch upon. Lord Merewether was too grand; they could not venture upon him—and the marchioness was there to take care of her son. But poor Cyril had nobody to take care of him. I saw Mrs. Drummond look at him in her languid way. She has some magnetism about her, that woman. I have seen her look at people before, and gradually something drew them that they had to go and talk to her. That was how it was last night. Of course, Norah thought no more of you. She had bigger game. She knew very well, if things changed, and Cyril Rivers escaped from her, that, so far as you were concerned, she had only to hold out a finger."

"You don't seem to make very much of me," said Ned with an angry blush.

"No, I should not make much of—any boy," said Clara calmly. "What could you do? You would fall into the net directly. You are such a simpleton, such a baby, that, of course, Norah would not need even to take any trouble. If she only held up her finger——"

"That is what you mean to do to Charlie, I suppose?" said Ned, with concentrated brotherly malice; and then it was Clara's turn to flush crimson, not so much with shame as with anger. Her complexion was so beautiful, her white so white, and her red so rosy, that the deeper colour which flushed all over her face in a moment seemed to dye the wavy, downy, velvety surface. Her blue eyes flashed out, deepening in colour like the sea under the wind.

"What does it matter to you what I mean to do?" she cried, and turned her back upon him in her wrath, and went back again up the avenue without a word of warning. Ned, in his surprise, stood and looked after her. She was like a Juno, as Mr. Rivers had said. She was the youngest of the whole band; but yet the great scale on which she was formed, her imperious manner and looks, gave her a certain command among them. The others were pretty girls; but Clara was splendid, and a woman. She had to be judged on a different standard. Poor Ned's heart was very sore; he was very angry, and wounded, and unhappy; and yet he recognised the difference as he stood and looked after his sister. It was natural that she should make up her mind to marry who-

soever pleased her—and break a heart as she would cast away a flower. There was nothing out of character in the superior tone she had taken with her elder brother. On the contrary, it was natural to her; and as for Norah, poor little Norah, what would befall her should she come in the way of this queen? Ned went upon his own way down the village with a hankering in his heart which all Clara's worldly wisdom and all his wounded pride could not quite subdue. Norah had been unkind to him. She had danced with him but twice all that long evening. She had danced with everybody but him. He had seen her—was it a dozen times?—with Rivers—confound him! And then he wondered whether there was any truth in Clara's theory about Rivers. Had Mrs. Drummond herself fallen into that way of match-making which was natural to mothers? He breathed a little more freely when he presumed that it must be she, and she only, who was to blame, not Norah. He strolled on with his hands in his pockets, thinking if, perhaps, he could meet her, or see her at a window, or persuade Katie Dalton to fetch her; there was always a hundred chances of an accidental meeting in Dura. But he could not with his own sore heart and wounded temper go to the Gatehouse.

Just as Ned reached the lodge going out, Mr. Rivers entered the gates coming back. He had a condescending, friendly way of accosting Ned which the young fellow could not bear.

"Ah, going into the village?" he said. "I am glad to be able to assure you that nobody has suffered from last night."

"I didn't suppose they had. I am going to the post," said Ned, surly as a young bear.

"Don't let me detain you, in that case. The post is too important to wait for anything," Rivers said, stepping aside.

Ned looked at him, and would have liked to knock him down. He thought what an effeminate puppy the fellow was, what a curled darling—the sort of thing that girls admire and think very fine, and all men despise. In short, the feelings with which a washed-out young woman contemplates the creature who is recognised as "a gentleman's beauty" were a trifle to those which governed Ned. Such feelings, it would appear, must be natural. Ned despised the man for being handsome, and the women for thinking him so, with a virulence which no neglected maiden ever surpassed.

"Do you want me, Burton?" Mr. Rivers said pleasantly, seeing that the other did not pass on.

"Oh, good heavens, no! not the least in the world," cried boorish Ned, and went on without another word.

"Country lout!" the hero said quietly, with a smile to himself. If he could but have heard the comments upon him which were passing through the mind of Ned!

Clara, for her part, went home with her mind full of angry thoughts. She had no personal feeling about Cyril Rivers. If she liked any one it was poor Charlie, who was her slave. But Clara knew with precocious worldly wisdom that *that* would never come to anything. It might be all very well for the moment. It was pleasant enough to have him hanging about, watching her every look, attentive to her lightest word. But it never could come to anything. The highest prosperity which the future could bring to Charlie would be advancement in the public office where he was now a junior clerk. And that was no lot for her to share: she, Mr. Burton's daughter, might (her father said) pick and choose among the most eligible men in England. Mr. Burton was in the habit of speaking in this unguarded way. Clara was his favourite in the family, his chosen companion, his almost confidante. He was proud of her beauty and "style," and fond of thinking that, in mind at least, she resembled himself. It was he who had settled that Cyril Rivers should be invited to Dura, and should, as a natural consequence, offer all that remained to the Riverses to Clara. The idea of this alliance pleased his mind, though the Riverses were not so rich as they used to be. "They are still very well off, and the title must be taken into consideration," he had said to his wife. And when Clara returned home she found her parents sitting together in the library, which was not very common, and discussing their children's prospects, which was less common still. It was October, and there was a fire over which Mrs. Burton was sitting. She was a chilly woman at all times. She had not blood enough, nor life enough physically, to keep her warm, and she had been up late, and was tired and not disposed to be on her best company behaviour in the big drawing-room on the chance that the Marchioness might come down-stairs. Mrs. Burton was not quite so placid as she once had been. As her children had grown up there had been complications to encounter more trying

to the temper than the naughtiness of their childhood; and it sometimes happened that all the advantage to be gained from a succession of fine visitors would be neutralised, or partially neutralised, by the reluctance of the mistress of the house to devote her personal attention to them. Or so, at least, Mr. Burton thought. His wife, on the other hand, was of opinion that it was best to leave the visitors sometimes to themselves; and this was what she had done to-day. She had established herself over the library fire with a book after luncheon, leaving the

Marchioness and the young ladies to drive or to repose as they pleased. And this piece of self-will had procured her a reprimand, as forcible as Mr. Burton dared to deliver, when he came in and found her there.

"You are throwing away our chances, Clara," he said. "You are setting the worse example to the children. If the Marchioness had not been resting in her own rooms——"

"The Marchioness is very well, Mr. Burton," said his wife. "You may be sure I



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know what I am doing so far as she is concerned. She does not want me to follow her about and make a fuss, as some people do."

"I have always told you," said Mr. Burton, "that I wished the utmost civility to be shown to people of her rank in my house. Why, Clara, what can you be thinking of? With all the ambitious ideas you have in your head for Ned——"

"My ambition is very easily satisfied," she said, "if you will let the boy follow his own inclinations. He has no turn for busi-

ness; all that he would do in business would be to lose what you have made."

"If he makes a good match—if he marries into the Merewether family—I should not say another word about business," said Mr. Burton. Looking at him in daylight, it was still more easy to perceive the change that had come over him. His clothes, those well-made, light-coloured clothes which had once been a model of everything that clothes should be, had begun to look almost shabby, though they were in themselves as glossy and as spotless as ever. Anxiety was written

in the lines about his eyes. "Should the children do well, Clara—should they do as we wish them—I should be tempted myself to get out of the business, when I have an opportunity," he said. "It is wearing work, especially when one has nobody to help, nobody to sympathise;" and the man who had been always the incarnation of prosperity, needing no props of external support, puffed out from his bosom a real sigh.

Mrs. Burton took no notice; she was perfectly calm and unmoved, either unaware that her husband had displayed anything like emotion, or indifferent to it.

"I cannot say that I have ever been fond of these match-making schemes," she said, "and Ned is only a boy; but there is one thing that must be taken into consideration, whatever you may do in this matter; that is Norah Drummond. If she thinks differently, you may as well give up the conflict."

"Norah Drummond!" said Mr. Burton, grinding his teeth. "By Jove! they talk about a man's pleasant sins being against him; but there is nothing so bad in that way as his unpleasant virtues, I can tell you. If all the annoyance I have had through these two women could be reckoned up——"

"I do not know what annoyance you may have had yourself," said Mrs. Burton, in her cold, judicial way. "I have seen nothing to complain of. But now I confess it begins to be unpleasant. She has more influence over Ned than any of us. He danced with her last night before any one else. He is always there, or meeting her at other places. I have observed it for some time. But you have done nothing to stop it, Mr. Burton. Sometimes I have thought you approved, from the way you have allowed things to go on."

"I approve!" he cried, with something like horror.

"How was I to know? I do not say it is of very much importance. Ned, of course, will follow his own taste, not ours."

"But, by Jove, he shan't!" cried Mr. Burton. "By Jove, he shall take himself out of this, and make his own way, if I hear any more nonsense. What! after all I have done to set them up in the world—after all I have gone through!"

He was affected, whatever was the cause. There was something like agitation about him. He was changed altogether from the confident man of former times. His wife looked at him with a little surprise, and

came to this conclusion quite suddenly. She had not noticed it when he was among other people, playing his part of host with an offensive hospitality which often annoyed her, and which the Marchioness, for example, scarcely hesitated to show her contempt of. But now, when there was no one present, when he was free to look as he pleased, Mrs. Burton found out all at once that her husband was changed. Was it merely that he was older, tired with last night's dissipation, not so able to defy late hours, and supper and champagne, as he had once done? She was not a woman to rest in so superficial a view of affairs; but for the moment these were the questions she asked herself, as she looked at him with calm yet undeniable surprise.

"You seem to be excited, Mr. Burton," she said.

"Excited!" he cried; "and good reason, too; with you sitting there as cold as a little fish, never thinking of the interests of your family, talking of Ned thwarting me as if it was nothing! If I were excited it would be little wonder, I think."

"I have no desire that Ned should thwart you," she said; "on the contrary, it is my own wish. He will never make a good man of business. A marriage with one of the Merewethers, or a girl in that position, with your money, Mr. Burton, would be the best thing for him. He might get into Parliament, and do all that I once hoped for you; but what I hoped is neither here nor there."

Mrs. Burton was only human, though she was so philosophical; and this was a stroke in her own defence.

"See that Ned does it, then," he said. "Perhaps it was what I hoped too; but business has swallowed me up, instead of leaving me more free. You ought to make it your duty to see that Ned does what we both wish. What is there to stand in the way?"

"Not much," said Mrs. Burton, shrugging her shoulders. "Norah Drummond—not a very large person—that is all."

"Confound Norah Drummond! A man is always a fool when he thinks of other people. I am finding that out too late. But you may compose yourself about Ned," added the father, with irony. "That little thing has other fish to fry. She is poking herself into Clara's way, confound her! That sentimental ass, Rivers, who is unfit to touch my child's hand——"

"I heard of that too," said Mrs. Burton, in a low voice.

"I should think you did hear of it; but

you never interfered, so far as I could see. He would have danced with her all night, if I had not taken it into my own hands. The ass! a poor little chit like that, when he might have had Clary! But, however, understand me, Clara, this is a woman's business. I want these children settled and put out in life. Ned may be rather young, but many a young fellow in his position is married at one-and-twenty. And, by Jove, I can't go on bearing this infernal strain! I should give it up if it was not for them."

"Is there anything going wrong, Mr. Burton?" asked his wife.

"What should be going wrong? I am tired of working and never getting any sympathy. I want a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law who will do us credit—but, above all, a son-in-law. And I don't see any obstacle in the way which you cannot overcome, if you choose."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Burton, "can I overcome Norah Drummond?—and her mother? They are the obstacles in the way."

"Thanks to my confounded good-heartedness," said her husband.

And it was at this moment Clara came in and joined their deliberations. Little more, however, was said, and she was sent away to seek out Lady Florizel, and do her duty to the young visitors as the daughter of the house should. Mr. Burton went off himself to see if the Marchioness had made herself visible, and do his best to overwhelm her with fussy hospitality. But Mrs. Burton sat still on the library fire and warmed her cold little feet, and set her mind to work out the problem. It was like a game of chess, with two skilfully-arrayed, scientific lines of attack all brought to nothing by a cunning little knight, of double movement-power, in the centre of the board. Either of the schemes on which her husband had set his heart, or both—and one of them was dear to herself also if she would have acknowledged it—might be brought to a satisfactory issue, if this little Norah, this penniless child, this poor little waif, who had grown up at their gates, could but be put out of the way. Was the part of Nemesis, so unlike her childish appearance and character, reserved for Norah? or was the mother using her child as the instrument of a deep, and patient, and long-prepared vengeance? It was the latter view of the question which was most congenial to Mrs. Burton's mind; but whether it was that or fate, the greatest combinations which the family at the great house had yet ventured on, the things most concerning

their comfort and happiness, were suddenly stopped short by this little figure. It was Norah Drummond, only Norah, who was the lion in the way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NED BURTON went to the post, as he had said. He had to pass the Gatehouse on his way; and his business was not of so important a description that he should make any haste about it, or tire himself with walking. He loitered along, looking into the windows, sore at heart and wistful. There was no one, to be sure, at Mrs. Drummond's end of the Gatehouse. He tried to get a glimpse at the interior through the chinks of the little green Venetian blinds which veiled the lower panes; but they were turned the wrong way, and he could not see anything. He had made up his mind he should be sure to see Norah, for no particular reason except that he wanted so much to see her. But no Norah was visible. At the other end of the house, however, Stephen Haldane's window was open as usual, and he himself sat within, looking almost eagerly for that interview with the outside world which his open window permitted. The summer was over, with all its delights, and soon the window would have to be closed, and Stephen's chair removed into winter quarters. What a deprivation this was to him no one knew;—but just at the fall of the year, when the transparent lime-leaves had turned into yellow silk instead of green, and littered the flags under the window, Stephen looked out more eagerly than he was wont for some one to talk to him. It was his farewell, in a measure, to life. And Ned was but too glad to stop and lean against the outer sill, keeping always an eye upon the door, and Mrs. Drummond's windows. He was not handsome. He had a large nose—too large for the rest of his face—which his aunt, Mrs. Everest, sometimes comforted him by suggesting was a sign of character and energy, but which Ned had been used to hear all his friends laugh at. The young community at Dura had brought themselves up in all the frankness of family relations, and were wont to laugh freely at Ned's nose, as they laughed at Katie's large teeth, and as, while they were children, they had laughed at Clara's red hair. On that last particular they were undeceived now, and gloried in it, as fashion required; but Katie's teeth and Ned's nose were still amusing to everybody concerned. Poor boy! he had not any feature which was so good as to redeem this imperfection. He had "nice" eyes, a tolerable

mouth, and was well grown and strong; but nobody could say he was handsome. And then, though he was a gentleman in thought and heart, he was a gentleman of twenty, whose real refinement had not yet had time to work out to the surface, and soften away the early asperities. This was why he looked boorish and loutish in the presence of Cyril Rivers, who had not only the easy confidence which springs from good looks, but that inevitable surface suavity which can only be attained by intercourse with the world.

"You are not shooting to-day," said Stephen, from within.

"No; we were all late this morning. I don't know why we should be such muffs," said Ned. "Merewether had to go off to town to get his leave extended; and Rivers is too fine a gentleman, I suppose, to take much trouble. That's not fair, though. I did not mean it. He is a very good shot."

"Who is he?" said Stephen. "I have been hearing a great deal about him this morning."

"Oh, have you?" Ned looked yellow as the lime leaves which came tumbling about his head, and his nose was all that was visible under the hat, which somehow, in his agitation, he pulled over his brows. "He is a man about town, I suppose. He is member for somewhere or other—his father's borough. He is an æsthetic sort of politician, diplomatist, whatever you like to call it: a man who plays at setting all the world right."

"But who does not please Ned Burton, I am afraid," said Stephen, with a smile. "I hear you all enjoyed yourselves very much last night."

"Did we?" said Ned. "The girls did. I suppose they don't think of much else. But as one grows older, one sees the absurdity of things. To think of a man, a rational being, putting his brains in his pocket, and giving himself up to the cultivation of his legs! Oh, yes; we all did our fetish worship, and adored the great god Society, and longed to offer up a few human sacrifices; though there are enough, I suppose, without any exertion of ours," said Ned, leaning both his arms on the window. He heaved such a sigh, that the leaves fluttered and whirled before the mighty breath. And Stephen Haldane suppressed a laugh, though he was not very gay. It was hardly possible to help being amused by this juvenile despair. And yet, poor Stephen going back into those old memories, which looked a thousand years off, could not but recollect, with a smile and a sigh, similar hours and moments, in which he

too had sounded the very depths of tragedy and endured all the tortures of despair.

"My poor boy," he said, with a tone which was half comic, half pathetic, "I feel for you. Did you ever hear of *ces beaux jours quand j'étais si malheureux*?"

Ned looked up in a blaze of sudden resentment.

"I did not think I had said anything funny—though it is always pleasant to have amused you, Mr. Haldane," he said, with desperate politeness. "I am going to the post-office. I rather think I shall have to be postman, and carry out the bags to-day. Good morning. I ought not to have stood so long keeping you from your book."

But Stephen's laugh was very low and tender when the young fellow went on, walking at the rate of six miles an hour. Poor Ned! There was not so much to laugh at, for he had serious difficulties in his way—difficulties of which he tried to remind himself as he turned up the village street, by way of making himself a little more unhappy. But the attempt did not succeed. The fact was that his real troubles counted for nothing in the mixture of misery and anger which filled his youthful bosom. The shadow which filled the air with blackness, and made life intolerable, was—Norah. She had slighted him, wounded him, preferred some one else. In presence of this terrible sorrow, all the doubts about his future career, the serious question about the business, the discussions of which he had been the subject, faded into insignificance. It seemed to Ned even that he would gladly consent to go into the business at half an hour's notice if only that half hour would procure him the chance of making himself more miserable still by an interview with Norah. What a fool he was, poor boy! how wretched he was! and what poor creatures those people are who are never wretched and never fools!

Ned Burton lounged about into half the shops in the village in his unhappiness. He bought an ugly little mongrel from a lying porter at the station, who swore to its purity of blood. Ned, in an ordinary way, knew a great deal more about this subject than the porter did, but it gained him a little time, and Norah might, for anything he knew, become visible in the meantime. He went into Wigginton's and bought a rose-coloured ribbon for his straw hat. It was quite unsuitable; but Norah wore rose-coloured ribbons, and it was a forlorn profession of allegiance, though nobody would ever know it. He went to the confectioner's, and bought

a bag of cakes, with which he fed half a dozen gaping children outside. In short, he visited as many tradespeople as Mother Hubbard did. But it was all in vain. No Norah passed by; no one like her went into any of the shops. When he passed the Gate-house once more, the windows were all vacant still. Then Ned took a desperate resolution, and went and paid a visit at the Rectory. He sat with Mrs. Dalton in the drawing-room, and then he strolled round the garden with the girls. When things had come to this pass, Providence befriended him, and sent a special messenger, in the shape of Mr. Nicholas, to take up Mary's attention. As soon as he was alone with her sister, Ned seized the opportunity.

"Katie," he said, breathless, "you might do me such a favour."

"Might I?" said friendly Katie; "then of course I will, Ned."

"You are always the nicest and the kindest! Katie, I have something to say to Norah Drummond; something I—have to tell her—by herself. I can't go to the house, for it is something—a kind of a secret."

"I'll run and fetch her. I know what you have got to say to her," said Katie, laughing. "Oh, how funny you are! Why didn't you say it right out, you silly boy?"

"It is not what you mean at all," said Ned, with great gravity.

But Katie laughed, and ran across the road. And this was how the interview came about. Norah came over to the Rectory in all innocence, fearing nothing. She said, "Oh, Ned is here too!" as if nothing had happened. Indeed, she was not aware that anything had happened—only that a game at croquet would be the best way of spending the listless afternoon after the dissipation of the previous night. They sat down on a bench behind that clump of laurels which hid a portion of the lawn from the windows of the Rectory. Mary and Mr. Nicholas were walking up and down, round and round. The red geraniums were still bright in the borders, with all manner of asters, and salvias, like scarlet velvet. The autumn leaves were dropping singly, now one, now another, without any sound; the air was very still and soft, the sun shining through a pleasant haze. A sheaf of great, splendid, but dusty gladiolus, stood up against the dark green laurel. They were like Clara in her full and brilliant beauty—not like little Norah in her grey frock, sitting quite still and happy, thinking of nothing, on the warm bench in the sunshine, with her hands folded in her lap, waiting for

Katie to come back with the croquet mallets, and altogether unconscious of the dark looks Ned was casting upon her from under his hard brows.

"I suppose Katie will come when she is ready," he said, in reply to some question. "She is not always at your word and beck, like me."

"Are you at my word and beck?" she said, looking round upon him with some surprise. "How funny you look, Ned! Is anything the matter? Are you—going away?"

"I often think I had best go away," said Ned, in Byronic melancholy. "That would be better than staying here and having every desire of my heart trampled on. It seems hard to leave you; and I am such a fool—I always stay on, thinking anything is better than banishment. But after being crushed to the earth, and having all my wishes disregarded, and all my feelings trampled on—"

"Oh, Ned! what can you mean? Who has done it? Is it that dreadful business again?"

"Business!" said Ned, with what he would have described as the hollow laugh of despair. "That seemed bad enough when I had nothing worse to bear. But now I would embrace business; I would clasp it in my arms. Business! No! That affected only my inclinations; but this goes to my heart."

"Ned," said Norah, growing pale, "you must be over-tired. That is it. You shoot all day—and then the ball last night. Poor boy! you are taking fancies in your head. You don't know what you are saying. You have been over-tired."

Upon which Ned shook his head, and laughed again, this time "wildly." He was very miserable, poor fellow, and yet it cannot be said that he was quite indifferent to the effect he produced. It gave him a certain satisfaction in the midst of his despair.

"If you were to ask yourself, Norah, what is the matter, instead of suggesting so far less than the reality—so much less—" he began.

Then Norah took courage.

"Is that all!" she said. "Oh, what a fright you gave me! Is it only something I have done without knowing it? You ridiculous, silly boy! Why can't you tell me plainly what it is, without all this nonsense? You know it is nonsense," Norah continued, warming as she went on. "What can I have done? Besides, however disagreeable I might have been, what right have you to mind? Nobody else minds. I am not a slave, never

to be allowed to make myself unpleasant. There! I will be disagreeable if I like! I am not to be always bound to do what is pleasant to you."

"If you take me up in this spirit, Norah——"

"Yes, I mean to take you up in this spirit. You have no right to feel everything like a ridiculous sensitive plant. Why should you? If I were a sensitive plant I might have some cause. I am little, I am friendless, I am very poor; I have nothing in the world but mamma. But for you to set up to have feelings, Ned! you, a boy! that can go where you like, and do what you like, and have heaps of money, and everybody bowing down before you! It is because you have nothing really to vex you, that you are obliged to invent things. Oh, you wicked, ungrateful boy, to pretend that you are unhappy! Look at Mr. Stephen, and look at mamma!"

"But, Norah," said Ned hurriedly, "Norah, dear! listen to me only one moment."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said. "I won't listen to you. I have plenty of things to bother me, and you have nothing. You never had to think whether you could spend this or that—whether you could have a new coat, or go a journey, or anything; and you go and make troubles because you have not got any." Here she made a pause, turning her head away, so that poor Ned was more miserable than ever. And then all at once she turned and looked up kindly at him. "What was it I did, Ned?"

This sudden revolution overwhelmed him altogether. He felt the water leap to his eyes. He was so young. And then he laughed unsteadily.

"What a girl you are, Norah!" he said.

"Was I cross last night? What did I do? I didn't mean it, I am sure. I came over quite innocently, never thinking Katie was bringing me to be scolded. It was not friendly of Katie. She ought to have told me. But, Ned, what was it? Tell me what I did."

"Norah, things must not go on like this. I cannot do it. It may be as much as my life is worth," said the youth. "Look at those two over there; they may quarrel sometimes——"

"They quarrel every day of their lives," said Norah, breathless, in a parenthesis.

"But they know that they belong to each other," said Ned; "they know that right or wrong nobody will part them. But, Norah, think how different I am. You may not mind, but it kills me. Once you said you loved me—a little."

"I love—everybody; we, all of us, love

each other," said Norah, in a subdued voice.

"But that is not what I want. I love you very differently from that, Norah; you know I do. I want you to belong to me as Mary belongs to Nicholas. Next year I will be of age, and something must be settled for me, Norah. How do you think I can face all this talking and all this advising if I don't know what you are going to do? Give me your hand, Norah; give it me into mine; it is not the first time. Now, am I to keep it always? Tell me yes or no."

"Oh! you hurt me—a little, Ned!"

"I cannot help it," he said; "not so much, not half so much, as you hurt me. Oh, Norah, put yourself in my place! Think, only think, how I can bear to see you talking to other people, smiling at them, looking up as you look at me. Is it possible, Norah? And perhaps I may have to go away to fight with the world, and make my own career. And would you send me away all in the dark without knowing? Oh, Norah, it would be cruel; it would not be like you."

"Please, please, Ned! Mary and Mr. Nicholas are coming. Let go my hand."

"Not until you give me some sort of answer," said Ned. "I have loved you since ever I remember—since I was a boy, frightened to speak to you. You have always laughed and giped; but I never minded. I love you more than all the world, Norah! I can't help thinking it would be so easy for you to love me, if you only would try. You have known me since we were children. You have always had me to order about, to do whatever you liked with."

"Wait till they have passed," said Norah, in a whisper, drawing her hand out of his.

And then the elder pair, who were engaged, and had a right to walk about together, and hold long private conferences, and quarrel and make friends, passed slowly, suspending their talk also out of regard for the others.

"Are you waiting for Katie?" Mary said. "She is so tiresome; always finding something unexpected to do."

"Oh, I am talking to Ned. We are in no hurry," Norah replied.

And then those full-grown lovers, the pair who had developed into actuality, whom Ned envied, and who had been having a very sharp little quarrel, passed on.

Ned was very much in earnest, poor fellow. His face was quite worn and full of lines. There was a strain and tremulous tension about him which showed how high his excitement was.

"It isn't as if this was new to you, Norah," he cried piteously. "You have known it ever so long. And I cannot help thinking you might love me so easily, if you would, Norah, you are so used to me—if you only would!"

Norah was very sympathetic, and his emotion moved her much. She cast down her eyes; she could not bear to look at him, and she nearly cried.

"Oh, Ned," she said, "I do love you. I am very fond of you; but how can I tell if it is in that way? How can you tell? We are just like brother and sister. We have never known anybody else all our lives."

"I have," said Ned, "I have known hundreds. And there is no girl in all the world but one, and that is you. Oh, Norah, that is you!"

"But I have never seen any one," said Norah again. She spoke so very softly that he could scarcely hear. "I have never seen any one," she repeated, heaving a gentle sigh—a sigh which was half regret for Ned and half for herself. "Dear Ned, I do love you. But how could I tell until I saw——?"

"Ah!" he cried, and let her hand drop in his youthful impatience and mortification. "If that is all your answer, Norah, the best thing for me is to rush away. Why should I stay here any longer? There will be nothing to live for, nothing to hope for!"

"Oh, don't talk nonsense, Ned!"

"It is not nonsense," said Ned, rising up. "Norah, if you hear I am gone you will know why it is. If you hear of anything happening to me, I hope you will be sorry. Oh, Norah, Norah!" he cried, the tears forcing themselves to his eyes, "is it all to end like this?"

He was so young. His despair was real, though it might be too tragical in its outward form. He was capable of going away, as he said, and making himself hugely uncomfortable, and for a time intensely unhappy; and yet perhaps being all the better for it in the end. But Norah, who was not much wiser than himself, was driven to her wif's end by this adjuration, and did not know what to say.

"Ned, don't be so sorry," she said, taking his hand in her turn. "Oh, dear Ned, I do love you; but your people would be very angry, and we are so young. We must not think of such things yet. Oh, I am sure I did not mean to make you unhappy. Don't cry. I could not bear to see you crying, Ned!"

"I am not crying," he said roughly. He

had to be rough, he had been so near it. And just at this moment Katie came smiling up with the mallets over her shoulders. He could not come down from that elevation of feeling into this. "I am afraid I must go now," he said, almost turning his back upon them. "I am going to the—to the station now. Merewether is coming by this train."

"Oh, Ned, how unkind of you, when everything is ready for a game!" cried Katie. But Norah said nothing as he strode away, giving a nod at them over his shoulder. He had not been boorish while he was pleading his own cause; but he had not the heart to be civil when it was over. Cæsars of twenty do not pull their cloaks gracefully about them when they are going to die.

Then Norah suddenly turned upon her companion, and metaphorically gagged and bound her.

"How tiresome it was of you to be so long!" she cried. "Here we have been waiting and waiting, till Ned's time was up; and so is mine. I must go back to mamma."

"Why, I have not been gone ten minutes!" cried indignant Katie.

But Norah, too, waved her hand, and moved majestically away. She could scarcely keep from crying. Her heart was full, something was quivering in her throat. It was not so much her own emotion as the reflection of his. Poor Ned! how hard it was that he should be so miserable! She wanted to get safely to her own room, that she might think it over! She walked across the road as if she had been in a dream. She did not hear Mr. Stephen call to her in her abstraction. She went in enveloped, as it were, in a cloud of sad and curious fancies, wondering—Was it all over? Would he never say any more about it? Would he go away, and never be heard of more? Would it—and the very thought of this thrilled through Norah's veins, and chilled her heart—would it do him harm? Would he die?

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. BURTON had taken a very serious piece of work in hand. No wonder that she lingered over the fire in the library, or in her drawing-room, or wherever she could find a fire, in those early chills of October, to warm her little cold toes, and to make up her plan of warfare. She was a chilly little woman, as I have said. She had not much except a mind to keep her warm, and mind is not a thing which preserves the caloric thoroughly unless it is comforted by the close vicinity of

other organs. Mrs. Burton had no body to speak of; and, so far as has been seen, not very much heart. Her mind had to fulfil all the functions usually performed by these other properties, and to keep her warm besides; so that it was not wonderful if she sat over the fire.

It was not to be expected, however, that the Marchioness would always be so obliging as to remain in her room till three o'clock; and consequently Mrs. Burton's thinking had to be done at odd moments when the cares of her household could be lawfully laid aside. She was rather in bondage to her distinguished guest; and as she was a little republican, a natural democrat at heart, the bondage was hard to her. She was a great deal cleverer than the Marchioness of Upshire; her mind went at railroad speed, while that great lady jogged along at the gentlest pace. Where the heart is predominant, or even a good, honest, placid body, there is tolerance for stupidity; but poor intellect is always intolerant. Mrs. Burton chafed at her noble companion, and suffered tortures inwardly; but she was very civil, so far as outward appearance went, and did her duty as hostess in a way which left nothing to be desired.

But it took all her powers to master the problem before her. She had an adversary to overcome; an adversary whom she did not despise, but whom everybody at the first glance would have thought too slight a creature to merit so much as a thought. Mrs. Burton knew better. She looked at Norah Drummond not in her simple and evident shape as a little girl of eighteen, the daughter of a poor mother, who lived upon a hundred pounds a year. This was what Norah was; and yet she was a great deal more. She was the commander of a little compact army, of which the two chief warriors, love and nature, were not much known to Mrs. Burton; but which was reinforced by youth, and supreme perverseness and self-will, powers with which she was perfectly acquainted. Ned's love his mother might perhaps have laughed at; but Ned's obstinacy, his determination to have his own way, were opponents at which she could not laugh; and they were arrayed against her. So was the capricious fancy, the perverse individuality of Cyril Rivers, who was a man accustomed to be courted, and not over-likely to fall into an arrangement made for him by his family. Mrs. Burton pondered much upon all these things. She found out that her guest was seen at the Gatehouse almost every day, and she saw from her son's aspect that he too knew

it, and was beginning to hate his rival. Then there arose a little conflict in her mind as to which of her two children she should make herself the champion of. A mother, it may be thought, would incline most to the daughter's side; but Mrs. Burton was not an emotional mother. She was not scheming how she could save her children pain. The idea of suffering on their part did not much affect her—at least, suffering of a sentimental kind. She formed her plan at last with a cold-blooded regard to their advantage, founded on the most careful consideration. There was no particular feeling in it one way or another. She had no desire to injure Norah, or even Norah's mother, more than was inevitable. She had not even any harsh or revengeful feelings towards them. To confound their projects was necessary to the success of her own—that was all; but towards themselves she meant no harm. With an equal impartiality she decided that her operations should be on Ned's side. If she could be said to have a favourite, it was Ned. Clara was self-seeking and self-willed to a degree which was disagreeable to Mrs. Burton. Such strenuous sentiments were vulgar and coarse to the more intellectually constituted nature. And Clara had so much flesh and blood, while her mother had so little, that this, too, weakened the sympathy between them. The mother, who was all mind, could not help having a certain involuntary unexpressed contempt for the daughter whose overwhelming physique carried her perpetually into a different world. But what was vulgar in Clara was allowable in Ned; and then Ned had talent in his way, and had taken his degree already, and somewhat distinguished himself, though he was careful, as he himself said, to "put his brains in his pocket," and refrain from all exhibition of them when he got home. Then, it would not have flattered Mrs. Burton's vanity at all to see her daughter the Hon. Mrs., or even Lady Rivers; but it was a real object with her to see her son in Parliament. She had tried hard to thrust her husband into a seat, with a little swell of impatience and ardour in her heart, to have thus an opportunity of exercising her own powers in the direction of the State. It was a thing she could have done, and she would have given half her life to have it in her power. But this had turned out an impossible enterprise, and now all her wishes were set upon Ned. With the Merewethers' influence, in addition to their own, Ned, almost as soon as he had come of age, might be a legislator. With the talents he had derived from her, and

which she would stimulate and inspire, he might be of service to his country. It was not an ungenerous aspiration; it was rather, on the contrary, as noble a wish as mere intellect could form. And to attain this it was necessary that Ned should gain his father's favour by bringing a splendid connection to the house of Dura; and that, on the other hand, he should obtain that influence which was his shortest way to the coveted position. What did it matter if a temporary heart-break were the price he had to pay, or even a temporary humiliation in the shape of giving up his own will? His mother decided for him that such a price was a very small matter to pay. She made up her mind accordingly that he should pay it at once, and in its most unquestionable form. That Clara should be humbled, too, and exposed to tortures of wounded pride and mortification, was a pity; but there was no other way.

This, then, was Mrs. Burton's plan: to encourage young Rivers, the suitor whom her husband had chosen for her daughter, to devote himself to Norah; to throw him continually in the girl's way; to make him display his admiration, and if possible his devotion to her; to delude Norah into satisfaction, even response, to the assiduities of her new suitor; and by these means to disgust and detach Ned from the object of his youthful affection. It was a bold scheme, and at the same time it promised to be an easy one. As to what might follow in respect to Clara, the risk would have to be run; but it did not seem a very great risk. In the first place, Clara's "feelings" (a word at which her mother smiled) were not engaged; and in the second place, Cyril Rivers, though he might be foolish enough, was not such a fool as to throw his handsome self away upon a penniless girl without connections or anything to recommend her. There was very little fear that it would ever come to that. He might fall in love with Norah, might flatter and woo, and even break (Mrs. Burton smiled again, the risk seemed so infinitesimal) the girl's heart; but he was not likely, as a man of the world, to commit himself. And if after her end was served it might be thought expedient still that he should marry Clara, why a flirtation of this kind could make very little difference; it might put a stop to Mrs. Burton's ideas at the moment, but it need not effect them in the future. She made this plan, with her toes warming at the library fire, and she did not confide it to any one. Such schemes sound a great deal worse when they are put into words than they feel in the

recesses of the bosom that gave them birth. She felt very well satisfied when she had thus settled what to do. It seemed the minimum of pain for the maximum of advantage; and then it was a kind of pain which Mrs. Burton could not but contemplate with a certain mockery, and which she could but faintly realise.

At luncheon that day it turned out, as she supposed, that Mr. Rivers was not one of the shooting party. He had been writing letters, he said; he was going to call at the Rectory in the afternoon to see Mr. Dalton. In short, he had an appointment. Mr. Dalton was a member of the Anthropological Society to which he also belonged.

"I wonder if I might ask you to do something for me," said Mrs. Burton. "It is just to leave a note at the Gatehouse. You know the Gatehouse? Mrs. Drummond's, just opposite the Rectory."

"Certainly. I know Mrs. Drummond," said Rivers. He answered very promptly, feeling that there was a covert attack intended, and that this was meant to remind him of the allegiance he owed elsewhere. His reply had thus quite an unnecessary degree of promptitude and explanatoriness. "I have known her for many years. In fact, I called there yesterday." He felt it was expedient for his own independence to assert his freedom of action at once.

"Then you won't mind leaving my note," said Mrs. Burton. "We are getting up a picnic for Wednesday, you know; and I should like Norah to be with us. She has rather a dull life at home, poor child."

"That is the pretty girl you were dancing with, Mr. Rivers," said Lady Florizel, "with dark hair and hundreds of little flounces. I should have said she was too little for so many flounces, if she had consulted me."

"That is the mistake girls always make," said the Marchioness, "especially girls who are not in society. They follow the fashion without ever thinking whether it suits them or not."

"But, under correction, I think it did suit her," said Mr. Rivers. "Do not let us call them flounces—call them clouds, or lines of soft white mist. I am not sufficiently learned in *chiffons* to speak."

"Oh, but you are delightful on *chiffons*!" said Lady Florizel. "Men always are when they know just a little. Sometimes, you know, one can actually derive an idea from you; and then you make the most delicious mistakes. Clara, let us make him talk *chiffons*; it is the greatest fun in the world."

"I have more confidence in my maid," said Clara. She was not in the habit of controlling herself or hiding her emotions. She contracted her white forehead, which was not very high by nature, with a force which brought the frizzy golden fringe of hair over her very eyebrows—and pouted with her red lips. "Besides, Mr. Rivers has something better to do," she said, getting up from the table.

She was the first to get up—a thing which filled the Marchioness with consternation. Clara was a girl of the nineteenth century, feeling that her youth, and her bloom, and riotous, luxurious beauty made her queen of the more gently toned, gently mannered company. She broke up the party with that pout and frown.

Rivers went away with the note in his pocket, believing devoutly that it had been intended for a snare for him, a way of interfering with his freedom. "Let her wait at least till I am in her toils, which will not be just yet," he said to himself while he went down the avenue; while Clara pursued her mother, who had gone to put on her bonnet to accompany the Marchioness on her drive, up-stairs.

"How could you, mamma?" she cried. "Oh, how could you? It is because you think nothing of me; you don't care for me. To ask the Drummonds at all was bad enough; but to send Cyril Rivers to ask them. It seems too bad even for you."

"Clara, what is Cyril Rivers to you?"

"To me?" Clara faltered, stopped short, was silent, gazing at her mother with blue, wide-open eyes, which astonishment made round. Even to a dauntless girl, accustomed to speak her mind, the question was a hard one. She could not answer, "Papa means him to marry me. He is my property; no one has any right to him but me," as she might have done had she spoken at all. It requires a very great deal of hardihood to put such sentiments into speech, and Clara, with all her confidence, was not quite bold enough. She gazed at her mother with angry blue eyes, speaking with them what she could not say in words; but all she could do audibly was to murmur again, "To me!"

"Yes, to you. I don't know what right you have to interfere. If you consider that you have any just right, state it to me; and if I find it reasonable I will tell you what I am doing; but, otherwise, not a word. In the circumstances composure and patience are the best things for you. I am acting,

and I shall act, towards Mr. Rivers according to principles of my own, and a system of my own; and I don't mean to be interfered with, Clara. You understand that."

"I shall speak to papa," said Clara, in her anger. "I shall just tell it all to papa."

"Do, my dear," said her mother calmly, and put on her bonnet. It was clear that now, at least, there was not another word to be said.

Clara went away in her anger to Lady Florizel for sympathy.

"Mamma has made up her mind to ask those people," she said. "And I hate them. They are low people—people that ought not to be asked to meet you."

"Oh, as for us, never mind! They will not hurt us," said Lady Florizel, shrugging her shoulders; "but I thought you told me you were great friends with the people in the village before the ball."

"That is the worst of all," said Clara. "We are great friends. They were all the company I ever had before I came out. But now, when I don't require them any longer, they have grown disagreeable; and yet there is the old habit existing all the same."

"Poor Clara!" said her new companion, "what a bore for you! Village companions are so apt to be a bore. But I am sure if you were to talk to your mamma she would find some way of getting rid of them. That would be the best."

"Why, it is she that is asking them," said Clara.

And it became more and more apparent that her injury was past help; for in the face of her mother's invitation what could even papa do?

Mr. Rivers carried the note with much fidelity to its destination. "I should not have ventured to come," he said, when he went in and met Mrs. Drummond's look of suspicion, "but for *this*. And I hope it will find favour in your eyes. I suppose I am to wait and take an answer? And it will be a favourable answer, I hope."

Helen and her child had been talking of him before he appeared, and Norah had been a little agitated, half-pleasurably, half-painfully, by her mother's warning.

"I do not like him to come so often," Mrs. Drummond had said. "Whether he means anything or not, I would much rather he did not come."

"Mean, mamma! What could he mean, except to talk to you a little? I am sure he does not mean anything," Norah had cried, with the premature confidence of her age.

And then he had made his appearance, and with the knowledge of that brief discussion in her mind she was embarrassed, and felt as if he must read all about it in her eyes.

"May I tell you what it is, Miss Drummond?" he asked, turning to her, while her mother opened the note, and sinking his voice. "It is a picnic to the old tower of Dura. I suppose you know all about it. It is to be on Wednesday, and I hope you will come."

"Oh, a picnic!" said Norah, with a flush of joyful anticipation. "I never was at a real grown-up picnic. I should like it so much, if mamma thinks we may."

"But perhaps you could influence mamma."

"No, no. I don't think it. I would rather not bother her," said Norah, with a little hesitation, feeling all her embarrassment return. "Of course she must know best."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Rivers. He smiled as he looked at her, and Norah, giving a wistful, furtive glance at him, was suddenly seized with spontaneous wonder as to what he meant—a question not arising from what her mother had said, but from herself. The thought sprung up in her mind unawares, bringing with it a blush. What could he mean? Why did he come so often? Why did he wish that she should have this new pleasure? What could it matter to him? There would be plenty of people at the picnic—young people, nice people, pretty people, people all dressed in purple and fine linen—who would be much more like him than Norah. And why should he care? A delicious doubt, a delicious suspicion came into her thoughts. Could it be possible? Might it really, really—? She shut some little trapdoor down upon it resolutely in her mind, and would not look at, would not consider that suggestion; but it ran through all her veins when she cast it out of her thoughts. Could it be possible? And this was not Ned Burton, a boy whom she had known all her life, but the hero of romance himself—he who looked as if he had walked out of a book. It flattered her—she could not tell why. She cast down her eyes, for he had been looking at her all the time, and it seemed to her as if he must be able to tell her thoughts.

But he did not. He took up the cotton with which she was working, and wound and unwound it upon his fingers.

"I have to run over to the Rectory," he

said. "Perhaps I had better do that now, and come back to get my answer. Perhaps then I might have a cup of tea? This room is the very sort of room to drink tea in. The first dish of tea must have been made here."

"It is not so old as that."

"Oh, it is as old as we like to believe it," said Mr. Rivers. "Don't disturb Mrs. Drummond. I will go away now, and in half an hour I shall come back." And he let himself out like a child of the house, assuming a familiarity to which he had not any right.

Norah sat quite tremulous, yet perfectly quiet, after he was gone, wondering, and trying to stop herself from wondering—feeling somehow that this must be that power of which she had read, which made the strongest and best of men subject to a girl—and feeling that it was not possible, seeing the girl was "only *me*."

"It is another invitation," Mrs. Drummond said, with a little sigh. "You must decide about it, Norah. It will be a pleasure to you, and it seems hard you should not have a little pleasure. But, on the other hand, my dear, after all you told me about Ned, and how Mr. Rivers——"

"There is nothing about Mr. Rivers, mamma."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not, dear. I do not say there is—anything, Norah; but still it is not comfortable that he should come so often. There is the note. I will not say yes or no, my darling. You shall decide whether we shall go or stay."

Norah read the note over with glowing eyes. The blood came hot to her face. It seemed to open up before her a day out of Paradise. The children had made picnics among themselves often enough to Dura Tower. They had gone in the height of the summer for a long day; the boys walking, the girls packed into Mrs. Dalton's pony-carriage, or the little donkey-chain, which lived in the village. Bread and butter, and fruit, and hard-boiled eggs, and bottles of milk was what they used to take with them; and they would come home laden with garlands of the lush woodbine, with honeysuckles in sheaves, and basketfuls of those fragile wild-flowers which never survive the plucking, but which children cannot resist. These old days rose before her with all their sweetness. But this was different;—one of the Dura carriages to take them up; a few hours among the woods, and luncheon out of doors, if it was warm enough; "to show the Marchioness and the young ladies what little antiquities

we have." Perhaps the grandeur and the glory of the society would make up for the absence of the brilliant summer, and the freedom of the childish party; but yet—She looked up shyly at her mother with cheeks that were crimson upon her dark eyelashes.

"I suppose, mamma, it would be selfish of me to want to go?"

"That means you do want to go, Norah," said Helen, shaking her head softly, with a half reproachful smile.

"Is it wrong?" said Norah, stealing behind her mother's chair with a coaxing arm round her neck. "I never saw anything like it. I *should* like, just this once. Our old little parties were such baby affairs, mamma. That donkey-chair, what fun it was! And oh! do you remember how it always ran away, and that time when little Jenny fell asleep? But this will be grand—something to see. And you will like the drive; it is such a pretty drive; and the woods will be lovely. I never was there in October before."

"You coaxing child, as Miss Jane says; you want to go."

"Yes, please, mamma."

And Norah dropt a little curtsey demurely, like the child she was no longer. And yet as she stood there in her grey frock, she was so very like a child that Helen had to rub her eyes and ask herself what was this

wonderful difference. Yesterday or so Norah had trudged along among the boys, taking her share, pushing them about, carrying her own basket in all the *bon camaraderie* of childhood. Now she was the princess, drawing their wistful looks after her, breaking poor Ned's heart, attracting the other hero out of his natural sphere. How was it? The mother sighed a little, wondering, and smiled, with a sense that the world, which had so long neglected her, was offering to her, to herself, not to Norah, the sweetest, strangest flatteries. She was anxious as to how it might all end, and sometimes was unhappy; and yet she was pleased—what mother ever was otherwise?—"to see her bairn respected like the lave."

And then Mr. Rivers came back for his cup of tea. What did he want, haunting the old house? He came back for the answer, he said; and called himself Mrs. Burton's man, and the penny-post, and made very merry over the whole transaction. But in all this he made it very apparent that any excuse for coming was sweet to him. And Norah laughed at the joke, and cast down her pretty eyes, and her colour went and came like the wind. What did he mean? Did he mean anything? Or was it for mere amusement that on every pretext possible he came to the Gatehouse?

LOST IN THE BUSH.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

IN the summer of 1865, I strapped my knapsack on my back, and started on foot to travel through the northern part of the province of Auckland, New Zealand. There was no danger; the natives of the Ngapuhi tribe took no part in the war, and any *pakeha*, or stranger, who came among them, could count on their rude but willing hospitality. I visited the interesting Highland settlement at the Wairoa, where Gaelic may be heard in all its purity. The history of this settlement is somewhat remarkable: Some years ago a body of Highlanders, under the guidance of their venerable pastor, the Rev. Norman Macleod, left Nova Scotia for Australia. Dissatisfied with that colony, they removed to New Zealand, where they now form a flourishing community. Their aged pastor, though blind, continued to officiate to them till he died some years ago in his ninetieth year. He was a man of stern resolve and great energy of character; a painter would

have chosen him as a model for one of the fathers of the Covenant.

I pushed my way north till all traces of civilisation were left behind. I had no other guide than the native path through the bush, no other means of crossing the creeks and rivers than by swimming. At an average one human life is lost daily by drowning in New Zealand, but this fact has no restraining influence on the pushing, restless Anglo-Saxon race. They still force their way through the bush, across the rivers, as if there were no danger. There is an unspeakable charm in such a life. The bush around you is almost as impenetrable as the forests of the tropics; nature luxuriates in displaying her productive powers, and leaves no space unoccupied. Above are the dark dome-like tops of the red pine, encircled by graceful fern trees, and the smooth columnar stems of the palms, with their finely-cut fronds and elegant outlines, half-concealed by the surrounding foliage. Tufts of curiously

leaved parasites are perched on the boughs of the latter trees, while slender lianes hang like dangling snakes from the branches. The remaining space is filled up by the ti-tree, a shrub which grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, and creepers of different kinds, so that the dense bush is in most cases impenetrable to all save the natives. We slept two nights in the bush on a bed of fresh fern; there was something solemn and almost oppressive in the silence that prevailed on every side, broken only at times by the startling cry, "More pork, more pork," which proceeded from a species of owl known by that name. A stranger shudders on hearing its weird-like cry; in the old cannibal days the human subject was known as "long pig," and the sound at first is not without unpleasant associations; but one gets used to it in time.

It is needless to give my itinerary; it is enough to say that I reached a northern settlement, and became the guest of one of the most remarkable men in the colony, one of the first, if not the first settler in the island. He had spent more than forty years among the natives, and was perfectly familiar with their language and manners. Isolated for twenty years from civilisation, he retained in the midst of savages the manners and culture of an English gentleman. The scenery in the neighbourhood was of the usual sombre character, but there were some remarkable waterfalls and peaked hills which I amused myself with sketching. My usual attendant was little Willie, my host's grandson, a boy of seven, who accompanied me in my walks, and seemed at home in the bush.

One day I had gone out to sketch a kauri-tree of remarkable size, and about half a mile from the house; Willie had to learn his lessons, and was to join me in the afternoon. He did not appear, but I returned home without anxiety; I imagined that something had detained him. On reaching the house, they were startled on seeing that he was not with me. I then learned that he had left to join me in the early part of the afternoon. His mother wrung her hands and wept: "If he is lost in the bush, I shall never see him again; my child! my child!"

My host and I started at once for the waterfall. He was not there. We shouted his name, but there was no answer. We followed the native path for two miles till it reached the river; and then retraced our steps sadly; he must have fallen into it, or strayed into the bush. The news spread like wild-fire through the settlement; sympathizing colonists

flocked to offer their aid. Their search was first directed to the river, which was dragged by torch-light. The lurid glare of the red-pine torches reflected from the calm surface of the sleeping pools had a strange and singular effect; but it was not the moment to think of artistic beauty. At times there came from the surrounding bush the ominous cry, "More pork, more pork."

The river was searched, but he was not there; the sluggish stream could not have carried the body away. We returned to the house, but the search was not given up; the rough but kindly bushmen told his mother not to weep, they would bring her Willie back to her dead or alive. Winter was already setting in; the night was cold; no time was to be lost if he was to be brought back alive. The ground within a circle of some miles was marked out; we divided ourselves into parties, and began our search in the bush. I stuck to my host, who knew every foot of the ground; his only attendant was his colley-dog, Charlie, as good a bushman as his master. It was slow work piercing our way through; no traces of the child could be found, and we returned to the house exhausted and discouraged.

After a few hours of feverish sleep, I rose early in the morning, and found about a hundred bushmen conferring with my host. The report had reached the neighbouring settlement, and all were ready to proffer their sympathy and aid. We divided ourselves into small parties as before, and resumed the search; evening closed upon us without result, and was followed by a night of intense cold. If the child were still living, he could scarcely survive till the following morning.

In the evening we were left alone. My host remained for nearly an hour in silent abstraction. All at once he started to his feet and said—

"It is our only chance, and I'll try it. We must consult the *tohunga* (priest) at the Maori village."

"Who is this *tohunga*?"

"He is, I believe, a great impostor, but he knows every foot of the bush, and we may learn something from him."

Before we left the house, I slipped my revolver into my belt.

"You have nothing to fear," said my host with a smile; "he belongs to the friendly natives, and they all know me."

The dry leaves crackled beneath our feet as we followed an intricate path through the forest; through the rifts in the thick foliage above our heads we could see the Southern

Cross, and I thought of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"Tell me," I said, "something about this *tohunga*."

"The gift of the *tohunga* among the Maories is like the gift of second-sight among the Highlanders—it belongs only to one favoured class. It has died out in the south, and it is fast disappearing here. The *tohunga* must be consulted at night. Then only, he says, are the spirits under his control—for he affects to call spirits from the vasty deep and reveal the secrets of the future."

"Have you seen any proofs of his power?"

"Yes; but none to carry conviction to my mind. His utterances are like those of the Delphic oracle, sure to be true whatever the results may be, he disclaiming all merit in the case—it is not he that speaks, but the spirit he has evoked. He professes to recall the spirit you wish to consult. The spirit speaks in a half-whistling voice, different from any sound I have ever heard before."

"How do you account for that sound?"

"My friend Te Whero is an admirable ventriloquist—*voilà tout*."

"Are such men to be found among the Christian tribes?"

"The tribes have ceased to be Christian, and such men are to be found everywhere. Their influence is on the wane; but they have still great power, which they exercise in secret. They are the representatives and revivers of the old heathenism under a new form. No tribe will undertake an expedition, or enter upon a war, without having consulted the *tohunga*. The sound he gives may be uncertain, but it does not seem so at the moment; its true meaning is discerned afterwards. For example, a northern tribe, some years ago, was about to attack a tribe in the south. The leading men went by night to the house of the *tohunga*, and put to him the question, 'Shall we conquer?' For a moment all was still; then from the upper air, as it seemed, came the whistling sounds, 'A desolate country, a desolate country.'—'Which country?' they asked. There was no answer; the spirit was gone. A *korero*, or debate, ensued, in which the whole tribe took part. The eager warriors found in the response the counterpart of their own hopes and desires. All who were capable of bearing arms started for the south. Not one of them ever returned; they perished to a man, and hostile tribes plundered their lands and made their country desolate. Their very name perished, but the fame of the *tohunga* was greater than ever. The error was

not in the oracle, but in the interpretation of it."

"Do they pretend to recall the spirits of the dead?"

"They do. I remember another sphinx-like answer. A chief quarrelled with his family and left them. They consulted the *tohunga* whether he would ever return. 'He will return, and yet he will not return,' was the ambiguous reply. Nothing more could be elicited from the spirit; he had gone and refused to return. Some months after his friends started in quest of him. They found him on his death-bed. It is a point of honour with the Maories, as with the Hovas of Madagascar, to carry their dead, wherever they may die, to the burying-place of their fathers: the body of the deceased chief was borne back to his native village. All were impressed with the prophetic power of the *tohunga*—He will return, and yet he will not return."

"These are merely proofs of priestly deception. I should like to hear something more definite."

"Well, many years ago, a vessel touched here and kidnapped one of the natives. His friends hurried to the *tohunga*, that he might intercede with *Atua* (the spirit) for his release. The voice of *Atua* came like the sound of the wind blowing through a keyhole: 'I will batter her nose on the great deep.' The answer was an enigma to all: they could only infer that the ship would meet with some damage at sea. The *Atua* was a *koroke hangareka*—a bad one; he would give no other answer. His meaning was understood when, some days after, the ship returned. She had been caught in a gale two hundred miles off the coast, and driven back by force of weather. She had sprung a leak in the bow, and was nearly lost. It so happens that in Maori the bow of a ship is called the nose (*ihu*). The *mana*, or prestige, of the *tohunga* was greater than ever."

"Is the belief in their power confined to their own countrymen?"

"Not altogether. I have a claim on the gratitude of the one we are about to visit, because I saved him from the violence of one of my Irish neighbours. The latter had wished to consult the spirit of his father, and began to beat the *tohunga* because 'the spirit didn't speak Irish at all, at all.' I could only pacify him by making the priest return the pig he had given him. Some of the more ignorant *pakehas* (English) still consult them about articles they have lost."

"As we are about to do."

"Yes; and they usually find what they have lost, for the *dohungas* are men of great natural sagacity. I believe they often steal articles and conceal them, in order to enhance their reputation. I should pardon anything if I could only find my boy alive."

We walked on in silence till we reached the native village. It stood close to a swamp, and consisted of some twenty huts, built of watties and *raupo*, a species of bulrush, with doors so low that a child could not have entered without stooping. The house of the *dohunga* stood on a slight eminence at some distance from the others; there was no window, but a glimmering light shone through a hole in the wall. We stole quietly up to the opening and peeped in. The *dohunga*, an old man, with tattooed face and grizzly beard, was crouching over the fire, and trying to warm his skinny hands. On his left shoulder was perched a small pig, which he fondled and caressed from time to time. There was nothing unusual in this; the Maories are as fond of pigs as the Irish, and admit them to the same intimacy; I have seen tame ones following the women like dogs, and swimming after them when they crossed the rivers in their canoes.

On entering the *whare*, or hut, we gave the usual salutation "*tenehū*," which the old man returned without exhibiting surprise at receiving such a visit; but the Maori is naturally polite and hospitable. He invited us to partake of dried shark and *kumera*, or sweet potatoes, both important dishes in every Maori menu, but we declined the offer. My friend explained to him in a few words the object of our visit; he listened to him in

silence, and, lighting a torch of red pine, took him by the hand and led him to a corner of the hut, where a couch of dry fern was spread. A cry of joyful surprise burst from his lips; before I could inquire the cause, he had raised his little grandson from the ground, and held him in his arms. The little fellow woke up from a sound sleep, and seemed at a loss to understand where he was.

The *dohunga* told his tale in a few words: he was awoke on the night the child was lost by the voice of Atua calling him; he could not rest; an indescribable impulse led him to the spot where he found the boy half dead with cold. He took him in his arms and carried him to his hut. The boy spoke no Maori, and English was equally unknown to him; he had waited, therefore, till his friends should appear to claim him. He was glad to have rendered this service to his friend the Pakeha Maori, his brother and his friend.

I need not dwell on the joy of the villagers when my friend returned. There is much sympathy and kindness of heart among these simple-minded backwoodsmen; they weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. I stayed till next Sunday, and heard a venerable missionary address them from the words, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." I have often seen a more fashionable congregation, but never one more attentive or apparently devout. Amid the roar and the din of this great city my mind often travels back, across the waste of waters, to the solemn stillness of those primeval forests, and the strange scenes I have witnessed there.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBA.

SAXON stranger, thou didst wisely,
Sundered for a little space
From that motley stream of people
Drifting by this holy place;
With the furnace and the funnel,
Through the long sea's glancing arm,
Let them hurry back to Oban,
Where the tourist loves to swarm.
Here, upon this hump of granite,
Sit with me a quiet while,
And I'll tell thee how Columba
Died upon this old grey isle.

1.

'Twas in May, a breezy morning,
When the sky was fresh and bright,

And the broad blue ocean shimmered
With a thousand gems of light.
On the green and grassy machar,*
Where the fields are spredden wide,
And the crags in quaint confusion
Jut into the Western tide:
Here his troop of godly people,
In stout labour's garb arrayed,
Blithe their fruitful task were plying
With the hoe and with the spade.
"I will go and bless my people,"
Couth the father, "ere I die,
But the strength is slow to follow

* *Machar* is a Gaelic word signifying an open stretch of fields and a small district; between the northern and southern heights of the island.



Where the wish is swift to fly ;
 I am old and feeble, Diarmid,
 Yoke the oxen, be not slow,
 I will go and bless my people
 Ere from earth my spirit go."
 On his ox-drawn wain he mounted,
 Faithful Diarmid by his side ;
 Soon they reached the grassy machar,
 Soft and smooth, Iona's pride :
 " I am come to bless my people,
 Faithful fraters, ere I die ;
 I had wished to die at Easter,
 But I would not mar your joy.
 Now the Master plainly calls me,
 Gladly I obey his call ;
 I am ripe, I feel the sickle,—
 Take my blessing ere I fall."
 But they heard his words with weeping,
 And their tears fell on the dew,
 And their eyes were dimmed with sorrow,
 For they knew his words were true.
 Then he stood up on the waggon
 And his prayerful hands he hove,
 And he spake and blessed the people
 With the blessing of his love :
 " God be with you, faithful fraters,
 With you now, and evermore,

Keep you from the touch of evil,
 On your souls his Spirit pour ;
 God be with you, fellow-workmen ;
 And from loved Iona's shore
 Keep the blighting breath of demons,
 Keep the viper's venom'd store !"
 Thus he spake, and turned the oxen
 Townwards ; sad they went, and slow ;
 And the people, fixed in sorrow,
 Stood, and saw the father go.

II.

List me further, Saxon stranger ;
 Note it nicely, by the causeway
 On the left hand, where thou came
 With the motley tourist people,
 Stands a cross of figured fame.
 Even now thine eye may see it
 Near the nunnery, slim and grey ;—
 From the waggon there Columba
 Lighted on that tearful day,
 And he sate beneath the shadow
 Of that cross, upon a stone,
 Brooding on his speedy passage
 To the land where grief is none ;





When, behold, the mare, the white one
 That was wont the milk to bear
 From the dairy to the cloister,
 Stood before him meekly there,
 Stood, and softly came up to him,
 And with move of gentlest grace
 O'er the shoulder of Columba
 Thrust her piteous-pleading face :
 Looked upon him as a friend looks
 On a friend that goes away,
 Sundered from the land that loves him
 By wide seas of briny spray.
 "Fie upon thee for thy manners !"
 Diarmid cried with lifted rod,
 "Wilt thou with untimely fondness
 Vex the prayerful man of God ?"
 "Not so, Diarmid," cried Columba ;
 "Dost thou see the speechful eyne
 Of the fond and faithful creature
 Sorrowed with the swelling brine ?
 God hath taught the mute unreasoning
 What thou fail'st to understand,
 That this day I pass for ever
 From Iona's shelly strand.
 Have my blessing, gentle creature,
 God doth bless both man and beast ;

From harsh yoke, when I shall leave thee,
 Be thy faithful neck released."
 Thus he spake, and quickly rising
 With what feeble strength remained,
 Leaning on stout Diarmid's shoulder,
 A green hillock's top he gained,
 There, or here where we are sitting,
 Whence his eye might measure well
 Both the cloister and the chapel,
 And his pure and prayerful cell.
 There he stood, and high uplifting
 Hands whence flowed a healing grace,
 Breathed his latest voice of blessing
 To protect the sacred place,—
 Spake such words as prophets utter
 When the veil of flesh is rent,
 And the present fades from vision,
 On the germing future bent :
 "God thee bless, thou loved Iona,
 Though thou art a little spot,
 Though thy rocks are grey and treeless,
 Thine shalt be a boastful lot ;
 Thou shalt be a sign for nations ;
 Nurtured on thy sacred breast,
 Thou shalt send on holy mission
 Men to teach both East and West ;



Peers and potentates shall own thee,
 Monarchs of wide-sceptred sway
 Dying shall beseech the honour
 To be tombed beneath thy clay.
 God's dear saints shall love to name thee,
 And from many a storied land
 Men of clerkly fame shall pilgrim
 To Iona's little strand."

III.

Thus the old man spake his blessing ;
 Then, where most he loved to dwell,
 Through the well-known porch he entered
 To his pure and prayerful cell ;
 And then took the holy psalter—
 'Twas his wont when he would pray—
 Bound with three stout clasps of silver,
 From the casket where it lay ;
 There he read with fixed devotion,
 And, with craft full fair and fine,
 On the smooth and polished vellum
 Copied forth the sacred line,
 Till he came to where the kingly
 Singer sings in faithful mood,
 How the younglings of the lion
 Oft may roam in vain for food,
 But who fear the Lord shall never
 Live and lack their proper good.*
 Here he stopped, and said, " My latest
 Now is written ; what remains
 I bequeath to faithful Beathan
 To complete with pious pains."
 Then he rose, and in the chapel
 Conned the pious vesper song
 Inly to himself, for feeble
 Now the voice that once was strong.
 Hence with silent step returning
 To his pure and prayerful cell,
 On the round smooth stone he laid him
 Which for pallet served him well.
 Here some while he lay ; then, rising,
 To a trusty brother said :
 " Brother, take my latest message,
 Be my last words wisely weighed.
 'Tis an age of brawl and battle ;
 Men who seek not God to please,
 With wild sweep of lawless passion
 Waste the land and scourge the seas.
 Not like them be ye ; be loving,
 Peaceful, patient, truthful, bold,

But in service of your Master
 Use no steel, and seek no gold."
 Thus he spake ; but now there sounded
 Through the night the holy bell
 That to Lord's-day matins gathered
 Every monk from every cell.
 Eager at the sound, Columba
 In the way foresped the rest,
 And before the altar kneeling
 Prayed with hands on holy breast.
 Diarmid followed ; but a marvel
 Flowed upon his wondering eye,—
 All the windows shone with glorious
 Light of angels in the shrine.
 Diarmid entered ; all was darkness ;
 " Father ! " But no answer came.
 " Father ! art thou here, Columba ? "
 Nothing answered to the name.
 Soon the troop of monks came hurrying,
 Each man with a wandering light,
 For great fear had come upon them,
 And a sense of strange affright.
 " Diarmid ! Diarmid ! is the father
 With thee ? Art thou here alone ? "
 And they turned their lights and found him
 On the pavement lying prone.
 And with gentle hands they raised him,
 And he mildly looked around,
 And he raised his arm to bless them,
 But it dropt upon the ground ;
 And his breathless body rested
 On the arms that held him dear,
 And his dead face looked upon them
 With a light serene and clear ;
 And they said that holy angels
 Surely hovered round his head,
 For alive no loveliest ever
 Looked so lovely as this dead.

Stranger, thou hast heard my story,
 Thank thee for thy patient ear ;
 We are pleased to stir the sleeping
 Memory of old greatness here.
 I have used no gloss, no varnish,
 To make fair things fairer look ;
 As the record stands, I give it,
 In the old monks' Latin book.
 Keep it in thy heart, and love it,
 Where a good thing loves to dwell ;
 It may help thee in thy dying,
 If thou care to use it well.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

* Psalm xxxiv. 10.



WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

V.

THE effect of the interior of the Cathedral of Seville is terribly marred by the huge mass of the choir and the retablo of the high altar, which block up the view in every direction. In the former is an inscription, saying that "Núño Sanchez, a sculptor, whom God held in his keeping, made this choir in 1475." Everything is vast, down to the paschal-candle, placed in a candlestick twenty-five feet high, and weighing 2,500 lbs. of wax, while the expenditure of the chapter may be estimated by the fact that 18,750 litres of wines are consumed annually in the sacrament. Of the ninety-three stained windows, many are old and splendid. In the centre of the nave, near the west door, surrounded by sculptured caravels, the primitive ships by which the New World was discovered, is the tomb of Ferdinand Columbus, son of the great navigator (who himself rests in Havannah), inscribed—

"A Castilla y Leon
Mundo nuevo dio Colon."

At the opposite end of the church is the royal chapel, where St. Ferdinand, who was canonised in 1627, "because he carried faggots with his own hands for the burning of heretics," rests beneath the altar in a silver sarcophagus. Here also are his Queen Beatrix, his son Alonzo el Sabio, father of our Queen Eleanor, and Maria de Padilla, the beautifulmorganatic wife of Pedro the Cruel.

Every chapel is a museum of painting and sculpture; but amid such a maze of beauty three pictures stand forth beyond all others. The first is the "Angel de la Guarda" of Murillo, in which a glorious seraph with spreading wings leads a little trustful child by the hand, and directs him to look beyond earth into the heavenly light. The second is the S. Antonio of Murillo, in the baptistery. The saint is represented kneeling in a cell, of which all the poor details are faithfully given, while the long arcade of a cloister can be seen through the half-open door. Above, in a transparent light, which grows from himself, the child Jesus appears, and descends, floating through wreaths of angels, drawn down by the power of prayer. The third is in the great sacristy; it is the solemn, awful "Deposition from the Cross," by Pedro de Campana, before which, by his own desire, Murillo was buried. In his lifetime he would remain for hours before this

picture. The sacristan once asked him why he thus stood gazing there. "I am waiting," he said, "till those holy men have finished their work."

Many of the services in this church reach a degree of splendour which is only equalled by those of St. Peter's; and the two organs, whose gigantic pipes have been compared to the columns of Fingal's cave, peal forth magnificently. But one ceremony, at least, is far more fantastic than anything at Rome, when at Corpus Christi and the octave of the Immaculate Conception, the choristers *dance* before the altar with castanets, wearing plumed hats and a dress of the time of Philip III., red and white for Corpus Christi, and blue and white for the Virgin.

The grass-grown squares to the north of the cathedral are surrounded by an interesting group of buildings of various dates. First comes the vast Lonja or Exchange, built 1582-98, enclosing a grand staircase of brown and red marble, and containing, on its upper floor, the precious correspondence of Columbus, Pizarro, and Fernando Cortes. Opposite this is the vast Archiepiscopal Palace of 1697.

Between these two buildings we approach the serrated walls of the famous Alcazar (Al Kasr—the house of Cæsar), which was begun in 1181, but in great part rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel (1353-64), and again altered by Charles V., who displayed there the same passion for building one palace inside another which has disfigured the Alhambra. Pedro, however, strictly imitated the Moorish sovereigns in his buildings, as he tried to resemble them by administering open-air justice in the Patio de las Banderas. The history of this strange monarch gives the Alcazar its chief interest. Hither he fled with his mother as a child from his father Alonzo XI. and his mistress, Leonora de Guzman. They were protected by the minister, Albuquerque, at whose house he met and loved Maria de Padilla, a Castilian beauty of noble birth, whom he secretly married. Albuquerque was furious, and aided by the queen-mother, forced him into a political marriage with the French princess, Blanche de Bourbon. He met her at Valladolid, but, three days after his nuptials, fled from the wife he disliked to the one he loved, who ever after held royal court at Seville, while Queen Blanche, a sort of Spanish Mary Stuart, after being

cruelly persecuted and imprisoned for many years, was finally put to death at Medina-Sidonia. In this Alcazar also Pedro received the Red King of Granada, with a promise of safe conduct, and then murdered him for the sake of his jewels, one of which, a large ruby, which he gave to the Black Prince after Navarete, and which is "the fair ruby, great like a racket-ball," which Elizabeth showed to the ambassador of Mary of Scotland, now adorns the royal crown of England. Of his nocturnal adventures many strange stories are told. One is still quaintly commemorated in Seville. The king, cloaked and disguised, used to serenade his various loves, Seville-fashion, beneath their window-bars. One day, on arriving at a rendezvous, he found his place already occupied, and in a fit of jealousy he killed his rival. The only person who saw the deed was an old woman who was sitting up baking. In the murderer she recognised the king, but, fearing one whom all dreaded, she kept silence. The next day the news of the tragedy resounded through Seville. Pedro, imagining that no eye had seen the deed, sat upon his judgment-seat in the Banderas, sent for the alcalde of the town, and declared that his own head should answer for that of the murderer unless he produced him in three days. The terrified alcalde inquired of all people in the neighbourhood of the fatal spot, and at length found the old woman, who revealed the truth. But there was still the difficulty of accusing the awful king to his face. To meet it he made a puppet, which he painted and dressed exactly like the king, and when the three days expired he presented himself before Pedro, saying that he had found the murderer and captured him, and when Pedro declared his incredulity he produced the image. Then the king went through a mock form of trial, and condemned the image to death, and it was hung in chains at the entrance of the street ever since called Justicia, where the bust of Pedro may still be seen on the spot on which the murder was committed, as well as the Moorish house, unaltered, whence it was seen by the old woman. It was in the Alcazar also that Pedro murdered his illegitimate brother, the master of Santiago, who had caused him much trouble by a rebellion. Maria de Padilla knew his fate, but did not dare to tell him, though from the beautiful ajimez window over the gate, she watched for his coming, and tried to warn him by her tears. Six years after this murder was avenged by Henry of Trastamare, the brother of the slain, who stabbed

Pedro to the heart; but Maria de Padilla was already dead, and buried with queens in the royal chapel, when Pedro publicly acknowledged her as his lawful wife, and the marriage received the sanction of the Spanish Church.

Over the door of the Alcazar is the device of El Nodo, in reference to the fidelity of Seville to Alonzo el Sabio. Within all is still fresh and brilliant with light and colour. It is like a scene from the Arabian Nights, or the wonderful creation of a kaleidoscope. The first court is called Las Donzellas, because there it is said that the Moorish sovereign used to choose his wives, fifty rich and fifty poor, all the young ladies of Seville passing in review for the purpose. The Hall of Ambassadors is perfectly glorious in its delicate lacelike ornaments and the rich colour of its exquisite azulejos. It has a "Naranja ceiling" like the inside of an orange. In one corner there are dark stains upon the floor. "Ah, blood!" said the old guide, "I know that word of English; it means sangre. All the English ladies who come here look for that stain, and then they say 'Blood!'" It is said to be that of the victim of Don Pedro, who, from the upper gallery, beneath which his portrait and those of his two wives, opposite to one another, are let into the wall, called out, "Slay the master of Santiago!" Beyond this are shown the sleeping rooms of the Moorish king, where his four hundred wives and his three hundred children were accommodated—a number which seems less incredible when one learns that the present Emperor of Morocco has had eighty children born in one month!

On the upper floor is the bedchamber of Don Pedro, outside which still hang the skulls of some unjust judges which he caused to be placed there, that he might look upon them whenever he went in or out. Here also is a beautiful little chapel built by Isabella the Catholic, in which her grandson, Charles V., was married to Isabella of Portugal. The arms of the great Isabella are seen bound by a yoke to those of Ferdinand, whose jealousy added the motto, "Tanto monta," "one is as good as the other."

Behind the Alcazar, approached by a separate entrance, are its lovely gardens, laid out by Charles V., an absolute blaze of sunshine and beauty, where, between myrtle hedges and terraces lined with brilliant tulips and ranunculuses, fountains spring up on either side the path, and gradually rising higher and higher unite, and dance together through the flowers. Beyond the more formal gardens are ancient

orange-groves covered with fruit. The ground was littered with their golden balls. "There are so many," the gardener said, "it is not worth while to pick them up." We gathered as many as we liked, and felt that no one knew what an orange was who had not tasted the sunny fruit of Seville. One old tree is shown as having been planted by Don Pedro. It stands near the pleasant summer-house of Charles V. covered with purple azulejos. His path is also shown beneath the orange bowers, and that of Maria de Padilla, an arched crypt, delightful in summer, with a hole through which Pedro could look down at her. In another part of the garden are twenty-nine hideous camels, pets of poor Queen Isabella, which the new government tried to sell, and, when they failed, sent here to do what work they could.

Just behind the Alcazar is the Plaza S. Tomas, where Figaro, "the Barber of Seville," had his shop. It is strange that no enterprising barber should set up a shop there now.

Facing the pretty Botanical Garden near this is an enormous and stately building, which we at first imagined to be a royal palace, but afterwards found to be the Government tobacco manufactory, where six thousand women are employed daily. As they are paid according to the amount of work they do, all is activity and diligence, and it is astonishing to see the deftness with which the cigars are rolled up. Here the best types of Andalusian beauty may be seen. One part of the building is entirely devoted to the Gipsies, who carry on their separate dialect and sing their own songs here among themselves. Morality is at a low ebb:—

"El hombre es fuego, la muger estapa,
Viene el diablo y sopla."

Infants produce small scandal in Seville; they may be only the result of having eaten of the lily, which is sacred to the Virgin!

On the other side of the same garden rises another palace, really inhabited by royalty. It is that of S. Elmo, originally founded as a naval school by the companions of Columbus, in gratitude for having been saved during a tempest by the mariners' saint. His statue stands above the handsome portal, but his reputation is at a low ebb now, even at Naples, for he is always said to appear after the storm is over! Queen Isabella gave the building to her sister, the Duchesse de Montpensier, and since

the revolution of 1848 she and her husband have made it their principal residence. They are exceedingly popular at Seville, where they do a great deal of good by careful and discriminating charity, to which they give much personal attention, and in encouragement of art and skill of every description. S. Elmo is a charming ideal of a happy family home. Its beautiful marble courts and halls, where a fountain often plays in the centre of each chamber, and no fireplaces, have too cold an aspect for our northern notions of comfort in winter; but in summer they must be delightful; and the walls are completely covered with family relics and *souvenirs*, evidently greatly prized and cared for. These include portraits of Louis Philippe, Marie Amelie, and Madame Adelaide, frequently repeated, with those of all the brothers and sisters of the duke; pictures also of various family events—the baptism and marriage of the Comte de Paris, Louis Philippe and his five sons on horseback, &c. Among a number of sketches, evidently framed rather for the sake of the artists than for any intrinsic value of their own, is one "par la Princesse Alexandrine Victoire, fille du Duc de Kent; en 1835," representing an angel of mercy visiting a starving family. In the Duchess's room are many portraits of her own family—her sister, Queen Isabella, represented over and over again, the first time as a baby of a few months old, her mother, and Don Francisco d'Assisi, the queen's husband. The first hall is surrounded by glass-cases filled with little memorials of family tours—pottery from Etruria, glass and lamps from the Catacombs, coins, medals, and dried plants. In one of the rooms are the Madonna della Faja de Murillo and Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of "Monica and Augustine." In a patio are copies of the tombs of two infantas who have died. When the first child died, it was buried in the royal chapel of the cathedral, but when the second died, and the parents wished to lay it there also, it was not allowed: "They were no longer royal; the royal chapel was not for them." It was the greatest insult which the Revolution offered them.

In front of S. Elmo rises the Torre del Oro, a river bastion of the Alcazar, once united to it by walls destroyed to make way for the promenade called the Christina. It was used as a prison for the disgraced mistresses of Don Pedro. Its name is said to be derived from the gilt tiles which once roofed it. These have now been taken away, but are amply compensated for, as far as the

name goes, by the bright yellow wash with which the walls are covered.

Hence, along the bank of the muddy Guadalquivir, extend the pleasant promenade of Las Delicias, crowded in the afternoon with Sevillian beauties. On the promenade ladies often wear low dresses and their hair dressed with flowers, while even at a large evening party high dress is the rule. Every possible form and size of fan is to be seen—often with a handle, and so large that it is used as a parasol. There are fans for every season and for every occasion. A friend of ours asked a Spanish lady how many she had. "Only thirty dozen," she said, and thought it very few. In church, where there are no chairs or seats of any kind, and where all the ladies sit picturesquely upon the floor, the flapping of fans in the hot weather is prodigious. Many writers have dilated upon the beautiful feet of the Spanish ladies, but their dresses are worn so very long, that it is difficult to imagine how this knowledge can have been arrived at. Nor is this hiding of feet merely the result of modern fashion; the feet of Spanish ladies have always been concealed. Mediæval artists were always forbidden to paint the feet of the Virgin, and to mention them was as sacrilegious, as it was disloyal to allude to the possibility of the queens of Spain having legs.

The Hospital of the Caridad was founded by Don Miguel de Mañana, or Tenorio, a Don Juan of the seventeenth century. His story relates that when he was coming out from a midnight orgy he encountered a funeral procession, with mutes and torches, and inquiring whose it was, was told that it was that of Don Miguel de Mañana, and in the corpse they bore beheld with horror his own image. The bearers said that they were about to celebrate the funeral mass, and bade him accompany them, and join them in praying for the soul of Don Miguel. He did so, and the following morning was found senseless upon the floor of the church. From that time his career was changed, he sought only works of charity and mercy, and at his death endowed this hospital with ten thousand pounds a year, commanding that he should be buried at the church-door, so that all who passed by might trample on his grave, which by his own direction bears the epitaph, "Here lies the worst man in the world."

When we went to see the pictures we asked for the sacristan, and were told, "Here the sacristan is una Madre de Caridad." These sisters manage the whole, and take care of a hundred and forty old men in a

well-organised hospital, the wards consisting of two long galleries, divided by pillars.

The small church contains a wonderful collection of pictures. The six Murillos include his two famous large representations of Moses striking the rock and the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The grand and affecting altar-piece of the Deposition is by Pedro Roldan, with a background painted by Valdés Leal. Near the door, by the same artist, is the too truthful picture of "Los dos Cadaveres," before which Murillo used to hold his nose.

The picture-gallery in the Convento de la Merced is almost filled with the works of Murillo. Eight of his finest pictures were painted for the glorious retablo of the Capuchin convent, closed in 1835, and of these seven are now here. Perhaps the gem of the whole collection is the St. Thomas of Villanueva, Murillo's once favourite picture, which he called "Mi Cuadro." St. Thomas was the favourite preacher of Charles V., and was created Archbishop of Valencia, where he soon seemed to spend the whole of his revenues in charity, yet never contracted any debt; so that his people used to believe that angels must minister to his temporal wants. He is represented at his cathedral door, distributing alms, robed in black, with a white mitre. A poor cripple kneels at his feet, and other mendicants are grouped around. Near this hangs the grand picture of the Vision of St. Francis of Assisi, to whom the Saviour visibly descends from the crucifix. St. Francis turns to receive his Lord with awe and love unspeakable, and as he turns the world, represented by a globe, rolls away from beneath his feet. "La Virgen de la Servilleta" is a lovely small picture, which derives its name from having been painted on a napkin. When Murillo was working at the convent, the cook entreated to have something as a memorial, and presented a napkin as the canvas, on which this brilliant, glowing Madonna was painted, with a Child which seems quite to bound forward out of the picture.

One other building in Seville deserves especial mention. It is the Casa de Pilatos, the palace of the Dukes of Medina Celi, built by a Marquis of Tarifa on his return from Palestine in 1520, in professed imitation of the house of Pilate at Jerusalem. To render this resemblance complete, nothing has been omitted, the Prætorium, the pillar of the scourging, the basin in which the hands were washed, the table where the

thirty pieces of silver were counted, while at the top of the stairs the cock which crowed is seen, stuffed, in a niche, with entire disregard of the fact that this famous bird lived in the house, not of Pilate, but Caiaphas. But the real interest of the house is derived from its splendid azulejos, like those of the Alcazar, the gorgeous purple colour of its tiled staircase, and its little garden of enormous bananas.

One lovely evening we drove out to Itálica, passing through the gipsy quarter of Triana, where Murillo studied his ragged boys, and where pots are still sold like those which Santa Rufina and Santa Justina were making on this spot, where they were stoned to death for refusing to bow down to the image of Venus. Murillo, when he painted his famous picture of the sainted tutelars, took as his models two peasant-girls of Triana. Here is a church with the strange name of "Sant' O." Beyond Triana, a dreadfully bad road leads across the green corn-covered plain to the foot of a low line of hills, where are to be found the few vestiges which mark the site of the city where the emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius, were born. Even the "ruins of the ruins" were destroyed by the earthquake of 1755. Enough of the amphitheatre alone remains to show the former importance of the place. When we saw it, the broad area was filled with water, in which the ruined seats were reflected as in a mirror. We sat to sketch the lovely effect as sunset bathed the whole with gold, and introduced the figure of the old guide, seated on a rocky fragment; "thus he would live on after he was dead," he said. His cottage clings to the ruins like a parasite, shaded by a huge fig-tree, and in all the rugged interstices around he has planted roses, mignonne, and coronella, so that it is a perfect bower of sweets. The only other inhabitants of Itálica are vast bands of black pigs, which live in its vaulted passages.

On a neighbouring hillock is the fine old neglected convent of S. Isidoro, gutted by Soulé. Its church contains a beautiful statue of the patron saint, by Montanes, and the tomb of Guzman el Bueno and his family. This Guzman received his surname from King Sancho el Bravo, after the defence of Tarrifa against the Moors. He had entrusted his eldest son, of nine years old, to the care of the Infante Juan, who leagued with the Infidels, and who brought the child under the walls, threatening to kill him if the fortress was not surrendered. Guzman replied, "I prefer honour without a son, to a

son with dishonour;" and the boy was killed. When called by the cry of horror to the battlements, Guzman saw his child's dead body returned to its mother, saying, calmly, "I feared that the infidel had taken the city." The daughter-in-law of Guzman, Doña Uriaca Osorio, who is also buried here, was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel, for refusing to become his mistress. Her epitaph also records the fate of her faithful maid Leonora Dávalos, who insisted upon dying with her beloved mistress. As we emerged from the dark convent courts we came upon one of those striking views so completely Spanish in character, and which derive all their charm from its climate. In the distance, against faint blue mountains, the cathedral and town rose through a violet mist, then came the rich green plains, intersected by long fiords of water; and on the rich, dark, Siena foreground groups of gaily-dressed peasants, with their hundreds of pigs, stood out in the strongest relief of shadow against the brilliant sunset-colour. Fernando Cortes died hard by (December 2, 1597), at Cartillejo de la Cuesta (now a country house of the Montpensiers), where Bernal Diaz says that he sought retirement for the purpose of making his will and preparing his soul for death; "and when he had settled his worldly affairs, our Lord Jesus Christ was pleased to take him from this troublesome world." He was first buried at S. Isidoro, but his remains were afterwards removed to Tezcuco, in New Spain.

Our last visit at Seville was to the site of the Quemadero, on the plain called Prado San Sebastian, outside the walls; where, and in the Plaza San Francisco, beneath the picturesque old Casa del Ayuntamiento, the *autos da fé* took place. The bricks of the long-used scaffold, where so many suffered, can only just be seen peeping through the grass beneath which time has so long been burying them. But here, that which Bossuet describes as "the holy severity of the Church of Rome, which will not tolerate error," burnt 34,601 persons alive, and 18,043 persons in effigy, between 1481 and 1700, besides imprisoning and sending to the galleys many thousands of others. In all cases the property of the sufferers was confiscated and their families left destitute. It can scarcely be wondered at that Seville is now foremost among Spanish cities in her search after a reformed faith. Many Protestant schools are opened, in which about four hundred children are being educated; and though they are preached against in the

cathedral, and denounced from the pulpit of St. Vincent Ferrer, their teachers are gladly welcomed and universally treated with respect by the people. The church of S. Basilio has been bought from the Roman Catholics, and services are performed and sermons preached there in Spanish. When the building was being repaired by its new possessors, its roof was found to be full of the bones of children. Even at the English services Spaniards of the lower classes often appear, and behave reverently.

On February 22nd we left Seville for Cadiz. For more than an hour before reaching it,

the town rises over the flats, but the railway has to make a long circuit to reach it, following all the windings of the bay. Here are productive saltpans, called by religious titles, such as "Il dulce nombre de Jesus," which seems profane; yet, as Ford observes, is perhaps not more so than the familiar use in Oxford of such names of colleges as Corpus, Jesus, Trinity, and Christ Church. The distant effect of the white town rising above the deep blue waters is most brilliant and dazzling, and within its narrow streets it is impossible to get away from the glare of the whitewash, of which every building receives a fresh coating annually. The high sea-wall is



Giralda Tower, at Seville.

the only pleasant walk, with its little gardens full of bright scarlet geraniums and hedged with heliotrope and ixias. In one of the convents is the picture of the marriage of St. Catharine, in painting which Murillo fell from his scaffold, and received the injuries of which he died. But there is literally nothing else to see in Cadiz, and as the land-road, which we had intended taking, was rendered quite impracticable by the recent rains, we were glad to find a steamer leaving next morning for Algeciras, opposite Gibraltar.

It was a lovely day, and a calm sea, which was a great subject of rejoicing, for even as it was the rickety Spanish vessel rolled dis-

agreeably. Owing to the miserable slowness of everything, we were eleven hours on board. There was little interest till we reached the yellow headland of Trafalgar. Then the rugged outlines of the African coast rose before us, and we entered the straits, between Tarifa sleeping amid its orange groves on the Spanish coast, and the fine African peak above Ceuta. Soon, on the left, the great rock of Gibraltar rose from the sea like an island, though not the most precipitous side, which turns inwards towards the Mediterranean. But it was already gun-fire, and too late to join another steamer and land at the town, so we waited for a shoal of small boats which put out from Algeciras,

and surrounded our steamer to carry us on shore.

Here, we found in the Fonda Inglesa (kept by an English landlady) one of the most primitive, but charming little hotels we ever entered. The view from our rooms alone decided us to stay there some days. Hence, framed by the balcony, Gibraltar rose before us in all the glory of its rugged sharp-edged cliffs, grey in the morning, pink in the evening light, with the town at its feet, whence, at night, thousands of lights were reflected in the still water. In the foreground were groups of fishing-boats at anchor, and, here and there, a lateen sail flitted, like a white alba-

tross, across the bay. On the little pier at our feet was endless life and movement, knots of fishermen, in their blue shirts and scarlet caps and sashes, mingling with solemn-looking Moors, in turbans, yellow slippers, and flowing burnouses, who were watching the arrival or embarkation of their wares; and with an endless variety of travellers from all parts of Europe, waiting for different steamers, or come over to see the place. Here an invalid might stay, imbibing health from the fine air and sunshine, and never be weary of the ever-changing diorama. In every direction delightful walks wind along the cliffs, through groves of aloes and prickly-pear, or



Gibraltar.

descend into little sandy coves full of beautiful shells. Behind the town a fine old aqueduct strides across the valley, and beyond it the wild moors begin at once sweeping backwards to a rugged chain of mountains. Into the gorges of these mountains we rode one day, and most delightful they are, clothed in parts with magnificent old cork-trees, while in the depths of a ravine, overhung with oleander and rhododendron, is a beautiful waterfall.

It was with real regret that we left Algeciras and made the short voyage across the bay to Gibraltar, where we instantly found ourselves in a place as unlike Spain as it is possible to imagine. Upon the wharf you

are assailed by a clamour of English-speaking porters and boatmen. Passing the gates, you come upon a barrack-yard swarming with tall British soldiers, looking wonderfully bright and handsome, after the insignificant figures and soiled, shabby uniforms of the Spanish army. Hence the Waterport Street opens, the principal thoroughfare of the town, though, from its insignificant shops, with English names, and its low public-houses, you have to look up at the strip of bright blue sky above, to be reminded that you are not in an English seaport.

Just outside the principal town, between it and the suburb of Europa, is the truly beautiful Alameda, an immense artificial

garden, where endless gravel paths wind through labyrinths of geranium and cornella and banks of flame-coloured ixia, which are all in their full blaze of beauty under the March sun, though the heat causes them to wither and droop before May. During our stay at Gibraltar, it never ceased to surprise us that this Alameda, the shadiest and pleasantest place open to the public upon the Rock, should be almost deserted; but so it is. Even when the band playing affords an additional attraction, there are not a dozen persons to listen to it; whereas at Rome on such occasions, the Pincio, exceedingly inferior as a public garden, would be crowded to suffocation, and always presents a lively and animated scene.

One succession of gardens occupy the western base of the Rock, and most luxuriant and gigantic are the flowers that bloom in them. Castor-oil plants, daturas, and daphnes, here attain the dignity of timber, while geraniums and heliotropes many years old, are so large as to destroy all the sense of floral proportions which has hitherto existed in your mind. It is a curious characteristic, and typical of Gibraltar, that the mouth of a cannon is frequently found protruding from a thicket of flowers.

The eastern side of the Rock, in great part a perpendicular precipice, is elsewhere left uncultivated, and is wild and striking in the highest degree. Here, beyond the quaint Jewish cemetery of closely set gravestones, bearing Hebrew inscriptions on the open hillside, a rugged path winds through rocks and tangled masses of flowers and palmito, to a

curious stalactitic cavern called Martin's Cave. On this side of the cliff a remnant of the famous "apes of Tarshish" is suffered to remain wild and unmolested, though their numbers, always very small, have lately been reduced by the ignorant folly of a young officer, who shot one and wounded nine others, for which he has been very properly impounded.

On the northern side of the Rock are the famous galleries, tunnelled in the face of the precipice, with cannon pointing towards Spain from their embrasures. Through these, or, better, by delightful spacious paths, fringed with palmitos and asphodel, you may reach El Hacho, the signal station, whence the view is truly magnificent over the sea and the mountain chains of the two continents, and down into the blue abysses beneath the tremendous precipice upon which it is placed.

The greatest drawback to the charms of Gibraltar has seemed to us to be the difficulty of leaving it. It is a beautiful prison. We came fully intending to ride over the mountain passes by Ronda, but on arriving we heard that the whole of that district was in the hands of the brigands under the famous chief Don Diego, and the governor positively refused to permit us to go that way. Our lamentations at this have since been cut short by the news of a double murder at the hands of the brigands on the way we wished to have taken, and at the very time we should have taken it. So we must go to Malaga by sea, and wait for the happy combination of a good steamer and calm weather falling on the same day.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

OBSERVATIONS OF JUPITER.

NEXT beyond the ringed barrier of the asteroids Jupiter begins a series of giant planets, separated from each other by vast intervals of space, and ploughing in mighty cycles the remote depths of the solar system. Of these great orbs Jupiter, as the least distant from the earth, and withal the largest, presents to us by far the most ample breadth of disk, and on it alone can various features be plainly detected. The dark belts on Saturn, other than the shadow of his rings, are faint and seen with difficulty, and the pale forms of Uranus and Neptune exhibit no markings of any kind.

It is considered, however, that the various appearances observed on Jupiter are atmo-

spheric rather than areographic. His brightness comes from his clouds, and if we see any part of his real surface at all, it is in those dark strips or belts where it would be impossible to notice any geographical* configuration. His features consist of alternate broad bright zones and narrow dark bands, and spots brighter than the former, or darker than the latter. The earth would also exhibit to a distant observer a series of bright and dark belts corresponding to the zones of the trade winds and tropical calms, but of a character far less marked and uniform than that which distinguishes the belts of Jupiter.

* Or, more pedantically, "zenographical."

The atmosphere of the great planet is believed to be far more dense and clouded than the atmosphere of the earth, and the striking development of his misty bands, dependent on his winds, is thought to be due to his enormously quick rotation. But there are appearances observed on Jupiter which it would be difficult to compare with the phenomena of our own atmosphere. The belts which might be seen encircling the earth from a distance would be confined to a region of a certain extent on both sides of the equator. In higher latitudes there are no persistent winds to cause them, but on the disk of Jupiter the belts are universal, and they consequently appear even in latitudes where the rotation movement of the surface is far slower than in terrestrial latitudes where no belts are formed. Besides the usual belts of Jupiter, the casual figures of slant streaks, spots, &c., that he exhibits from time to time remain usually so long unchanged in figure and position that they serve to determine pretty closely the period of the planet's rotation; and in this they differ widely from any features connected with the fleeting clouds that surround the earth.

On the well-known theory which assumes that all matter was originally in a nebulous state it has been suggested that the larger planets, as well as the sun himself, have not as yet had time to cool down and solidify like the smaller bodies of the system, and hence their great size and small specific weight.* Without attempting to discuss a question that would only lead into a labyrinth of speculation, it may be simply remarked that if Jupiter was formed in a nebulous mass, and still partly retains that character, the various features that he exhibits might be considered to belong to his real surface, and not to any atmosphere distinct from it. His spotted belts may suggest some affinity with the spot zones on both sides of the sun's equator. Further, a connection apparently exists between the dark spots and the bright *facule* of the sun, and although I have not seen it hitherto noticed, I have always remarked a striking adjacency in the positions of the dark and the bright spots in Jupiter. This may be seen in the annexed figures. The series of dark spots on belt 4 projects into a bright space that accompanies it all round the circumference, and the single spots or thickenings in the belts on other parts of

the disk are generally in juxtaposition with bright spots. The idea that Jupiter may even act as a *sub-sun* to his satellites has been discussed by a distinguished writer, who thus supposes that the satellites may be rendered habitable by the heat derived from their primary.*

Certain theories attribute the sun spots to vertical currents in the gaseous exterior of the sun—the so-called photosphere; and, whatever theory we adopt with regard to the physical constitution of Jupiter, the formation of his spots may, perhaps, be best explained by vertical movements, which would be the most likely to show a persistency in situation and slowness of change in figure. On the planetary theory those movements would of course take place in Jupiter's atmosphere. It is considered that in the circulation of our own atmosphere the particles of air in certain parts of their course are impelled in upward and downward directions by the meeting of adverse winds, and that, in their motion from pole to pole, they alternately sweep along the surface of the earth and through regions far above it. This theory is lucidly explained in Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," where the well-known calms and cloud zones in the neighbourhood of the tropics and of the equator are ascribed to vertical movements. Generally the regions or zones of the trade winds would appear dark (because cloudless) to a distant observer, and the calm belts would be full of clouds and therefore bright.† The equatorial calms are thus described by Maury:—"When the north-east and south-east trades meet and produce the equatorial calms, the air, by the time it reaches this calm belt, is heavily laden with moisture, for in each hemisphere it has travelled obliquely over a large space of ocean. It has room to escape but in an upward direction. It expands as it ascends and becomes cooler, a portion of its vapour is thus condensed and comes down in the shape of rain. Therefore it is, that under these calms, we have a region of constant precipitation." Maury makes the area of ascent of the air and the area of precipitation identical. In Jupiter it might be that, under certain circumstances, violent uprushes of air would be denoted by dark areas free from misty accumulations, and if a jet were not precisely vertical the condensed moisture in its fall would be manifest as a white cloud on one side.

Very marked changes within a few hours

* Jupiter is, in bulk, more than 1,000 times, but less than 100,000 times, as great as the earth, and his density is therefore, nearly, in the inverse ratio of that of the smaller planet.

* See "Other Worlds," by Mr. R. A. Proctor.

† The great light-reflecting power of clouds is well known.

are said to occur in Jupiter—a statement that is more suited to the faith of the unknowing than to the comprehension of the experienced observer. The difficulty of detecting a change in any of the planet's features within a few hours will be perceived when it is understood that any very reliable observation must be nearly of a character that I may venture to call *doubly central*. In a doubly central observation, as I may explain it, the feature would occupy its most central position on the disk, and the planet its most central position in the sky. In other words, the plane of the meridian of Jupiter on which the observed feature would be situated should be directed to the observer, and the planet should be on his meridian. As the rotation of the planet on its axis causes its features to suffer apparent change by foreshortening, and the well-known telescopic difficulties interposed by our atmosphere increase toward the horizon, it must be obvious that a figure is advantageously observed only according as it is near the centre of the disk and the planet near the meridian of the observer. It is not impossible that the difference of aspect due to rotation may have been at times incautiously ascribed to a change of figure; and, indeed, according to some accounts of observations that I have read it seems probable that such mistakes have been made. Belts are more likely than spots to lead to errors of this kind. It might be easily taken for granted that a belt ought to extend round the whole circumference, while, in fact, it may be often incomplete. For instance, 2^b in the figure would not be seen as a belt with the wide gap in hours 6 and 7 facing the observer, while a few hours later it would extend across the disk, and hence it might be hastily concluded that the belt had become developed since the preceding observation, while the true inference would be simply that it did not reach all round the planet. According to the deviation from the double centrality observations will be less satisfactory. It is, therefore, not very profitable to continue watching during a whole night the features of Jupiter with the hope of detecting any physical change. To discover an alteration in any feature we should rather wait until it could be seen again under nearly similar circumstances, and this requires an interval of five days. It must, however, be admitted that a change occurring within the *very short* space of two hours might be detected if the object were first noticed when brought by rotation to within about a fifth of the diameter of the disk from

the centre, and when the planet, at the same time, would be about one hour east of the meridian. During the ensuing two hours, while the object would be carried round to a similar distance on the other side of the centre, neither the modifications due to foreshortening nor the atmospheric obstructions might be so great as to prevent the detection of a real variation of figure; but this variation, to be seen at all, should be of immense extent, and its occurrence in so short a space of time would denote so inconceivable a degree of elemental violence as to render necessary the most undoubted and well-confirmed testimony to make us believe in any alleged instance of it. If such were proved true it would indeed suggest something more like a solar activity in the constitution of Jupiter than the movements in a planet's atmosphere.

The belts of Jupiter were first noticed by two Jesuit priests, Zappi and Bartoli; and in 1664 Campani observed six belts, two of them white and four dark. A remarkable spot, seen by Cassini in 1665, disappeared and reappeared eight times between that year and 1708. I do not find any account of early observations to show that the spots were formerly so numerous as they have been of late years; but the apparent increase may be the result of more improved observation.

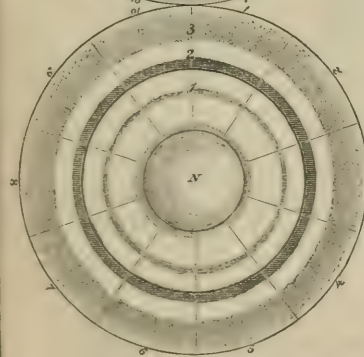
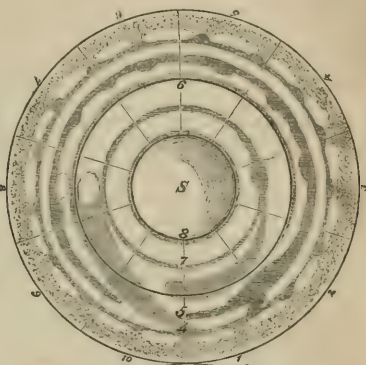
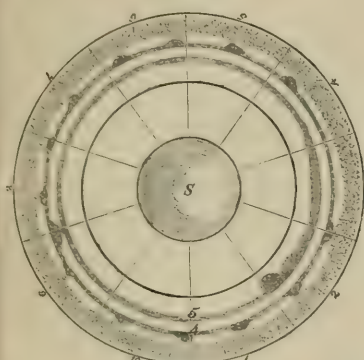
The older drawings of Jupiter, that we generally find published in the various books on astronomy, bear but little resemblance to the present aspect of the planet, as may be seen by comparing them with the views published from time to time by our excellent modern observer, Mr. Gledhill, in the *Astronomical Register*. There can be no doubt that, if we could depend on the accuracy of the former, we should, necessarily, infer a metamorphosis of the face of the planet since their date; but we are warned from any such conclusion by a figure drawn by Schroeter in 1792, where we easily recognise the principal belts with which we are familiar.

In Schroeter's figure, which is copied in Brewster's "Ferguson's Astronomy," Jupiter is represented with the broad, dark central zone, aptly designated as the "Torrid Zone" by the Rev. Mr. Webb.* It is described by Schroeter as brownish grey in color, and by Webb as ruddy, or brownish yellow. To me it appears of a rose color, or pink. In the centre, immediately about the equator, it was seen by Schroeter of a lighter shade than toward the margins; and

* See "The Planet Jupiter," by the Rev. T. W. Webb, in the *Popular Science Review*, April, 1870

so it appears to this day. Bounding this broad zone on the north and south, in Schroeter's drawing, there are indications of the dark narrow belts that are called the North and South Torrid Belts by Webb, and numbered 3 and 4 by Gledhill.* North of the former is a broad bright zone which in 1869-70 appeared to me of a delicate green.† It is called by Webb the North Temperate

Zone, and extends to a well-marked dark belt—the North Temperate Belt of Webb, and No. 2 of Gledhill. This, which seemed the most striking of the dark belts figured by Schroeter, shows a special persistency of character to the present time. Beyond it, on the north, extends a broad bright zone which in 1870-71 was divided by a narrow dark belt—Gledhill's No. 1. It does not appear in



1870-71.

1871-72.

Schroeter's figure, and it is now no longer visible. The bright zone is bounded by the broad Polar Region, which in instruments of sufficient power may be seen striped with black and white bands, made narrow and close by perspective. The general colour of

the region is dark, but it brightens toward the pole. Some remarkable dark and bright spots were seen by Schroeter in the North Temperate Zone in 1792. A bright spot was previously observed in the same locality in 1786 and 1787. Mr. Webb describes this zone in 1870-71 as follows:—"The North Temperate Zone was the whitest and most luminous part of the disk, and I believe was quite constant in this respect. I never noted

* See *Astronomical Register*, April, 1835.

† I remarked the green tint of this zone in 1869 (see letter in the *Astronomical Register*, No. 184), and it was subsequently seen, I believe, by Respighi, Lassell, and other observers.

a speck upon it, though, November 17, its north edge showed, I thought, a yellowish stain." It was, no doubt, perfectly free from spots or markings of any kind at that period, though its colour appeared to me, as already stated, more greenish than white; but in 1871-72 its appearance was completely altered, for it was now traversed by a belt first observed by Mr. Gledhill in November, 1871. It showed dark and white spots in some places, and became in general nearly if not quite as dark as the Torrid Zone. The new belt still continues visible.

South of Webb's South Torrid Belt—Gledhill's No. 4—is a bright white zone—Webb's South Temperate. It includes a dark belt absent in Schroeter's drawing, but seen of late years, and now the most remarkable on the disk. This belt is the South Subtorrid of Webb, and Gledhill's No. 5. Another belt farther south, which appears in Schroeter's drawing, is Gledhill's No. 6. It is faint and narrow. Still further south a broad dark belt-like formation may be observed in certain positions of the planet, and beyond it is a faint belt, which I may call No. 7. The former, which has only recently appeared, is, in fact, a *slant streak* that branches off from the latter and descends to No. 6. Another belt, that I have seen on rare occasions, will be No. 8. Beyond this stretches the South Polar Region. It is now rather brighter than the North, and it appears to me brighter on one side of the planet than on the other.

Mr. Webb, in his peculiarly graphic and pleasing style, describes a number of grey shadings projecting from the inner edge of the South Torrid Belt, and forming a succession of loops or festoons round the entire circumference. I have seen no mention of these in the old observations, but they are now among the most striking features of Jupiter. To me they did not appear to extend quite round the globe in 1870-71, but it is evident that they do now, and their number, which Mr. Webb estimated at sixteen to eighteen, I find to be seventeen exactly.

Mr. Gledhill discovered on November 8, 1870, an elliptical figure in the South Temperate Zone. Nothing like this seems to have been noticed by any previous observer.

A spot of a most extraordinary character was seen by Cassini in 1665 on a belt then called the Great Southern. It disappeared and reappeared eight times between that year and 1708, and five times in the five years succeeding. It might be more correct to say that a spot was seen on the same belt on those several occasions.

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1870, and in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 1843, I described the appearance of the planet as I saw it in the winter of 1869-70; and I will now give an account of my observations of it during the two following winters of 1870-71 and 1871-72.

The features round the entire circumference of Jupiter, and the changes within the year, are shown at one view by the accompanying charts, which represent him as he would be seen by observers looking straight at his poles, and not at his equator, as he is seen from the earth; but with a modification by which the equatorial regions, instead of being foreshortened to indistinctness, as they would be from those points of view, are enlarged, so as to show plainly the several objects that they include. As the charts were constructed from several sketches of Jupiter as he was actually observed, any person can easily use them to make drawings of the disk in every conceivable phase. The line of outer circumference represents the equator, and the two inner concentric fine lines are the parallels of 30° and 60° of latitude respectively. The centre is the pole. The radiating lines, ten in number, are meridians of longitude, showing very closely by, the intermediate spaces the extent of the rotation movement in one hour. The belts are marked with Mr. Gledhill's numbers, and the several features, as I observed them in the two above-mentioned periods, may be described as follows:—

THE NORTH POLAR REGION.—Generally dark, but brighter on one side, in 1870-71. Dark all round in 1871-72.

BELT 1.—Seen in winter of 1870-71; not seen in 1871-72.

BELT 2.—The darkest and best developed of the belts in the winter of 1870-71; not so dark or striking in 1871-2. Some faint dark spots were visible on it at times during both periods.

BELT 2^b.—Not seen in winter of 1870-71; discovered by Gledhill in November, 1871.

BELT 3.—Very faint and ill-defined in 1870-71. Well developed, dark, and broad in 1872. In March of the present year I found that it was bent in several curves. This I have not seen referred to by any other observer. Frequently a white space ran along its south border, and on February 16 I perceived two dark formations rising from this belt as their base, and narrowing as they stretched across the equatorial zone to belt 4. They were slightly curved, and remained visible in the succeeding observations.

THE EQUATORIAL, OR "TORRID ZONE.—This, in 1872, was frequently seen sprinkled with white spots, not remarked in former years. I thought at times that I could discern indications of a belt within the zone, and close under belt 4. In colour it is described as yellowish by several observers. To me it always appeared of a reddish cast, fainter toward the centre where the zone is almost white, but this modification has been less marked in 1871-72 than it was in the previous winter.

BELT 4.—On several occasions in 1870-71 this belt seemed to run in a slanting direction, not parallel with the other belts; and once or twice in 1870-72 I thought it showed a slight sloping. It is remarkable by exhibiting the series of dark spots already referred to.

BELT 5.—This belt, which was faint, and often only partly, or not at all visible in 1870-71, made its appearance in the following winter as the most remarkable on the disk, exceeding even 2 in shading and definition. I could trace on it a number of dark spots like those on 4, but not round the entire circumference. On February 24 it showed, in hours 1 and 2, a great thickening, that extended almost to belt 6, and nearly joined a descending streak from belt 7. Indications of this thickening were frequently noticed in the previous year. Between belts 5 and 6, in hour 8, was a brilliant white spot. My observation of the descending streak was confirmed by Mr. Gledhill.

BELT 6.—Commencing at a white spot between this belt and belt 7, in hour 8, I detected, on January 11, 1872, a broad dark streak slanting down at a sharp angle to belt 4, which it joined at a place whence one of the dark spots projected on the other side. This

observation was also confirmed by Mr. Gledhill, and it was the first, so far as I know, that was made of the streak, which continues visible up to the present date (May 14), but has latterly shown some modifications. These, however, are not easily made out, as Jupiter, receding from the earth, and advancing toward conjunction, becomes daily more difficult of observation.

BELT 7.—This belt, not seen in 1870-71, was always visible in 1871-72, though generally faint and narrow. From a great thickening in hour 3 descended the slant streak referred to in remarks on belt 5.

BELT 8.—Never seen in 1870-71, but frequently visible in 1871-72.

The South Polar Region in 1871-72 was very faintly shaded from hours 6 to 9, and altogether brighter than the North.

The difficulty of applying terrestrial analogy to explain the phenomena presented by Jupiter has been already pointed out. As a telescopic view of the moon shows a state of things very different from what obtains on the surface of the earth, so the atmosphere of another planet may bear no strict comparison with our own. In the course of time, by the results of long-continued observations and, perhaps, by means not now anticipated, we may, with some degree of certainty, be led to understand the peculiar features of Jupiter. A few years ago who could expect that the constituent elements of the sun, and the stars, and the comets, and the nebulae would ever be made known to us? And yet they can now, to a great extent, be as surely tested as the substances manipulated by the chemist in his laboratory. For the present, however, it must be admitted that we can have but the vaguest conceptions of the physical condition of Jupiter.

J. BIRMINGHAM.

SERBIAN FOLK-LORE.

I.—SATAN'S JUGGLINGS AND GOD'S MIGHT.

ONE morning the son of the king went out to hunt. Whilst walking through the snow he cut himself a little, and the drops of blood fell on the snow. When he saw how pretty the red blood looked on the white snow, he thought, "Oh, if I could only marry a girl as white as snow and as rosy red as this blood!" Whilst he was thus thinking, he met an old woman and asked her if there were such maidens anywhere to be found. The old woman told him that on the mountain

he saw before him he would find a house without doors, and the only entrance and outlet of this house was a single window. And she added, "In that house, my son, there is living a girl such as you desire, but of the many young men who have gone to ask her to be their wife none have returned."

"That may all be as you say; but I will go nevertheless!" answered the prince. "Only tell me the way to that house!" The old woman hearing this resolve, was sorry for the young man, and taking a piece of bread from her pouch, she gave it to him, saying,

"Take this bread and keep it safe as the apple of your eye!" The prince took it and continued his journey. Very soon afterwards he met another old woman, and she asked him where he was going. He told her he was going to demand the girl who lived in the doorless house on the mountain. Then the old woman tried to dissuade him, telling him just the same things as the former one had done. But he said, "That may be quite true, nevertheless I will go, even if I never return." Then the old woman gave him a little nut, saying, "Keep this nut always by you; it may help you some time or other!"

The prince took the nut and went on his way, till he came to an old woman sitting by the road-side, who asked him, "Where are you going?" Then he told her he was going to demand the girl who lived in the house on the mountain before him. Then the old woman wept, and prayed him to give up all thoughts of the girl, and she gave him the very same warnings as the other old women had done. But the prince was resolved to go on, so the old woman gave him a walnut, saying, "Take this walnut, and keep it carefully until you want it."

He wondered at these presents, and asked her to tell him why the first old woman had given him a piece of bread, the second a nut, and she herself now a walnut. The old woman answered, "The bread is to throw to the beasts before the house, that they may not eat you; and when you find yourself in the greatest danger ask counsel, first from the nut, and then from the walnut."

Then the king's son continued his wandering, till he came at last into a thick forest, and in the midst of the forest he saw the house. When he came near it, he was attacked by a multitude of beasts of all kinds, and, following the advice of the old woman, he threw the bit of bread towards them. Then the beasts came and smelt at the bread one after the other, and, after doing so, each drew his tail between his legs and lay down quietly.

But the house had no door, and but one window, which was very high up from the ground, so high that he could not reach it.

Suddenly he saw a woman letting down her golden hair, so he rushed and caught hold of it, and she drew him up thereby into the house. Then he saw that the woman was she for whose sake he had come to this place. The prince and the girl were equally pleased to see each other, and she said, "Thank God that my mother happened to be from home! She is gone into the forest to gather the plants by the aid of which she transforms all the young men to beasts who venture here to ask me to be their wife. Those are the beasts who would have killed you if God had not helped you. But let us fly away from this place. So they fled away through the forest as quickly as they could. Happening once to look back, however, they saw that the girl's mother was pursuing them, and they became frightened. The old woman was already very near them before the prince remembered his nut. He took it out quickly and asked, "For God's sake tell me what we must do now?" The nut replied, "Open me!" The prince opened it, and from the little nut flowed out a large river, which stopped the way, so that for a time the girl's mother could not pass. However, she touched the waters with her staff, and they immediately divided and left her a dry path, so that she could run on quickly after the prince and the girl.

When the prince saw she would soon come up with them, he took out the walnut and asked, "Tell me what we must do now?" And the walnut replied, "Break me!" The king's son broke the walnut, and a great fire flamed out from it—so great a fire that the whole forest barely escaped being consumed by it. But the girl's mother spat on the fire, and it extinguished itself in a moment. Then the king's son saw that these were nothing but the jugglings of the devil, so he turned eastward, made the sign of the cross, and called on the mighty God to help him. Then it suddenly thundered and lightened, and from heaven flashed a thunderbolt which struck the mother of the girl, and she fell dead upon the ground.

Thus at length the king's son arrived safely at home, and, when the girl had been made a Christian, he married her.





"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPILANT.

CHAPTER XXX.



HERE was, however, another point to be considered before Wednesday, and that was the question of dress, which convulses a poor household when unusual festivities are in progress. Mrs. Drummond's black silk was, as Mrs. Dalton

said, "always nice." It had lasted from Helen's prosperous days till now; it had changed its form half-a-dozen times, and now, thanks to the beneficent fashion which prevailed, of short walking dresses had "come out quite fresh," as Norah declared in triumph. But Norah did not possess that *toilette fraîche* which is indispensable for a young lady at a picnic. Her grey frock was very pretty at home; but amid all the shining garments of the great young ladies, their perfect ribbons, and hats, and boots, and gloves, all those wonderful accessories which poor people cannot hope for, how could she look anything but a poor little Cinderella? "My dress would do, mamma—it is not the dress," Norah said, looking at herself in dismay in the old-fashioned long glass in its ebony frame, as they discussed this matter, "and all that I have is well enough; good enough, you know, very nice for common wear. Short dresses are a blessing, but then they show one's boots; and the cuffs, and the collars, and the ribbons! Perhaps we ought not to have said we would go."

"That is what I feared," said Helen. "It is hard you should not have a little amusement when it comes in your way; and then there are other things to think of; but to live among people who are richer, much richer than one is one's self——"

"What are the other things that have to

be thought of?" said Norah, with that sudden fantastic jealousy of ulterior motives which affects the young.

"My dear Norah, I am not mercenary. I would not sacrifice your happiness for any worldly motive. I would not even suggest—— But, my darling, you must see people—you must have it in your power at least to meet those whom—you must go into the world."

Norah gazed at her mother with dilated eyes. They had come down into the drawing-room after their inspection of the poor boots and gloves that suggested Cinderella. And the child was standing against the light, against the old brown-grey curtains, which threatened to crumble into dust any day, and yet held out miraculously. The round mirror made a little picture of her standing there alone, like an old miniature in dim enamel. But Norah was not dim in herself at that moment—her brown eyes were dilated and shining—her cheeks mantled with the overwhelming blush of mingled indignation and shame. "To meet—people!—oh! mamma, mamma, how can you!—is it all true, then, what people say?"

"Yes," said Helen gravely, "or at least it is half true. I am ashamed, and yet I should not be ashamed. I want you to meet those who can appreciate you, who may love you, Norah, and make your life happy. Why should you look at me so indignantly? it is my duty. But I do not wish to speak of it to you."

"Then I am going—to be inspected—to be offered in the market—to be—oh! mamma, I would rather die!"

"You are going for nothing of the kind. I shall have to put away my companion and friend who was such a comfort to me; and send you back into the place of a silly, impatient child."

"So I am," said Norah, throwing herself at her mother's feet, and hiding her tears and burning cheeks in Helen's gown; "so I am! Oh, mamma, can't I work or do something? is there nothing, nothing in the world for a girl, but *that*?"

"Hush, my darling, hush!" said Helen, and it was upon this group that some one came in suddenly, whose indignation was prompt at the sight and unhesitating. It was Dr. Maurice, who had come down from London, as he did periodically to see the child, whom he considered as his ward; and who instinc-

tively, seeing tears, made up his mind that Norah had been suffering cruelty, and that the mother was in fault.

"What is the matter?" he said. "Norah crying! I have not seen her cry before since she was a baby—there must be a good cause."

"She is growing a woman," said her mother, "and learning something about life, poor child; but fortunately this time the cause is not very grave."

Norah sprang to her feet and dried her tears. She had divined long ere now that her old friend loved her a great deal better than he loved her mother. And Norah was ready to take up arms for her mother, *à outrance*, night or day.

"No, it was not very much," she said, all glowing with tears and blushes and excitement; "it was something you will laugh at—you will think it so like a silly woman. You know you hate us all, Dr. Maurice, and that is what you will say."

"Yes, I hate you all," said the doctor, looking at her with eyes that softened and brightened unconsciously, and a voice that sounded caressing in spite of himself.

"I know it," said Norah. "Well then, Dr. Maurice, this is what I was crying about. We are going to a picnic with the Burtons, and the Marchioness of Upshire, and all kinds of fine people. And I was crying because I have not got a pretty dress."

Dr. Maurice gave a short laugh, and then he turned away his head, and his eyes glistened under their heavy brows. "Poor child!" he said, with a tremble in his voice—if it had been any one else probably he would have sneered, as Norah said at the frivolity of woman's nature; but, because it was Norah, his heart melted within him, and the water came to his eyes.

"When is it going to come off?" he said.

"Oh, to-day—at one o'clock they were to call for us. Dear doctor," said Norah, looking up at him laughing, yet with the tears still on her eyelashes, "won't you say that, after all, I look very nice in my grey frock?"

"Go away, child," he said, almost angrily, "go and dress yourself and let me look at you after. I want to speak to your mamma."

When she heard this Helen was afraid. She believed in Dr. Maurice because he had been substantially kind, and because he was her husband's friend; but she did not like him, and she had that fear of him which came from the conviction that he disliked and distrusted her.

"Why is this?" he said, as Norah went

away. "Mrs. Drummond, I thought you knew that I look upon Norah as if she was my own. She should not want anything if you would let me know—I think you ought for Norah's sake to get over any feeling—and put pride aside."

"It is not so easy," said Helen, with a smile. "Pride, if you call it so, sticks very close. You are very, very kind—"

"I am not kind—I don't mean to be; but I look upon Norah as if she were my own."

"She is not your own, Dr. Maurice," said Helen with spirit. "I cannot put a feeling in the place of a right. Nothing in the world would make me appeal to a stranger for finery for my child. We can live with what we have of our own."

"Pride, pride!" said the doctor hastily. "I don't mean to give offence; but I am not a stranger—I have known the child from her cradle. Why shouldn't you be so yielding—so kind if you will—as to tell me when she wants a dress? My little Norah! she has been a delight to me all my life. If I had my will, she should rustle with the best."

Helen was angry, but she was moved. A man who loved her child could scarcely shut her heart even by disliking herself. She put out her hand to the surly critic who had never trusted her—"Thanks," she said, "many thanks. I accept your love for Norah; but I could not accept anything else. Why, you must know that! My child, Robert's child, appealing to your charity! Dr. Maurice, I am not ungrateful, but surely Cinderella's frock is better than that."

The doctor was silent, he could not reply. "Poor little Cinderella!" he said; but just then there appeared a vision at the door, which took away his breath. Men are poor creatures where a woman's dress is concerned. To Dr. Maurice, who knew no better, Norah's pretty rose-coloured ribbons, the little end of rose-coloured feather, which relieved the black in her hat, and the fresh little pair of grey gloves, which she had indulged in, made Cinderella at once, without more ado, into the fairy princess. "Why, good heavens, child, what would you have more?" he said, almost with offence. He had been taken in, he thought, and betrayed into an unnecessary warmth of sympathy. It is true that, after a little, even Dr. Maurice saw points which might be improved: but he could not look upon Norah's toilette with the instructed eyes which Clara Burton and Lady Florizel turned upon it; and it was the other girls, the Marchioness, the ladies who knew, not a mere man, ignorant as a baby, whom Norah feared.

However, it was grand to see the carriage glide up to the door, and the ladies get into it. Mrs. Ashurst and her niece were in it already, two highly respectable persons with claims to belong to the county. The Rectory people were not asked, and Katie stood at the window and watched with somewhat wistful looks, waving her hand as they drove away. And Dr. Maurice put them into the carriage, and stood on the steps with his hat off watching them too. There was a splendour about it certainly, whether it was delightful or not. Norah thought of the donkey-chaise laden with children, and for a moment sighed; she had worn brown holland in those days—but now brown holland all embroidered and decorated was a great deal too expensive—far more costly than her grey—and she had not cared what she wore then, which was far better; whilst now she felt that Miss Ashurst was looking at her, and saw that her cuffs were rather coarse in texture and her feather nothing but a tip. Neither was the drive very lively in the society of these respectable ladies, the younger of whom was older than Norah's mother. But when the carriage approached the end of the pilgrimage, Norah's sky began to brighten. All the others had already arrived, and on a green knoll in front of the old tower the luncheon was being arranged. It was a prettier, gayer sight than the old parties with the donkey chaise. Lady Florizel and her sister were standing at one of the windows in the tower with Ned Burton, looking down; but among the trees near the gate Cyril Rivers was waiting on the outskirts of a group, looking round with evident anxiety, waiting to open the carriage door and hand the ladies out. "I am so glad you have come," he whispered into Norah's ear. His very face brightened up at the sight of them. There is no girl living who could withstand such delicate flattery, and that not from any nobody, not from an old friend and faithful slayer like Ned Burton, but from the hero, the prince of romance. Norah's heart grew light in spite of herself; she might be indifferently dressed, she might even look as she felt, a poor relation: but this distinction all the same was hers—the prince had found Cinderella out, and none of the others could get a word from him. He took them to Mrs. Burton, who was doing the honours of the old tower to the Marchioness, and who received them very graciously, giving thanks to some heathenish deity of her own for the success of her plans; and then he found a shady spot for them where they could command everything. "I suppose you do not

care to go over the tower," he said. "I know it as well as my A.B.C.," said Norah; and then he placed them under the great ash-tree and took up his own position by Mrs. Drummond's side.

Mrs. Burton gave thanks to her gods for her success. She looked up and saw Ned's eyes peering out of the window above as if he were about to swoop down upon her. "What are you doing, Ned?" she said in momentary alarm.

"Getting this for Lady Florizel," he said, holding out a tuft of wildflowers from the old wall. And Mrs. Burton thanked that fetish, whoever he was. But she did not see that between the line of Ned's hat and his nose, were a pair of eyes glancing fiercely down upon the ash-tree. If lightning could have come out of mortal eyes, that tree would have shrivelled up and borne no more foliage. The spell was beginning to work. Perhaps Cyril Rivers would not have so committed himself had he not believed that the Burtons had made some scheme to detach him from Norah's side, and to slight and scorn her. He thought they had attempted to make him privy to a plot against her comfort and honour, and that she had been asked here on purpose to be insulted by that impertinence of society which women cannot struggle against. This was the conclusion he came to, and all that was chivalrous and kind was stirred within him. If everybody else neglected them, he at least would show that a man's proper place was by the side of the weak. And then the weak who had to be succoured was so pretty, so charming, so sweet! A man's generous impulses are immensely strengthened in such cases. Miss Ashurst, who was as well-born as anybody there, and as well dressed, was really neglected by the whole company: but Mr. Rivers did not feel himself impelled to her side by his desire to succour those who were in need.

"Look there, papa," said Clara Burton, going to her father and thrusting her hand through his arm, "only look there!"

"Rivers!" said Mr. Burton, gazing through the branches, "with that girl again!"

"And whose fault is it? Mamma's! It is all mamma. I told you; she actually sent him there—sent him to their house!"

"I will soon put a stop to all that; don't be disturbed, Clara," said her father, and he went off with great vehemence to where his wife was standing. He put his hand on her arm and drew her away from the Marchioness. "One moment—a thousand pardons," he said, bowing to the great lady, and then

turned to his wife with the air of a suppressed volcano. "Clara, what on earth do you mean? there's Rivers with those Drummonds again!"

"He has been with them ever since they came, Mr. Burton; probably he will drive home with them. He seems to have made himself their attendant for the day."

"But, good Lord, Clara! what do you mean? Do you mean to drive your daughter out of her senses—don't you intend to interfere?"

"I am acting for the best," said Mrs. Burton, "and it will be at your peril if you meddle. Take it in hand if you please; but if the work is to be mine I must do it my own way."

"But, Clara, for heaven's sake——"

"I have no time for any more, Mr. Burton. I must be allowed to work, if I work at all, in my own way."

And with this poor satisfaction Mr. Burton had to be content. He went away fuming and secretly smarting with indignation, through the groups of people who were his own guests, gathered together to make him merry. A mixture of rage and bewilderment filled his bosom. He could no more bear to have his Clara crossed than Mrs. Drummond could bear to cross Norah; and his wife's silence was far beyond his comprehension. Clara met him as he came up, with a fluctuating colour, now pale, now crimson, and her white low forehead almost lost under the fringe of hair. She clasped his arm energetically with both hands. "Tell me, papa! what has she got to say?"

"Well, Clara, we must not interfere. Your mother has her own way of acting; she says it is all right. There are dozens more that would be glad of a look from you, Clara. For to-day we are not to interfere."

Clara, who was not in the habit of disguising her feelings, tossed his arm from her, pulling away her hands; she was half wild with injured pride and self-will. She went up to the group under the tree with anger in her step and in her eye.

"Oh, Norah!" she said; "I did not know you were coming. Good morning, Mrs. Drummond. Mr. Rivers, I thought you were altogether lost. You disappeared the moment we set you down. I suppose you had something more agreeable in hand."

"I had nothing in hand, Miss Burton, except like everybody else—to amuse myself, I suppose."

"And you have found a charming way of doing that, I am sure," said poor, jealous, foolish Clara; her face was flushed, her voice slightly elevated. She could not bear it; if it had been one of the Ladies Merewether, or even one of

the Daltons from the Rectory—but Norah! It was more than she could put up with. Mrs. Drummond, who was decorous, the very soul of good order and propriety, rose up instinctively to cover this little outbreak. "Let us walk about a little," she said. Let us hide this unwomanly self-betrayal, was what she meant.

Norah, too, was wounded and ashamed, though without feeling herself involved. Clara was "in a temper," Norah thought. They all knew that Clara in a temper was to be avoided. She was sorry Mr. Rivers should see it. "Oh, Clara! isn't it strange to be here with everything so different," she said. "Don't you remember our pranks on the grass when we were children? and your pony which we all envied so much? How odd it is in some ways to be grown up!"

Clara took no notice of this conciliatory speech, but Mr. Rivers did. "I hope it is not less pleasant," he said.

"I don't know—we walk about now, instead of running races and playing games. Do you remember, Clara——"

"I have not time to talk over all that old nonsense," said Clara: "the Marchioness is calling me;" and she turned sharply off and joined her mother, who was with that great lady. She was quite pale with anger and dismay. She walked up to Mrs. Burton and looked her in the face. It was *her* doing! and then she drew back a step, and stood behind, doing all she could to make her vexation visible. She wanted to punish her mother. The others had all dispersed into groups; but Clara stood alone, determined to be unhappy. Mrs. Burton, however, was not punished at all; her scheme had succeeded. Her daughter's temper could not last above an hour or two; and her son was safe. He was walking about with Lady Florizel, "paying her," as Miss Ashurst said, "every attention," under her satisfied eyes.

The picnic ran its course like other picnics. It was very delightful to some, and very wretched—a day to date from, as the unhappiest ever known—to others. Cyril Rivers did not, as Mrs. Burton had predicted, leave the Drummonds all day. Had he suspected that this was the very result she aimed at, and that Ned's lowering brows and unhappy looks were the very things the party had been given for, the chances are that he would have resisted the temptation which was stealing over him; but he did not know this, and he did not resist. He thought they were laying vulgar, visible claim to him, before he had made up his mind one way

or another; and this was a thing his pride refused to allow; while at the same time Norah was very sweet. She was a "rosebud set about with wilful thorns;" she would not agree with him, nor yield in argument; she was not a shadowless beauty all in broad blaze of sunshine and complacency, like Clara; there were clouds and shadows about her, and a veil of soft mystery, spontaneous movements of fancy, wayward digression out of one thing into another. Mrs. Drummond, who was the spectator at the banquet, grew alarmed. She tried to separate them, to lead Norah away among the other people. But she was balked in that by every means. The other people were chiefly county people, too grand for the Drummonds, who were civil to the handsome mother and pretty daughter, but not anxious for their further acquaintance. Wherever they turned Mr. Rivers met them. He was not cold, nor slow to see when Helen wanted to seat herself, when she wanted to move about. At last, when the afternoon was beginning to wane, and the elder ladies to think of their shawls, some of the younger ones proposed a dance on the green. Mrs. Drummond was left sitting by herself, while Norah went to dance with Mr. Rivers, and it was then for the first time that Mr. Burton came up to her. She could not but suppose that he had been taking too much wine.

"Well, Helen," he said, in his loud voice, "this is an unusual sort of scene for you—like it? I don't suppose you know many people, though; but that little girl of yours is going too fast; mind my word, she is going too fast."

"I think, Mr. Burton, you mistake——"

"No, I don't mistake;—going too fast—trying to lead Cyril Rivers off his feet, as she did my Ned. What am I talking of? No, not Ned; Ned has more sense—some other of the lads. But Cyril Rivers, mind you, ain't such a fool as he looks."

He went on, but Helen did not hear him. Suddenly the whole situation glanced upon her. If a flash of lightning had illuminated everything it could not have been more clear. It was not a good light or a friendly that blazed over that scene, which was confused by so many shades of good and evil feeling. Helen's whole spirit had been moved in her by the tone and words of her cousin in respect to her child. He had touched her daughter—and a woman is as a tigress when a finger is laid upon her cub, people say.

I don't know if this was any excuse for her; but certainly, all in a moment, some-

thing appeared within her reach which made her heart beat. Revenge! Whatever his degree of guilt had been, this man had been her husband's evil angel; he had put him in the way which had led him to his destruction—with how much or how little guilt who could say? And Helen looked over the bright scene—the dancers on the grass, the groups standing round, the autumn trees dressed out in all their beauty, like their human brethren—and suddenly saw, or thought she saw, that she had the happiness of her adversary's home in her hand. Little Norah, all unaware of her tragic task, was the Nemesis who was to accomplish their overthrow. There was Ned, heart-broken, but defiant—Ned whom she had seen watching all day, miserable as youth only is; and Clara, furious, making a show of herself in her passion. Was it the sin of the father that was being visited on the children? Helen's heart gave one loud, angry throb; the time of her temptation had come. She did not use the word revenge; all that was brought before her in the sudden tumult of her thoughts was punishment—retribution for sin.

While this terrible suggestion flashed into Helen's mind and took sudden possession of it, another idea had begun to germinate in another bosom, which was to bear fruit also. Dr. Maurice went to see the Haldanes, and had a great deal of conversation with them. This conversation ran chiefly upon the one subject on which they were both so much interested—"the child." From them he learnt that Norah had "come out," that she had made a great *success*, that everybody (to wit, the Daltons) were raving of her prettiness and sprightliness, and how much admired she was; and that since the ball Cyril Rivers had "never been out of the house."

"Find out what sort of fellow he is, Maurice," said Stephen Haldane; "it would be hard to see our little Norah throw herself away. I thought it would have been Ned."

"Ned! Ned? Burton's son—a mere City fellow! Good heavens! has it come to that?" said Dr. Maurice.

He left the Gatehouse, and walked slowly to the station, and went home just about the time when the dance began on the green. "The child wants some one to take care of her," he said over and over again to himself. When he got home he went over all his house, and looked at it with a half comic, half puzzled look. The idea perhaps had gleamed across his mind before; it was an idea he did not half like. It would be a trouble to him—more trouble than anybody

could imagine. But still if such a sacrifice should be necessary—for Norah's sake?

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE thought of revenge which had thus entered Helen's mind might have died out of it naturally, or it might have been overcome by better thoughts. All the passion and conflict of her life had died into stillness; six years had come and gone since the great storm had passed over her, which had changed her existence, and though that had not come to any satisfactory conclusion, but only raged itself out, leaving germs that might grow into tumultuous life again—so long an interval of quiet had buried these germs very deep. She had grown tranquil in spite of herself; the calm routine of her life had taken hold upon her, and she had made that change which is so imperceptible while in progress, so real and all-influencing when once accomplished—the change which steals away the individuality of existence, and introduces that life by proxy, to which we all—or at least to which all women—must come. Insensibly, without knowing it, Helen had grafted herself into her child. She had lived for Norah, and now she lived in Norah, regarding the events of the world and the days as they passed solely in reference to the new creature who had a new career to weave out of them. This change has a wonderful effect upon the mind and being. Her sphere of interests was altered, her hopes and wishes were altered, her very modes of thought. The gravity of her nature gave way before this potent influence. Had she been in the way of it, Helen, who had lived through her own youth with a certain serious dignity, accepting her pleasures as a necessity rather than entering into them with enthusiasm, would have acquired for herself, no doubt, the character of a frivolous woman, fond of balls and gaiety, all because of the gayer temper of her child. She felt with Norah that thrill of wonder about Cyril Rivers; her own heart began to beat a little quicker when she heard him coming; a reflection of Norah's blush passed over her. She had to make an effort now and then not to be altogether carried away by this strange entry she had made into another nature; for Norah was not like her mother in nature; training and constant association had made them alike, and it was quite possible that Norah in later life might become Helen, as Helen for the moment had become Norah. But this wondrous double life that ebbs and flows from one heart to another as from one

vessel to another—the same blood, the same soul—is not very explicable in words. It was only when Helen sat, as she did at the moment we are now describing, all by herself over her little fire, and felt the silence round her, and realised her own individuality separate from the rest of the world, that the old strain of her thoughts came back to her, and for half an hour at a time she became herself once more.

It was a month after the day of the picnic. The guests at Dura had departed, or rather had been succeeded by new ones, of whom the Drummonds knew nothing. A breach had been made between the great house and the village—a breach which the Daltons murmured and wondered at, but which no one attributed distinctly to its true cause. That cause, Mrs. Drummond knew very well, was Norah. They had been invited once more to Dura after the picnic, and Mr. Rivers once more had constituted himself their attendant. By this time all other motives except one had ceased to influence the young man. He had ceased to think of the Burtons' claims or of Clara's fury—things which, no doubt, had at first made the pursuit of Norah piquant and attractive to him. What he thought of now was Norah herself. He had no intention of committing himself—no thought of compromising his future by a foolish match; but he fell in love—he could not help it. It is a thing which men of the best principles, men incapable of ruining themselves by an absurd marriage, will nevertheless do from time to time. How he should get out of it he did not know, and when he ventured to think at all, he was very sorry for himself for the fatality which made Norah impossible. But impossible or not, this was what had happened to him; he had fallen in love. The sensation itself was sweet; and Clara's perpetual angry pout, her flash of wrath when he approached Norah, her impatient exclamation at the sound of her name, amused him immensely, and at the same time flattered his vanity. So did Ned's lowering brows and unhappy looks. Mr. Rivers was tickled with his own position, flattered and amused by the effect his erratic proceedings had produced. And he had fallen in love. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Drummond encouraged him on that evening which she and her daughter spent at Dura after the picnic. She waved him, as it were, in the faces of the Burtons like a flag of triumph. She took pleasure in Ned's misery, though she liked Ned—and in Clara's wrath. They had scorned her child;

but her child was able to turn all their plans to confusion, and break up their most skillful combinations. Norah was the queen of the moment, and the others were crushed under her little foot. She was able to make Ned's life a burden to him and destroy Clara's prospects. I am very sorry to have to say this of Helen; but I have never set her up as possessing the highest type of character, and it was true.

She was heartily sorry for it afterwards, however, it must be added. When she got home she felt ashamed, but rather for having done something that did not come up to her own ideal of womanly or lady-like behaviour than for the pain she had helped to inflict. Even while she was sorry for having "encouraged" (women are so conscious of all that word means) Mr. Rivers, she was not sorry for Ned's despair, which rather amused her—nor for Clara's fury, which made her so angry that she would have liked to whip Clara. She was only ashamed of the deed; she did not dislike the results. Norah, as so often happens, did not know half, nor nearly half, of what it all meant. She was flattered by Mr. Rivers's attention; she admired him, she liked him. He was the hero, and he had taken her for his heroine. The thought entranced her girlish fancy, and seduced her into a thousand dreams. She wondered would he "speak" to her, and what should she answer him? She framed pictures to herself of how he should be brought to the very verge of that "speaking," and then by chance prevented and sent away, and longing and anxious, while Norah herself would get a respite. She imagined the most touching scenes—how somebody unknown would be found to watch over her, to bring wonderful good fortune to her, to be at hand when she was in any danger, to save her life, and perform all kinds of wonders; and how at last, suddenly turning upon this anonymous guardian angel, she should find that it was he. Everything that a true knight had ever done for his lady she dreamt of having done for her, and a sweet exultation, a grateful sense of her own humility and yet grandeur would fill her foolish little mind. But still, even in her fancy, Norah held as far off as possible the inevitable response. No lady, of course, could accept such devotion without sooner or later bestowing the reward; but the devotion, and not the reward, was the thing it pleased her to contemplate. It surrounded with a halo of glory not only herself, the recipient, but even in a higher degree the man who was capable of bestow-

ing such exquisite, and delicate, and generous service. Such are the fantastic fancies of a girl when she finds herself wafted into the land of old romance by the astounding, delicious, incompressible discovery that some one has fallen in love with her. She was not in the very least in love with him.

All this is a long way from the November evening when Helen sat over her fire, and became for the periodical half-hour herself, and not simply Norah's mother. Thinking it all over, she blushed a little over her own conduct. Mr. Rivers had left Dura, but he kept writing to her on one absurd pretext after another. Mrs. Drummond had answered very briefly one of these notes, and she was taking herself to task for it now. Was she right to "encourage" Cyril Rivers? It had punished the Burtons, and she was not sorry for that. But was such a mode of revenge permissible? Was it consistent with her own dignity, or such a thing as ought to be? Susan had not yet brought in the lamp, and she was sitting in the ruddy darkness, scarcely illuminated, yet made rosy by the brilliant not-flaming redness of the fire. Norah even now, would have been frightened to sit so in that haunted room; but it was not haunted to Helen. It was a clear, moonlight evening out of doors, and the thin long lines of window at the other end of the room let in each a strip of dark wintry blue between the brown-grey curtains. This cold light, and the ruddy, suppressed glow of the fire, balanced each other, holding each their own half of the room like two armies, of which the red one made continual sorties upon the realm of the other, and the blue one stood fast without a movement. It was a curious little interior, but Helen did not see it. She sat, as thoughtful people so often sit, with her eyes fixed upon the red glow of the embers. In a variation of the same attitude, half visible as the light rose and fell, like a spell-bound woman, her image shone in the round mirror.

Norah was at the Rectory spending the evening, and Norah's mother had changed into Helen herself, and not another. How many old thoughts came and went through her mind it is needless to say; but they resolved themselves into this, that she had sacrificed her own dignity, that what she was doing was not the thing she ought to do. What was the punishment of the Burtons to her? Why should she like to give a heart-ache to a boy and girl who had done her no harm? It was to get at their father, and give him a stab through their means; but

was that a kind of warfare for a woman—a lady? Helen started in the dark, though no one could see her. She had a high, almost fantastic, sense of honour and generosity, yet in this she was sacrificing both.

I do not know what impulse it was which made her, when the fire began to burn low and wanted refreshment, go to the window and look out—no reason in particular—because it was a beautiful night. She stood looking out on the moonlight, on the silent country road, and the lively lights which shone in the Rectory windows opposite. She had rung for the lamp; she was going to have her woman's meal, her cup of tea, in the solitude which was not grievous, for to be sure it would last but an hour or two. On the table there was a basket full of work, some dressmaking for Norah, and a novel, for still Helen loved the novels which took her into other lives. All these placid details gave an air of profoundest peace to the scene, and the white, clear moonlight shone outside, and the stars, sharpened and brightened by frost, fluttered as if they had wings or a heart that throbbed, out of the blue of the sky; when suddenly the place became clamorous, the silence fled, the echoes carried circles of sound all over the unseen country. Mr. Burton was coming home. A slight smile came upon Helen's face. All this ostentation and noise of wealth did not irritate her as it used to do. The phaeton came dashing along, and paused a moment at the corner, where Williams's shop threw out a stream of illumination. Some one else sat by Mr. Burton's side—some one who suddenly, as they passed, turned his face full into the light.

In a moment Helen's heart had begun to beat like an engine suddenly set in motion; the blood mounted up into her ears, to her heart, like its moving wheels and piston. She clenched her hand, and a sudden demon seemed to wake up and come into existence all in a moment. It was the man whom she believed to be her husband's murderer—the destroyer of her own happiness and of Robert's good name. She stood as if spell-bound while they drove past the window, laughing and talking. Nay, there was even a half pause, and Mr. Burton made some explanation, and pointed to the Gatehouse, not seeing the secret spectator. She heard the sound of their voices—the laugh; and clenched her hands tighter, and through her mind there passed words which a woman should not say.

It was then that Susan came into the room with the lamp. When she had set it down

on the table, and turned round to close the window, it startled her to see where Helen was standing. Susan uttered an exclamation; it gave her "a turn;" and she had a still greater turn when she perceived the change in Mrs. Drummond's face. But for the moment she did not say anything. It was only when she had arranged the tea and put everything ready that she ventured to look again, and encountered Helen's eyes, which were fixed, and did not see her.

"Lord bless us!" said Susan, "if something has happened, 'm, don't look dreadful like that, but say it out."

Helen woke up at the sound of her voice. She tried to smile and clear her countenance.

"Nothing has happened," she said; and it startled her to find how hoarse she was. "I was thinking only about old times."

"That comes o' Miss Norah being out to tea," said Susan. "I'd think of old times fast enough if I could do any good. But what's the use? Thinking and thinking only moiders a body's brain. I've give it up for my part."

"It is the wisest way," said Helen, trying to smile.

"Shall I ask Miss Jane to come and stay with you a bit? or shall I run for Miss Norah?" asked Susan, who was practical-minded, and felt that something ought to be done.

"Never mind, Susan. It is very kind of you to think of me. It will pass over directly," said Helen; and she was so decided and imperative that Susan was forced to yield.

When she was gone, Mrs. Drummond rose and walked about the room with hasty, tremulous steps. She was not sick nor sorry, as the woman thought, but burning with wild indignation, sudden rage. Her better feelings were overwhelmed by the tide of passion that rushed into her mind. "Golden and Burton! Golden and Burton!" When she had last repeated these words, she had felt herself powerless, helpless, unable to inflict any punishment upon them, compelled to subside into silence, knowing that neither her voice nor anything she could do would reach them. It was different now, she said to herself, with fierce satisfaction. Now she had indeed something in her power; now she could indeed reach the very heart of one of them. Her cheek glowed, her eyes blazed in her solitude. She would do it. She would abstract Mr. Rivers from them utterly, and she would break the heart of their boy. She seemed to hold it in her hand,

and crush it, as she pursued these thoughts. This was the horrible effect produced upon a reasonable woman by the appearance of a man who had wronged her. It is not easy to bear the seeming prosperity of the wicked. He had taken from Helen all, except Norah, that made life worth having, and he himself had appeared to her full of jovial talk and laughter, going to visit at Dura, evidently a favoured guest. The difficulty was one which David felt even more deeply, and has argued with himself upon in many a strain which religion has made familiar to

us as the air we breathe. In the Psalms it is never said that it is wrong to chafe at the prosperity of evil-doers, but only that that prosperity is short-lived, and that ruin is coming. When Helen suddenly saw her enemy, the wicked man *par excellence*, the incarnation of wrong and cruelty, flourishing like the green bay-tree, gay and confident as he had always been, it was not wonderful if she took the Old Testament rather than the New for her guide. The only strange thing was, that with the curious inconsistency of human nature, she grasped the weapon that she had suddenly found at



her side, to strike, not him, but his companion. Golden and Burton! Once more they had become one to her; her enemies—the incarnation of murder, slander, and wrong!

"Mamma, Ned has walked across with me," said Norah, running in all fresh from the outer air, with a red hood over her brown hair. "May I ask him to come in? He looks so unhappy, mamma."

"I don't see that we have anything to do with his unhappiness," said Helen; but already he was standing at the door, looking in very wistfully. Norah was rather wistful

too; her heart was relenting over her old vassal; and now there was no Mr. Rivers in the way to take possession of her, and come between her and the looks of others.

Ned came in with very doubtful step, not knowing whether to be frightened or glad. He was not afraid of Mrs. Drummond; she had never been unkind to him, and there seemed a possibility now that his misery might be over, and that Norah might relent. But it was a shock to Ned to find that she did not offer him her hand, but only bowed stiffly, and began to speak to her daughter.

"You are early to-night," she said. "I did not expect you so soon."

"Oh, mamma, soon! Why, it is eleven; and you have the tea-things still on the table. Mamma, I shall never be able to go anywhere, if you behave so. You have not had any tea."

"I have not wanted it. I did not observe that it was there," said Helen, seating herself on her former seat by the fire. In doing this, she turned her back upon Ned, who, startled and wounded, did not know what to do. Norah was alarmed too. She made a sign to him to sit down, and then went to her mother, taking her hand—

"Mamma, you are not well," she said.

"I am quite well. I fear, however, I shall not be good company for—Mr. Burton to-night."

"Mamma! Why it is only Ned!"

"He is Mr. Burton's son," said Helen, trembling with emotion. "Norah, do you remember the man who murdered your father, and tried to disgrace him—Golden—that man? Well, I have just seen him drive up with Mr. Burton to Dura. They paused, and pointed out this house to each other—the place where their victims were living. You may understand why I am not fit company for—Mr. Burton to-night."

"Oh, my poor, dear mother! have you had this to bear, with no one to support you? I will never go out and leave you again."

"The sight of his face is like a curse to me," said Helen, scarcely knowing what she said. "I have had as much as I can bear for one night."

"Yes, dear mamma, so you have," said soothing Norah. And then behind her mother's back she made an imperative sign to poor Ned, whispering, "Go away; go away!"

He stumbled up to his feet, poor fellow! so dreadfully disappointed that he could scarcely find voice enough to speak. But yet his instinct was to strike one blow in self-defence.

"Mrs. Drummond," he said, clearing his voice, "I don't know much about Mr. Golden; but if he is such a man as you say, my father must be deceived; and I have nothing at all to do with it. Is it fair to punish me?"

"Oh, your father!" said Helen, facing suddenly round upon him, with a flush on her face and the tremulous movement of passion in all her frame. If she had not been so agitated, she would not have spoken so, let us hope, to the man's son. "Your

father is not deceived. I don't say you know. But you are his son."

"Good evening, Norah!" said Ned; he crushed his hat between his hands, and went straight out without another word. What a change from the hopeful spirit in which he had crossed the threshold two minutes before! But like many a man who makes an abrupt retreat, Ned found he fared the worse for his impetuosity when he had got outside. He might have stayed and asked some questions about it, fathomed it somehow, tried to discover what was the meaning of it. He walked up the avenue, upon which the moon was shining bright, so confused and troubled that he could not tell certainly which was the cloud floating along at a breakneck pace before the wind and which the true shadows, themselves immovable, which his rapid progress made almost as wildly fugitive. He thought he had been on the eve of renewed happiness, and lo! now he found himself pushed further off than ever; repulsed, he could not tell how. A tide of wild fancy rushed through his mind, carrying a hundred thoughts upon it as the wind carried the cloud. Sometimes it was the image of Mrs. Drummond which was uppermost, sometimes a wondering puzzled question about his father, sometimes the name of Golden. He remembered dimly the trial and the comments upon the latter, and how his own young mind had glowed half with indignation, half with sympathy. He was better able to judge now; but Helen's language sounded violent and exaggerated to him. "The man who murdered your father"—"the sight of his face is like a curse." What language was this for any one in their senses to use?

A stormy night with a full moon is perhaps the most dramatic spectacle in nature. The world was flooded with light as Ned, a dark speck in all that whiteness, came out into the open lawns amid which his father's house stood. The wind was driving the clouds across the clear blue at such a desperate pace as might become the pursued and terrified stragglers of a great army; and the army itself, piled up in dark confused masses in the north, loomed behind the house of Dura, which was inundated by the white radiance. These angry forces were turning to bay, heaping themselves in a threatening mass, glooming in silent opposition to all the splendour and glory of the light. Ned's heart was so sick and sore that he gazed at this sight with unusual force of fancy, wondering if it could mean anything?

The moon and the wind were doing all they could to disperse these vapours; they were driven back upon each other, heaped up in masses, pursued off the face of the sky, which over Ned's head was blue and clear as a summer noon. But yet the clouds gathered, held together, stood, as it were, at bay. Did it mean anything? Was that storm about to burst over the house, which stood so tranquilly, whitened over by the moon, below. This was what Ned asked himself (though he was not usually imaginative) as he went in with an ache in his heart to his father's house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE drawing-room within was very different from the wild conflict of light and darkness outside. There was music going on at one end, some people were reading, some talking. There were flirtations in hand, and grave discussions. In short, the evening was being spent as people are apt to spend the evening when there is nothing particular going on. There had been a good deal of private yawning and inspection of watches throughout the evening, and some of the party had already gone to bed, or rather to their rooms, where they could indulge in the happiness of fancying themselves somewhere else—an amusement which is very popular and general in a country house.

But seated in an easy chair by the fire was a tall man, carefully dressed, with diamond studs in his shirt, and a toilette which, though subdued in tone as a gentleman's evening-dress must be, was yet too elaborate for the occasion. The fact that this new guest was a stranger to him, and that his father was seated by him in close conversation, made it at once apparent to Ned that it must be Golden. Clara was close to them listening with a look of eager interest to all they said. These three made a little detached group by one side of the fire. At the other corner sat Mrs. Burton, with her little feet on a footstool, as near as possible to the fender. She had just said good-night to the dignified members of the party, the people who had to be considered; the others who remained were mere young people, about whose proceedings she did not concern herself. She was taking no part in the talk at the other side of the fire. She sat and warmed her little toes and pondered; her vivid little mind all astir and working, but uninfluenced by, and somewhat contemptuous of, what was going on around; and her

chilly little person basking in the ruddy warmth of the fire.

Ned came up and stood by her when he came in. No one took any notice of him, the few persons who remained in the room having other affairs in hand. Ned was fond of his mother, though she had never shown any fondness for him. She had done all for him which mere intellect could do. She had been very just to the boy all his life; when he got into scrapes, as boys will, she had not backed him up emotionally, it is true, but she had taken all the circumstances into account, and had not judged him harshly. She had been tolerant when his father was harsh. She had never lost her temper. He had always felt that he could appeal to her sense of justice—to her calm and impartial reason. This is not much like the confidence with which a boy generally throws himself upon his mother's sympathy, yet it was a great deal in Ned's case. And accordingly he loved his mother. Mrs. Burton, too, loved him perhaps more than she loved any one. She was doing her best to break his heart; but that is not at all uncommon even when parents and children adore each other. And then Ned was not aware that his mother had any share intentionally or otherwise in the cruel treatment he had received.

"Who is that?" he asked under his breath.

"A Mr. Golden, a friend of your father's," said Mrs. Burton, lifting her eyes and turning them calmly upon the person she named. There was no feeling in them of one kind or another, and yet Ned felt that she at least did not admire Mr. Golden, and it was a comfort to him. He went forward to the fire, and placed himself, as an Englishman loves to do, in front of it. He stood there for ten minutes or so, paying no particular attention to the conversation on his right hand. His father, however, looked more animated than he had done for a long time, and Clara was bending forward with a faint rose-tint from the fire tinging the whiteness of her forehead and throat, and deeper roses glowing on her cheeks. Her blue eyes were following Mr. Golden's movements as he spoke, her hair was shining like crisp gold in the light. She was such a study of colour, of splendid flesh and blood, as Rubens would have worshipped; and Mr. Golden had discrimination enough to perceive it. He stopped to address himself to Clara. He turned to her, and gave her looks of admiration, for which her brother, bitterly enough biassed against him on his own account, could have

"throttled the fellow!" Ned grew more and more wrathful as he looked on. And in the meantime the late young ladies came fluttering to say good night to their hostess; the young men went off to the smoking-room, where Ned knew he ought to accompany them, but did not, being too fully occupied; and thus the family were left alone. Notwithstanding, however, his wrath and his curiosity, it was only the sound of one name which suddenly made the conversation by his side quite articulate and intelligible to Ned.

"I hear the Drummond has a pretty daughter; that is a new weapon for her, Burton. I wonder you venture to have such a family established at your gates."

"The daughter is not particularly pretty; not so pretty by a long way as Helen was," said Mr. Burton. "I don't see what harm she can do with poor little Norah. We are not afraid of her, Clara, are we?" and he looked admiringly at his daughter, and laughed.

As for Clara she grew crimson. She was not a girl of much feeling, but still there was something of the woman in her.

"I don't understand how we could be supposed to be afraid for Norah Drummond," she said.

"But I assure you I do," said Mr. Golden. "Pardon me, but I don't suppose you have seen the Drummond herself, the Drummond mamma—in a fury."

"Father," said Ned, "is Mr. Golden aware that the lady he is speaking of is our relation—and friend? Do you mean to suffer her to be so spoken of in your house?"

"Hold your tongue, Ned."

"Ned! to be sure it is Ned. Why, my boy, you have grown out of all recollection," said Golden, jumping up with a great show of cordiality, and holding out his hand.

Ned bowed, and drew a step nearer his mother. He had his hands in his pockets; there were times, no doubt, when his manners left a great deal to be desired.

"Ah, I see! there are spells," said Mr. Golden, and he took his seat again with a hearty laugh—a laugh so hearty that there seemed just a possibility of strain and forced merriment in it. "My dear Miss Burton," he said, in an undertone, which however Ned could hear, "didn't I tell you there was danger? Here's an example for you, sooner than I thought."

"Mother," said Ned, "can I get your candle? I am sure it is time for you to go up-stairs."

"Yes, and for Clara too. Run away, child, and take care of your roses; Golden and I have some business to talk over; run away. As for you, Ned, to-morrow morning I shall have something to say to you."

"Very well, sir," said Ned solemnly.

He lighted his mother's candle, and he gave her his arm, having made up his mind not to let her go. The sounds of laughter which came faintly from the smoking-room did not tempt him; if truth must be told, they tempted Clara much more, who stood for a moment with her candle in her hand, and said to herself, "What fun they must be having!" and fretted against the feminine fetters which bound her. Such a thought would not have come into Norah's head, nor into Katie Dalton's, nor even into that of Lady Florizel, though it was a foolish little head enough; but Clara, who was all flesh and blood, and had been badly brought up, was the one of those four girls who probably would have impressed most deeply a journalist's fancy as illustrating the social problem of English young womanhood.

Ned led his mother not to her own room, but to his. He made her come in and placed a chair for her before the fire. It is probable that he had sense enough to feel that had he asked her consent to his marriage with Norah Drummond he would have found difficulties in his way; but short of this, he had full confidence in the justice which indeed he had never had any reason to doubt.

"Do you like this man Golden, mother?" he asked. "Tell me, what is his connection with us?"

"His connection, I suppose, is a business connection with your father," said Mrs. Burton. "For the rest, I neither like him nor hate him. He is well enough, I suppose, in his way."

"Mrs. Drummond does not think so," said Ned.

"Ah, Mrs. Drummond! She is a woman of what are called strong feelings. I don't suppose she ever stopped to inquire into the motives of anybody who went against her in her life. She jumps at a conclusion, and reaches it always from her own point of view. According to her view of affairs, I don't wonder, with her disposition, that she should hate him."

"Why, mother?"

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, "I am not in the habit of using words which would come naturally to a mind like Mrs. Drummond's. But from her point of view, I should say, she

must believe that he ruined her husband—drove him to suicide, and then did all he could to ruin his reputation. These are things, I allow, which people do not readily forget."

"And, mother, do you believe all this? Is it true?"

"I state it in a different way," she said. "Mr. Golden, I suppose, thought the business could be redeemed, to start with. When he drew poor Mr. Drummond into active work in the concern, he did it in a moment when there was nobody else to refer to. And then you must remember, Ned, that Mr. Drummond had enjoyed a good deal of profit, and had as much right as any of the others to suffer in the loss. He was ignorant of business, to be sure, and did not know what he was doing; but then an ignorant man has no right to go into business. Mr. Golden is very sharp, and he had to preserve himself if he could. It was quite natural he should take advantage of the other's foolishness. And then I don't suppose he ever imagined that poor Mr. Drummond would commit suicide. He himself would never have done it under similar circumstances—nor your father."

"Had my father anything to do with this?" said Ned hoarsely.

"That is not the question," said Mrs. Burton. "But neither the one nor the other would have done anything so foolish. How were they to suppose Mr. Drummond would? This sort of thing requires a power of realising other people's ways of thinking which few possess, Ned. After he was dead, and it could not be helped, I don't find anything surprising," she went on, putting her feet nearer the fire, "in the fact that Mr. Golden turned it to his advantage. It could not hurt Drummond any more, you know. Of course it hurt his wife's feelings; but I am not clear how far Golden was called upon to consider the feelings of Drummond's wife. It was a question of life and death for himself. Of course, I do not believe for a moment, and I don't suppose anybody whose opinion is worth considering, could believe that a poor, innocent, silly man destroyed those books—"

"Mother, I don't know what you are speaking of; but it seems to me as if you were describing the most devilish piece of villainy—"

"People do employ such words, no doubt," said Mrs. Burton calmly; "I don't myself. But if that is how it appears to your mind, you are right enough to express your-

self so. Of course, that is Mrs. Drummond's opinion. I have something to say to you about the Drummonds, Ned."

"One moment, mother," he cried, with a tremor and heat of excitement which puzzled her perhaps more than anything she had yet met with in the matter. For why should Ned be disturbed by a thing which did not concern him, and which had happened so long ago? "You have mentioned my father. You have said *they*, speaking of this man's infamous— Was my father concerned?"

Mrs. Burton turned, and looked her son in the face. The smallest little ghost of agitation—a shadow so faint that it would not have showed upon any other face—glided over hers.

"That is just the point on which I can give you least information," she said; and then, after a pause, "Ned," she continued, "you are grown up; you are capable of judging for yourself. I tell you I don't know. I am not often deterred by any cause from following out a question I am interested in; but I have preferred not to follow up this. I put away all the papers, thinking I might some day care to go into it more deeply. You can have them if you like. To tell the truth," she added, sinking her voice, betrayed into a degree of confidence which perhaps she had never given to human creature before, "I think it is a bad sign that this man has come back."

"A sign of what?"

Mrs. Burton's agitation increased. Though it was the very slightest of agitations, it startled Ned, so unlike was it to his mother.

"Ned," she said, with a shiver that might be partly cold, "nobody that I ever heard of is so strong as their own principles. I do not know, if it came to me to have to bear it, whether I could bear ruin and disgrace."

"Ruin and disgrace!" cried Ned.

"I don't know if I have fortitude enough. Perhaps I could by myself; I should feel that it was brought about by natural means, and that blame was useless and foolish. But if we had to bear the comments in the newspapers, the talk of everybody, the reflections on our past, I don't know whether I have fortitude to bear it; I feel as if I could not."

"Mother, has this been in your mind, while I have been thinking you took so little interest? My poor little mamma!"

The wicked little woman! And yet all that she had been saying was perfectly true.

"Ned," she said, with great seriousness, "this dread, which I can never get quite

out of my mind, is the reason why I have been so very earnest about the Merewethers. I have never, you know, supported your father's wish that you should go into the business. On the contrary, I have always endeavoured to secure you your own career. I have wished that you at least should be safe——"

"Safe!" he cried. "Mother, if there is a possibility of disgrace, how can I, how can any of us, escape from it—and more especially I? And if there is a chance of ruin, why I should be as great a villain as that man is, should I consent to carry it into another house."

"It is quite a different case," she cried with some eagerness, seeing she had over-shot her mark. "I hope there will be neither; and you have not the least reason to suppose that either is possible. Look round you; go with your father to the office, inspect his concerns as much as you please; you will see nothing but evidences of prosperity. So far as you know, or can know, your father is one of the most prosperous men in England. Nobody would have a word to say against you, and I shall be rich enough to provide for you. If there is any downfall at all, which I do not expect, nobody would ever imagine for a moment that you knew anything of it; and your career and your comfort would be safe."

"O mother! mother!" Poor Ned turned away from her and hid his face in his hands. This was worse to him than all the rest.

"You ought to think it over most carefully," she said; "all this is perfectly clear before you. I may have taken fright, though it is not very like me. I may be fanciful enough" (Mrs. Burton smiled at herself, and even Ned in his misery half smiled) "to consider this man as a sort of raven, boding misfortune. But you know nothing about it; there is abundant time for you to save yourself and your credit; and this is the wish which, above everything in the world, I have most at heart, that, if there is going to be any disaster—I don't expect it, I don't believe in it; but mercantile men are always subject to misfortune—you might at least be safe. I will not say anything more about it to-night; but think it over, Ned."

She rose as she spoke and took up her candle, and her son bent over her and touched her little cold face with his hot lips. "I will send you the papers," she said as she went away. Strange little shadow of a mother! She glided along the passage, not without a certain maternal sentiment—a feeling that on

the whole she was doing what was best for her boy. *She* could provide for him, whatever happened; and if evil came he might so manage as to thrust himself out from under the shadow of the evil. She was a curious problem, this woman; she could enter into Mr. Golden's state of mind, but not into her son's. She could fathom those struggles of self-preservation which might lead a man into fraud and robbery; but she could not enter into those which tore a generous, sensitive, honourable soul in pieces. She was an analyst, with the lowest view of human nature, and not a sympathetic being entering into the hearts of others by means of her own.

No smoking-room, no jovial midnight party, received Ned that night. He sat up till the slow November morning dawned reading those papers; and then he threw himself on his bed, and hid his face from the cold increasing light. A bitterness which he could not put into words, which even to himself it was impossible to explain, filled his heart. There was nothing, or at least very little, about his father in these papers. There was no accusation made against Mr. Burton, nothing that any one could take hold of—only here and there a word of ominous suggestion which chilled the blood in his veins. But Golden's character was not spared by any one; it came out in all its blackness, more distinct even than it could have done at the moment these events occurred. Men had read the story at the time with their minds full of foregone conclusions on the subject—of prejudices and the heat of personal feeling. But to Ned it was history; and as he read, Golden's character stood out before him as in a picture. And this man, this deliberate cold-blooded scoundrel was sleeping calmly under his father's roof—a guest whom his father delighted to honour. Ned groaned, and covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the hazy November morning, as if it were a spy that might find out something from his haggard countenance. Sleep was far from his eyes; his brain buzzed with the unaccustomed crowd of thoughts that whirled and rustled through it. A hundred projects, all very practicable at the first glance and impossible afterwards, flashed before him. The only thing that he never thought of was that which his mother had called the wish of her heart—that he should escape and secure his own career out of the possible fate that might be impending. This, of all projects, was the only one which, first and last, was impossible to Ned.

The first step which he took in the matter

was one strangely different. He had to go through all the ordinary remarks of the breakfast-table upon his miserable looks; but he was too much agitated to be very well aware what people were saying to him. He watched anxiously till he saw his father prepare to leave the house. Fortunately Mr. Golden was not with him. Mr. Golden was a man of luxury, who breakfasted late, and had not so much as made his appearance at the hour when Mr. Burton, who, above everything, was a man of business, started for the station. Ned went out with him, avoiding his mother's eye. He took from his father's hand a little courier's bag full of papers which he was taking with him.

"I will carry it for you, sir," he said.

Mr. Burton was intensely surprised; the days were long gone by when Ned would strut by his side, putting out his chest in imitation of his father.

"Wants some money, I suppose!" Mr. Burton—no longer the boy's proud progenitor, but a wary parent, awake to all the possible snares and traps which are set for such—said to himself.

They had reached the village before Ned had begun to speak of anything more important than the weather or the game. Then he broke into his subject quite abruptly.

"Father," he said, "within the last few days I have been thinking of a great many things. I have been thinking that for your only son to set his face against business was hard lines on you. Will you tell me frankly whether a fellow like me, trained so differently, would be of real use to you? Could I help you to keep things straight, save you from being cheated?—do anything for you? I have changed my ideas on a great many subjects. This is what I want to know."

"Upon my word a wonderful conversion," said his father with a laugh; "there must be some famous reason for a change so sudden. Help me to keep things straight!—Keep ME from being cheated! You simpleton! you have at least a capital opinion of yourself."

"But it was with that idea, I suppose, that you thought of putting me into the business," said Ned, overcoming with an effort his first boyish impulse of offence.

"Perhaps in the long-run," said Mr. Burton jocularly; "but not all at once, my fine fellow. Your Greek and your Latin won't do you much service in the City, my boy. Though you have taken your degree—and a deuced deal of money that costs, a great deal more than it's worth—you would have to begin by singing very small in the office.

You would be junior clerk to begin with at fifty pounds a year. How should you find that suit your plans, my fine gentleman, Ned?"

"Was that all you intended me for?" asked Ned sternly. A rigid air and tone was the best mask he could put upon his bitter mortification.

"Certainly, at first," said Mr. Burton; "but I have changed my mind altogether on the subject," he added sharply. "I see that I was altogether deceived in you. You never would be of any use in business. If you were in Golden's hands, perhaps—but you have let yourself be influenced by some wretched fool or other."

"Has Mr. Golden anything to say to your business?" asked Ned.

The question took his father by surprise.

"Confound your impudence!" he cried, after a keen glance at his son and sputter of confused words, which sounded very much like swearing. "What has given you so sudden an interest in my business, I should like to know? Do you think I am too old to manage it for myself?"

"It was the sight of this man, father," said Ned, with boyish simplicity and earnestness, "and the knowledge who he was. Couldn't I serve you instead of him? I pledge you my word to give up all that you consider nonsense, to settle steadily to business. I am not a fool, though I am ignorant. And then if I am ignorant, no man could serve you so truly as your son would, whose interests are the same as yours. Try me! I could serve you better than he."

"You preposterous idiot!" cried Mr. Burton, who had made two or three changes from anger to ridicule while this speech was being delivered. "You serve me better than Golden!—Golden, by Jove! And may I ask if I were to accept this splendid offer of yours, what would you expect as an equivalent? My consent to some wretched marriage or other, I suppose, allowance doubled, home provided, and my blessing, eh? I suppose that is what you are aiming at. Out with it—how much was the equivalent to be?"

"Nothing," said Ned. He had grown crimson; his eyes were cast down, not to betray the feeling in them—a choking sensation was in his throat. Then he added slowly—"not even the fifty pounds a year you offered me just now—nothing but permission to stand by you, to help to—keep danger off."

Mr. Burton took the bag roughly out of

his hand. "Go home," he said, "you young ass; and be thankful I don't chastise you for your impudence. Danger!—I should think you were the danger if you were not such a fool. Go home! I don't desire your further company. A pretty help and defender you would be!"

And Ned found himself suddenly standing alone outside the station, his fingers tingling with the roughness with which the bag had been snatched from him. He stood still for half a minute, undecided, and then he turned round and strolled listlessly back along the street. He was very unhappy. His father was still his father, though he had begun to distrust, and had long given over expecting any sympathy from him. And the generous resolution which it had cost him so much pain to make, had not only come to nothing, but had been trampled under foot with derision. His heart was very sore. It was a hazy morning, with a frosty, red sun trying hard to break through the mist; and everything moved swiftly to resist the cold, and every step rang sharp upon the road; except poor Ned's, who had not the heart to do anything but saunter listlessly and slowly, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed wistfully upon nothing. Everything in a moment had become blank to him. He wondered why the people took the trouble to take off their hats to him—to one who was the heir of misery and perhaps of disgrace and ruin, as his mother had said. Ruin and disgrace! What awful words they are when you come to think of it—dreadful to look forward to, and still more dreadful to bear if any man could ever realise their actual arrival to himself!

Norah was standing at the open door of the Gatehouse. He thought for a moment that he would pass without taking any notice; and then it occurred to him in a strange visionary way that it might be the last time he should see her. He stopped, and she said a cold little "Good morning" to him, without even offering her hand. Then a sudden yearning seized poor Ned.

"Norah," he said, in that listless way, "I wish you would say something kind to me to-day. I don't know why I should be so anxious for it, but I think it would do me good. If you knew how unhappy I am—"

"Oh Ned, for heaven's sake don't talk such nonsense," cried impatient Norah. "You unhappy, that never knew what it was to have anything go wrong! It makes me

quite ill to hear you. You that have got everything that heart can desire; because you can't just exactly have your own way—about—me— Oh, go away; I cannot put up with such nonsense—and to me, too, that knows what real trouble means!"

Poor Ned made no protest against this impatient decision. He put on his hat in a bewildered way, with one long look at her, and then passed, and disappeared within his father's gates. Norah did not know what to make of it. She stood at the door, bewildered too, ready to wave her hand and smile at him when he looked round; but he never looked round. He went on slowly, listlessly, as if he did not care for anything—doing what both had told him—the father whom he had been willing to give up his life to—the girl who had his heart.

That afternoon he carried out their commands still more fully. He went away from his father's house. On a visit, it was said; but to go away on a visit in the middle of the shooting season, when your father's house is full of guests, was, all the young men thought, the most extraordinary thing which, even in the freedom of the nineteenth century, an only son, deputy master of the establishment, had ever been known to do.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was a long time before it was fully understood in Dura what had become of Ned. At first it was said he had gone on a visit, then that he had joined some of his college friends in an expedition abroad; but before spring it began to be fully understood, though nobody could tell how, that Ned had gone off from his home, and that though occasional letters came from him, his family did not always know where he was, or what he was about. There was no distinct authority for this, but the whole neighbourhood became gradually aware of it. The general idea was that he had gone away because Norah Drummond had refused him; and the consequence was that Norah Drummond was looked upon with a certain mixture of disapproval and envy by the youthful community. The girls felt to their hearts the grandeur of her position. Some were angry, taking Ned's part, and declaring vehemently that she had "led him on;" some were sympathetic, feeling that poor Norah was to be pitied for the tragical necessity of dismissing a lover; but all felt the proud distinction she had acquired by thus driving a man (they did not say boy) to despair. The boys, for the most part, con-

demned Ned as a muff—but in their hearts felt a certain pride in him, as proving that their side was still capable of a great act of decision and despair. As for Norah, when the news burst upon her, her kind little heart was broken. She cried till her pretty eyes were like an old woman's. She gave herself a violent headache, and turned away from all consolation, and denounced herself as the wickedest and cruellest of beings. It was natural that Norah should believe it implicitly. After that scene in the Rectory garden, when poor Ned, in his boyish passion, had half thrown the responsibility of his life upon her shoulders, there had been other scenes of a not unsimilar kind; and there was that last meeting at the door of the Gatehouse, when she had dismissed him so summarily. Oh, if he had only looked round, Norah thought; and she remembered, with a passing gleam of consolation, that she had intended to wave her hand to him. "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" she said, "if—anything should happen to him, mamma, I shall have killed him! If anybody calls me a murderess, I shall not have a word to say."

"Not so bad as that, my darling," Helen said, soothing her; but Helen herself was very deeply moved. This was the revenge, the punishment she had dreamt of. By her means, whom he had injured so deeply, Reginald Burton's only son had been driven away from him, and all his hopes and plans for his boy brought to a sudden end. It was revenge; but the revenge was not sweet. Christianity, heaven knows, has not done all for us which it might have done, but yet it has so far changed the theories of existence that the vague craving of the sufferer for punishment to its oppressors gives little gratification when it is fulfilled. Helen was humbled to the dust with remorse and compunction for the passing thought, which could scarcely be called an intention, the momentary, visionary sense of triumph she had felt in her daughter's power (as she believed) to disturb all the plans of the others. Now that was done which it had given her a vague triumph to think of; and though her tears were not so near the surface as Norah's, her shame and pain were deeper. And this was all the more the fact because she dared not express it. A word of sympathy from her (she felt) would have looked like nothing so much as the waving of a flag of triumph. And, besides, from Ned's own family there came no word of complaint.

The Dura people put the very best face upon it possible. Mrs. Burton, who had never been known to show any emotion in her life, of course made none of her feelings visible. Her husband declared that "my young fool of a son" preferred amusing himself abroad to doing any work at home. Clara was the only one who betrayed herself. She assured Katie Dalton, in confidence, that she never could bear to see that hateful Norah again—that she was sure it was all her fault. That Ned would never have looked at her had not she done everything in her power to "draw him on"—and then cast him off because somebody better worth having came in her way. Clara's indignation was sharp and vehement. It was edged with her own grievance, which she was not too proud to refer to in terms which could not disguise her feelings. But she was the only one of her house who allowed that Ned's disappearance had any significance. His mother said nothing at all on the subject even to her husband and her child; but in reality it was the severest blow that fate had ever aimed at her. Her hopes for his "career" toppled over like a house of cards. The Merewethers, astounded at the apology which had to be sent in reply to their invitation to Ned for Christmas, suddenly slackened in their friendship. Lady Florizel ceased to write to Clara, and the Marchioness sent no more notes, weighted with gilded coronets, to her dear Mrs. Burton. So far as that noble household was concerned, Ned's prospects had come to an end. The son of so rich a man, future proprietor of Dura, might have been accepted had he been on the spot to press his suit; but the Ladies Merewether were young and fair, and not so poor as to be pressed upon any one. So Lady Florizel and the parliamentary influence sunk into the background; and keenly to the intellectual machine, which served Mrs. Burton instead of a heart, went the blow. This was the moment, she felt, in which Ned could have made himself "safe," and disentangled himself from the fatal web which instinct told her her husband was weaving about his feet. There was no confidence on business matters between Mr. Burton and his wife; but a woman cannot be a man's constant companion for twenty years without divining him, and understanding, without the aid of words, something of what is going on in his mind. She had felt, even before Golden's arrival, a certain vague sense of difficulty and anxiety. His arrival made her sure of it. He had been abroad, withdrawn from

the observation of English mercantile society for all these years; but his talents as the pilot of a ship, desperately making way through rocks and sandbanks, were sufficiently well known; and his appearance was confirmation sure to Mrs. Burton of all her fears. Thus she felt in her reticent, silent breast that her boy had thrown up his only chance. The son of the master of Dura could have done so much—the son of a bankrupt could do nothing. He might have withdrawn himself from all risk—established himself in a sure position—had he taken her advice; and he had not taken it. It was the hardest personal blow she had ever received. It did not move her to tears, as it would have done most women. She had not that outlet for her sorrow; but it disarranged the intellectual machinery for the moment, and made her feel incapable of more thinking or planning. Even her motherhood had thus its anguish, probably as deep an anguish as she was capable of feeling. She was balked once more—her labour was in vain, and her hopes in vain. She had more mind than all of her family put together, and she knew it; but here once more, as so often in her experience, the fleshly part in which she was so weak, overrode the mind, and brought its counsels to nought. It would be hard to estimate the kind and degree of suffering which such a conviction brought.

Time went on, however, as it always does; stole on, while people were thinking of other things, discussing Ned's disappearance and Norah's remorse, and Mr. Nicholas's hopes of a living, and Mary's trousseau. When the first faint glimmer of the spring began, they had another thing to talk of, which was that Cyril Rivers had appeared on the scene again, often coming down from London to spend a day, and then so ingratiating himself with the Rectory people, and even with Nicholas, the bridegroom elect, that now and then he was asked to spend a night. This time, however, he was not invited to the great house; neither would Mrs. Drummond ask him, though he was constantly there. She was determined that nobody should say she drew him on this time, as people said. But the fact was that Helen's heart was sick of the subject altogether, and that she would have gone out of her way to avoid any one who had been connected with the Burtons, or who might be supposed to minister to that revenge of which she was so bitterly ashamed. While Cyril Rivers went and came to Dura village, Mr. Golden became an equally frequent visitor at the House.

The City men in the white villas had been filled with consternation at the first sight of him; but latterly began to make stiff returns to his hearty morning salutations when he went up to town along with them. It was so long ago; and nothing positively had been proved against him; and it was hard, they said, to crush a man altogether, who, possibly, was trying to amend his ways. Perhaps they would have been less charitable had he been living anywhere else than at the great house. Gradually, however, his presence became expected in Dura; he was always there when there were guests or festivities going on. And never had the Burtons been so gay. They seemed to celebrate their son's departure by a double rush of dissipation. The idea of any trouble being near so pleasant, so brilliant a place was ridiculous, and whatever Mrs. Burton's thoughts on the subject might have been, she said nothing, but sent out her invitations, and assembled her guests with her usual calm. The Rectory people were constantly invited, and so indeed were the Drummonds, though neither Norah nor her mother had the heart to go.

Things were in this gay and festive state when Mr. Baldwin suddenly one morning paid his daughter a visit. It was not one of his usual visits, accompanied by the two aunts, and the old man-servant and the two maids. These visits had grown rarer of late. Mrs. Burton had so many guests, and of such rank, that to arrange the days for her father on which the minister of the chapel could be asked to dinner, and a plain joint provided, grew more and more difficult; while the old people grew more and more alarmed and indignant at the way Clara was going on. "Her dress alone must cost a fortune," her aunt Louisa said. "And the boy brought up as if he were a young Lord; and the girl never to touch a needle nor an account-book in her life," said Mrs. Everest; and they all knew by experience that to "speak to" Clara was quite futile. "She will take her own way, brother, whatever you say," was the verdict of both; and Mr. Baldwin knew it was a true one. Nevertheless, there came a day when he felt it was his duty to speak to Clara. "I have something to say to Haldane; and something to arrange with the chapel managers," he said apologetically to his sisters; and went down all alone, in his black coat and his white tie with his hat very much on the back of his head, to his daughter's great house.

"I have got some business with Haldane and with the chapel managers," he said, re-

peating his explanation; "and I thought as I was here, Clara, I might as well come on and see you."

"You are very welcome always, papa."

"But I don't know if I shall be welcome to-day," he went on, "because I want to speak to you, Clara."

"I know," she said, with a faint smile, "about our extravagance and all that. It is of no use. I may as well say this to you at once. I cannot stop it if I would; and I don't know that I would stop it if I could."

"Do you know," he said, coming forward to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder; for though he wore his hat on the back of his head, and took the chair at public meetings, he was a kind man, and loved his only child. "Do you know, Clara, that in the City—you may despise the City, my dear, but it is all-important to your husband—do you know they say Burton is going too fast? I wish I could contradict it, but I can't. They say he's in a bad way. They say——"

"Tell me everything, papa. I am quite able to bear it."

"Well, my dear, I don't want to make you unhappy," said Mr. Baldwin, drawing a long breath, "but people do begin to whisper, in the best-informed circles, that he is very heavily involved."

"Well?" she said, looking up at him. She too drew a long breath, her face, perhaps, paled by the tenth of the tint. But her blue eyes looked up undaunted, without a shadow in them. Her composure, her calm question, drove even Mr. Baldwin, who was used to his daughter's ways, half out of himself.

"Well?" he cried. "Clara, you must be mad. If this is so, what can you think of yourself, who never try to restrain or to remedy?—who never made an attempt to retrench or save a penny? If your husband has even the slightest shadow of embarrassment in his business, is this great, splendid house, full of guests and entertainments, the way to help him through?"

"It is as good a way as any other," she said, still looking at him. "Papa, you speak in ignorance of both him and me. I don't know his circumstances; he does not tell me. It is he that enjoys all this; not me. And if he really should be in danger, I suppose he thinks he had better enjoy it as long as he can; and that is my idea too."

"Enjoy it as long as he can! Spend other people's money in every kind of folly and extravagance!" cried Mr. Baldwin aghast.

"Clara, you must be mad."

"No, indeed," she said quietly. "I am very much in my senses. I know nothing about other people's money. I cannot control Mr. Burton in his business, and he does not tell me. But don't suppose I have not thought this all over. I have taken every circumstance into consideration, papa, and every possibility. If we should ever be ruined, we shall have plenty to bear when that comes. There is Clara to be taken into consideration too. If there were only two days between Mr. Burton and bankruptcy I should give a ball on one of those days. Clara has a right to it. This will be her only moment if what you say is true."

To describe Mr. Baldwin's consternation, his utter amazement, the eyes with which he contemplated his child, would be beyond my power. He could not, as people say, believe his ears. It seemed to him as if he must be mistaken, and that her words must have some other meaning, which he did not reach.

"Clara," he said, faltering, "you are beyond me. I hope you understand yourself—what—you mean. It is beyond me."

"I understand it perfectly," she said; and then, with a little change of tone, "You understand, papa, that I would not speak so plainly to any one but you. But to you I need not make any secret. If it comes to the worst, Clara and I—Ned has deserted us—will have enough to bear."

"You will always have your settlement, my dear," said her father, quite cowed and overcome, he could not tell why.

"Yes. I shall have my settlement," she said calmly; "but there will be enough to bear."

It was rather a relief to the old man when Clara came in, before whom nothing more could be said. And he was glad to hurry off again, with such astonishment and pain in his heart as a honest couple might have felt who had found a perverse fairy changeling in their child's cradle. He had thought that he knew his daughter. "Clara has a cold exterior," he had said times without number; "but she has a warm heart." Had she a heart at all? he asked himself; had she a conscience? What was she?—a woman or a— The old man could have stopped on the way and wept. He was an honest old man, and a kind, but what kind of a strange being was this whom he had nourished so long in his heart? It was a relief to him to get among his chapel managers, and regulate their accounts; and then he took Mr. Truston, the minister, by the arm, and leaned upon him.

"Come with me and see Haldane," he said. Mr. Truston was the same man who had wanted to be faithful to Stephen about the Magazine, but never had ventured upon it yet.

"I am afraid you are ill," said the minister. "Lean upon me. If you will come to my house and take a glass of wine."

"No, no; with my daughter so near I should never be a charge to the brethren," said Mr. Baldwin. "And so poor Haldane gets no better? It is a terrible burden upon the congregation in Ormond Road."

"It must be indeed. I am sure they have been very kind; many congregations——"

"Many congregations would have thrown off the burden utterly; and I confess since they have heard that he has published again, and has been making money by his books——"

"Ah, yes; a literary man has such advantages," said the minister with a sigh.

He did not want to favour the congregation in Ormond Road to the detriment of one of his own cloth; and at the same time it was hard to go against Mr. Baldwin, the lay bishop of the denomination. In this way they came to the Gatehouse. Stephen had his proofs before him, as usual; but the pile of manuscripts was of a different complexion. They were no longer any pleasure to him. The work was still grateful, such as it was, and the power of doing something; but to spend his life recording tea-meetings was hard. He raised his eyes to welcome his old friend with a certain doubt and almost alarm. He too knew that he was a burden upon the congregation in Ormond Road.

"My dear fellow, my dear Stephen!" the old man said, very cordially shaking his hand, "why you are looking quite strong. We shall have him dashing up to Ormond Road again, Mrs. Haldane, and giving out his text, before we know where we are."

Stephen shook his head, with such attempt at smiling as was possible. Mr. Baldwin, however, was not so much afraid of breaking bad news to him as he had been at the great house.

"It is high time you should," he continued, rubbing his hands cheerfully; "for the friends are falling sadly off. We want you there, or somebody like you, Haldane. How we are to meet the expenses next year is more than I can say."

A dead silence followed. Miss Jane, who had been arranging Stephen's books in the corner, stopped short to listen. Mrs. Haldane put on her spectacles to hear the better; and poor Mr. Truston, dragged without knowing it into the midst of such a scene,

looked around him as if begging everybody's forbearance, and rubbed his hands faintly too.

"The fact is, my dear Haldane—it was but for five years—and now we've come to the end of the second five—and you have been making money by your books, people say——"

It was some little time before Stephen could answer, his lips had grown so dry. "I think—I know—what you mean," he said.

"Yes. I am afraid that is how it must be. Not with my will—not with my will," said Mr. Baldwin; "but then you see people say you have been making money by your books."

"He has made sixteen pounds in two years," said Miss Jane.

Stephen held up his hand hurriedly. "I know how it must be," he said. "Everybody's patience, of course, must give way at last."

"Yes—that is just about how it is."

There was very little more said. Mr. Baldwin picked up his hat, which he had put on the floor, and begged the minister to give him his arm again. He shook hands very affectionately with everybody; he gave them, as it were, his blessing. They all bore it as people ought to bear a great shock, with pale faces, without any profane levity. "They take it very well," he said, as he went out. "They are good people. Oh, my dear Truston, I don't know a greater sign of the difference between the children of this world and the children of the light than the way in which they receive a sudden blow."

He had given two such blows within an hour; he had a right to speak. And in both cases, different as was the mien of the sufferers, the blow itself had all the appearance of a *coup de grace*. It had not occurred to Mr. Baldwin, when he made that classification, that it was his own child whom he had taken as the type of the children of wrath. He thought of it in the railway, going home; and it troubled him. "Poor Clara! her brain must be affected," he thought; he had never heard of anything so heathenish as her boldly-professed determination to give a ball, if need was, on the eve of her husband's bankruptcy, and for the reason that they would have a right to it. It horrified him a great deal more than if she had risked somebody else's money in trade and lost. Poor Clara! what might be coming upon her? But, anyhow, he reflected, she had her settlement, and that she was a child of many prayers.

Mrs. Burton said nothing of this stroke which had fallen upon her. It made her fears into certainty, and she took certain steps accordingly, but told nobody. In Stephen's room at the Gatehouse there was silence, too, all the weary afternoon. They

had lost the half of their living at a blow. The disaster was too great, too sudden and overwhelming to be spoken of; and to one of them, to him who was helpless and could do nothing, it tasted like the very bitterness of death.

RAMBLES IN RETROSPECT.

AS the time comes round when hot pavements and crowded thoroughfares begin to suggest ideas of pleasant country trips, when over-work and late hours begin to show their effects upon the nervous system, thoughts, vague at first, but rapidly shaping themselves into definite impressions, constantly haunt us of former "vacation rambles." Instinctively, and almost imperceptibly, shadowy memories of by-gone times of travel and excursion parade themselves before us. And as, by degrees, our most successful jaunts come prominently to the front, we endeavour to compare them, with the view of guiding our future steps. Pleasant are they, even if, sometimes, a little melancholy, these "rambles in retrospect;" the tinge of sadness inseparable from them, is not altogether out of harmony perhaps with our advancing years.

Fortunate, indeed, may we consider ourselves if we can now count upon the companionship of any amongst the most genial of those with whom we wandered in days gone by! Fortunate, indeed, shall it be too for us if we are able to renew, in ever so slight a degree, the zest with which we then entered upon our holiday. That old meddler, "Father Time," if he have not robbed us past all reclaim, of those friends we loved the best to ramble with, and if he has not as yet taken just ever so little a suspicion of the spring out of our gait, will inevitably have worked some change which renders the prospect, as we look back, a trifle less sunny than we could wish. But sunny or sad, here come the Julys, Augusts, and Septembers of yore, trooping up, willy-nilly! with all their memories! There is that hot evening in July when, on strictly economical principles, we started for the north of Scotland, and beginning as we meant to go on, walked in shooting coat and wide-awake, and with knapsack on back, to Euston Square, defiant of the chaff which our burden and appearance occasionally brought down upon us.

"To Perth for thirty shillings!" That, to use an expression not then invented, was our

form; for, twenty years ago, the railroad penetrated no farther north in these islands than the fair city, and although the carriage we travelled in was called third-class, it was in all respects a second, and supplied, to our thinking, a less painful means of transit than did the high-flavoured cabin or deck of a London and Edinburgh steamboat. In those days, we could sleep on anything except on shipboard, and so we slept till dawn broke, somewhere about Preston, and broad daylight roused us to a full sense of our position, as we bowed into the station at "bonny Carlisle." Later on, Glasgow was skirted, and, finally, we were landed safely by four o'clock in the afternoon at Catharine Glover's birth-place. A fatiguing rough-and-tumble journey, no doubt; but fleeting glimpses that we have since caught, in traversing the Highland line, of the scenery right up to Inverness, have scarcely seemed so satisfactory, as those we got from Shanks's nag on that first occasion, after our arrival at Perth.

How we scoured the neighbourhood! Clambering to elevated points to take in a general idea of the lie of the land, and then swooping down to the windings of the Tay, for its examination 'in detail. The enthusiasm, too, with which we began our march, along the great north road, past Birnam Wood, until the Tay again was crossed by the picturesque old bridge at Dunkeld,—the halt here for several days,—the snug quarters (not at the fashionable "Athol Arms," with its town-like coffee-room, imposing waiters, and lengthy bill, but) at the humbler hostelry, with the "gude mither," and "bonnie lassie," for hostess and attendant.

Taking our pleasure simply, made it not the less pleasure, and we dived into many a recess of mountain beauty, impossible to reach and ponder over, unless prepared to rough it! Pitlochrie, the neighbouring falls of Tummel, the pass of Killiecrankie and Blair Athol, occupied a large share of our attention, and helped to fill the sheets of our note and sketch books; and putting up sometimes in lodgings, and sometimes at the

smaller inns for a week at a time, we stumped up the country by degrees in a most enjoyable fashion, really getting to know the people and their ways, and never finding that we were thought the less of because we emulated their own great principles of cautious expenditure. They were rather flattered by our imitation, and although impossible as it now would be to remember what we had spent, by the time we had crossed the Grampians, and explored the outlying spurs of the Cairngorm mountains, the field of Culloden, and reached Inverness, it is quite certain that we had done the distance for a ridiculously small sum.

The return southward by steamer on Loch Ness, with a halt at the Fall of Foyers, and so down the Caledonian Canal, with another rest at Fort William, likewise was not ruinous. We had thus far seen a very fair pick of the Highland scenery, but we did not complete our acquaintance with it until we had ascended Ben Nevis, made an excursion from Ballahulish to the gloomy evil-memoried pass of Glencoe, got round to Oban, and by steamboat taken the orthodox trip to Staffa and Iona, topping up with Loch Lomond, the Trosachs and Edinburgh. Not pleasanter in retrospect is this ramble of ten weeks than it was in fact; a thing not always possible to say, if we are strictly honest, for there is no doubt that the looking back, after a trip, is always a great part of its pleasure to the Briton.

In the same companionship, and upon precisely similar principles, a certain autumn time in Wales, affords equally agreeable memories. To Chepstow by rail, thence by the windings of the Wye, past Tintern and the rest of its sylvan beauties, to Hereford; a long day's journey then on the box-seat of the mail to Aberystwith took us to the region of slate and the Cymri, and gave us the last genuine experience of a real four-horse coach. The locomotive whistle was then never heard amongst the mountains, public vehicles and hotels were not crammed to repletion by excursionists from Leeds and Huddersfield; it was possible to trudge about in peace through the romantic scenes without having to telegraph for rooms at the next inn. It was possible to feel that we were not carrying the conventionalities of existence into every detail. Snug quarters and small charges, were conspicuous at Dolgelly, Barmouth, Tannybailch, and Beddgelert; undoubted solitude could be found in the pass at Llanberis, and, as with the other notable spots where artists and the lovers of nature

most do congregate, Capel-Curig and Bettws-y-Coed offered untarnished material for study. More recent glimpses of the old places clearly show that the change is not all within ourselves. A grizzled beard, a bald head, are not responsible for railway cuttings, and huge hotels scathing and defacing once rural retreats, and comparison, if to the disadvantage of these later days, is not brought about merely by a less elastic footstep.

No! the world may be as pleasant as ever for those who have never known it other than it is, but for ourselves, cynicism and grey hairs apart, rambles in retrospect go to the demonstration that there is now too much to be done, and too much to be seen; and that there are too many people everywhere for anything but the most superficial and scrambling sort of enjoyment. Nevertheless, as we continue to speculate on future travel, and, by comparison of former trips, to arrive at reasons for turning either north or south, east or west, willing so far as in us lies to adapt ourselves to present modes and manners, holidays in direct contrast to those we spent in Scotland and Wales, crop up under the influence of the rising thermometer.

There was, in that first close sight we got of the eternal snow, as, steaming down the lake of Wallenstadt, we looked up a valley straight towards Glarus, enough to stamp that tour to Switzerland and the Italian lakes, as one not lightly to be thought of. True, that the edge of foreign travel had been taken off almost in our boyish days,—that the costume of Boulogne or Normandy peasant women was familiar to us, and that there was no great novelty about the general aspect of continental cities, vehicles, people, ways, and doings; true, that we had experienced a *bonâ fide* diligence journey from Calais to Paris and back, and that we had assisted at the opening of one of the first pieces of French railway—from Rouen to the capital; true that we had got an infinity of delight out of those comparatively circumscribed experiences; but equally true is it that the retrospect of them suggests no sensation at all equivalent to that we receive in recalling our first passage of the Splügen.

Coir, Ragatz, Thusis, how the ever-culminating grandeur slowly revealed itself to us!—almost taking our breath away! Whether, as seen in the distance—say from Berne, hardly distinguishable from infinite masses of cumuli, save by here and there a too angular or pyramidal outline—bathed in the tenderest, opalesque haze, and blending with a sky of

the subtle gradations; or whether seen from nearer points, jutting up in dazzling whiteness, and hard-cut outline against the deepest blue, encouraging the idea that a stone thrown from our hand would strike it, and entirely annihilative of the idea that it is perhaps twenty miles away,—even as the crow would fly; or whether standing actually upon the glittering surface itself, the region of eternal snow must ever remain one of the most—if not *the* most—impressive spectacles creation affords.

Saying nothing of the crowning glory of the snow itself, its surroundings, even long before we reach it, would be in themselves enough to identify the occasion on which we first beheld them. The gorges, the precipices, the chasms, the thundering torrents, the devastating effects of their overflows, the wrenched and gnarled storm-beaten trees, the rocks, the cliffs, and the swirling mists, so mighty in their scale and splendour—whatever may have been our experience of such things in our own land, there will inevitably be quite a new emotion as we look upon them, when crossing the Alps for the first time. Rambling back in retrospect, despite our portly person and thinned locks, the heart begins to palpitate more quickly whilst we think. No omission, either, should be made of that first view of Italy, or the descent upon the Lombard plains, as we enumerate the things which strike us in our backward glance. The mere extent and range of the horizon, associated as it is too with that very curious change presented in the look of everything on the Italian side, is sufficiently significant. The contrast of the countries, observable by a passage over any one of the great Alpine routes from Switzerland to Italy, cannot be forgotten. Go from Lucerne by the St. Gothard, for instance, to Bellinzona, and dull of observation indeed would be the man whose mind would not fasten on the change. Take the towns, churches, buildings, the villages, and the châteaux, as they nestle by the borders of the lake, or in the woody nooks and on the spurs of the mighty hills; take the German names and writings, the aspect of the people, their dress, their faces, their habits, their vehicles, which we leave in the morning—set them beside the similar items amongst which we find ourselves at night, and lo! it is as if a magician had waved his rod, or a harlequin had slapped his wand!

The transformation is complete, the character of everything is altered; uncouth beams, projecting roofs, held down by huge stones,

carved balconies, pink-tinted church-towers and spires, shining tin pepper-pot cupolas, grim, heavy façades, have turned into glistening columns, red tiles, light iron-work, arcades and loggie, white, elegant, and exquisitely formed campaniles, and bright-coloured, decorative frescoes. The "Gast-Haus zum Schwan" becomes the "Albergo del cigno;" a "Speise Vierschaft," an "Osteria," the "Strasse zum König," the "Strada del Re," and Johann Stein has turned into Giovanni Pietra. The vegetation, however, displays the necromancer's power, perhaps, more fully than anything. Trees, shrubs, and grass have all changed. The flax-growth of Switzerland is replaced in Italy by the waving masses of maize or Indian corn, and birch and pine are represented by fig and chestnut; whilst the trim and meagre vineyards on the northern Alpine slopes scarcely suggest the same plant as that we find in its wild luxuriance, festooning from bough to bough or from column to column along the pergole, when we have once descended to the south. Nor can the gradual leaving of the vegetation, as we climb up through the thick woods to their scattered outskirts, and so, by the zig-zag road on to the bare granite, to the lonely hospice by the gloomy tarn, be more easily forgotten than is its gradual reappearance, when, after we have skirted the glacier's edge, and perhaps crushed through the snow itself, we go thundering down at break-neck speed in close proximity to the precipice-channelled torrent.

Yes, truly, the first impressions of these things, if they cannot be re-enjoyed in later life, cannot easily, we thank the fates, be effaced.

Stand forth, then, and guide us in our wanderings to come! Point out how best we may choose a revisitation or seek on untrodden ground "fresh woods and pastures new." Have we already scoured the hills and plains of the Italian or Spanish continents; dipped a trifle into Africa or Asia, run up to Russia, Norway, or seen the midnight sun in Lapland? A recalling of the trips will surely help us in our plans for future routes. Facilities for travelling, such as never were dreamt of when we first began our autumn wanderings, have now put almost the farthest ends of the world within reach; a six months' holiday will take us round it, and fairly prophesying by what has already come to pass, in another generation or two so universal will be the knowledge of this little O, that the Cook of the period must devise some plan by the "return

ticket" and *coupon* system for journeying to Jupiter or Mars, if he would provide fully for the requirements of his epoch. For ourselves? Well! having fairly "satisfied our eyes with the memorials and the things of fame that do renown this city," we are willing to leave our future holiday-makings pretty much to chance. What does it signify whither we go, so long as we have a pleasant and a health-restoring time? Comparing the term of life to the six weeks' or two months' holiday which we get each autumn, and reckoning a week as a decade, more than four weeks of our time are gone! Surely we are lucky, if we can calculate that only half our trip is done. Eight weeks, or eighty years, is a longer spell than is usually granted; and, for our own part, we look for another fortnight as likely to bring our holi-

day-going days nearly to a conclusion. The corner of sixty years once turned, much locomotion becomes distasteful, and we shall be content to settle quietly down upon an easy bench under as much sunlight as is obtainable, and wait patiently for the end.

Having run through, therefore, so much of the term for which our present lodgings were taken, it seems scarcely necessary, even if things have not gone quite smoothly, to have up that old landlady, "Mother" Time (why not mother as well as father?), to make a fuss about the future arrangements of the frail tenement. We shall be able to "grub on" for another fortnight or so, as we have hitherto done, and then!—the final journey, the holiday in the "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

W. W. FENN.

"UNDER THE ELM."

SITTING under the old elm-tree,
Just as I sat seven years ago :
Then I was eager, and gay, and light,
Now I am patient, and calm, and slow :
I had then a love which I called my
own ;
The rest of my way I must walk alone.

I've done the work that I strove to do,
I've won the crown that I hoped for then ;
Though no voice whispers to me at home,
My name is safe on the tongues of men :
Ah ! some had been happy to know my
fame,
But the last one left me before it came.

Sitting under the old elm-tree,
Oh, for the castles I used to build !
Dreaming my future all peace and joy,
While toil and sorrow my present filled :
But who of such castles would be debarred,
If they raise one's eyes, while the path is
hard ?

Now, when the future I hoped is gained,
What would I give for the past once
more ?—
The hard, hard work with an honest end,
The love that nerved me to all I bore ?
Far better the valley, if home be there,
Than the mountain summit so chill and bare.

An empty home, and an empty heart,
A life-long sorrow that thrills my song,
Was it for *these* that I laboured so ?
Was it for *these* I endured so long ?
Should we dare to live, were the future seen ?
Thank God for the veil that He drops be-
tween !

Sitting under the old elm-tree,
Just as I sat seven years ago,—
The western sky in a golden flame,
The twilight meadows stretched out
below—
I await that Future which brings no pain
To make us long for the Past again.

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.





"UNDER THE ELM."

EDUCATION AND ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE:

Being the substance of an Address at the Opening of a New Reading Room for a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

By SIR EDWARD STRACHEY, BART.

WE all feel an interest in the opening of a new building. There is a pleasant sense of satisfaction in seeing and thinking that another work of men's hands is finished:—another work in which the skill and labour of masons, carpenters, and smiths have converted heaps of rough materials—earth, and stone, and wood—into what we call a building. And besides the sense of satisfaction—that feeling of pleasure which we all have when we have done something worth doing, there is also on such occasions a still deeper and pleasanter feeling and thought—a feeling of hope and of promise for the future; a thought of all the good uses we shall put that building to. And though we do not wish to carry our houses about with us, as the snails and the gipsies do, yet a great part of the promise and the hope that these houses shall be put by us to good use comes of the feeling that they are, in some sense, our own—our own as being at our disposal for the time, adapted to our wants and requirements, and capable of being made more and more so by our own arrangements. And what is true of other sorts of houses is true of this new home for your Mutual Improvement Society, the opening of which we are now met to commemorate.

I say all this about your building, because I would call your attention to the many ways in which this building is but the outward visible sign of another building, which is not the less real because you must see it with the eyes of your minds rather than with the eyes of your bodies:—I mean this Mutual Improvement Society itself.

As long as a man exists only for himself, without any knowledge of his own, and without sharing the thoughts of other men, he is like one of the stones or planks before it comes under the hands of the mason or the carpenter; but when we begin to get some education for ourselves and for each other, by uniting for purposes of mutual improvement, then the rough materials are gradually brought into shape, till at last a building—a society, complete in itself, and useful in the world—is framed out of these materials. We are so accustomed to the use of the word *edify* in our churches and chapels, that we are apt to forget its real meaning, and

lose the feeling of its force. But in truth edification is only the Latin name for building, and is justly applicable to every mutual improvement society, as well as to the greatest of all. And you must be always building up, and keeping in repair when built, this your society; and to that end each of you must carefully work and frame that portion of the materials which is in the power of each—that is, himself—that so each may be a worthy member of the whole body.

These then are the two objects and aims of a Mutual Improvement Society:—that each member of the society should have some knowledge, some education of his own, and that all should form an educated body, with rational aims and uses in the world.

There is a greater difference between one man and another than that one is rich and another poor, that one is strong and another weak, that one is sick and another well, or even that one knows a great many things and another very few; and that is, that one man thinks and another does not. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore, get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her." Whatever you do, whatever you purpose to do—in all your common daily work, in all your plans for what you hope to do another day, in all your reading, all your learning, nay, in all your amusements—try and *think* about what you are doing. Put your mind into it. Get into the way of asking yourself the meaning of everything you see or do. All men have not the same power of thought, but all men can think; all can cultivate that amount of thought which is suitable for their own work in the world, and no man can do any work in the way that it should be done without thinking. It is true of every one of us, that if a man will do anything for his own good, or, what is more important, for the good of his fellow-men, he must use his mind, and not only his hands, in what he is doing.

Look at these great battles which were recently fought in France. It might seem at first sight as if fighting required less thought than anything else—as if brute strength and brute courage were the only

things wanted to win battles. But it is not so. If we look into the matter, we shall find that though battles cannot be won without hard fighting, yet they require thinking too, or they will be lost instead of won. The French and German armies were not unequally matched as to strength and courage; but the French showed but little of the trained thought that directed the Germans, and so the French were beaten and the Germans won. How this could be so: how a nation so full of intellectual energy as the French, and hitherto so ready to apply that energy to war, could so fail at that moment, I cannot here inquire. The question would lead us into considerations too vast for the present occasion. And for this and other reasons I prefer to give you an instance or two of the use of thought in fighting, from the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866.

The Prussian army consisted of about 250,000 men. Now think of such a multitude of men as that, trained to understand and obey every order that might be given them for moving together and acting together in every possible way. To clothe, arm, and train these men would take no little thought when they were all at peace in their own country; but think what it must have been when they began to march into a strange country, even before they met with any opposing enemy. Yet there was this great Prussian army, spreading over fifty miles of a foreign country. No inhabitant would willingly give them house or food, yet every day they were fed, and every night they were provided with resting-places. When they had to cross rivers they found the bridges broken down, but this had been foreseen by the generals, and there were men already provided with planks and other materials for instantly repairing them. When they reached the lines of railway, by which they could move more rapidly into the enemy's country, they found the rails taken up to make the lines useless; but there were engineers carrying a supply of rails with them, with which they at once made the lines serviceable again. One army, or division of the army—it was that commanded by the Crown Prince—had to cross a range of mountains, so high and so steep that they could only be passed through a few narrow openings. In each of these narrow passes they would have been stopped and thrown into confusion by very small obstacles, such as the upsetting of a few of their own baggage waggons or guns, and then they would have been at the mercy of their enemies,

who were waiting for them on the other side. And not only had the Crown Prince to bring this army over the rivers and through the mountains in spite of all difficulties, but he had to bring it through so as to arrive at the very moment which had been arranged long before, and at which two other Prussian armies were to come up from the other side, so as to unite in battle in the plains of Bohemia against the great Austrian army which was there waiting to receive them, and which must have destroyed them if they had not met it with their whole forces united.

If we try to get a distinct notion of these great hosts, spreading over fifty or even a hundred miles of country, liable at any moment to have to fight for their lives, and yet without a chance of fighting to any purpose unless they were directed and led rightly; if we remember that all these complicated movements were going on for days and weeks under the direction of one man, General Moltke; that he was obliged to know, though he could not see, all that was being done over this great tract of country; that he had to keep in his mind the nature of the whole country, where there were rivers, where mountains, where woods, where the rivers had bridges or fords, where the mountains and woods had passable openings, where there were towns, where roads and railroads, and where bodies of the enemy were posted to defend these against attack, and also to know the daily and hourly positions of all the men and things which were moving over this tract of country from day to day—foot soldiers, horse soldiers, artillery, baggage waggons, powder and shot, provisions, carriages for the sick and wounded—we shall comprehend something of the great exercise of intellect, of the great activity and energy of mind, which carried on the war, and without which the fighting itself would have been of little avail for victory.

I do not, indeed, mean that there are no higher and better kinds of thought than those which are required of a general in command of armies. But as it is not very long since we were allreading about battles, this example of the use of *thinking* presented itself as an illustration close at hand. Nay, I may say more than this. There is so much evil and misery in every war that one must desire that there should be no more wars in the world, and that men should turn all their powers of mind and body in other directions. Yet the life of the soldier has often been a training for some of the noblest characters. There always have been, and still are, soldiers—

"Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train,
Turn their necessity to glorious gain!"—

fighting for their country, and at the same time showing in themselves examples to all men of simple obedience to duty, however hard in its requirements. It is this readiness to hear and to obey the calls of duty which so strikes us in the soldier, and which we cannot too much strive to cultivate in ourselves. The Roman soldier in the Gospel, though a heathen, was declared by our Lord to have more faith, more knowledge of God's government of the world, and more trust in the wisdom and goodness of that government, than He had found in any Israelite; and this doubtless came largely of his habits of duty as a soldier.

In one of the most famous stories of ancient Greece, three hundred Spartans kept the Pass of Thermopylæ—a narrow entrance into Greece between the mountains and the sea—against countless hosts of Persian invaders, without caring for the odds against them, or the certainty that they must all die where they stood. It was enough for them to do their duty; and on their tomb was written,

"Go, tell the Spartans, friendly passer-by,
That we obeyed their orders, and here lie."

So, too, in the days of our own fathers, Nelson chose, as the most heart-stirring words to his sailors as they went into battle at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty." And a story which is told us of the Battle of Waterloo is, no doubt, only one instance of a hundred, that on the Duke of Wellington riding into one of the squares of men to encourage them to stand firm at the moment when the cannon-balls were mowing them down, and the enemy's horse were charging them, and on his saying, "Stand steady, boys! What will they say of us in England?" the men replied, "Never fear, sir; we know our duty."

And many of us can still recollect when tidings came of the silent heroism with which more than five hundred soldiers, in the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, met death in the like spirit of obedience to duty; and that, too, when there was none of the excitement of battle and of victory to cheer them on. The soldiers stood in their ranks on the deck of the sinking ship while the women and children were quietly put into one of the boats. "Every one did as he was directed," says Captain Wright, one of the few who escaped to tell the tale; "and there was not a murmur or a cry among them till the vessel made her final plunge. All the officers received their orders, and had them carried out, as if the

men were embarking instead of going to the bottom. There was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion. When the vessel was just going down, the commander"—not of the soldiers, but of the ship—"called out, 'All those who can swim jump overboard, and make for the boats.' The officers begged the men not to do as the commander said, as the boat with the women must be swamped. Not more than three made the attempt. And so they sank among the waves, carrying the habits of duty which they had learnt as soldiers into that last act of self-sacrifice.

And in thus taking the soldier as our example in this his readiness to answer to duty, we must observe that one main part of this duty is obedience—willing performance of that particular work which is appointed him. He does his work not only because it is right in itself, but because it is ordered—because it is what falls to him in the regular order and course of work. Here and there a private soldier rises through his distinguished merits to be an officer and a general; but the greater number must be, and are, content to remain in their first rank, only learning, day by day, to do the work of that rank better. And in this, too, they should be examples to us. There are a few men in every rank of life, to whom God has given those special endowments which—if their possessors cultivate them duly—will enable them to rise to distinction, honour, and wealth. But there are only a few such men in any rank. The greater part of us must be content—in the words of the Catechism—"to do our duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us." And, while we acknowledge that it is a noble ambition which here and there stirs some man to resolve that he will distinguish himself, and rise to greatness among his fellow-men, we must remember that there is also a very ignoble discontent which may end in sinking a man lower, instead of raising him higher, than he was.

Not that working men should remain where they are. God forbid! There is opportunity and room enough for them to rise far above their own present standards in education and general cultivation, and to take a far larger share of the rights and duties of English citizens. Their highest ambition—like that of all other men—will fall short of what *might* be aimed at. But then—with the few exceptions I have just referred to—it must be an ambition, not for the individual to get out of his own

class, but for the whole class to rise together, by the united efforts of all its individual members; striving after more education and more cultivation of mind and morals.

I do not, indeed, think that working men are so much disposed to make this mistake, as their friends are for them. We too often hear people (with the best intentions no doubt) saying that the working man has only to be steady and industrious for a few years, and then he can easily raise himself from a workman to a master. But the best educated and most thoughtful of the working men themselves are usually found to be trying less to raise themselves out of their own class than to raise the whole class itself.

Let me explain my meaning further by an illustration. In Russia, until very lately, the great body of the people—men, women, and children—were serfs, or slaves, in many respects as much the property of the great landlords as the rest of the live-stock on their estates. They could not, indeed, be sold away from the land on which they and their families were born, but neither could they leave the land and go elsewhere to better their condition, nor in any respect act for themselves as independent persons. It was common for a peasant who wished to turn tradesman and go to one of the towns or cities to open a shop, to get the leave of his lord to do so; but then he had to agree to pay regular rent for himself, before he could take himself away, and use himself elsewhere. And if he did not go on paying as much as his lord required, or if his lord thought his services at home would be more useful than the money, he was ordered back to his old home, and had to go, too, just as much as if he had been a horse or an ox. The only Russians who could be called free men were the nobles and the clergy, though even theirs was but a slavish life under their Emperor. Now, what up to our own days has been the state of things in Russia, was in old times our condition in England. Those whom we now call the tradesmen and the working men of England, were in former days for the most part serfs, working or fighting for their masters, the great lords, who, with the kings and the clergy, possessed all the liberties, rights, and power, of the country. But as education began to spread, year after year, and generation after generation, and as men began to understand their duties and their rights better—began to see, more clearly, that, because they had work to do, and duties to perform, for the country they were born in, therefore they

could justly claim the freedom and the rights without which they could not fulfil those duties;—then they gradually rose to take a larger and larger share both of the duties and the rights of Englishmen, which had once been the privilege of a few. And still, as education and intelligence spread, and more and more men become capable of fulfilling these duties, and exercising these rights, of Englishmen, so are they gradually rising out of the condition of mere dependence into that of free men and citizens.

This is, in one form or another, the great question which statesmen in England, as in every country of Europe, and in America, are trying to solve:—How the working man can have a larger share of all those blessings of education; of that power as well as right to think and act for himself, without which each of us must remain rather in the condition of a child than of a man.

All of us who read the newspapers know how much has lately been said, and how much more will be said, about the extension of the franchise, and the entrance of working men into Parliament. And the meaning of it is this: that all our statesmen who deserve the name, and whether their politics be Conservative or Liberal, see that the great political question of our day is how working men are to take their full share of all the rights and all the duties of Englishmen, and yet not upset the rights of other orders and classes in the State, and so upset the State itself. It will not do to kill the goose in order to secure a fair share of the golden eggs, for then there will be no shares at all, fair or unfair. But the eggs *are* worth having, and the more men there are to share them the more eggs there will be. Only let us never forget that rights are of no worth except in as far as they enable us to fulfil duties; and that if we leave our duties we soon lose our rights. Be it the possession of wealth, or health, or knowledge, or rank, or the favour of our fellow-men, none of these are worth anything to us unless we employ them rightly—that is, for the good of others. The tools are for him that can use them. It is true that some men get the tools first, and learn to use them afterwards; while others only get them after they have learnt to use them. It does not much matter which comes first: get the tools, get education, intelligence, independence, and social and political rights, as soon as you can, but never forget that you can only keep them by using them rightly—by taking your place, and doing your work, in that great Mutual Improvement Society of which we are all members.

SERBIAN FOLK-LORE.

II.—THE WICKED STEPMOTHER.

THERE was once on a time a stepmother who hated her stepdaughter exceedingly, because she was more beautiful than her own daughter whom she had brought with her into the house. By-and-by, the father learned also to hate his own child: he scolded her, and beat her, just to please his wife. One day his wife said to him, "Let us send your daughter away! Let her look out for herself in the world!" Upon this the man asked, "Where can we send her? Where can the poor girl go alone?" Then the wife said, "If you will not do this, husband, I will live no longer with you. You had better take her tomorrow out of the house. You can lead her into the forest, and then steal away from her and hurry home!" She said this so often that at length he consented, but said, "At least prepare the girl something for her journey, that she may not die the first day of hunger."

The stepmother therefore made a cake, and the next morning early, the father led the girl far away into the very heart of the forest, and there left her and went back home. The poor girl left alone, wandered all day about the wood, but could find no way out of it. When it grew dark she got up into a tree to pass the night, fearing lest some wild beasts would eat her if she remained on the ground. And, indeed, all night long the wolves were howling under the tree, so that the poor girl trembled so much that she could hardly keep herself from falling. When day dawned she descended from the tree and walked on again, hoping to find some way out of the forest. But the wood grew always thicker and thicker, and seemed to have no end. In the evening whilst she was looking for a tree in which she might remain safely over the night, all at once she saw something shining in the forest. So she went on, hoping to find some shelter, and at length came to a fine large house. The gates were open, so she went in, and walked through a great many rooms, each one more beautiful than the other. On a table in one room she found a candle burning. She thought this must be the house of some robbers; but she was not afraid, for she reasoned with herself, "Rich men have reason to fear robbers, but I have none—I will tell them that I will serve them gladly for a piece of bread."

Then she took the cake from her bag, said grace, and begun to eat. Just as she had begun to eat a cock came into the room, and sprang upon the table to reach the cake, so the girl crumbled some of it for him. Then a little dog came in and jumped quite friendly upon her, so she broke a piece from her cake for the little dog, and took him on her knee and petted and fed him. After that came in a cat also, and the girl fed her too. At last she heard a great noise, as if some great beast was coming, and was greatly frightened when a lion came into the room. But the lion moved his tail in such a friendly way, and looked so very kindly, that she took heart, and offered him a piece of cake. The lion took it and began to lick her hand, and the girl had no longer any fear of him, so she stroked him gently and fed him with the cake. Suddenly she heard a great noise of weapons, and almost swooned as a creature in a bear-skin entered the room. The cock, the dog, the cat, and the lion all ran to it and jumped about it affectionately, showing in all possible ways their great joy. The poor girl thought it a very strange beast, and expected it would jump upon her and kill her. But the fearful thing threw the bear-skin from its head and shoulders, and all the room shone and glittered with its golden garments. The poor girl almost lost her senses when she saw before her a handsome man beautifully dressed. But he came up to her and said, "Don't be afraid, my dear! I am not a bad man, I am the son of the king, and when I wish to hunt I come here and use this bear-skin as a disguise lest the people should recognise me. Those who see me believe that I am a ghost and run away from me. No one dares to come into this house, knowing that I often come here. You are the only person who has ventured in. How did you know that I am not a ghost?"

Then she told him she had never heard of him or of the house, but that her stepmother had driven her away from home, and she told him all that had happened to her. When he heard this, he was very sorry, and said, "Your stepmother hated you, but God has been kind to you. I will marry you if you will be my wife—will you?" "Yes!" she replied. Next day he took her to his father's palace and married her. After some time she begged to be allowed to go

to see her father. So her husband allowed her to go, and she dressed herself all in gold and went to her father's house. The father happened to be away from home, and the stepmother, seeing her coming, was afraid lest she had come to revenge herself. So she hurried to meet her and said, "You see that it was I who sent you on the road to happiness." The stepdaughter kissed her, and embraced her half-sister. Then the girl said she was very sorry that she had not found her father at home, and, on her going away, she gave plenty of money to her stepmother. When, however, she had gone away the stepmother shook her fist after her and cried, "Wait a little, you shall not be the only one so dressed out; to-morrow I will send my own daughter after you the same way!"

When her husband came home at night she told him all that had happened, and said, "What do you think, husband? would it not be a good thing to send my girl also into the wood to try her fortune; for your girl, whom we sent there, never came back until now, and now she has come glittering in gold?"

The man sighed and agreed to the proposal. Next day the stepmother prepared for her daughter plenty of cakes and roasted meats, and then sent her with the father into the forest. The man led her deep into the forest, as he had done his own daughter, and there left her. Finding the father did not return, she began to seek a way to get home, and soon came in sight of the house in the forest. She entered it, and seeing no one, fastened the door inside, saying as she did so, "If God himself comes I will not open to Him." Then she took out of her bag the baked meats and cakes and began to eat. Whilst she was eating the cock, the dog, and the cat came in suddenly, and began to play about her affectionately, hoping she would give them something; but she became quite angry, and exclaimed, "The devil take you! I have hardly enough for myself: do you think I will give any to you?" Then she began to beat them; whereat the dog howled, and the lion hearing it rushed in furiously, caught the girl and killed her. Next day the king's son came with his wife to hunt. She immediately recognised her sister's dress, and gathered together the fragments of the body, which she took to her stepmother. She found her father at home this time, and he was greatly pleased to hear that his daughter was married to the king's son. When, however, he heard what had happened with the daughter of his wife, he

was very sorry, but said, "Her mother has deserved this from the hand of God, because she hated you without a cause. There she is at the well, I will go and tell her."

When the stepmother heard what had happened to her daughter, she said to her husband, "I cannot bear your daughter! I cannot bear to look at her! Let us kill her and her husband. If you will not consent, I will jump down into this well!" "I cannot kill my own child," returned he. "Well, then," cried she, "if *you* will not kill her, *I* cannot endure her!" and so she jumped down into the well.

III.—BIRD GIRL.

ONCE upon a time lived a king, who had one only son; and when this son grew up, his father sent him to travel about the world, in order that he might find a maiden who would make him a suitable wife.

The king's son started on his journey, and travelled through the whole world without finding anywhere a maiden whom he loved well enough to marry. Seeing then that he had taken so much trouble, and had spent so much time and money, and all to no purpose, he resolved to kill himself. With this intention, he climbed to the top of a high mountain, that he might throw himself from its summit; for he wished that even his bones might never be found. Having arrived at the top of the mountain, he saw a sharp rock jutting out from one side of it, and was climbing up to throw himself from it, when he heard a voice behind him calling, "Stop! stop! O man! Stop for the sake of three hundred and sixty-five which are in the year!" He looked back, and, seeing no one, asked, "Who are you that speak to me? Let me see you! When you know how miserable I am, you will not prevent my killing myself!"

He had scarcely said these words when there appeared to him an old man, with hair as white as wool, who said, "I know all about you. But listen! Do you see that high hill?" "Yes, I do," said the prince. "And do you see the multitude of marble blocks which are on it?" said the old man. "Yes, I do," rejoined the prince. "Well, then," continued the old man, "on the summit of that hill there is an old woman with golden hair, who sits night and day on that very spot, and holds a bird in her bosom. Whoever can get this bird into his hands, will be the happiest man in the world. But, be careful! If you are willing to try and get the bird, you must take the old woman by her

hair before she sees you. If she sees you before you catch her by her hair, you will be changed into a stone on the spot. Thus it has happened to all those young men you see standing there, as if they were blocks of marble."

When the king's son heard this, he thought, "It is all one to me whether I die here or there. If I succeed, so much the better for me; if I fail, I can but die as I had resolved." So he went up the hill. When he arrived near the old woman, he walked very cautiously towards her, hoping to reach her unseen; for, luckily, the old woman was lying with her back towards him, sunning herself, and playing with the bird.

When near enough, he sprang suddenly and caught her by the hair. Then the old woman cried out, so that the whole hill shook as with a great earthquake; but the king's son held fast by her hair, and when she found that she could not escape she said, "What do you desire from me?" He replied, "That you should give me the bird in your bosom, and that you call back to life all these Christian souls!" The old woman consented, and gave him the bird. Then from her mouth she breathed a blue wind towards the men of stone, and immediately they again became alive. The king's son, having the

bird in his hands, was so rejoiced, that he began to kiss it; and, as he kissed it, the bird was transformed into a most beautiful maiden.

This girl the enchantress had turned into a bird, in order that she might allure the young men to her. The girl pleased the king's son exceedingly, and he took her with him, and prepared to return home. As he was going down the hill, the girl gave him a stick, and told him the stick would do everything that he desired of it. So the king's son struck with it once upon the rock, and in a moment there came out a mass of golden coin, of which they took plenty for use on their journey. As they were travelling they came to a great river, and could find no place by which they could pass over; so the king's son touched the surface of the river with his stick, and the water divided, so that a dry path lay before them, and they were able to cross over the river dryshod. A little farther they came to a herd of wolves, and the wolves attacked them, and seemed about to tear them in pieces; but the prince struck at them with his stick, and one by one the wolves were turned into ants. Thus, at length, the king's son reached home safely with his beloved, and they were shortly after married, and lived long and happily together.

HARVEST SONG.

GARNER in the golden grain!
He that fares immersed in wheat
Sees a russet mellow main,
Falling from the upland, meet
Lavender horizons warm,
Blent with opaline warm skies;
Verdure-isles of cloudy form
In descending meet his eyes;
Round them, like a sea at rest
Glassy sliding up the sand,
Simmers harvest, many a crest
Hither and thither drooping bland,
Weighted every leaning ear
With the treasure of the year.

Garner in the golden grain!
Yonder shining sickle cleaves;
Bronzy harvestmen sustain
Thwart one another golden sheaves,
Whose luxuriant honours all,
Marrying, seem tawny toil
Of a foaming water-wall,
When wave meets baffled wave's recoil.

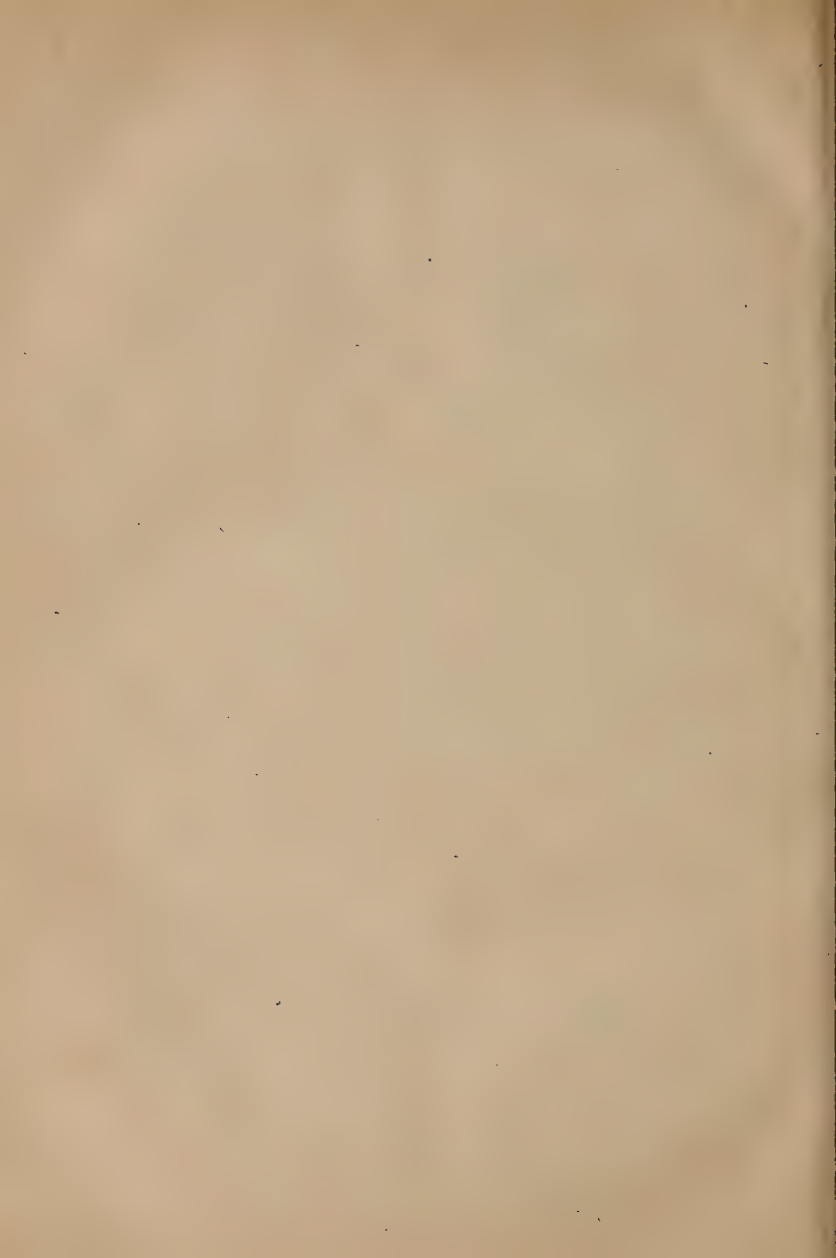
Nigh to one of these a child
In a little cart is laid,
Sleeping in the air so mild,
Where a linden with sweet shade
Softens all the radiance,
Within the reaping father's glance.

Garner in the golden grain!
All, aglow upon the hill,
Unforeboding will remain,
Till the sickle gleams, until
All shall placidly resign
Pleasant homely life afield,
Where the youngling flowers twine:
Only now we saw them yield,
Lithe and blithe, and green when wind
Ruffled them to silky waves,
Playing merrily: so we find
Aged pilgrims near the graves,
Mellow and wise, and loving wait
Swift inevitable fate:
We weep who lose them; they are still,
While One bears them where He will.

RODEN NOEL.



· HARVEST SONG. ·



BROTHER ADAM.

A Story of Peasant Life in Brittany.

I.—THE FARM AT THE COLLINET.

THE Père Félix would have been a rich man for his condition if it had pleased God to give him fewer mouths to feed. He was blessed in a good wife, whom he had married out of Normandy—a fair woman, tall and strong, and handsomer in her ripe maturity than when he wooed her; and of children, big and little, he had seven, six sons and one daughter, Tinah, the latest-born of the seven. And besides these children of the future, he had children of the past—his old grandame and a brother, a poor innocent God had given to the family, who never wanted his portion in the platter or his seat on the hearth.

The Collinet was pleasant in the summer, and at other seasons when the sun shone, and in its day it had been a place of renown; but now, in the time of fogs, or when wind and storms lashed the broken walls and turrets of the half-buried château, it was as dreary a remnant of feudalism as any in Brittany. The back avenues sloped down nearly a mile to the gateway, whence gate, winged griffins, and granite shield of arms, were long gone; and the road into the great court, which the farm buildings surrounded, was a steep descent—a stony watercourse in heavy rain. A second gateway, open like the first, led into little fields, and deep, hollow, overshadowed lanes, where the dews were never dry in the longest days of summer. To the north of the domain stretched a high expanse of irreclaimable heath, where was a famous Druid stone, a dolmen, upon which the children, left to tend the sheep, climbed to look at the sea and watch the sails when the weather was clear. Their eldest brother, Père Félix's eldest son, had betaken him to the sea, and the little ones thought every ship that came into the sunshine must be Pierre's, and clapped their hands and shouted; but when the west wind howled and wetted the lips with bitter spray, they looked up at their mother, and said never a word because they saw her praying.

Père Félix's wife loved all his children, but her heart was very tender for Pierre, her first-born. Pierre was big and fair, like the Normans, her own people, and mild and crafty and adventurous; but Jacques, and Jean-Marie, and Mathieu, and François, were true Bretons, black, obstinate, patient, laborious

as the oxen they goaded. Little Adam was fair again (they called him *little* Adam because he was the youngest of six, not because he was the least)—a beautiful child, who came into the world without crying, and whose pleasant countenance, and sweet clear voice, when he sang in the choir on Sundays, made the women call him "*Little Angel*," Tinah, the one sister amongst so many brothers, was a gipsy for brownness, but her temper was merry and frolicsome, and, as often happens when there are two children of a large family divided from the rest by a gap of several years, they were staunch allies. They sat on the same bench, and conned their catechism from the same primer, at the village school, and they went hand-in-hand together to the Druid stone on the moor, and talked their talk, and played their games apart from other children, and were as happy as the summer days were long, in their mutual devotion.

It happened one June evening, when they were under the dolmen plaiting hats of green rushes, which they plucked in marshy spots of the heath, that the Rector came by, taking a walk towards the sunset, his breviary under his arm, and his hands clasped behind him. The children did not see him, for their faces were the other way, nor hear his step, for they were utterly absorbed, Adam in chanting and Tinah in hearkening, to one of the weird sacred canticles that are familiar as household words among the peasants of Brittany. The Rector had taken flattering notice of Adam as a lad of parts and a paragon of excellence in his class, and he stopped to listen, looking benevolently at his beautiful golden head that was darkening a little in lustre, with his twelve years nearly completed. What Adam sang was this, "*The Canticle of Paradise*:"—

"Short is the time, and my heart does not weary thinking
Day and night of the glories of Paradise.
I look to the leaves and I say, There is my country; would
I were a dove to flee away and be at rest!
To be at rest in bliss with Jesus, and sate in the eternal love
of God!
But here must I bide till the hour of my death, prisoner of
this body that confines my soul!
Then, soon as my bonds are broken I shall soar in the air
like a lark.
I shall fly by the moon, the sun and the stars shall bear me
upward.
Then shall I say, Farewell my brothers, farewell poor children
of earth, farewell all pain and heavy burdens!
Farewell poverty, farewell pride, farewell wild passions and
burning temptations!
Then will Satan be gone out of me; for after death no more
error!
Then shall I sing in the grave: my chain is broken, and I am
free! free for all eternity!

My body, like a ship, has brought me here, spite of stormy winds and tempests.
 Death has opened me the castle-gates against whose rocks it was broken.
 The door of Paradise stands wide, and the saints wait to lead me in.
 I shall sit in the palace of the Trinity, and Jesus shall set upon my head a crown of light.
 And He will say:—"The bodies of the blessed are a treasure hidden in holy ground."
 "They lie in my garden like the roots of white roses, of lilies, and hawthorns; the roses, the lilies, the hawthorns shed their flowers in the season, but they blossom again."
 For brief distress and little sorrow what a reward will my God give me!
 I shall see Him with His Son and the Holy Spirit; I shall see the Blessed Mary with her crown of twelve stars.
 I shall hear the archangels sing their sublime songs to their harps.
 And little angels, rosy and fair, borne on their little wings, shall hover above our heads.
 They shall hover like swarms of bees in a field of flowers.
 I dream of it, and am happy. Oh, my heart! that thought consoles thee in all thy afflictions."

Tinah had soon discovered the Rector and stood up demurely, but Adam sang steadily on and tressed his rushes, looking round only as he finished his canticle. Then the Rector nodded approvingly.

"You must go to the seminary, little Adam; we must make a *kloärek* of you. You sing like our best *sonneurs* already. Where did you learn that 'Canticle of Paradise?'"

"The old grandmother taught it me. I can sing a lot more that I learnt from Kabik, the poacher. 'Oh, but *he* knows ballads and songs no end!'"

The Rector did not smile quite so doucely. Kabik was a reprobate; his ballads were not of the sort to sing in the shadow of the church porch.

"You do not guide the cattle yet, little Adam?"

"Next month: then I shall be twelve."

In Brittany they do not trust children with the goad till they are twelve turned; twelve is years of discretion for those who have to live by the soil.

"Good. We will speak of it again," said the Rector, and continued his walk towards the sunset.

When his black figure disappeared amongst the broom and furze on the purple edge of the moor, Tinah took courage to ask her brother, "Adam, what is a *kloärek*?"

"Jacques would be a *kloärek* if he went to school instead of to plough. A *kloärek* is a big school-boy."

"Should you like to be a *kloärek*, Adam?"

"What do I know if I should like to be a *kloärek*! I'd a deal rather lie under the dolmen and hear Kabik than go to plough with Jacques and Mathieu; but lying under the dolmen and hearing Kabik one would hear the dinner-bell ring in one's belly for nothing too often. Pierre has gone to the sea; he has been where the sun sinks down

into the red water; he has been farther than we can see the sun!"

"But mother cries when the wind blows, and father looks out into the dark every night," whispered Tinah. "Don't you follow Pierre, dear Adam."

Adam lay back looking up to the sky, his arms under his head. "The Rector was a *kloärek* before he was the priest," said he, after a long pause.

Tinah said nothing; the Rector was far above her imagination—only a little lower than the saints in paradise. He lived in the presbytery beside the church, and had a trellis covered with honeysuckle over his door, and a garden of flowers, and a great vine arbour. Oh, the Rector was a holy man, and high exalted above the thoughts of little barefoot Tinah!

The next day after he had talked with the children on the moor, the Rector paid a pastoral visit at the Collinet. The men-folk were all out in the hay, only the old grandmother dozed in the vast chimney by the fire of dry branches, and the fair Norman wife turned her wheel beside the window. The house consisted, like most Breton farm-houses, of only one large place upon the ground level, the trodden earth itself being the flooring of it. The walls were of rough stone, and massive cross-beams supported the roof. Two sides of the dwelling were furnished with box-beds, where slept all the family. The Norman wife was wholesome and cleanly in her habits, and every bed was open to the air, its blue checked linen coverlet, and large pillows, all fair to view. The frames and sliding-panels, sculptured with crosses and the sacred monogram I H S, were bright with labour, and bright also were the carved oak chests and cupboards and presses, the high-backed heavy chairs and great table, that had descended in evil days from the château to the farm. Basins of copper and brass, glittering like gold, were ranged in solemn order under the plate-rack, from whose shelves hung spoons of box-wood, each with a name neatly cut in its long handle. The table in the middle of the floor, opposite the window, was spread for supper, its provision of rye-bread wrapt in a fringed napkin, and covered over with a white willow basket. Soup or milk, butter or bacon, and perhaps a savoury omelette of fresh eggs, would appear in due time, with the father and his sons, and complete the feast.

The Rector had partaken of it more than once—the sweet cider at the Collinet was excellent, and the Mère Robin was a good

housewife. He had come out of such a home himself, and had brothers at day-labour on such a farm, not a score of miles away; he knew the life, therefore, and how hard it often is to live. And he knew also what the grand ambition of a Breton peasant is, for it had made a priest of him, and set him in the pleasant presbytery, aloof from the toil that wears and the hunger that kills. If there had been any sacrifice in his consecration, no trace of it was left on his plump and placid face, and no sad recollections disturbed the serene evening of his days. He had lived with his people in sickness and in health, in times of dearth and times of plenty, in days of peace and days of war, for more than thirty years; he had buried one generation, married another, and christened a third, and, without one personal tie of his own, was the best-beloved and happiest man in the parish. The Père Félix had talked to him often of giving a son to God, one of the younger boys—he needed the strong arms of the elder to work the farm—and the Rector had come to speak to their mother about it, and to suggest that if the lot lay between François and Adam, it should fall upon Adam. From what the mother said, it had already fallen upon Adam.

"He is the best we have since Pierre went to the sea."

"And the good God is worthy of our best," responded the priest.

The old grandame in the chimney-corner had listened with perked ears to all their talk. "Pierre had never gone to the sea but for your making a *kloärck* of him; 'tis not every lad has the vocation of the altar," interposed she querulously.

"Pierre had never gone to sea but for the *belie* he met at our Pardon," rejoined the mother, sighing and speaking softly.

"Adam is as like Pierre as two beans in one pod," said the grandame, but no one heeded her.

After a pause of some minutes, the Rector resumed the conversation at the point where the old woman had interrupted it, reciting the merits to Godward of the priestly estate, and giving the Mère Robin directions for the present guidance of the child.

"He will make his first communion after harvest; in the seasons let him take his turn with his brothers in the fields, and in the black months let him keep at school; it will be time enough to send him to the seminary when he has kept his Easter twice or even thrice."

"Pierre was sixteen when he went to

Dinân," said the mother. "The father is ageing; to maintain little Adam seven years at the seminary will eat deep into his poor economies."

"God will provide for his own; never fear that little Adam should bring you to poverty. There is a blessing on the lad, he carries the sign of it in his face."

The grandame muttered to the fire: "He said the same of Pierre, and only Christ knows where *he* lies!"

The mother glanced towards her with wistful, sad eyes. The Rector *had* said the same of Pierre, just the same, but *he* had forgotten it. It is the memories of mothers that are long!

II.—THE YOUNG KLOAREK.

THE Père Félix had no word to say against the Rector's preference for little Adam over his brother François, and the lad's life was looked upon henceforward as laid out for him. The four years longer that he remained on the farm were pleasant as the years of country children are, when cold and hunger do not pinch too keenly and too often. He grew healthy, strong, and brown, a good lad too; over fond of Kabik's company, perhaps, but that was because Kabik was such capital company for talk, and Adam loved a song or a story, none better. He would rather walk the heath with the old poacher than even with Tinah now:—indeed, Tinah was kept at her mother's apron learning to spin, and sew, and knit, and be of service in the house; but still when the white-thorn blossomed in spring they roved the hedges together, and in the winter by the fire, they sat on the same long stool, and sang their favourite hymns and canticles verse by verse in turn. They were the sweetest birds in the nest, and the grandame, who was a living chronicle in the country, delighted to teach them its oral traditions and domestic tragedies of love and death which, repeated from generation to generation, resume the entire history of a people.

The day arrived at last when Adam was sixteen, and must go to the seminary, if at all, soon. No tidings had ever come home of Pierre, and when the beggars came round on All Souls' Night, chanting the dismal "Hymn of Purgatory," the household at the Collinet rose at the mother's voice, and prayed for the souls in pain with a special prayer for him who had gone to sea in a passion of love and wrath, and had never returned again. Another son had been taken from the farm since:—Jean-Marie had been drawn in the conscription, and was away soldiering in Algeria;

and Adam's going would, of the six, leave but three. But neither the father, the mother, nor the lad himself repented of his vocation; and when the harvest of that year was gathered, he went to the seminary of Dinan, where other young peasants destined for Orders kept him in countenance amongst the pert little town-boys, who were so much younger, and so much forwarder at their book than these tardy scholars, half of whose days had been spent in the field.

Adam's life for six years forward was now the same as that of scores of poor struggling students of his own class, who flock to the colleges and seminaries of Vannes, Quimper, Dinan, and St. Brienne, to prepare themselves by toil and privation for the service of the Church. His fair hair was cut close across his forehead, to indicate his noviciate for the clerical tonsure, and only a few long locks were left floating on his shoulders, a type of the vanities of the world from which he was not yet dissevered. Many a young man begins his career as Adam did, with pure, exalted intentions, and onward-looking gaze, who coming to the last passage of the road, finds it too strait for him, and turns back, and sets his shoulder to the wheel of common life, deeming labour, after all, easier than sacrifice. But Adam was yet many a long day distant from the point at which his brother Pierre had fallen short, and he gave himself to his present work with the energy of a strong, clear, unworn mind, and a devoted, enthusiastic heart. He was beloved by his class-mates more than any, and of his clerical instructors he was soon the chief pride. He was quick to learn, and his memory let nothing slip that it had once mastered. His temper was like sunshine, and so naturally sweet, that he endured lightly what others no worse off than himself made a daily fret of. Poor! they were all poor, and ill-lodged, and ill-clothed, and cold, and often hungry, every one. But youth needs to suffer. Adam, lapped in comfort, would never have grown to be the man he grew in hardship. The lark in the sky was not gayer than he in his garret on the old machicolated wall of Dinan; always without fire, often with only a crust for supper, and with no companion but a caged linnet that fed and grew fat on his crumbs. The linnet and he looked down into gardens of roses and apples, of grapes and pomegranates—they might not gather the flowers or the fruit, but they had the view of them for nothing; and when the sky was blue it was as blue for the *kioärek* and his singing-bird as for the *maire* and the *préfet*.

The Collinet was severely taxed for the maintenance of its student son at the seminary, but no one murmured. The roof over his head was to pay for, and there were the fees for his classes besides. On each Thursday, the market-day, somebody from the farm—often his mother and Tinah—brought him the week's provision of food; black bread, a little butter, a little bacon, a few potatoes, and perhaps a cake baked in the pan. As he advanced in his studies, he supplied his increasing want of books, paper, pens, by his own ingenuity. Any of his richer comrades would give him old exercise books, and between their lines he wrote his *devoirs*. The porter who swept out the class-rooms saved him the best of the pens thrown away; and many an hour of recreation did he spend in copying the poets and sages of Greece and Rome, to use the manuscript after for his lesson-book. Later still, a notary in the town gave him clerk's work, by which he earned now and then a franc; and in the winter evenings, he gave lessons in reading and writing for a monthly wage of a few sous, and esteemed himself lucky in finding scholars to teach. He was content and happy always, but *most* happy and content in the long evenings, when he could carry his books up into the woods, the pretty woods of Caraduc, and study his next day's tasks to the singing of thrush and blackbird. When they were learnt, as the sun got low, he would take his way round by the cross at Saint-Esprit, picking the hedge-berries to eat as he went, and creep into his garret at dusk, weary to sleep, but able to rise at dawn, fresh as the lark. On Sundays, after mass, and on holidays, he would extend his rambles farther with a comrade or two, up or down the beautiful valley of the Rance, to Léhon with its hill of the Seven Towers, to Chûn-Féron, to La Guaraye, to Mordrusse, and to the sea at St. Malo. Every site of note within reach of an active foot and ardent mind, he made himself familiar with, and when he went home to the Collinet for the vacations, he set the good old Rector wondering at the achievements of his memory in the national history and poetry, and the local traditions and legends, apart from the regular theological and classical studies that were his duty. Perhaps, now and then, the priest in his wisdom regretted Adam's picturesque turn of mind, for what a Breton priest needs is not learning, but resignation, devotion, fanatic devotion, and Adam was entirely reasonable, a singularly calm sensible head. The period of his vacations at home was very precious to him, and falling

in the busy season of harvest, he gave his strength to the sickle and the flail, as if he had never quitted the farm. Nor had Kabik to complain that the young *kloärek* was grown too fine for his company. On the contrary, Adam sifted the old poacher more curiously than ever, and made him tell again and again the story of how he had been a soldier—a volunteer in the first royalist insurrection, how he had fought at the battle of Auvay, and had never given up the *cause* for lost until the general pacification of La Vendée in 1830.

Thus the years went on, and Adam's fair lip and cheek took a shade of down, the bones of his face stood out, and the youthful roundness and colour vanished. He put on the student-look of high-thinking and plain living, and as his hands softened and blanched, the scales fell from his mental eyes, and he was a man with the visions of life opening newly and freshly before him. Now, when he walked in the woods, in the valley, he dreamed as often as he read. Vague reveries, and pains more vague, possessed him. He remembered himself as he was when a boy, keeping the sheep with Tinah on the heath, and if the shadow of a bird flying overhead fell upon his book, it dimmed the page for all the day after. His imagination enriched by study, his intelligence supplied by exercise of reason and thought, showed him life under a halo, very beautiful and very sweet. All of philosophy that he had learnt from books, all of piety that he had acquired from religious practices, felt but as armour unproved as soon as ever he came under the influence of the natural passions and fierce temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. From the moment he felt that all women were not as his mother and Tinah to him, from the moment he discerned that one above the rest was lovely and pleasant to the eye, and beyond all precious things desirable, he knew that every *kloärek* has to make his act of renunciation for himself, and that the reason why the best love-songs and ballads of Brittany are written by priests is because each has had a tragedy of the heart, and has bequeathed the story to the world before breaking for ever with its joys and sympathies.

This moment of sudden awakening arrived for Adam on a certain day of July, when he was in the last year of his probation at the seminary. He had come home for his holidays, and it was towards evening. His way to the Collinet lay over the heath and past the Druid stone. As he drew near the dolmen he heard girls' voices, Tinah's sweet and clear,

and another voice sweet and full, talking—talking about lovers, telling secrets where a wilderness of echoes was ready to repeat them.

"He may wear out his wooden shoes coming to the Collinet, but 'tis of no use; I will never, never, never listen to *him* behind the gable," Tinah was saying with vehement determination.

"He brought you black cherries in his beaver last Sunday, such beautiful black cherries, so big, so ripe," answered the softer voice.

"He has an orchard of cherries, but I hate him! He is rich, but what care I how rich he be! He is a miller, he is a widower, and he has one eye up the chimney and t'other in the pot. A sweetheart that squints! One *would* like to know when one's husband was watching one!"

Tinah's companion laughed: "The wind blows pleasanter from Guiclan than from the mill," said she.

"That's true—I am never tired of hearing the wind that blows from Guiclan," frankly quoth Tinah.

Adam blushed, not at playing eavesdropper, but at the thoughts of his own heart; and with the colour still in his face, he advanced into the girls' sight. Tinah ran to meet him with joy unfeigned; it was always the best of times for her when her favourite brother was at home. "This is our little Adam," she said to her friend, and the *kloärek* and the friend looked at each other for a moment ruddily and then looked away. Little Adam was a tall, strong, fair, handsome young man, and Tinah's friend was a lovely, dimpled, berry-brown maiden, with a blue lace-bordered ribbon to snood her hair, fine woollen stockings, buckled shoes, muslin apron and chemi-sette, and boddice and skirt of fine purple cloth—a country beauty from the air of her, and a fortune from her superior dress. She looked at Adam again, and their eyes met—and so they fell in love!

It was very unlucky! Adam did not know what ailed him. He tried not to think of Alizan in thinking of God, but falling in love is like falling into the water—one is soon overhead. It was more than unlucky, it was tragical; for Jacques had set his soul on the girl, and until Adam came, Alizan had looked favourably on Jacques—now the young *kloärek* with his pale forehead and mournful eyes haunted all her thoughts. She lived not far off, at a farm more opulent than the Collinet because she was the only child and heiress of it. Her mother was dead, and her father

wanted a good husband for her, who would take his shoes and take tender care of his darling when he was gone. Jacques Robin had made himself acceptable to the father, and so far acceptable to Alizan that had not the *kloärek* appeared on the scene, a marriage would probably have been arranged after harvest; but now the smooth course of events was all ruffled and uneasy. Jacques, poor Jacques, went to and fro in heavy perplexity and depression of spirit. He loved little Adam, but he loved Alizan far better! And Alizan had no rosy smile for him since Adam came, and Adam avoided him, and was on the heath all day. This year he took no sickle with the reapers, nor flail in the threshing-floor;—he did nothing but move about, and read, and write, and grow thin. The grandame crouching lower than ever in her chair, whispered to the fire that she knew what it meant, and the mother, with an inexpressible pang at her heart, said that he was going to follow in the steps of her lost son, Pierre. The Père Félix was angry and consulted the Rector—the adviser of all who were in trouble. But the Rector only said: "Let him alone—let God deal with him. In a month's time the holidays will be over, and he will return to the seminary."

But in a month's time a great many things may happen!

III.—ALIZAN'S SUITORS.

SOME complaints are catching. People say that love is, and Adam had fallen into a very atmosphere of love at the Collinet. Apart from Jacques, sad because of Alizan, there was Tinah with her rival suitors—the rich miller whom she abhorred, and the young man from Guiclan whom she preferred, a widow's son, who had only a thatched cottage, a barn, three little fields, and a black cow. Mathieu also had his lass whom he held by the heart-finger as they walked in the fields on Sunday evenings; and even François, who had drawn a good billet at the conscription, had begun to think of a fireside, a wife, and babies of his own.

The kindness and warmth of the family—where love is, make a paradise of earth. Troubles had come to the Collinet—bad seasons, bad accidents, losses, but through them all the comfort, the pure bliss of unselfish, affectionate union had remained. The greatest sacrifices had been made for Adam, and now, when he should be ready to crown them, it began to seem as if they were all to be worse than wasted. Yet there was no complaint. The Rector had said: "Let him

alone—let God deal with him;" and everybody did let him alone but Alizan. Adam did not seek her—that is, for days together he kept out of her sight. Then Alizan grew petulant, and must have Tinah come or must go to Tinah, when she was sure to fall in Adam's way. The young *kloärek* made a good fight with himself so long as it was only with himself, but the first shy look of tender pleading in Alizan's beautiful soft eyes overmastered him quite. The little witch knew he loved her: and she loved him because he was so different from all other men she saw: there was some perversity in her passion, for while she did her best to enslave the handsome *kloärek*, she had still a kindly feeling for poor Jacques, who launched at her glances of the most grievous, most pathetic reproach.

As if in fear of her or of himself, Adam for some while turned his restless, vagrant steps in any direction but that where Alizan lived. But one golden August afternoon he went erring and straying, aimlessly as he fancied, about the fields, until he saw the weathercock on the red roof of her father's barn at the Moulinasse amongst the apple trees just under his feet. He was on the ridge of a steep terraced-hill against which the farm was built, and could almost look down its chimneys. What more natural than that he should descend the hill? And what more natural than that, passing by the farm, he should hear Alizan singing? She was singing in the garden, and turning her wheel at the same time, and she was all alone in the sultry shade with the perfume of flowers and the hum of bees about her.

A wicked, reckless spirit entered into Adam (it would not have been so wicked, perhaps, but that he was a *kloärek* studying for holy orders; at all events, it was a natural spirit for a young man). It prompted him, and he went into the garden, softly, softly, and before the girl saw him, she felt his breath, and heard him say, "Alizan!"

"Adam!" said she, and all in one happy, ineffable blush the tale of their love was confessed.

How long they sat there together, or what more they said, only the bees and the flowers know. But when Adam left her, Alizan sang blithely still, all her heart in her voice. It was not so with the *kloärek*. He went over the heath dizzily; he had been drunk with the joy of Alizan's presence, and now he was coming to himself. The sweet had left an after-taste of bitterness—a conscience of reproach. Near the dolmen he met the good Rector coming out for his evening walk. The

Angelus had rung half-an-hour ago, and the sunset was fading into grey twilight. The *kloärek* took the old priest into his confidence, made his confession there and then, and asked counsel.

"Next week you must return to the seminary," said the Rector.

"And after, my father?" questioned Adam eagerly.

"Next week you must return to the seminary, my son. You have put your hand to the plough of God—you will not look back?"

"I have looked back—and I have seen Alizan!"

There was such a passionate feeling in these simple words of Adam that the priest was silenced—this was not the time to reason with the young man's heart, to set the right and the wrong coldly before him. Every sense and sentiment was for the moment absorbed in love of Alizan.

"Come to me in the morning after mass, my son, and we will talk," said the Rector, pressing a kind hand on the *kloärek's* arm, and with that he left him, and went his own way musingly.

When Adam entered the house-place at home his father and brothers were at supper, and the mother and Tinah serving them. Now Adam had in his breast a rose-bud, a white moss-rose-bud, such as there grew none in all the country but in Alizan's garden.

"Why, Adam, you have been to the Moulinasse!" cried Tinah; "Alizan has given you a rose from her rose-bush!"

Jacques looked up at his brother, and Adam's face burned. "And if Adam has been to the Moulinasse—is nobody to go to the Moulinasse but Tinah?" said the *kloärek* in a tone of defiance. He was beginning to be angry with himself, and bitter against his lot, and all who had helped to mould him to it.

He took his seat at the table, and Jacques pushed the bread over to him, and poured him out a cup of sweet cider, and was careful of him through the meal, as if more sorry than wroth, and most of all anxious to control his petulance, and hinder an outbreak. Adam was grateful to his elder brother, and yet vexed—why should Jacques be so patient? It was not Jacques that Alizan preferred! No; but where was his own triumph in her preference?

On the morrow he went to the presbytery by the church, and the Rector's old *bonne* led him to the vine-arbour in the garden where the priest sat in the cool with his book and his breakfast—a bottle of excellent white wine, a loaf of white bread, and a roll of

butter, sweet as daisies, on a green leaf. The Rector made his young patient eat and drink, and talked to him of his studies and comrades at Dinan, of this, of that, of the other, of events in the Church, in the State, and let him feel the leisure pleasantness of this pastoral life, apart from the world, its hard toils, its cares, its struggles. The church-spire rose before them, pointing to heaven, and glimpses of white grave-stones showed through the walnut trees.

"A white sheet, five planks, a pillow of straw under the head, and five feet of earth over;—to this come all the joys of this world!" chanted the old *bonne* cutting her cabbages, and Adam shivered.

They had not spoken of Alizan yet, and he had a sudden vision of Alizan in a shroud—that face, like the sunny side of a peach, swathed brow and chin in the coffin. All at once he plunged into talk of her and of himself, with the epicurean maxim in his thought, if not on his lips, "Since to-morrow we die, let us be merry to-day!" The Rector suffered him to go on, to argue without opposition, and to plan for a future, vague as the clouds in the sky; and when the *kloärek's* brow grew red, and his words came in halting, uncertain sentences, the priest said with a paternal gentleness, "My son, you are past reason, for the present: if I thought it worth spending my breath I should say, 'Go back to your studies, do not despise the long privations of your parents, or throw away your own long labours, for the love of a young girl who would have been happy with Jacques had you never come, and who will be happy with him again when you are gone.'"

If anybody but the Rector had dared to tell him this, Adam would have flown into a great rage, but the old priest looked so calm, so benevolent, so uplifted above the passions of the world that the *kloärek* found no words to answer him, and went away with the thorn in his memory. Was it true of Alizan? Was she so light of love? He would not believe it. He went up straight from the presbytery to the Moulinasse. His conscience pricked him; he remembered all his father and mother had done for him, and he remembered his own exalted aspirations, but now love in his heart sang higher—he would give up all for love and Alizan.

Alizan was on the threshold of the door scattering corn to the clucking hens and chickens. As Adam came in sight, her cheeks hung out their red signals, and just at that moment who else should appear but her father? The farmer of the Moulinasse was

a shrewd parent, and needed no other confession but Alizan's guilty start of the *kloärek's* ill-assumed ease to tell him all. He took a silent observation of the pair, whistled long, soft, and slow, chucked Alizan under the chin, and thought Adam far too proper a man to be sewn up in the black soutane of a priest: but he had supposed that Alizan was sweet on Jacques, and the surprise he got was not entirely pleasant. He was careful to see the *kloärek* well away from the precincts of the farm before he returned to his reapers in the white wheat, and in the evening at supper he made occasion to sound Alizan as to which of the brothers she preferred. It was his own desire to have a son of the Père Félix for his daughter's husband, but he was not bigoted to any one of them in particular, and if she liked the fair Norman stature of Adam better than the black Breton visage of Jacques, he had reflected that nothing would be gained by opposing her:—as for scruples concerning Adam's breeding, he had none; indeed, he would more likely feel it a meritorious action to rescue the *kloärek* from the fate to which he was destined—he had no abstract love for priests, though, like everybody else, he loved his own priest, the good old Rector.

When Alizan discerned which way the wind blew with her father, she was not too shy to let him see how it blew with herself. Rebellious daughters are not frequent in Brittany. Their marriages are more often matters of arrangement between the heads of families, than matters of affection between themselves and lovers of their choice. Alizan was quite aware that the Collinet and the Moulinasse had discussed a marriage between their children; and the hunchbacked tailor who worked all round the country, and was the accredited ambassador of love amongst the young folks, had more than once slyly rung Jacques' praises in her not unwilling ears, telling her how good a son he was, how kind a man in the house, and how lucky the lass might count herself who got him for her husband. But all this was before Adam came, and Adam's coming had changed everything, had changed, above all, the aspect in which she had been once inclined to regard poor Jacques.

The farmer caught his darling's sentiments without many words, and she knew from his indulgent way that she was secure of his countenance and help: if she had cried for the moon out of the sky, he would have given it her on a mirror on her lap! Nevertheless when he met the Père Félix next day, and tried to talk of Adam, he found it no very

pleasant or easy matter. The Père Félix was grave to sternness, and enunciated some severe maxims on the nature of woman which his neighbour could apply to Alizan, or let alone as he pleased. The interview was discouraging, but Père Félix knew but too well what Alizan's father was driving at, and he took his wife into his confidence. The mother was grieved to the heart, and could not look at Adam without tender reproach. He was going to overthrow all the pious hopes and ambition of her life—he had eaten his father's economies for nothing! As for Jacques and Mathieu, they hardly spoke to their brother, and Tinah wore a face of perplexity and distress that became her as ill as possible.

This was very bad for the *kloärek* to bear. Alizan smiled on him, Alizan gave him white roses, Alizan let him stand by her at mass, and walk out of church with her amongst the gossips; but, ardent lover as he was, he did not feel that Alizan was all the world. A dull sense of wrong-doing, of selfish denial of benefits, oppressed his conscience. His mother's pitiful eyes haunted him wherever he went, and gave him the heartache, and even the wooing soft languor of Alizan's could not exorcise his pain. The Rector watched him with solemn contemplation, but read him no more homilies; he knew what the young *kloärek* would have to pass through in the way of moral discipline before he could break with his habits and traditions of the seminary. To relinquish study, in which he delighted, for the drudgery of farm-labour would try him sharply, and in the silences of passion, reason was sure to plead against his love.

And reason did plead against his love—reason called it folly. For a little while Adam believed himself strong enough to live without it; the holidays were over, he returned to his classes at Dinan without so much as bidding Alizan farewell. He meant to spare them both the pain. But Alizan was cruelly hurt, was piqued besides, and cursed the day when she had first set eyes on the faithless *kloärek*.

A month after or less was the Pardon at Guiclan. Adam rose with the sun; he guessed that his brother, and Tinah, and Alizan would all be there, for the Pardon of Guiclan was one of the greatest in the country, and he had made up his mind to walk over with a friend. He had been dreadfully miserable by fits and starts; the savour was gone out of his books, only a sense of religious sacrifice, of martyrdom had sustained him; and now he was bent on seeing Alizan again—to prove himself, he

said ; to "tempt temptation," his comrade, who had none, told him with cynical austerity.

Alizan was there, but she was not gay and pleasant as her wont. When Adam addressed her, she answered him with cutting irony, and turned away her face. He reproached her, and she grew indignant, pouted and gloomed like a cross child ; but when he professed that he must leave her, since he had no hold over her heart, that he must bid her an eternal

adieu, her eyes ran over with tears, and in an instant he was blessing her, caressing her. After that, no more struggles ! Instead of returning to the seminary, he went home to the Collinet, and announced to his parents that for very anguish of love he could not longer obey their will. He must relinquish his studies, their pious projects for him must be abandoned, for he adored Alizan, and felt it impossible to quit the world where she lived



for the high vocation they had trained him to.

"So be it," said the Père Félix, accepting the fiat with Breton fatalism as the will and act of God ; but his wife wept bitterly. Such tears have flowed before, and will flow again. Adam scarcely heeded them—he was too full of his own content. He was not the first young *kloärek*, and would not be the last by many, to repent him of his intended sacrifice

for the sake of a woman ; and only here and there an ascetic or a bigot condemned him for succumbing to so sweet a woman as Alizan at the Moulinasse.

The two fathers agreed that if the marriage was to be done, it would be best done quickly, and a day was appointed for the formal act of betrothal. The Père Félix and his family went all in state to the Moulinasse, and all in state they were received by Alizan's father

and near kinsfolk. She was a rich bride that Adam had chosen. The house-place displayed a solid rustic opulence such as not many fathers of girls to marry could show. The box-beds, the cupboards, the carved chests were freshly waxed, and standing open, disclosed ample stores of linen, of quilts and beds of wool. The meal-bin was choked with fine white flour; fat smoke sides of bacon adorned the ceiling handsomely; and the cellar was ranged full of barrels of cider. Six milch kine lowed in the home-pasture; pigs were grunting in their sty; cocks and hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys cackled and clucked about the barn-door. The horses were be-ribboned as for a fair, the carts, the ploughs, the harrows were picturesquely disposed; and Alizan, the fortunate heiress of all this wealth was in her gala suit, and beautiful and happy as became a queen of hearts, on the day of her betrothal to the lover of her own election.

Only Jacques of all the household at the Collinet had not come to this important interview, and the rest were the easier for his absence. The Père Félix was gravely delighted with his rich neighbour's designs for dowering his daughter:—Alizan would have everything at her father's death, and meanwhile

her husband was to live at home with her at the Moulinasse, and to take his share of the work and market-going, bringing his young strength and clever head for the chief part of his fortune. So the farmers talked, making the round of the fields, the stack-yard, and the out-buildings. Indoors the grandame, the mother, and Tinah were viewing and commending the domestic stores. Adam took less heed to these material good things than Jacques would have done in his place, but he was very devoted to Alizan, and she, after trying once or twice in vain to rouse his interest in what so nearly concerned them both, desisted and let him be. Now and again as the ceremonial day wore on, it seemed to some present that his countenance was sad, and but that his luck was so great and so evident, he might have been thought out of spirits. Alizan grew quiet too, very quiet towards evening, and when the fathers had shaken hands on their satisfactory compact, and fixed a time for the wedding soon after the Christmas feasts, she began to wish for night and repose.

Night and repose came at last, and were none the less welcome to Adam than to his tender, bonny love.

HOLME LEE.

(To be continued.)

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

VIII.—GOD'S WILL DONE ON EARTH.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. vi. 10.

THUS we and millions more throughout the world express our desires to God. In doing so, we ask what we know to be "according to His will," and therefore can enjoy the hope that "He heareth us;" and that our prayer is not a mere cry that is lost in the empty heaven, but one that God hears, being itself an intelligent and sympathetic echo of the never-ceasing prayer of Jesus in the presence of his and our Father. Now, let us suppose that this prayer was answered to-morrow; that the kingdom of God entered every heart—that every one on earth accepted God as their righteous King,—and that this sudden moral change was followed by a sudden moral growth of spirit, which anticipated the slow progress at

present characteristic of our being;—that to-morrow every man accepted the Will of God, as being what it actually is, the expression of perfect wisdom and perfect righteousness, or, in one word, of perfect love;—that every one on earth saw that Will in the spiritual light and glory in which it is seen in heaven, and all became conscious of a new power by which they were able to do that will on earth as it is done in heaven;—suppose too that this light of life was universal, that it streamed into every home, that the heavenly vision illuminated the inhabitants of the lowly hut and of the palace hall, the abode of poverty and the dungeon of crime, the prisoner's cell and the convict's place of banishment,—and that all were "obedient

to this heavenly vision," were alike filled with one new and absorbing thought, one new sense of moral strength, one great joy—that of doing the will of God.

I admit, of course, that, in so far as it assumes the possibility of a change so sudden as this, my supposition is not in accordance with what we know of the principles on which God is pleased to educate men in the divine life; nor is it necessary for the object I have in view, to enter at all on the question as to what God *could* do for the establishment of his kingdom at once in the hearts of men. Yet, let us remember that the power of God, as exercised with reference to *things*, is different in kind from that power which deals with *persons*,—as different as is the power which is wielded by one, who, as a mechanic, builds a ship or constructs a steam-engine, from the power manifested by him, as a father, when training up his child in the way he should go. The power of God which piles up the mountains, upheaving them in the mighty earthquake, or which rends them asunder, scattering the giant fragments, is quite different from His power in delivering men from evil, and enabling them to do "His will on earth as it is done in heaven." And, whatever perplexities exist, or whatever questions may arise regarding the mysterious slowness of human progress in reaching the end of the reign of God on the earth, yet, we may rest assured, that, as God is wisdom and love, it is certain that, when "the end cometh, and the Son shall have delivered up the kingdom to the Father," and "God is all and in all," we shall be filled with adoring joy and wonder at His ways towards the children of men, as we read the world's mystery aright in its relation to God and the universe, and see they have been the best and the shortest ways possible for attaining the greatest good to man, and the greatest glory to God. But, putting this question aside, let me return to the supposition I have made, and ask, what results we might anticipate if the grand object which we all long and pray for, and which (according to his promise) must one day be accomplished in "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," was anticipated to-morrow by God's kingdom now coming, and God's will being done.

That the question may be a more real and practical one to us, let me further assume, that the change involved in the supposition I have made, is confined to the *heart and character* of man. I do not ask you to conceive of any alteration in the powers of

his intellect, but to assume that it remains relatively in each man as now—some having greater mental capacity than others; and that it shall continue to acquire strength and knowledge by the same processes as determine it now, being liable to similar ignorance in the subjects which engage it. Let me assume also, that man's body remains the same mortal and perishable body, liable to suffer from cold, or hunger, or nakedness, and from all the ailments which flesh is heir to. Let me assume that the world of Nature shall remain as it now is, manifesting the same changes, whether in the varied seasons, or in the varied aspects of storm or calm, of heat or cold. Finally, let us assume that the world of social life remains with all its beautiful and orderly arrangements of parent and child, brother and sister; and that the busy world of commerce also shall continue; so that in this new world the spinning-wheel of the factory shall revolve as rapidly, and the ringing hammers be as often heard, and the warehouse be as full, and the exchange as busy as ever, and the ships as now unfurl their thousand sails over billows roaring to the gales. In one word, let the only change I speak of take place in the world of the human spirit; let the will of man be made perfectly conformable to the will of God, so that His will is done on earth as it is done in heaven;—and what would be the result, let us ask, with a fuller understanding of the nature of our question, if to-morrow morning every one awoke with the conscious throb of this new life, such as a saint might experience on his suddenly waking in the kingdom of God above?

We might conjecture, for example, that *more tears* would be shed to-morrow than during any period of the world's previous history, and that every house would become "a place of weeping." Those tears would have various sources. There would be tears of gratitude flowing from hearts long "dry as summer's dust," and now dropping as it were dew from the refreshing love of God; tears of sorrow, too, for the past, from hearts long hard and frozen, but now melted by the warm sun of heaven, and thus finding infinite relief. For surely, in the light of this new life, the evil heart would seem very strange and unnatural—more so than would the life of a maniac if seen in the light of restored reason. But this weeping in the morning brightness of the new-born day would be inseparable from the greatest joy. Such weeping would not be like that heard in the houses of Egypt when the first-born

were found dead, but like the weeping heard in the palace of Pharaoh when Joseph revealed himself to his brethren; or like that heard at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Temple, when they could not discern between the voice of the shout of joy and the voice of the weeping of the people. The emotions of each would be intensified when it was discovered that they were possessed by all; that there was no longer any necessity or temptation to conceal them from unsympathetic minds, but that all could pour out their hearts without fear of being misunderstood, and all unite in prayer and praise with a harmony of spirit never before dreamt of;—yea, that the very prisoners could, like Paul and Silas, sing in their prison-house, ere their fetters were removed by their loving and rejoicing jailers!

But, although the day might begin in this way, the new sense of duty which had been awakened would necessitate other things worthy of the reign of God within the soul. It would soon prove to be a very *busy day*, one of the busiest in the world's history, although not with that kind of business generally transacted in the active world of commerce or of life. The world would become for a time a crowded exchange. Would there not be wonderful exchanges in confessions of wrong-doing during the past? Each man having discovered a true brother in every other, would endeavour to make reparation for whatever evil he may have done him in thought, word, or deed. What mutual confessions would be made, and with what sincerity! And what mutual forgivenesses would follow, with tender mercy and ample charity! and what mutual joy would be the result of each one thus gaining a brother!

Again, what *exchanges of money* would tomorrow see? As much possibly as on the busiest day in the commercial world. Money given back that had been obtained by fraud and over-reaching, under the protection of law, yet rebuked by an enlightened conscience; exchanges between buyers and sellers, employers and employed; old scores cleared off, and the injustice done long years before undone. Many rich men would willingly give up their unjust gains, and take the place of poor men; and many poor men would confess that they had required the teaching of all the poverty from which they had suffered. But all these transactions, however painful to flesh and blood, would be joyful to the righteous spirit. Not one proud or envious feeling would be experienced on the part of any. No

sense of triumph would be felt over the fallen; and no sense of the loss of self-respect to the restored. All would rejoice in being right at last, exceeding glad in the doing of God's will. No one would upbraid the thief when he cried, "Remember me!" nor look down with scorn on the repentant Magdalene, weeping tears of gratitude at her Saviour's feet; nor would any proud brother rebuke the happiness of the household because of the welcome given to the returning prodigal. The joy of earth would mingle with the joy of the angels in heaven because of the sinner's repentance.

When I think of such results as these, I cannot but picture to myself what form this same new and holy spirit of life possessing humanity, would take in rectifying the relationships between the members of our several churches. I can fancy how numerous assemblies would soon be convoked, including the rulers and representatives of every sect and party. And truly these would present a rare and overpowering spectacle of holy joy and holy sorrow, and of exchanges of confession and reparations for wrong-doing—very wonderful, surely, considering the position which all had hitherto held in the kingdom of God on earth,—the professed lights of the church of God, the witnesses for His purpose towards men; whose glorious work was to advance God's kingdom, and to persuade men to do his will on earth as it is done in heaven. These were the men who had especially been called to represent in their lives and character the nature and reality of that kingdom of God which consists in the doing of his will; whose law and whose principle is that love, which "seeketh not her own, which is not easily provoked, which thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." In the oneness of their life as in union with Christ, they were to be His chief evidence to the world of His "having come from God, and of his having gone to God," and of His being the one Living Saviour,—the one source of true light to man. Methinks as these men met with the full realisation of this their high and glorious calling; with a full remembrance of all they had thought of and done, or had left undone, toward each other; of all their pride, vanity, and self-seeking; of all their ambitious strivings; of their party hates; and their mutual misunderstandings and their culpable ignorance—Oh! what confessions of sin

would rise from each and all, what asking for, and what granting of, forgiveness! The highest ecclesiastic would humble himself before the poorest and most unknown, and the most unknown would do the same before the highest. The Papist would confess to the Protestant, and the Protestant to the Papist; the man of science to the man of ignorance, and the man of ignorance to the man of science. As they rejoice in God's will, and each takes his place in God's kingdom of order and of righteousness, where now is the envy, and all that was mean and paltry, all that separated man from man, and made the heart sore, and burdened it with alienation, suspicion, or dislike? Gone! Buried in the grave with Christ! The cry is no longer, "I am of Paul, or of Cephas, or of Apollos." Christ would "be all and in all," and the one desire would be, Let God's "will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

But let us take a general glance at the results of this new life on the world in general, and see how it would affect those things which, I assume, would remain on earth, notwithstanding this great moral change in the heart of man.

Society, I said, would remain, with all its various relationships: but the envy, the jealousy, the evil-speaking, the backbiting, the servility, the selfishness, the pride and the vanity, would be gone for ever. True brotherly love would be the law of humanity, and be a bond of unity and of peace.

Commerce would remain; but all that was false and deceiving in it would perish. Every article manufactured would be made in the spirit of Him who made all things very good, and of Him who laboured for years at his trade in Nazareth. Each man would consider his brother's good, his honour, and profit, as he did his own. Each would desire the common wealth of all. A man would no more defraud his brother, nor over-reach him. Ships, as before, would sail from every port; but they would be navigated by men who served God; and songs of praise would encircle the globe. Every harbour would be a place where Christian brethren exchanged the graces of heaven as well as the goods of earth. Commerce would be the means of binding man to man, the source only of mutual blessing to soul and body.

The arts would remain, but they would only beautify and adorn human excellence; contributing to the gratification of the tastes given us by God to assist our labours, and to educate the eye to the unseen and the

ideal: for every artist would be "a fellow-worker with God," who moulds material things into forms of beauty, who colours the flowers with such exhaustless skill, who fills the air with perfume and with song, and who hangs his drops of dewy pearls on the branches of the gnarled thorn.

The commonest things of life necessary for man's physical existence would remain. Men would eat and drink as before, but all to the glory of God; that is, all would be enjoyed according to the will of God, and therefore without gluttony or drunkenness, or the perversion and abuse of God's bountiful gifts to men.

Amusements might remain and manifold recreations; for the joy that dances in the lamb or sings with the lark, is one which God—that God who pities us as a Father, who knows our frame—has also given in his benevolence to relieve the wearied minds and bodies of his children. All would be enjoyed heartily, but in the form and manner which are according to God's will. But gone would be all heartless, selfish, and thoughtless dissipation. Never would the Giver be forgotten, but be seen and enjoyed in all his gifts. God would be in all, and all in God. Never would the mind be enervated, nor duty neglected, nor life wasted and misspent; but all would be joyously strengthened and invigorated. "The joy of Jerusalem would be heard afar off, and the noise of children playing in its streets."

But you may be disposed to ask, "What of poverty, sickness, and death, and the trials that belong to humanity, apart from its renewed character?" I reply, the rich and poor would remain; but who can measure to what extent their relative position would be affected by the love and righteousness now possessed by both—by prudence, industry, and sobriety, on the one hand; and by considerate kindness, and liberality, and sympathy on the other? If alms were needed, the poor would become richer in the love that supplied them; and the rich would be also made richer, by giving with the knowledge that it was more blessed to give than receive. The greatest would not be ashamed to take the children of the poor into their arms to bless them; and, while remembering their own greatness, they would act in the spirit of Him "to whom had been given all things," but who rose from supper and washed the disciples' feet.

Sickness and suffering would remain; but every sufferer would make his pains and trials an occasion for displaying the very

beauty of holiness, meekness, and faith ; and thus they would become like those beautiful dyes and gorgeous colours, which are produced by materials that would otherwise be counted as rubbish ; or like those splendid flowers which reveal their beauties, and give forth their perfume, while springing out of corruption and death.

The last enemy of man—the *grave*—would also remain. But the enemy could not injure. He would be recognised as the appointed messenger of the Father, deprived of every real sting ; and, as Jesus would be seen coming to take us to Himself, the grave would be the entrance to that home where God's kingdom was perfectly come, and God's will perfectly done.

Finally, *Churches* might remain ; but a church would be in every home. The old buildings, too, would be fuller than ever, and new ones arise everywhere ; and in these such holy men and women would congregate as never before had been seen. Then they would meet to be instructed in that knowledge of God—of his character, purposes, and ways—in which the redeemed soul must for ever increase ; appropriating ever more of the riches of Christ which are unsearchable. Science and philosophy might there choose as their highest themes the glory of God as discovered through patient researches after Him as He is revealed in His manifold works, material and intellectual. The churches, too, would be filled with devout worshippers to sing such songs of harmonious praise, as would lift the soul on the wings of music to join, in sympathy, with the golden harps before the throne ;—with worshippers desirous also to remember Jesus as the medium of every blessing, and to receive the pledges of an enduring life and an inexhaustible love ; affording the assurance that the old dark days of the world's history would never return, and that the kingdom which had come was everlasting. What Sundays, what days of the Lord would these be !

As we contemplate such a picture as this, and then look at the actual condition of the world, we are disposed to ask is it all a dream—a dream of some well-ordered and glorious commonwealth, full of righteousness, praise, and joy—a dream from which we awake and find ourselves inmates of a prison-house—or a dream of health and happiness, from which we awake to a life of sickness and suffering ? But it seems to me that our very capacity of creating and enjoying such dreams, inspires the hope that they are not mere dreams,—the “blank misgiv-

ings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised.” Surely the fact that such a state of society as that I have faintly pictured, so fully meets the wants of man, is so adapted to fill his being, to satisfy his hunger and thirst after righteousness, and is so worthy, even in its imperfect form, of the glory and love of God and of the character and government of Christ, that our dim hope at first entertained that it *may* be, rises into the full faith that it *must* be. I know not when, and I know not how,—whether this world, or some other, or all worlds, are to be the scene of this blessed consummation ; but we know that it is of God's purpose to gather men into a united society, a kingdom in which each individual member shall have all his powers, gifts, and capacities educated and exercised, yet only as part of a mighty whole, possessed of one mind and of one spirit,—even “the body” of which Christ is “the Head ;” for “we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

My subject is not speculative, but eminently practical. I wish you to see how responsible you are for the coming of the kingdom of God, and for the doing of his will on earth as it is done in heaven. You are not responsible for directly changing “the world without,” nor “the world within” in your fellows. Your responsibility is confined to yourself, to the state of your own inner being, in regard to the coming of God's kingdom *there*, and the doing of God's will *there*. For this you *are* responsible. Now that God's kingdom *may* enter your hearts, by your choosing that He shall rule over you, and, in His own way and time, subdue you to Himself, what you require is simply to be as a little child, with no other qualification than a sincere acceptance of God, and a sincere willingness to live according to His will and not your own ; trusting to His great and precious promises, by which He has given us all things pertaining to life and godliness. The moment you do this, and can utter these words as expressions of your desire : “Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done,” then all things are practically changed to you, because you are changed to them. The world of nature, of society, of commerce, are not altered to you, but you are to them ; and as the kingdom of heaven, of righteousness, peace, and joy, comes “within you,” so you are in heaven now, for heaven is in you. Your life will be in harmony with all that God wills. The

opening of the heart to God is like the opening of the eye that sees the light and glory of the universe. That which you are will compel all things to work together for your good. "All things are yours, whether life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours."

But you may refuse to accept the kingdom of God and to do His will. This is the only other alternative. Thousands do so, for thousands prefer to reject God's ways. Now, supposing that to-morrow morning God took all such at their word—that He ended the long controversy with His rebellious subjects; and that to-morrow this message was proclaimed by his ambassadors to the whole world: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; Ye shall call upon me, but I will not answer; ye shall seek me, but ye shall not find me: for that ye hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: ye therefore shall eat of the fruit of your own way, and be filled with your own devices." Suppose that every obedient subject was removed to heaven from the world now to be left to itself; that all the gifts of God which man neglected, or despised, henceforth ceased; that every Bible was destroyed, every church left in ruins, every Lord's day forgotten; that the gospel was no more preached, worship no longer observed, that not one holy man or woman remained to rebuke or admonish by word or life; that the Spirit of God withdrew His counsels and reproofs, so long neglected; and that the heavens became as brass, separating this world of self from the universal kingdom of God. Now, at last, men have got all they loved, and lost only all that they at heart disliked. Self reigns in every heart and home. All things else remain as before. Society and commerce, and art, and science, and philosophy. The only change

is in the heart of man, and what men have so long resolved on getting, they get—full and unchecked power, as far as God is concerned, to do their own will on earth as it is done in hell. What would be the result? I leave you to work out the problem; to conjecture what the world must come to; to measure, if you can, the depth of the blackness of darkness, of hate, of degradation and despair, which would soon turn the earth into an inconceivable moral hell. Do not suppose that I use the language of exaggeration; or am picturing things impossible. Even in this world, never yet emptied of a God of love, states of society have existed, and still do exist,—as in Rome, as described by St. Paul, and in Lucknow, Delhi, and others in our day,—which would be hell to any man who had ever known or loved God. Do not say again that the world will never come to this. I know it won't. But my confidence rests in God, not in men, who now reject His kingdom, and refuse to do His will. From among these I select any one man who may be listening to me, and I say as far as you are concerned you do what *you* can to advance this kingdom of darkness; the world may never be dead, and dark, and corrupt, but *you* may be so. God may never withdraw himself from the world, but *you* may withdraw yourself from God. He may never say to the whole world, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh;" but He may say that to you, and may say it to-morrow; and, if so, what to you would be the life and light of the world? What if all men were saved, but you lost? It is for each one of you therefore to determine, as a moral and responsible being, whether you shall receive the reign of God or the reign of self, whether you will do God's will or your own. You cannot have two masters; and upon the choice of the little, yet awful, world of your own heart, regarding the right or wrong towards God, depends whether the universe is to be to you a heaven or hell! Amen.



THE FALL OF GHUZNEE.

WELL had it been for England had the Afghan War of 1839 never been essayed. Well would it be for her honour if all record of that sad campaign could be wiped out of her annals. This campaign reflected but little credit on the ruling powers by whom it was initiated and mismanaged; but deeds of daring were then performed, which prove that true chivalry did not die out of the hearts of Englishmen with the ardour of the Crusades or the inspiration of the tournament. There were episodes which deserve to live in history.

Among these the fall of Ghuznee takes no second place.

In the Ghuznee of the nineteenth century little remains of the Ghuznee of the tenth. Little is now standing to recall to mind the splendour of the city from which marched forth the heterogeneous hordes of Central Asia under Mahmoud, the first Mohamedan invader of Hindostan; nothing but the unpretending tomb of Mahmoud himself, and the two *minars*, or pillars, the supposed landmarks of the great bazar of the city, to tell even *where* the earlier Ghuznee stood. Eight centuries of warring elements and nations have swept away what was the once celebrated capital of a vast empire, while in its stead have been rising up, by the accumulations of generations, a town, strongly walled and fortified, to serve as an outpost of a younger and smaller kingdom. And it has successfully defied the attacks of Asiatic assailants, and not without warrant proclaimed itself "Ghuznee the Impregnable."

But in June 1839 it found itself surrounded by something far more formidable than an ordinary Asiatic force. "The Army of the Indus" had encamped before it.

The tale of this disastrous campaign has been well told in all its "epic completeness." It is enough here to remind the reader of the circumstances which led to this advance on Ghuznee. Russia was again supposed to be meditating an attack on India, and must be met or out-manceuvred. Persia was suspected of conniving, if not co-operating, and must be cowed; and Cabul, lying between the Czar and the coveted possessions of England in the East, must be utilised as a "non-conducting medium." But how could this be best done? Some there were, wise men and experienced in Asian politics, and at their head Alexander Burnes, who said, "The Afghans as a nation are friendly to us,

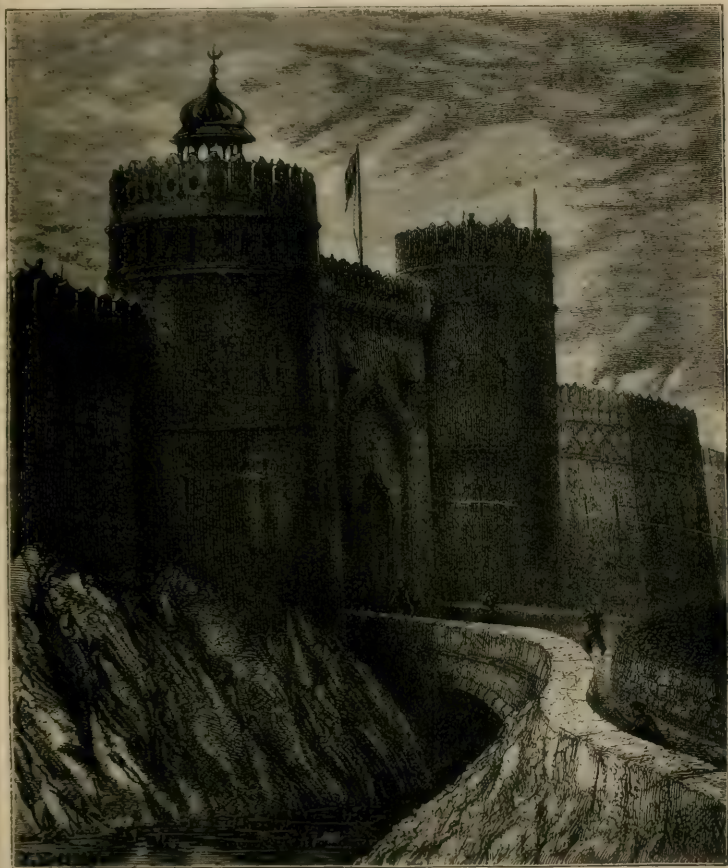
and the ruler of their own choice, the Ameer *de facto*, Dost Mahomet, if only England made it worth his while, and that could be done at half the cost of setting up any one against him, would abandon Russia and Persia in our favour." But there were others who inclined to the more daring and desperate course of deposing the Dost, and replacing on the throne of Cabul Shah Soojah, whom they were pleased, by a legal fiction, to designate as the Ameer *de jure*, and who, after having been driven from Cabul by the people, had been for some years living a pensioner at Loodiana, under British protection. In an evil hour the advocates of the latter policy prevailed. The uncrowned ex-ameer, Shah Soojah, was to be reinstated *vi et armis*, in defiance of the wishes of the Afghan nation, and kept upon the throne by British bayonets and British gold, in the hope that he would prove a grateful ally, and an effective barrier against the anticipated aggressions of Russia.

The most direct route to Cabul lay across the Punjab and through the Khyber Pass. But old Runjeet Singh was fast waning in power and in prestige, as well as in health, and the surging tide of insubordination, which nothing but the traditional strength of his individual will kept back as with a flood-gate, would, on his death, inevitably burst all bounds and overwhelm "the land of the five rivers" with a deluge of rebellion and bloodshed. He himself felt this. For some time he had found that even with the aid of his trenchant European lieutenants he could hardly restrain the turbulent *Khalsa* (Sikh soldiers). He could now give no guarantee of safe transit to the British army; so it was resolved that the advance should be made by the southern route, through the Bolan Pass. By this arrangement also another end was gained; the junction and combined action of the Bombay Contingent would be greatly facilitated. Ferozepore, on the Sutlej, was the muster place for the Bengal troops. There Lord Auckland the Governor-General, and the "old Lion of the Punjab," met, and amid all "the pomp and circumstance" of reviews and durbars, the "Grand Army of the Indus" was to be wafted onward on its way by their joint aspirations and mutual good wishes. But, while still encamped at Ferozepore, tidings came that the fears about the great northern bugbear had passed away; the political horizon was clearing; the

clouds of suspicion and alarm were blowing over.

Yet, though the occasion had virtually ceased, for the anticipated danger had disappeared, there were in the camp, or rather in

the Council Chamber, men whose personal vanity and ambition were too much involved to reconcile them now to any retrograde movement. The advance into Cabul must on no account be abandoned; the *éclat* of



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such an expedition could not be foregone; Shah Soojah must be borne back in triumph into his own ancestral city.

Jacta est alea. The army, though greatly shorn of its originally proposed strength, moved slowly down, crossed the Indus, worked its weary way through the Bolan

Pass, pushed on for Candahar, which it occupied without firing a shot; and then, doubling back in a northerly direction, presented itself before the walls of Ghuznee.

Great was the consternation within the citadel when, on the morning of July 21st, Hyder Khan, a brother of Dost Mahomet,

the governor of the fort, received the announcement that the enemy were at their gates. The whole plain to the south was covered; while they had remained within utterly unconscious of the danger. So confident were they that from Candahar the British army would either, as was thought most probable, make a dash on Herat, and recover it from the Persians, who had lately conquered it, or would advance by direct route for Cabul itself, leaving Ghuznee for some future time, that even the light cavalry, which would have been invaluable as scouts, or to harass the flanks of the advancing force, were safely shut up in the city. So the British troops took up their ground on the west, just beyond range from the walls, without having encountered a single enemy. Later in the day, however, a movement was perceptible in the camp. The tents were no sooner pitched than they were being struck; the infantry were seen filing along over the lower hilly ground which lay on the north of the city; while the artillery, and the cavalry having the line of baggage camels in escort, were lost, as they took a wider circuit along the level ground behind the range of hills. In due time, however, all reappeared on the eastern side, and there began to settle down for the night, the camp apparently facing north. From this change of ground it was inferred by Hyder Khan that there was a change of plan, and that, without delaying to attack Ghuznee, the force would still make for Cabul.

If the consternation had been great in the city at the sudden appearance of the army, which they thought was miles away, scarcely less grave the effect on the minds of the English by the appearance of the walls of the fort. "When we came before it on the morning of the 21st July," says the chief engineer of the force in his official report, "we were very much surprised to find a high rampart, in good repair, built on a scarped mound about thirty-five feet high, flanked by numerous towers, and surrounded by a *fausse braye* and a wet ditch." And a closer reconnoitre only revealed more fully the strength of the place. In front of each gateway was erected a massive screen of masonry, and the gates themselves were bricked up, while the ditch which surrounded the whole city was filled with water of unknown depth, only known to be utterly unfordable; and on the right bank of the river, which flowed close by, an outwork had been built, which completely commanded the ditch on the western and southern flanks. This was no pleasing

sight for an army unprovided for a siege. All the siege train and heavier guns had been unaccountably left at Candahar; they could bring nothing but nine and six-pounder light field-pieces into the field; and as for sitting down for a systematic investment, with all the tedious processes of mines and parallels for approaching and breaching the walls, this was out of the question; for Cabul must be reached as soon as possible.

In this dilemma, a council of war was necessary. A passing notice of the several leading officials in the camp who would compose it, will enable the reader to understand better the line each is here supposed to take. Sir John Keane was in command of the whole force; for on the resolution to reduce its strength before leaving Ferozepore, Sir H. Fane, the Commander-in-Chief, had declined the curtailed honour of accompanying it. Mr. W. Macnaghten, a high Bengal civilian, was attached to it as British Envoy and Minister. Alexander Burnes, a young Bombay officer, but already a distinguished diplomatist, whose personal acquaintance with Cabul rendered his presence of the greatest importance; and besides these the several Brigadiers and Colonels of Regiments, and the Chief Engineer of the Force. In attendance also was Mohun Lall, a Hindoo, held in high esteem by Burnes, having accompanied him in his previous embassy to Cabul and Bokhara, who was now on the Envoy's Staff.

The council met in the general's tent. On some faces there was a gloom; for they had just found themselves face to face with a difficulty for which they were little prepared. The discussion on the course to be adopted had scarcely commenced, when the Envoy announced that an Affghan of high birth and great intelligence had just joined the camp. He was a nephew of the Ameer of Cabul, and had been won over by the seductive persuasions of Mohun Lall, who had kept up a secret correspondence with him ever since they had become acquainted at Cabul. This man, Abdool Reshed Khan, had just deserted from Ghuznee, and stolen into camp, and was now prepared to give the fullest information regarding the condition of the citadel.

"Prepared to betray his cousin, and to play his uncle false," whispered Captain Outram, of the Shah's Body Guard, into his neighbour's ear. "A *pakka* Affghan he!"

"I would," said the brigadier addressed, turning to Burnes, who sat on the other side of him, "I would that the Envoy would not

be so fond of indulging his almost Asiatic proclivity for intrigue."

"Well, I am thankful," replied Burnes, who still to some extent resented the subordinate position in which he was placed to the ambitious civilian, "if Dost Mahomet, the fine, manly fellow, Afghan though he be, is to be kicked out, I am thankful some one else has the doing of it. We might have a much worse man there than he; and I fear we shall have it in your friend, the Shah."

"Don't call him my friend," said the brigadier deprecatingly. "The Governor-General offered me the command of the Contingent, and I have, I hope, learnt that part of a soldier's duty, to obey without questioning."

While these remarks were passing, the Afghan had been introduced, and now was seated in their midst, accompanied by his sponsor, Mohun Lall. He was a large muscular man, but with a sinister expression: a furtive glance wandered around to see how he was regarded, and he was physiognomist enough (all natives are) to see that he was but coldly welcomed. However, he had adopted his rôle, and he carried it through. Gently and cleverly drawn out by the Envoy, the man told them that the fort was very strong—considered impregnable; that every gate had been bricked up except one, and that was on the opposite side, towards Cabul, and called the Cabul Gate, that it remained open not only as a means of ordinary ingress and egress, but also because a considerable force with supplies was daily expected to arrive from Cabul. Having given such information, he was allowed to retire. He had scarcely left the tent, when opinions were freely expressed regarding "the traitor—Afghan all over." The soldier-spirit of one brigadier revolted at the thought that we were to be in any way indebted for success to such a renegade. Young Outram, of the Shah's Body Guard, could not contain himself. He said aloud, "Treason never can prosper."

"Excuse me," said the Envoy, with a blandness of tone which contrasted strongly with the haughty sneer with which he thought to annihilate the young officer;

"I cannot do otherwise, however. What's the reason? Well, when it prospers, treason does call it treason."

"I only hope," chimed in Burnes, "that if the Envoy is to reap the proverbial fruits of treason, he may have the enjoyment of it all to himself, and not compel any of us to taste its bitterness. Not that I wish him to find himself

in two years both Burnes and the Envoy, and the greater part of that force, had miserably perished before Afghan treachery, and among the very few of that council who escaped was the young Outram, whose principles of Christian chivalry sustained him through life.

"One hint, gentlemen," said the general, "we may take from our Afghan visitor. We are clearly on the wrong side of the city. If we move round, we shall command the only open gate they have, and be able to intercept the succours coming in from Cabul."

So far the council had not sat in vain. And by the decision at which they then arrived may be explained the movement of the camp, which had for the time been, under misapprehension of its object, a relief to the garrison.

Early the next morning, one of the subalterns of the engineers, by name Durand, came into the Chief Engineer's tent, and suggested, with much modesty, that as the ordinary sapping and mining and breaching were out of the question, it might be worth the trial to carry the Cabul gate by a *coup*. He himself (he said) had gone down in the dead of night, and found that this gate was clear, the bridge over the ditch was all right, there were several angles in the sorties where the storming parties might stand under cover, and within three hundred yards of the walls there were grand positions for pushing on guns. All that was needed was once to blow open the gate. A few bags of powder (he said) placed close to the gates would effectually demolish the woodwork, and the storming parties might effect an entrance before the men inside knew what was going on. The Chief Engineer, an older and therefore, perhaps, a more cautious man, pronounced it a bold stroke; but thought it was feasible, and promised to think it over, and lay it before the general when the council met again at noon. Durand said, "I would only make one stipulation, Major, which is, that as the idea is mine, and I have examined the ground, I should be allowed to make the venture. You know, I am the senior subaltern also."

At noon, the council again met, and a sense of relief seemed to pervade all; for the Afghan deserter was not there. The project was now brought forward.* Its novelty and its boldness at first told against it; but on mature consideration it found general favour.

* It may have arisen some doubt as to who was really entitled to the credit of originating the plan. Some friends of mine, and Engineer have claimed it for him, and it was in regard toward him; but it is generally, and with more justice, ascribed to Durand, who so suddenly closed a brilliant career last year as Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab.

* Caught as a woodcock in his own spring."

Words of prophetic omen they were! With-

It was resolved that the attempt should be made, and *that very night*, while the garrison were still deluding themselves with the idea that the force was only halting *en route* for Cabul, and were unprepared for any attack.

That afternoon, all the necessary orders were issued. The positions were assigned to the several batteries, to be taken up in the dead of night: every regiment told off for its particular duty: the light companies of H.M. 2nd and 17th to form the storming party, and the rest, with the other corps, to be distributed in the advancing columns and reserves. Sickness had considerably reduced the effective strength of the force: dysentery, fever, and jaundice had sent a large number on the sick list; yet, when the rumour reached the hospital that the attack was to be made, the sick forgot all their maladies and their weakness in their impatience to take part in the assault. The scene there passing will be best told by one who witnessed it.

"On the evening before the storm my duty led me to prepare the field hospitals, and to arrange for the expected casualties. On visiting the hospital tents of H.M. 2nd and 17th regiments, I was surprised to find them cleared of sick! The gallant fellows had all risen in mutiny against their surgeons, and insisted on joining their comrades. None remained in hospital but the hopelessly bedridden, who literally could not crawl, and even of these a portion, who could just stand and walk, were dressed, and made to look like soldiers, to take the hospital guard. No effective man could be kept away. This incident is invaluable for history."*

A kindred spirit pervaded the whole force. At midnight, the batteries and regiments began to take up their positions. At three o'clock—the darkest, stillest hour before dawn—a small knot of gallant young Englishmen were moving out from the cover behind which the batteries had been placed, and supports planted. In advance, occupying, by right, the post of honour, appeared Durand, carrying his bag of powder, and followed by half-a-dozen of the 13th similarly laden. The walls were alive with men, for in spite of all the efforts to avoid observation, the enemy saw something was in the wind, and lined the ramparts, blazing away into the dark. The lights fringed the parapets to enable them to see what was going

on; but happily they were so placed as to throw all their light on the more distant objects, casting the ditch and the sorties and the gateway itself, into all the deeper shade. Thus the advance was made in safety.

So utterly unconscious were the enemy within of the form of danger that was threatening, that when Durand reached the gate, he could, through a chink, see the sentries inside, squatting on the ground, and smoking their *hookahs* unconcernedly. Amid the din of the guns—for all the batteries had opened fire—and the rattle of matchlocks and muskets, the men advanced, deposited their powder bags, and retired under cover, without being noticed. Now was the critical moment. Durand, having adjusted the hose, and with some difficulty lighted the port-fire, himself got safely back to cover, when, with a terrific report, the powder exploded, the door was shattered to pieces, and some of the masonry also brought down with the shock. But not a man was hurt, with the exception of one engineer officer, in command of the carrying party, who, having incautiously exposed himself, was shaken by the concussion. There was a dead lull for some moments: not a foot stirred. All was expectation for the bugle to sound the advance; but, by some mishap, the bugler was not to be found. A very few moments, however—though they seemed hours—and the signal was given. With a cheer, the storming party sprang from under cover, and were in the gateway; and before the sun rose the English flag floated on the Fort of Ghuznee.

That night a council of war had also been held in the city; and Hyder Khan had proposed that as an attack was threatened, the women and children should be removed to some place of safety. The explosion at the gate broke up the council, and the city, men, women, and children were at the mercy of the conqueror. Yet, to the amazement of the Afghans themselves, not one woman or child suffered insult or injury knowingly by the *Kaffir* soldiers.

Mahomed Hyder Khan, the Governor of the Fort, surrendered; and his life was promised him. He was at once made over to the charge of Burnes, whose chivalrous spirit rejoiced in showing how brave men deserve to be respected even in their fall. As for the traitor Reshed Khan, he remained in camp, an object of general contempt and suspicion.

J. CAVE-BROWNE.

* Dr. Kennedy's "Campaign of the Army of the Indus," vol. ii. p. 46. To whose pages the writer desires to acknowledge his obligation for many minor incidents of the siege.

A CONVERSATION OF CERTAIN FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

ELLESMERE. I have just found the most lovely passage in an old novel—not so very old, though—published thirty-five or forty years ago.

Cranmer. I thought that when last we separated, it was agreed that at our next meeting we were to continue to discuss the subject of the treatment of animals.

Ellesmere. Oh, yes; but what is the good of having a set subject for discussion if one may not have the pleasure of breaking away from it sometimes? Besides, whatever irrelevancy I may commit, Milverton is sure to be able to show that it bears closely upon the subject in hand.

Sir Arthur. Give us the lovely passage at once.

Ellesmere. It was something of this sort: "She looked wistfully at the mantelpiece, and sighed when she saw that there was no letter for her, for she knew that the half-weekly post had come in." I laid down the book and sighed too, thinking of the happy days when, at some favoured places in England, there was only a half-weekly post.

Mauleverer. Some foolish people are always fancying that they should like to have lived in some age previous to their own, or wishing that they had not been born just yet, and that their time was to come in some subsequent age.

Lady Ellesmere. I suppose I am one of those foolish persons. I do not agree with my husband in his horror at receiving letters, which, as you know, is a grievance he is never tired of mourning over; but I often fancy how delightful life must have been in quieter times, when everybody was not in such a hurry; when short intervals of distance produced great changes of scene; when small things which happened to one were events, and were well talked over and thought over. Now, nothing makes much impression on our—

Ellesmere. Say, kaleidoscopic minds. You just give a shake of the tube, and there is another set of patterns. I don't object to this.

Lady Ellesmere. But surely, John, you would like to have lived in a time when the world was less built over. I often subtract, in my mind's eye, all the new houses at some beautiful spot, and see what it must have been in former days, and then imagine the douce, pleasant life which the few dwellers in that beautiful place must have led.

Mauleverer. An utter delusion. Remem-

ber how strong must have been the hatreds and the dislikes when people lived together in very small communities, and when there was next to no movement from the localities in which they dwelt.

Sir Arthur. As for Ellesmere, his life might have been a douce one (to adopt Lady Ellesmere's word), but it would have been a very short one in most of the previous ages of the world. There is no man of my acquaintance who would have been more certain to have been burnt for heresy, or hanged for treason, than Ellesmere. Is it possible to conceive that he would have been able to restrain himself from taking objections to the dominant views of religion and politics, whatever they might have been? and taking objections would have been torture or death, most probably the latter. This thought reconciles me to a post coming in six times in the day, and to the way in which (for I agree with Lady Ellesmere) most of the beautiful spots of the earth have been deformed by modern houses.

Milverton. These preliminary remarks naturally lead up to my subject.

Ellesmere. I told you so. Nothing can keep his subject down.

Milverton. I spoke the other day of a new set of sufferings endured by animals in consequence of new modes of locomotion being invented; but on the other hand it must be admitted that a whole series of atrocities in reference to animals has entirely passed away. I allude to the ridiculous way in which they were tortured and slain for medicinal remedies. You can hardly take up any old work upon medical recipes without immediately coming upon some monstrous mode of cure, in which some inhumanity is to be practised upon an animal to satisfy the superstitious notions of the age. We have in the house a Welsh work, named "Meddygon. Myddfai." It is full of these horrors.

Sir Arthur. Yes; I have heard of the work. It is supposed to date from the time of the Druids.

Milverton. True; but do you doubt that it was believed in until quite modern times; and even now there are country districts where these atrocious remedies are entirely believed in as articles of faith.

Mauleverer. I am sorry to be obliged to check any joyfulness at some particular barbarity having dropped out of fashion; but, my good friends, I must remind you of the

fact that another has entered. What was done by superstition is now done by science.

Sir Arthur. I deny that the cruelties inflicted by science upon animals are equal in number and extent to those that were inflicted by superstition; and then, look at the purpose—in some cases, recollect that it is to master the diseases of animals that animals are subjected to scientific investigation.

Milverton. Scientific investigation! It is very unlike you, Sir Arthur, to use fine words for the barbarities that go on under the pretentious name of scientific investigation.

This was one of the branches of the subject that I was most anxious to discuss with you. I do not wish to carry my arguments to any extreme; but I declare that I believe that a vast amount of needless cruelty is inflicted upon animals under the pretext of scientific investigation. I vow that I think it is a crime to make experiments upon animals for the sake of illustrating some scientific fact that has already been well ascertained. You might as well say that it is desirable to put wretched dogs into the *Grotto del Cane* for the purpose of proving that the air in that grotto is mephitic.

Lady Ellesmere. Surely everybody must agree with Leonard in that proposition.

Mrs. Milverton. Certainly.

Ellesmere. Well, I do not deny it; I think he is right.

Mauleverer. I go further: I don't believe that a single valuable fact has been discovered by any of the tortures which have been inflicted upon animals.

Sir Arthur. I am not prepared to go that length with you. I have a perfect horror of vivisection; the very word makes my flesh creep. But we shall not carry our point (for I take it we are all agreed upon the point) by suffering any exaggeration to enter into our statement.

Ellesmere. What do you propose, Milverton? I mean, what do you propose by way of remedy for this evil?

Milverton. I have very little to propose in the way of direct remedy. There have been horrors in the way of vivisection—especially those perpetrated in France—against which I think direct legislation might be claimed. But it is very little that direct legislation can do in this matter. We can only rely upon the force of enlightened public opinion. I think women could do a great deal in this matter, as indeed they can in most social matters.

Lady Ellesmere. It would be quite enough reason for refusing any man, if one knew that he practised any needless cruelties, whether called by any scientific name or not, upon

animals. My husband may ill-treat me, as you see he does, generally pointing out the foolishness of any remark that I may make; but if he ill-treated animals, I do not think I could endure him.

Mauleverer. After all, then, we are driven to the doctors' wives, or sweethearts, for some remedy in this affair.

Milverton. Not altogether. If public opinion were strong in the direction in which we wish it to prevail, no government, no public body could have these cruel and wicked experiments carried on under its sanction. I have looked into the subject carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that this action upon public bodies would stop a great deal of the horrors we now complain of. I cannot say any more about this branch of the subject.

I now descend into a very commonplace matter relating to beasts of burden. I think that a great deal might be done to alleviate the sufferings of beasts of burden, by reasonable and judicious supervision and inspection. Of course, I know what will be said directly, in opposition to this proposal, that it is contrary to the laws of political economy. But previously to going into detail, I want to ask you all a great question which presses upon my mind. It is this: Has not every living creature its rights? I suppose that this proposition may seem somewhat fanciful when applied to animals; but I distinctly hold that every living creature has its rights, and that justice, in the highest form, may be applied to it. I say that a lame horse has a right to claim that it shall not be worked; and just as I would protect one man from being ill-treated by another, so, to use the principle in its widest form, I would protect any one animal from being ill-treated by any other.

Cranmer. I know that I am always in Milverton's thoughts whenever he makes a dead set against political economy and economists. I do not see much use in his dogma—that—

Sir Arthur. I do.

Cranmer.—every animal has its rights; but I have no objection to admit it. What then? What practical result do you aim at, Milverton?

Milverton. Well, I say that if only several practical men cared for this subject—namely, the good treatment of animals—as much as we who are sitting in this room do, an effective system of inspection and supervision might be devised for draught-horses employed in any great town—say, for instance, in London.

The mischief in this world is, that states-

men, and men of business, have for many years been greatly employed in arranging where power should be placed, and not how it should be used; and so poor men and poor animals have often had a sair time of it.

I maintain that, with the assistance of my friend Crammer, I could give the heads of a Bill for the inspection of draught animals in this metropolis, which would prevent an immense deal of the cruelty now exercised upon animals. Once direct the attention of men to this subject (and man is a most ingenious animal), you would be surprised to see what good results might be effected.

But now, I am going to propose quite a minor matter—a thing at which I daresay you will laugh, but which, I believe, will have a great effect in relieving part of the misery suffered by draught-horses in our metropolis—I allude to cab-horses.

Ellesmere. Stop, stop: I cannot allow this discussion to go on at such a pace. I must go back to the legal part of the question. Every animal has its rights, according to Milverton. Why stop there? Every reptile then: every insect? Do you admit that, you Brahminical personage?

Milverton. Certainly. You may make me ridiculous, or, at least, try to do so; but you shall not make me inconsistent. Look there:

(*To be continued.*)

HEATHER.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "CHILD WORLD."

ON the top of an Irish mountain
The wind was plenty to say,

The wind was run, to catch the sun,
Who comes in a bright way.

Green and soft is the moss aloft,
Though nobody saw its birth,
And hurrah for the mountain heather,
The sweetest thing upon earth!

O soft is the sky that's above me,
O soft is the ground below,
Again and again falls the summer rain,
And also the winter snow!

My foot has found no steepest ground,
And never a resting-place;
But hurrah, for the saucy heather
Looks up and dances in my face.

On the top of an Irish mountain
The heather is fresh as May,
Everywhere 'tis shining fair,
In an innocent, careless way;
Round about, and in and out,
A big and a little time,
But hurrah for the blooming heather
That out of its depth doth spring!

All flowers are exceedingly happy,
O that is a fact confest,
And some suppose the garden rose
Is the very happiest;

you see, at this moment, in front of the open window, a number of flying creatures.

Ellesmere. Why not say flies at once?

Milverton. Because I wanted to state the matter in the most abstract fashion. You see, I say, a number of flying creatures, whirling about in a mazy dance, and, as far as we can judge, enjoying themselves very much, and doing us no harm. They are not even touching any of that "property" which the lawyers love so well. If you were to kill any of them at this moment, I think it would not merely be a cruelty, but an invasion of right—an illegal transaction.

Sir Arthur. I think Milverton is justified in this assertion. You have no right to attack those creatures. Have you ever observed, by the way, how fond children are of that word? "You have no right to do it." "He had no right to hit me," and so on.

Ellesmere. "Hail, horrors, hail!" Do you see that cloud, not of insects, but of morning visitors coming up the avenue—and they have seen us too. Have we a right, we men, to slip off, and leave the ladies to receive them? Right or not, I vanish.

So Sir John rushed off, while the rest of us, having some sense of politeness, stayed; and so the conversation upon the animal question was broken off.

Some impart a lighter heart
To the lily, stately and tall,
But we know that the mountain heather
Is the happiest of all!

Some blossoms are very affected,
They languish and hang their heads,
Even refuse their lovely use,
Except in the garden beds;
Shy are some, and will not come
To the sight of a loving eye,
But hurrah, the beautiful heather
Looks bravely up to the sky!

Do you hear a delicate humming,
So busy and yet so gay?
Look and see the sweet wild bee
Fly forth on his upward way;
Long the time I take to climb,
For want of his shining wing;
But the beautiful mountain heather
Is made for the wild-bee king!

O what were the world without mountains—
That glory God has given?
Grand and fair they pierce the air,
And stand up close to heaven;
How could they be glad and gay,
Nor awe with a rugged frown,
If the sweet little honey-heather
Was not their innocent crown?

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

VI.—GRANADA.

LATE in the afternoon of the 15th of March we embarked on board the *Lisbon* in the dockyard of Gibraltar. It had been a lovely day, and the grand Rock had looked its best, its every cleft filled with flowers and foliage. The sun set before we had rounded Europa Point, and the precipitous cliffs of the eastern bay rose utterly black against the yellow sky. Then all was night, and in the warm starlight, the different groups of passengers made themselves comfortable on deck with cushions and mattresses.

At two A.M. a long line of lamps sparkling through the darkness showed that we had reached Malaga; but we had still many hours to wait before the health officers would visit us, without which we were not allowed to land, and daylight gradually broke, and gilded first the mountain tops, and then the massive cathedral, the shipping, and the town. At seven our examiners came, and, standing in a boat beneath the steamer, demanded that all the crew should come up to the side of the vessel. "Show them all your tongues," said the captain, but apparently the inspection was not satisfactory, for they came on board afterwards, and examined each separately. Then the passengers were all called out, and great difficulty made because their number was one less than that entered in the books. "Being cannibals, we have eaten him since we left Gibraltar," explained the captain jocosely. At last we were allowed to bestow ourselves and our packages in the fleet of little boats whose owners were fighting to take us to the pier; a tiresome custom-house was ready to prove the Spanish rule that though custom-house duties need not be paid, custom-house officers must—and the proverb, "No hay tan ciegos que los que no quieren ver." Then the watermen, having done their best to extort twenty francs for doing almost nothing, and having, after a battle, been beaten down to ten, at last left us in peace at our hotel.

Malaga is the dearest place in Spain, being the most Anglicised. The prices there are nearly double of those in the northern towns. We wondered that it should be so much resorted to by invalids, as, when we were there, a fierce east wind was blowing, and the whole air clouded with the thin white dust, which is almost a permanent misery, and prevents any enjoyment from walking. There is very little to see. The long

Alameda is a dusty walk between insignificant trees, with a very pretty fountain at the end, which was brought by Charles V. from Genoa, and intended for his palace at Granada. The Græco-Roman cathedral was built in the sixteenth century, and is little worth visiting. It occupies the site of a mosque, and stands at the entrance of the Moorish quarter of the town, which straggles up one side of a cactus-clothed hill, crowned by the Arabic castle of Gibralfaro.

The journey from Malaga to Granada is a difficult one. The only train leaves at half-past three in the afternoon, and takes passengers to Las Salinas. The railway runs through a gorge of most Salvator Rosa-like scenery, where the Xenil tosses wildly through a great rift in the rocky precipices, sometimes lost altogether beneath the cliffs, and then emerging more boisterous than ever. At Las Salinas two diligences were waiting for us, not nearly enough for the great number of passengers, so the crowding was dreadful. The road from hence was a mere track, broken in some places into deep quagmires and pools of water, mended in others by great lumps of rock thrown loosely down anyhow. Through and over these we floundered, thumped, jolted, and crashed, in a way which was absolutely frightful, especially when a precipice at the side, dimly seen through the night, added to the dangers. Every one was occupied in holding on as they best could. No one had time to think of the robbers, though many were known to be about, and we had an armed escort hanging on behind. As we reached Loja the road improved, and our sixteen mules swung us skilfully round the sharp corners of its narrow streets. In the valley below the town, the railway began again, and in two hours more, at half-past two A.M., we were at Granada, and climbing, in an omnibus, the ascent to the Hotel Siete Suelos, which is within the hallowed precincts of the Alhambra.

There is nothing more interesting than the awakening in a place new, and yet so old, so well known from stories and pictures of earliest childhood, as Granada. And it was like an awakening in Paradise. Far below our windows a deep green gorge descends towards the town and vega, filled with tall elm-trees and carpeted with violets. Broad, well-kept paths run in different directions through this beautiful wood, skirted by rush-

ing brooks of crystal water. In the different openings of the green glades are lofty stone basins, in which fountains splash and play, not sending forth a narrow jet such as one's recollection of an English fountain conveys, but bursting forth in a foaming mass of abundant waters. Here, nightingales sing incessantly in their season, and the whole wood is always alive with a chorus of

singing birds. The trees, the only elms in Spain, except those in the garden of Aranjuez, indeed almost the only trees of any size which are not fruit-trees, were planted by the Duke of Wellington. They have never been thinned, and though no individual tree can ever be a fine one, a change can scarcely be wished for, there is such a picturesqueness in the immensely tall, narrow,



Gate of Justice, Alhambra.

interlacing stems, in the arching foliage which bends and meets in mid-air over the roadways, and in the swinging garlands of ivy which drop here and there from the high branches. On the right, the red towers of the Alhambra guard the heights: to the left, glimpses of the snowy Sierra-Nevada may be caught here and there through the trees. Almost adjoining the house is the famous tower of

the Siete Suelos, from whose postern gate Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, passed out with his family after the conquest of Granada. Altogether a more enchanting dwelling-place can scarcely be imagined than the hotel of Los Siete Suelos.

It is scarcely five minutes' walk through the wood to the entrance of the Alhambra, the grand "Gate of Justice," beneath which the Moorish kings dispensed judgment.

Over the first arch is seen a hand with the fingers uplifted as in a Neapolitan talisman. Over the second arch is a key. Only when the hand grasped the key, said the Moors, could the Alhambra be taken. Above the gate runs the inscription placed there by its founder Yusuf, in 1348, "May the Almighty make this a bulwark of protection, and inscribe its erection amongst the imperishable actions of the just." No artist will fail to sketch this gate—either its glowing orange walls, seen through the deep shadows of the wood, or combined with the picturesque Berruguete fountain, of the time of Charles V., which stands beneath its terrace wall.

Hence, by a winding vaulted passage, we arrive at the upper platform of the Alhambra. That part which we reach first, gay with fountains and myrtle-fringed gardens, is called the Plaza de los Algibes—the place of Moorish cisterns. On its left are the rugged range of yellow towers which enclose the Alcazaba-Kassabah, or citadel; on the right is the grand palace of Charles V., built of bright yellow stone, reminding one in its colour of the Coliseum, and in its forms of the Otto Heinrichs Bau at Heidelberg. Its windows, which have never been glazed, frame broad strips of deep blue sky, but its caryatides and bas-reliefs are still fresh as if from the workman's chisel. The arrangement is curious, as the interior is an immense circular court-yard, though the exterior is quadrangular. Beyond the palace are more trees and gardens, a church, a convent, a mosque, a little town, all within the castellated precincts of the hill, which is pointed at both ends, and girdled with towers.

From the terraced wall you look down upon the great town, which is still one of the largest in Spain, though its population, 400,000 under the Moors, is now reduced to 75,000. Above the vast expanse of white-washed houses, the churches, towers, and cypresses, rises conspicuously the Græco-Roman cathedral, where the first Christian sovereigns of Granada rest side by side. The nearest hill is covered all over with prickly pear, intersected by narrow paths leading to caves, in which a great part of the gipsy population burrow and live. Between this and the platform on which we stand, rushes the rapid gold-producing Darro, emerging from a rocky gorge in the mountains, and, as it enters the town, becoming lined with the quaintest old houses, leaning, bracketed, over its stream, and looking as if they would topple over every moment. Each wall is full of balconies, upon which

bright-coloured clothes are hanging out to dry in the sun, while the parapets are lined with large red vases filled with hyacinths and yellow gladiolus, and pinks and nasturtiums stream downwards luxuriantly from the boxes beneath. Here, a high gothic bridge, there a broken Moorish arch, spans the narrow river. As your eye follows the Darro to its junction with the Xenil, the houses become thinner, till at length they are lost altogether in the bright green of the vega, shut in on two sides by chains of beautiful mountains, and backed by the Sierra-Nevada, one sheet of untarnished snow, which, under this deep blue sky, is almost too dazzling to look upon.

If we turn away from the view to the hill-garden itself, what a scene of life and sunshine it is! how fresh its rich foliage and flowers, how abundant its fountains! It is as if all the natural beauties of Spain were concentrated on this one spot. What picturesque figures are constantly passing backwards and forwards!—copper-coloured gipsies with blue-black hair, the men in embroidered jackets with hanging silver buttons, scarlet fajas round their waists, and broad-brimmed sombreros; the women in bright pink and yellow petticoats, and with large bunches of flowers, generally yellow by way of strongest contrast, pinned behind their black locks. Each scene at the doors of the encircling towers, which are mostly let out to poor families, is a study. What combinations of colour! what picturesqueness in the natural grouping of the figures, with their pigs, their goats, and their dogs, the latter generally called Melampo, Cubilon, or Lubina, because such are said to have been the names of the three favoured animals who accompanied the shepherds to look upon the newly-born Infant at Bethlehem, and dogs called by those names never go mad.

Much of the Moorish palace was destroyed by Charles V. when he erected his own building. That which remains occupies so very small a portion of the Alhambra precincts, and is so concealed behind the later edifice, that at first a stranger will wonder where it can be, and if he goes round to the back, and is told that some low pointed, shed-like roofs enclose the most beautiful building in the world, will think it quite impossible. This excessively plain exterior was adopted to avert the evil eye, which scowls upon that which is too prosperous. It is by a narrow alley, ending in a low doorway behind the palace of Charles, that you enter the building. But, as you pass that doorway, you are translated out of fact-land into

fairy-land. You never think again about size, all the proportions are so perfect. Court succeeds court, and hall follows hall with a bewildering loveliness of sculpture quite indescribable, and which, though endlessly varied, is perfectly harmonious. A petrified veil of the most delicate lace covers every wall, formed partly by flowers and geometrical patterns, but in the main intention of its network, as strictly religious as the sculpture of a gothic cathedral, and filled with sentences and maxims from the Koran, which it is intended to bring constantly before the eyes and heart of the beholder. The delicate creamy pink of the stucco adds to the magical effect of the whole. The only inmates are the martlets, which build under the overhanging eaves, and are for ever flying in and out of their nests,—the only birds sacred and unmolested in Spain, because they are believed to have plucked off the thorns from the crown of our Saviour as He hung upon the cross. In a few places fragments of colour remain, the primary colours, blue, red, and yellow, having been the only ones used by the Moors in their upper decorations, though the secondary colours, purple, green, and orange, are employed in the *Azulejo dados*, which are nearer the eye. In the Hall of Justice, where Ferdinand and Isabella heard high mass on taking possession of the Alhambra, are some curious paintings upon leather, nailed to the wooden dome. They represent bearded Moors, sitting cross-legged upon cushions, with their heads covered, and two-edged swords in their hands; and, as the Moors were prohibited from making the exact representation of any living creature, are supposed to have been the work of a Christian captive; others imagine that they were painted after the conquest, and that they only date from the end of the fifteenth century.

The whole Alhambra teems with reminiscences of the romantic history of the two last Moorish sovereigns. King Abu-l-hasan took prisoner the Christian maiden Isabel de Solis, daughter of the governor of Martos, and, falling passionately in love with her, made her his wife under the Moorish title of *Zoraya*, or "the morning star." The former sultana, Ayesah, imprisoned in the tower of *Comares* (so called from its Moorish architect), fearing for the safety of her son Abu-Abdillah, or Boabdil, under the hands of her rival, let him down, with the help of her ladies, from a window overhanging the Darro ravine, and he escaped by night. Thenceforward the palace was filled with

dissensions, the powerful clan of the Abencerrages, who were the mainstay of the kingdom, espousing the cause of *Zoraya*, the *Zegris* that of Ayesah. In 1482 Boabdil dethroned his father, and became known as "El Rey Chico." Ayesah at once urged upon him the importance of conciliating so powerful a family as the Abencerrages, but his spirit of vengeance was too strong, and, inviting the chiefs of the family to a banquet as if to make peace, he had them beheaded one after another in the hall which is called by their name, and where their blood-stains are still shown on the marble pavement. Thirty-three warriors fell thus, and their ghosts may still be heard nightly moaning in the hall where they died. The rest of the family were warned by a page, and forthwith joined the Christian army, under Ferdinand and Isabella, which was already encamped against Granada. In the Hall of the Ambassadors Ayesah girt her son with a sacred sword, with which he was to repel the invaders. But the young sultana Morayma wept over his departure, when she heard that he had struck his lance against the gateway and broken it—an omen which gave him the name of "*El Zogoybi*," "the unlucky one."

The city fell January 2, 1492, when Boabdil, having presented the keys and done homage to the Catholic sovereigns, departed for ever by the gate of the *Siete Suelos*, which, in accordance with his last request to Isabella, was walled up, so that no one might ever use it again. From the spur of the *Alpujarras*, still called "*El ultimo sospiro del Moro*," he looked his last upon the town, and wept as he beheld it. "It is well," said the stern Ayesah, "that you should weep as a woman for what you could not defend as a man."

Several of the towers round the walls are well worth visiting, especially those of *Las Infantas* and *La Cautiva*, which are filled with exquisite Moorish tracery, though much defaced by the French. The latter tower derives its name from a Christian captive who the then Moorish king wished to add to his harem, and who, when she found no other means of protection, flung herself from its window, beneath which her lifeless form was found by her knightly lover, who came that day to her rescue. In the same neighbourhood, in a charming garden, is the beautiful little mosque, in which Yusuf I., the principal builder of the Alhambra, was murdered at his prayers.

Issuing from the walls near this by the

Torre del Pico, whose battlements were added by Ferdinand and Isabella, one may cross the glen to the Generalife,* a summer villa of the Moorish sovereigns. Its gardens are so lovely, with their wide views over the town and vega, that Andersen and many other travellers have even preferred this palace to the Alhambra. Through its cloistered courtyard, rushes, fresh from its source, an impetuous life-diffusing branch of the Darro. Its decorations, much injured by whitewash, are still full of grace and beauty; its faded pictures of the Spanish kings and queens, unimportant as works of art, are yet interesting here from their historic associations; and its venerable cypresses, beneath one of which the Sultana Zoraya is said to have met her Abencerrage lover, are the most magnificent in Spain.

It requires many visits to understand the Alhambra, and for this purpose all who stay any length of time at Granada should arm themselves with an order, "per estudiare," from the governor, Señor Contreras, who lives in the house near the entrance, which contains the beautiful arch called the "Puerta del Vino." Each light in each hour of the day has its own special charm, and lends its own peculiar effect to some part of the building; but no one should miss a visit by moonlight, when the Court of Lions, strangely expanded in size, looks as if it were wrought in burnished silver, and when all modern changes are lost in shadow, and only the beautiful ideal of the Arabian palace remains in its splendour. At sunset, crossing the kitchen garden which occupies the interior of the Alcazaba, the Torre de la Vela should be ascended for the sake of the view, the last tower on the southern point of the promontory, where, even from Moorish times, a loud bell, beginning at "Las Animas", (8½ P.M.), and continuing till daylight, has announced to the farmers of the plain that they might turn aside the waters of the river for the irrigation of their meadows. It was upon this tower that the Christian standard and cross were first raised after the conquest, and a cross in the wall still marks the exact spot. Hence the fiery orb of the sun will be seen grandly disappearing behind the purple mountains, and the snowy ranges of the Sierra Nevada bathed with rose-colour in the after-glow.

While our minds were still full of sym-

pathy for the exiled Moors, and while every detail relating to their conquest was of interest to us, we drove out to Zubia, whither the great Isabella came during the siege, to look upon Granada, and where she narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. After her victory, she erected a hermitage there, to commemorate her escape, which still stands amid some tall cypresses, and contains faded portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella. A thicket of bay is shown as that in which the queen hid herself with her children, and was concealed by the closely entwined branches, like Charles in the oak, until the enemy had passed by.

Another short excursion may be made to Santa Fé, the town which rose during the siege, built in eighty days by the indomitable Isabella, after her troops had been rendered shelterless from the accidental destruction of the camp by fire. Here, the crucifix, which the queen carried with her, is preserved in a small chapel. Not far off is the old bridge of Pinos, the spot which Columbus had reached when, wearied by five years waiting and petitioning at the Spanish court, he was about to offer his services to Henry VII. of England. Hither the messengers of the queen pursued him, and brought him back to arrange at Santa Fé the expedition which ended in the discovery of America.

The story of the conquest is told in a series of curious bas-reliefs in the "Capilla de los Reyes," which joins the cathedral. Isabella is seen riding into Granada on her white palfrey, with Ferdinand on one side and Cardinal Mendoza on the other, Boabdil presents the keys, and numbers of despondent Moors are pouring out of the gates of the town. Again, the Moors are represented as being baptized *en masse*, their costume exactly the same as that which may still be seen at Tangiers. In front of the retablo which contains these sculptures, are the magnificent tombs of the Catholic sovereigns. Ferdinand and Isabella lie side by side upon a lofty sarcophagus. Both figures are beautiful, but that of Isabella (Elizabetha in Latin) is indeed worthy of her whom Shakespeare called "the queen of earthly queens," and Lord Bacon describes as "an honour to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain."

Close to that of her parents, is the tomb (a beautiful work of the Genoese Peralta) of Joanna and her handsome husband Philip of Burgundy. In the vault beneath, the four coffins may be seen. That of Philip is most interesting, as being the same which Joanna carried about with her everywhere, often

* An order for the Generalife, now belonging to the great Genoese family of Grimaldi, must be obtained in the town from the Italian Consul, who will at the same time exhibit Boabdil's beautiful inlaid sword.

passionately embracing it, and watching it constantly for forty-seven years, in the tearless madness of her long widowhood. A magnificent *reja* by Bartolomé of Jaén (1533) screens off the tombs from the rest of the chapel. Round the cornice is inscribed:—"This chapel was founded by the most catholic Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, King and Queen of Las Españas, Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who conquered this kingdom and restored it to our faith; who acquired the Canary Isles and the Indies, as well as the cities of Oran, Tripoli, and Bugia; who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms, and reformed religion. The Queen died Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1504. The King died Jan. 23, 1516. The building was completed in 1517." In the sacristy are portraits of Philip and Joanna, and in one of the chapels of the cathedral are fine pictures of Ferdinand and Isabella, copies of the originals by Rincon, which were destroyed by fire.

The plan of the cathedral (which is the work of Diego de Siloe, son of the sculptor of the tombs at Miraflores) is a very noble and peculiar one. The central aisle, forty feet in width, instead of ending in an apse, expands into a dome seventy feet in diameter, beneath which is the high altar. The side aisles also end in altars; an ambulatory surrounds the whole. In the side chapels are several fine works of Alonzo Cano, especially one of that picturesque subject often treated by Spanish painters—"the Solitude of the Virgin."

There is a great deal more to be seen in Granada. The principal Moorish street, "El Zacatin," remains, and, adjoining it, the "Alcaiceria," or silk bazaar, consisting of two narrow alleys, beautifully adorned with stucco and sculpture in the style of the Alhambra. Of the same character is the old Moorish gateway on the other side of the Darro, built in 1070, but now called "Puerta del Carbon," from the Carboneros who frequent it. Near the Darro, opposite the ruin of a horse-shoe bridge, is a Moorish bath, having a covered roof supported on low pillars, with richly carved capitals. The church of San Geronimo was built in 1497 by Talavera, confessor of the Catholic kings, and first Archbishop of Granada. He was anxious to convert the Moors by kindness, and translated the church services into Arabic for their use. He afterwards wished to translate the Bible likewise, but was prevented by Cardinal Ximenes, who declared that "Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were the

only languages in which the word of God ought to be read—the three languages plainly pointed out to mankind by the inscription on the cross itself." San Geronimo contains the tomb of the great Captain Fernando Gonsales of Cordova, and painted kneeling statues of him and his wife. Their bodies, however, are no longer here; they were actually exhumed by the revolutionary Government in 1870, and carried in a tin box to Madrid, where a kind of Pantheon has been made in the church of San Francisco el Grande with labelled pigeon-holes for all the great men of Spain. Some English travellers, wishing to take seats in the diligence that day, were told that they could not have them, because the places were bespoken for El Gran Capitan!

The neighbouring hospital of San Juan de Dios is very interesting, as having been founded by the saint himself in the early part of the sixteenth century. He preached the necessity of hospitals on this spot with such ardour that he was considered mad and shut up in an iron cage, which is shown. His teaching, however, still brings forth fruit here, and the hospital, whose wards all open upon a spacious cloistered quadrangle, is admirably arranged and attended to.

Hence a short walk into the country brings one to a spot bearing the Moorish name of Hinadamar, where stands the Cartuja, a Carthusian convent and church, decorated somewhat in the style of the Certosa of Pavia. The jaspers, marbles, and inlaid work of ebony and tortoiseshell are most gorgeous, though their taste may be questioned. The most real treasure preserved here is a small statuette of San Bruno by Alonzo Cano, one of the most expressive representations of touching humility and suffering that can be imagined. The old guide delights to point out the quaint images formed by the vagaries of the veins in the alabaster and agate decorations—an "Ecce Homo," a "Mater Dolorosa," a "Grenadina in her Mantilla," &c. The cloisters are surrounded by a horrible series of paintings, representing the history of the order, especially the awful sufferings of the English Carthusians under Thomas Cromwell, which, if true, may weigh heavily in the scale against the martyrdoms under Catholic Mary. These pictures are the work of Juan Sanchez Cotan, a brother of the order, who was of such eminent piety and purity of life, that the Virgin herself is believed to have descended from heaven in order to give him a sitting for her likeness, upon which he was engaged.

As he returns to the town the pedestrian should pause, for here, at the entrance of Granada, occurred one of the most striking scenes of history. The body of the beautiful and beloved Isabella of Portugal, wife of Charles V., had been brought hither by slow stages, attended by all the young knights who had faithfully served her in life. Among these was Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia. At the entrance of Granada the corpse was uncovered, and the attendants pressed forward to gaze upon the honoured features of their mistress for the last time. But under the terrible hand of death all her beauty had disappeared, and Borgia was so overwhelmed by the change of decay, that he abandoned for ever the vanities of the world to become an ascetic, a priest, and eventually a saint of the Catholic Church.

Wearied by much sight-seeing, a tourist may refresh his eyes and mind in the beautiful Alameda, near the junction of the Xenil and Darro, where the aristocratic part of the population, always conscientiously employed in doing nothing, unite every summer evening and winter afternoon. The ladies universally wear mantillas and carry fans; the gentlemen are so well dressed that Mr. Poole himself might take a lesson from the crack tailor of Granada. The older Alameda, lined with fine old trees, and ending in fountains, is not inappropriately called "El Salon," for there society meets and does its chief business. It is a regular evening party in public and in the open air, a Vanity Fair in miniature,—the unmarried daughters, followed by their admirers, being paraded up and down by their parents, not unmindful perhaps of the old Spanish proverb, "Three daughters and a mother are four devils for a father." On festal the assembly extends to all classes, and numbers of majas may be seen in gaudy dresses with flowers in their hair, attended by their majos in their velvet jackets and bright sashes, and with the stick—"vara"—in their hands, without which no well-bred majo ever appears in public. More, probably, is spent upon dress, taking all the classes together, in Spain than in any other country of Europe; only, in the provinces, the soldiers often appear shabby and ragged, for they are not only irregularly paid, but are sometimes unsupplied with even the most necessary articles of clothing. Thus the following placard appeared upon the walls of the Andalusian towns proposing a reward for the defenders of Algeciras and Tarifa:—"El brigadier Cordoba ha abierto una suscripcion, poniendose á la cabeza de

ella, para regalar un *par de pantalones* de paño á los valientes soldados de Asturias."

In the week preceding Passion Week large placards appeared, headed by a picture of the Crucifixion, and the words, "Jesu Redemptor" in large letters. They announced a "Passion Play" to be acted in the theatre. The whole story of the last days of our Saviour was enacted, as at Ober-Ammergau—the Last Supper, and the Crucifixion itself, being represented upon the stage. A burlesque was by no means intended, yet some parts bordered upon the ludicrous. One scene was rapturously encored by the audience; it was when Judas descended to the infernal regions amid a crash of thunder and a blaze of blue lights! It is due to the venerable Archbishop of Granada to say that he strongly deprecated this exhibition, and did all he could to oppose it.

All the ceremonies of Holy Week at Rome are reproduced on a minor scale at Granada, and on Holy Thursday the Archbishop washes the feet of twelve pilgrims in the cathedral. On Good Friday the whole population wear black.

Easter Sunday is a great day in Granada, not because the resurrection of our Saviour is commemorated on that day, but because then at five p.m. the famous "Virgen de las Angustias" goes forth from her church to visit a sister-image in the cathedral. That afternoon the streets assumed the most festal appearance; the windows were hung with red, yellow, and blue draperies, and the balconies were filled with gaily dressed ladies. Long before the hour arrived the whole of the Alameda was filled from end to end with a dense multitude of expectant people, and hundreds of boys were rushing about in front of the sanctuary waving long branches of green elder, which they threw down under the feet of the bearers as they carried the image down the steps of the church; literally they "cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way." This image of the Virgin of Sorrows is one of the most famous in the south of Spain, and half the women in Granada are christened Angustia, to place them under her protection; indeed the name is so common as to cause inextricable confusion amongst the number of Angustias. The figure is of the size of life, and is better as a work of art than most worshipped images of saints. It is dressed in black velvet robes spangled with golden stars, wears a crown on its head filled with precious stones, and has a sad, pensive expression in its countenance, which is bent

over the dead figure of the Saviour—for it is, in fact, a Pietà. Its jewels are most magnificent, and such is the enthusiasm and courage she is known to inspire, that when the French came to Granada they never ventured to plunder or even enter this church, though the people, in defiance, had decorated the Virgin with all her jewels, lighted the church by night and day, and left the doors always open.

As the image left the church, carried by the principal citizens of Granada in full dress, a blare of trumpets and crash of drums greeted its appearance. Guns were fired, and rockets sent up; the noise was deafening. As the procession entered the Alameda, with one impulse the whole people fell upon their knees. Many women wept and sobbed as they stretched out their hands in eager supplication. At each step of the procession fresh fireworks rose from the houses on either side of the way; it was like a march of fire, and the appearance of the tall black figure slowly advancing up the green avenue between the throng of kneeling people, was certainly most striking.

A very different scene was enacted upon the evening of Holy Thursday, when, in an upper chamber, seventy earnest Protestant converts met to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of a Protestant Presbyterian minister. The liturgy used was almost entirely that of the English Prayer-Book, which is translated into Spanish. The elements were received seated, according to the Presbyterian custom. In spite of the power of the Virgin of Las Angustias, Protestantism is making strong advances in the town where Matamoros suffered. Nothing has a greater effect upon the Spaniards than our Burial Service; its reverence, its encouragement of Christian hope, contrasting so strongly with the indecent indifference with which the Romanist funerals of the lower classes are conducted at Granada, where no ceremony whatever takes place at the cemetery, and where the bodies, carried unattended to the grave, are buried like dogs, generally ejected from their coffins (which are used again!), and with only a little earth scraped over them. The hollow way between the red towers of the Alhambra and the green slopes of the Generalife, torn by a torrent, and filled with hundreds of pigs who are herded there, is called "The Way of the Dead," because by that rough path the bodies are generally carried from the town to the cemetery. We witnessed several of these saddest of funerals. Once it was a beautiful

little girl who was to be buried. She was borne upon an open bier, her waxen features, smiling in the sleep of death, were crowned with white roses and jessamine, her little hands were folded, she was dressed in white, and other white flowers were sprinkled over her. All had evidently been done by the tender care of loving friends. Yet no one followed but the grave-digger smoking a cigar, and the little bier was jerked jauntily along by six rough boys of thirteen or fourteen years old, some of whom were smoking, the rest whistling and singing. We could hardly bear to think of the fate which awaited that little child at the cemetery, where, when these uncoffined funerals take place, the gipsies, by an ancient custom, fall upon the body on its arrival, and tearing off all its dress and decorations, fight and scramble for them amongst themselves, leaving the poor corpse to be tossed, naked and desecrated, into its grave amongst the docks and nettles.

The savage insolence of the gipsy population, their coarse language and manners, and their brutal immoralities, are the great objection to a lengthened residence in Granada. They are absolutely uncontrolled either by the laws or the police. Their swarms of children are brought up systematically to beg without ceasing, and to steal whenever they can. They are utterly without shame. If an English lady ventures into the gipsy quarter alone, a troop of young women and children will not scruple to fall upon her, and while some carry off her shawl, parasol, &c., others will force their hands into her pockets and seize all it contains. Gipsy beggars never ask, they always demand, in the most violent and imperious tones, and wherever a number of gipsy children are encountered together, the shouts of "ochavito, ochavito," are more than deafening. Unfortunately the view from San Nicolao, one of the grandest in Granada, is in a stronghold of the gipsies, who must be encountered to visit it. Their chief residence, however, is in the hill-side of the Albaycin, leading to the Monte Sacro, where innumerable caves are perforated in the living rock, beneath immense prickly pears, which serve at once as food, shade, and protection. The mouths of these caves are whitewashed, and the entrances generally guarded by a piece of old carpet. There the savage families bask all day in the sun, and make the air resound with their harsh guttural cries and songs. The women who do not steal, earn money by telling fortunes and selling amulets; the children who are not

busy begging, roll in the dust in front of their caves, often quite naked, and without any distinction of sex. At Seville a stranger, wishing to see their manners and customs, may, on paying one real ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$), be present where they dance their national dances and sing their national songs in their own picturesque costume. At Granada a few women in tawdry white muslin gowns extort five francs from every individual of the large assemblies who have the folly to meet to see them. Their principal dances are the Malagena and the Romalis. A woman generally dances alone at first, in

slow motion, more with her arms than in her feet, and her attitudes are often very picturesque and graceful. Gradually, by her gestures, she invites a partner to join her; thenceforth the dance becomes more animated. They chase one another, they circle round one another, they throw a whole story of passionate eloquence into their gestures, and all is accompanied, in the way of music, by the clapping of hands of all the other gitanos and gitanas sitting round in a circle, who keep excellent time together, occasionally bursting into loud outcries.



Court of Blessing, Alhambra.

We were persuaded, by glowing accounts of its scenery, to make from Granada the long excursion to Llanjaron, a mountain citadel, the last stronghold of the Moors in Spain. But the distance is so great and the long diligence journey so fatiguing, that this expedition is not worth while, except in summer, for the sake of ascending the Veleta, one of the highest peaks of the Sierra-Nevada. The road runs along the high bleak uplands beneath the chain of the Alpujarras, which are by no means the rich, verdant, smiling hills they are generally represented, but volcanic, bare, and arid in the highest de-

gree. Llanjaron itself, reached by a terrible road along precipices and through torrent-beds, is an oasis in a hideous desert, and its orange-gardens, hanging on the edge of the mountain-side over a dismal ravine, are amongst the most productive in Spain. On a high outlying spur of the hills is a ruined Moorish castle; but the village, chiefly frequented for the sake of its medicinal waters, contains few traces of its former occupants; the population is savage, the posadas miserable, and beyond bread, eggs, and oranges, there is no food to be had.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOPS.

THE wild hop (*Humulus Lupulus*, L.) is well known for its climbing and scrambling habit, and is found in the hedges of our rural lanes and roadsides. It is, moreover, a favourite plant with country people for covering arbours: and the young tops or shoots are frequently collected and boiled and eaten as a vegetable. Indeed, if blanched by covering them with earth, in a similar manner to that adopted for blanching asparagus, "hop-tops," as they are called, are very tender, and form no bad substitute for that more costly vegetable.

It is from the humble hop of our hedges that the numerous varieties now so largely cultivated in some districts of England for the use of brewers have all originated. Of what country the hop is a native it is not easy to say; but it appears to have been well-known to the Romans. Pliny mentions it under the name of *Lupus salictarius*. Its cultivation with us dates from the year 1524, and it is highly probable that it was known in this country at a much earlier period; for we find that in the reign of Henry VI. the planting of hops was prohibited. An old distich tells us that—

"Hops and tuckers, carp and beer,"
Came into England all in one year."

And it seems that the word beer was unknown till the introduction of the hop in the preparation of malt liquors. It is, however, certain that a fermented liquor from malt was used and appreciated long ere that time; for, even before the Norman Conquest, brewing was a business of some importance in London. The beverage, however, seems to have been known only as *ale*, which word is probably derived from the Saxon *eale*; the word beer having its origin, according to some authorities, from the Welsh *bir*; or, what is perhaps more likely, from the Celtic *bere*—a name which is still applied in Scotland to some varieties of barley.

The introduction of hops met with a strong opposition; and, at one period of Henry VIII.'s reign, brewers were forbidden to use them in the brewing of ale. Petitions were presented to Parliament, setting forth that they "would spoyle the taste of drink and endanger the people;" and, though writers on herbs and medicinal products were equally incensed against them, it was in the fifth year of the reign of Edward VI. that certain privileges were granted to hop-grounds, and land was set apart for the cultivation of the

plant. Tusser, who wrote in the sixteenth century the "Five hundred Good Points of Husbandry," says of the hop—

"Choose soil for the hop of the rottenne mould,
Well drongel and wrought as a garden plot should;
Not far from the water, but not overlowne,—
This lesson well noted is meete to be knowne.

The sun in the south, or else southlie and west,
Is joy to the hop as a welcommed ghost;
But wind in the north, or else northerly east
To hop is as ill as fray in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop yard once found as is told,
Make thereof account as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it and leave it, the sun for to burne,
And afterwards fense it to serve for that turne.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink and flavoureth malt,
And being well brewed, long kep it will last,
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast."

If we turn to the quaint old Herbals of Parkinson and Gerard, we find they give a widely different opinion as to the effects of the hop upon the human system from that expressed by writers at the time of the introduction of the plant. They also confirm the distinction between *ale* and *beer*; for Parkinson, writing in 1640, says, "The ale which our forefathers were accustomed only to drink being a kind of thicker drink than beere, is now almost quite left off to be made, the use of hoppes to be put therein altering the quality thereof, to be much more healthful, or rather physcally, to preserve the body from the repletion of grosse humours which the ale engendereth." And Gerard says, "The manifold virtues in hops do manifestly argue the wholesomeness of beere above all; for the hops rather make it physcally drinke to keep the body in health, than an ordinary drinke for the quenching of our thirst."

It appears that, though after the introduction of the hop considerable care and attention was given to its cultivation, a large proportion of the hops used then, and for some time afterwards, were of foreign produce. Hop-growing at the present time is an important branch of agriculture in some parts of England, as well as in Bavaria, Belgium, and the United States. The principal hop counties of England are Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; but large quantities are also grown in Hampshire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire, and in smaller quantities in Essex, Suffolk, and Yorkshire.

Like the corn harvest, hop-picking gives employment to numbers of extra hands, and is looked forward to as a means of gaining a small sum for providing winter necessities. Besides this, hop-picking is acknowledged to

be a very healthful occupation. For this reason many people go into the hop-grounds to assist others without the consideration of any other reward save that of health. One thing is certain, that the aroma of the hops and the fresh air have the effect of sharpening the appetite; and many persons who are habitually pent up in the close neighbourhoods of our large towns thus derive much benefit from the change. Regular hop-pickers are, on the other hand, exposed to all kinds of weather—beating rains and scorching suns—without any other shelter than that afforded by extra coats or umbrellas.

But there is also another evil of greater moment, and that is that in the hop-grounds nearer London, where large numbers of poor families, especially Irish, flock down just for the season, a great amount of immorality exists, which it is obviously impossible entirely to avoid, in the present condition of our lower classes. Such a large number of people being brought suddenly and only for a short time together in a village, probably some distance from a town, there is no accommodation for housing them, and they huddle together into any place of shelter; barns or out-houses serving them frequently for temporary lodgings. This state of things does not exist to such an extent in grounds farther removed from London, where those employed are mostly country people, who leave their houses in the towns and villages in the early morning and return at night.

When picking once commences it is most important that the crops should be got in as quickly as possible, more especially if the weather is fine at the commencement of the operation. The mode of picking, or rather the mode of gathering together the hops after they are picked, varies slightly in different districts. In the neighbourhood of Canterbury immense round baskets are used, while in other parts of Kent, in Hampshire, and other counties, they are gathered into bags or sacks fixed into a kind of a square wooden frame; one or more of these being supplied to each family or party. The hop-bines are cut near the base by a man specially appointed for this work. The poles, with the plants attached, are then pulled up by a kind of lever and conveyed to each group of pickers. They are then laid in a slanting direction upon a horizontal frame made of bare hop-poles, where the bines are stripped off, and portions given to the different members of the group of pickers, who pluck off one by one the catkins or cones, which are thrown into small baskets or other vessels, provided

by themselves. When full, these are emptied into the larger baskets or bags which of course are provided by the growers. The picker is paid so much per basket or "poke"—usually about one shilling for five bushels. From fourteen to twenty bushels is perhaps about the average gathered per day. The larger the hops are the better it is for the pickers, as a less number is required to fill a basket; so that of course the work is got over much quicker. The hops lie very lightly in the basket or measure, and the pickers are most careful not to allow it to be touched by any but the proper person, otherwise the hops would be shaken down.

For their proper cultivation, hops require a rich, deep soil, and should be grown on freshly-broken, well-drained, and highly-manured land. Old Gerard says, "The hop prospereth the better for manuring." It is on account of the natural richness of the land in some parts of Kent and Surrey, especially in the neighbourhood of Farnham, that the produce of these districts is so highly valued, and the land fetches a very high price; as much as £500 per acre having been given solely for the cultivation of hops. In England about sixty thousand acres of land is devoted to the hop culture; but the quantity of hops annually produced for the market varies more, perhaps, than any other crop. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that in 1859 the entire crop amounted to 68,496,727 lbs., while in the following year, 1860, it fell to 11,162,777 lbs.

The hop is a perennial, but to prepare the plants for a new ground or "garden," as these plantations are generally called, the young shoots are taken off the old roots and planted in beds prepared for their reception, so as to establish the plants previously to their being transplanted to the hop-garden itself. When thus transplanted they are placed usually in threes, that is, three plants together in a triangular form, leaving about six inches between each plant. These groups of three are arranged in rows usually about six feet apart, the groups in each row alternating with those in the adjoining row. The appearance of an English hop-garden, when the plants are fully grown, cannot be likened to any other branch of British culture. Indeed, it has frequently been compared to the aspect of the vineyards of Southern Europe, as much from the resemblance of the habits of the two plants, as from the similarity of the mode of gathering the fruit. The hop frequently requires some little care and attention to secure the perfect fertilisation of

the flowers, the plants being dioecious—that is, the male and female flowers growing on separate plants. The male or pollen-bearing ones are therefore frequently grown with the females, so as to ensure a perfect impregnation; for where there is an abundant supply of pollen the hops are more plentifully produced, and a finer kind is the result.

The effects of insect agency in fertilising flowers, by carrying pollen from one plant to another, is well exemplified in the hop. Some planters, whose surrounding hedges are filled with the wild hop, which is always the barren or male plant, trust to the combined assistance of insects and the wind, in disseminating the pollen from the wild to the cultivated plants. The difference between the male and female flowers is, that the former are in loose drooping panicles, and the latter in close catkins or cones, forming the hops of commerce; these cones are composed of a series of imbricated scales, each scale having at its base two inconspicuous flowers. There are other botanical distinctions too technical to enter on here.

Many varieties of hops are known in commerce, but the principal kinds in cultivation are “Goldings,” “white bines,” “grapes,” “Jones’s,” and “Colgates.” The first of these are of the choicest flavour, and are used chiefly for pale and strong ales. White bines are also of a fine flavour, and of great strength, and are used for keeping ales. Grapes and Jones’s are used for a similar purpose; while colgates are usually of a coarser stronger flavour, and are used mostly for the rougher kinds of ales, as well as for porter and stout.

Johnston in his “Chemistry of Common Life” says, “Though the specific action of each of the chemical principles contained in the hop flower has not been very well ascertained, the united action of all of them together is well known. The tinctures and extracts of hops which we use in medicine and introduce into our beers, contain them all; so that all the virtues of the hop, in whichever of the ingredients it resides are present in them in a greater or lesser degree. Hence well-hopped beer is aromatic, tonic, soothing, tranquillizing, and in a slight degree narcotic, sedative, and provocative of sleep. The hop also aids in clarifying malt liquors, assists the fermentation before all the sugar is converted into alcohol, and thus enables them to be kept without turning sour.”

The bitter, aromatic property of the hop is due to a yellow resinous substance, which covers the scales and contains an active

principle called *Lupulin*. Hop flowers, upon distillation, have also been found to contain about eight per cent. of volatile oil; it is to the escape of this volatile narcotic property that the hop has been recommended for stuffing pillows for the sake of producing sleep. It is said that hop-pillows were first prescribed in 1787 to George III.; and it is not a little remarkable that they should again have been had recourse to in the late severe illness of the Prince of Wales.

Hops ripen in September, and after being gathered they are taken to a drying-house, called a “hop oast,” in which there are one or more kilns, according to the requirements of the grounds. These kilns are circular in form, having a conical shaft above and an open furnace below. The hops are spread upon hair cloths over the open furnace to the thickness of about one foot, and as many as one hundred bushels or from that to one hundred and fifty bushels can be spread upon the drying floor at one time. As it is absolutely necessary that no smoke should ascend from the furnace through the hair network to the hops, the fires are composed chiefly of charcoal mixed with smokeless Welsh coal. Upon opening the door of a hop kiln in full working order a strong, suffocating sulphurous smell makes us retreat. This arises from the use of brimstone which is thrown upon the burning charcoal; so that the fumes rise through the network and impart to the hops the well-known yellow tint. The kiln is kept constantly going night and day throughout the hop season.

Some of the oasts of modern erection are models of cleanliness and order. The closeness with which hops are packed in the bags or pockets for market, is effected by fixing the mouth of the pocket round a circular hole of a similar diameter in the floor of an upper-room of the oast, so that the pocket hangs through the ceiling of the room beneath, the hops are heaped into the pocket with a large wooden shovel, and a man constantly treads them down. A heavy duty was, till within the last few years, imposed upon hops, but it is now entirely repealed. Hops are imported into this country from Bavaria, Belgium, and from the United States of America. English-grown hops, however, are most valued, as they have a superior flavour to the foreign produce.

Valuable as the hop is, it is an uncertain and precarious crop. The plant is very liable to attacks from fly, and damp seasons are excessively injurious.

SCHOOL-BOARD WORK.

TO all who had a practical acquaintance with the condition of the lower stratas of "the masses," and the ideas prevailing among them, and who regarded the problem of their possible elevation with unprejudiced feelings, it was long evident that some such act as the elementary education one was highly desirable; that it would have to come sooner or later; and the later it came the worse would be the state of things with which it would have to deal. Had it not been for a national pandering to national prejudice—to the idea that *compulsion* in any form was "un-English"—we might have had an education act in operation years ago. However, the Education Act is now an accomplished and an operative fact, and, though it may not be to our credit that its passing was in a great measure owing to the discovery that educationally we were being left behind by other nations, it is to our credit that we have fully recognised the importance and magnitude of the work to be done under the act. An education department has been added to Government, and educational parliaments have been created. To these parliaments—our School Boards—has been delegated the onerous duty of carrying out the provisions of the act, together with, as a matter of course, the powers for enforcing those provisions where *compulsion* may be found necessary.

So much is generally known; but the means whereby the Boards seek to practically discharge their duties and apply their powers are among the things *not* generally known. Of these we now propose to give some description, chiefly as a matter interesting in itself, but also as a necessary preliminary to offering a few observations on School-Board machinery and its working.

We will take the London School Board as our illustrative example. For School-Board purposes the metropolis is parcelled out into ten divisions, one of which returns seven, one six, four five, and four four members, making a total of forty-nine. The members for each division form a divisional committee, as well as part of the parent Board. As divisional committees they can either act alone or can call to their aid "such other persons, being inhabitants or ratepayers of the division, as the Board shall from time to time appoint upon the nomination of the said members." A divisional committee so enlarged has the further power to "sub-

divide its division of the metropolis into sub-divisions, and to form sub-committees (corresponding with the number of such sub-divisions), so that each sub-division may be under the care and jurisdiction of one sub-committee. Provided always that every member of the Board for the division shall *ex-officio* be a member of each of the sub-committees, and that no person shall be put upon a sub-committee without the consent of a majority of the members of the division."

In the smaller or more compact divisions—as in the city division for instance—the members do not avail themselves of the "power to add to their number," but in the more extensive ones they generally do—much to the advantage of the districts concerned. In the Greenwich division, for example, which comprises the three distinct, extensive, and populous townships of Greenwich, Woolwich, and Deptford, it would scarcely be possible for the four members alone to manage the divisional business of so large a district, in what working men expressively call a *knowledgable* manner. Making use, therefore, of the principle of permissive enlargement in the constitution of divisional committees, the members nominated five sub-committees, with a grand total (including the nominating members) of forty-three members.

The powers and duties of the divisional committees are set forth at considerable length in the "arrangements for putting in force the bye-laws under the 74th clause of the Elementary Education Act," but the *work* of the members may be practically said to commence with the selection by them of the School-Board visitors,—the men who link the act, and the Boards formed under it, with those upon whom they are intended to operate, who are *responsible* for every child in their district being at school, who enter schools and homes as the representatives of their Boards, and to the ignorant and uneducated appear as the impersonification of their power and meaning. An account of the work of the visitors, and the machinery which is provided them for its accomplishment, will, by implication, broadly explain the general operation of the Boards; and it is upon this principle that we proceed to show how it is sought to bring the central provision of the Education Act to bear.

The confirmation by the upper Board of a divisional committee's nomination of a visitor

is communicated to the clerk of the nominating committee, who is also superintendent of visitors. He, in turn, communicates with the visitor, and hands over to him a copy of the bye-laws by which he is to be guided; a map of his district, divided into lettered blocks; a paper for each of the blocks, containing a list of the "efficient" * schools within it, and tabulated for the entry of the number and kind of vacancies in each school. In addition to these, the visitor is also furnished with the original return for his district of the School-Board census, and a set of five books in which, under various headings, he has to record his proceedings. The character and purpose of the most important of these books will be best indicated by an extract from the bye-laws, which set forth that a visitor "—shall keep a schedule of the names and addresses of all the children of not less than five, nor more than ten years of age, and of all the children of not less than ten, nor more than thirteen years of age, within his district,† and such schedule shall show:—

"(a.) The names of those children who are expected to attend school.

"(b.) The school at which each such child is expected to attend.

"(c.) The names of children alleged to be receiving efficient instruction in some other manner.

"(d.) Such particulars respecting that other instruction as will enable the committee to judge of its efficiency.

"(e.) The names of children not attending any school, and the reasons alleged for their non-attendance."

The other books that the visitor has to keep are "A" and "B" notice books, and two in which are recorded in duplicate the service and results of the notices. The "A" form calls upon the parents to take notice that they are thereby required, within fourteen days of the service thereof, to cause their child of such name and age to attend, and continue to attend school. But at the same time, it informs them in a note, that if they have any reasonable excuse for the non-

attendance of the child named, they are invited to attend with any person who can confirm their statements, at the office of the committee, at a time and place specified, when they will be heard. If they can show a reasonable excuse, the note goes on to say the notice will be withdrawn; but if they do not appear, or, appearing, fail to show reasonable excuse to the satisfaction of the committee, the notice will stand; and if they do not comply with it, they will be liable to be summoned before a magistrate, and to the payment of a penalty not exceeding five shillings, including costs.

To hear and adjudicate upon the excuses of parents who appear to these notices, is the chief and most important duty of the divisional or sub-divisional committees, as the case may be. The excuse, as a rule, is poverty; and if the parents satisfy the committee that it is practically out of their power to pay school-fees, the committee recommend the case to the upper Board as one for the remission of fees. If the plea of inability to pay fees is not made out to the satisfaction of the committee, they, through their chairman, intimate to the parent that such is the case, and that the notice must be complied with. If, after this, it is not obeyed, and in those cases in which it is neither appeared to nor obeyed, the "B" notice can then be served. In practice, however, several chances either of attending before the committee, or sending the children to school, are given to parents who are under the "A" form of notice, and it is only after such a degree of defiance or indifference has been shown as would make further leniency a culpable weakness, and a conviction before a magistrate tolerably certain, that the "B" notice is served. This notice, with the service of which really commences the application of the compulsory bye-laws is much more peremptory than the "A" one. It calls upon the parent to "take notice that they have been guilty of a breach of the bye-laws made by the School Board for London, now in force in the metropolis," and after stating particulars of the breach, it briefly and pointedly informs them that they are thereby "required to attend at the offices of the committee of said Board, to show cause why they should not be summoned before a magistrate and fined." If the parent does not appear, or, appearing, does not "show cause" to the satisfaction of the committee, the case becomes one for prosecution, subject to the opinion of the solicitor of the Board.

In some divisions the visitors are entrusted

* An efficient school within the meaning of the Elementary Educational Act, is a school which the Government Inspectors have certified to be efficient in building and instruction, and in which the fees do not exceed ninepence per week.

† So the bye-laws run, and the compulsory clauses of them cannot be brought to bear upon parents in respect to children of less than five years of age; but as a matter of fact the "Schedule of Children" is tabulated for three classifications of children, namely, from three to five, from five to ten, and from ten to thirteen years of age. The actual practice of visiting is to register the name and ages of, and particulars as per schedule concerning, all children between three and thirteen years of age, the visitors making a house to house visitation to obtain the information.

with discretionary powers as to the issuing of the "A" notices, in others they have first to submit detailed reports of the cases to their committees, and the latter decide whether or not the notices shall be sent out. In all cases, however, it is the duty of the visitor to serve the notices, and to read them over and explain them to those upon whom they are served. He must see, too, that the instructions of the Board, with regard to the attendance of the children, are obeyed in the spirit as well as the letter of their intention. He must ascertain from the head-teachers of the efficient schools within his district, that the children returned to him, as attending their respective schools, really do attend and *continue* to attend them. Their merely being upon the register of the school is not sufficient. They must be regular attendants; and, with a view to securing this, each teacher is furnished with an official paper containing the name and address of the visitor for the district, and an instruction to the effect that the visitors have orders to assist teachers by calling at the homes of children whose names are communicated to them as irregular attendants. Absence of a child from school for two half-days, or one whole day in a week, without reasonable excuse, constitutes a breach of the bye-laws, and the parent is liable to be summoned.

The further duties of the visitor are that:—"He shall investigate applications made by parents for the payment or remission of school-fees, on the alleged ground of poverty, and ascertain the truth thereof, and report thereon to the committee and to the superintendent of visitors.

"He shall report all cases which may come under his notice, in the discharge of his duties, of the infringement within his district of the Workshops' Act, or of any other act for regulating the education of children employed in labour, to the superintendent of visitors.

"He shall report to the committee of his division, and also to the superintendent of visitors, all cases of children within his district who are liable under the Industrial Schools' Act, 1866, to be sent to a certified Industrial School."

Provision is also made by the School-Board bye-laws for "half-timers"—that is, children of not less than ten or more than thirteen years of age, who, it can be shown to the Board, are necessarily and beneficially at work; in which case they are exempted from attending school the whole time, but are required to attend at least ten hours

each week, exclusive of any attendance at a Sunday-school.

Such, broadly described, is the machinery by which the Boards seek to discharge the function for which they were created. In theory, it is comprehensive and far-reaching, and leaves very little room for children to escape. Being mundane institutions, however, the Boards in practice are *not* perfect; and it is a fairly open question, whether they are as *nearly* perfect as they could be made. They have "lots of forms," while matters of which those first dealing with them know all that is known, or that it is desired to know, have to be "recommended" from committee to committee, and referred from department to department, until they are perhaps lost sight of, or become nugatory for the purpose for which they were originally intended; and in any case, the recommending and referring causes an unnecessary waste of time. Take an example: On the 20th of June a woman appeared before a sub-committee to plead to "A" notices that had been served upon her in respect to two daughters, aged respectively ten and five years. She pleaded poverty, stating that her husband had deserted her two years before, and that herself and three children were entirely dependent upon her earnings, which were one shilling and three-pence per day in an employment, regularity in which depended, in a great measure, upon weather and seasons. Those who heard the woman unanimously agreed that if her statements were true, hers was a case for the remission of fees; and they deferred their decision until the next meeting, simply that the visitor might make inquiries as to the truth of what she had said. The visitor accordingly saw her employer and her landlady, who confirmed her statements as to the amount of her earnings, and the state of poverty in which she was living; and added, that she was a sober, industrious, striving woman. Finding her statements fully corroborated, the sub-committee, at a meeting held on the 1st of July, unhesitatingly decided that the case *was* one for the remission of fees. But they could not remit them; could not say that the children might be sent to school on the following Monday. The sub-committee could only "recommend" that the fees be remitted. They did recommend it to the upper Board, who referred the recommendation back to the divisional committee, who again recommended to the upper Board, who then referred it to the bye-laws committee. With a recommendation that the original recommendation be

adopted, they returned it to the members who had first brought it up. It was then, on the 31st of July, brought on, as one of a batch of similar cases, for discussion by the Board, who by fifteen to eight rejected it. The decision of the majority in these cases was avowedly intended as a rejection of the *principle* of remission of fees. It, however, left untouched the bye-laws, approved in an amended form at a general meeting of the Board only a week previously, which expressly state that it is part of the duty of divisional committees "to consider applications for the payment or remission of fees, and to report to the Board upon all such applications as should in their opinion be assented to," and that visitors "shall" investigate such applications. Nor has the decision been followed by the institution of any other method for dealing with such cases.

In the Board, too, young as it is, there are already "parties," and, as happens in other parliaments, general interests have to be sacrificed in some greater or lesser degree to party interests. But the greatest weakness of the Board lies in its not *fully* appreciating the difficulties that stand in the way of the accomplishment of its work—not *thoroughly* understanding the true nature and meaning of that work. This is, of course, rather an individual than a corporate weakness, but through individuals it undoubtedly, however unconsciously, influences the corporate action. There is not a single member of the Board who is not a true friend to education, who is not anxious that every child in the country should receive an education, and is willing to work in a self-sacrificing spirit to that end; but there are very few of them who have a practical knowledge of the classes with which the administrators of the Elementary Education Act will chiefly have to deal. Looking to their legal powers, members speak jauntily of the work to be done. It should be easy, they say, for visitors to drive the children into schools by thousands; there should be no difficulty in getting up any number of prosecutions that might be considered desirable by way of example; and street and "gutter" children should now be things of the past. Now, this may or may not be a "healthy" tone of talk, but it certainly shows a want of grasp of the subject.

Followed out to its legitimate conclusion, the Education Act, as it reaches its lower ranges of action, virtually becomes a new raising of the great poverty problem; and poverty, as has been but too frequently demonstrated, is not a thing to be "put down" even by act

of parliament. It is very easy to exclaim in an off-hand tone, "What is twopence or threepence a week for a child's school wages?" It seems an insignificant sum, certainly, for *any* parent to allow to stand between a child and education; but then it should be borne in mind that there are often three or four children of school age in a family, and those threepences make up a sum that is *not* insignificant to a "chance" labourer, who is often out of work, and when in employment only earns about fifteen or sixteen shillings a week. In such a family it would often be a question between school-fees and a loaf. If the children were bound to go to school fees in hand, they would often have to go hungry, and in that case it is questionable whether they would be much better in school than out of it. As a ragged-school-mistress of over twenty years' standing observed to us the other day, when speaking of the practice in her school of giving a dry-bread breakfast to children for whom there had been no breakfast at home, "It is a hard thing to teach a hungry child. If the stomach is empty, you can't fill the brain."

Nor among the very poor—the class of poor whose offspring go to make up the army of "gutter children"—is the matter of their being compelled to send their children to school, a question of school-fees only. It is a question of clothes also, and of a material change in the habits of life of both parents and children. A change for the better certainly, but still a change that it will require a good deal of time, and trouble, and not a little *help* to those upon whom it is to be wrought, to bring about. When parents plead to School-Board committees that they have no fit clothing to send their children to school in, they are sometimes told, that it is only necessary to send them clean; but when applied to schools in which fees are payable by parents, that doctrine is, practically speaking, nonsense. A gutter child, shoeless, and with ragged shapeless garments, held together, and upon him, by pieces of string and wire, would have but an evil time of it, in say an ordinary national school. They would be "cut" by the scholars, nor would the masters as a rule care about having them, knowing that they would be likely to be the cause of other children being withdrawn from the school. The parents of the gutter children know this, and hence their disbelief in such assurances as that, if a child has no boots, it is only necessary to send it to school with well-washed feet.

As a way of forcibly putting before them

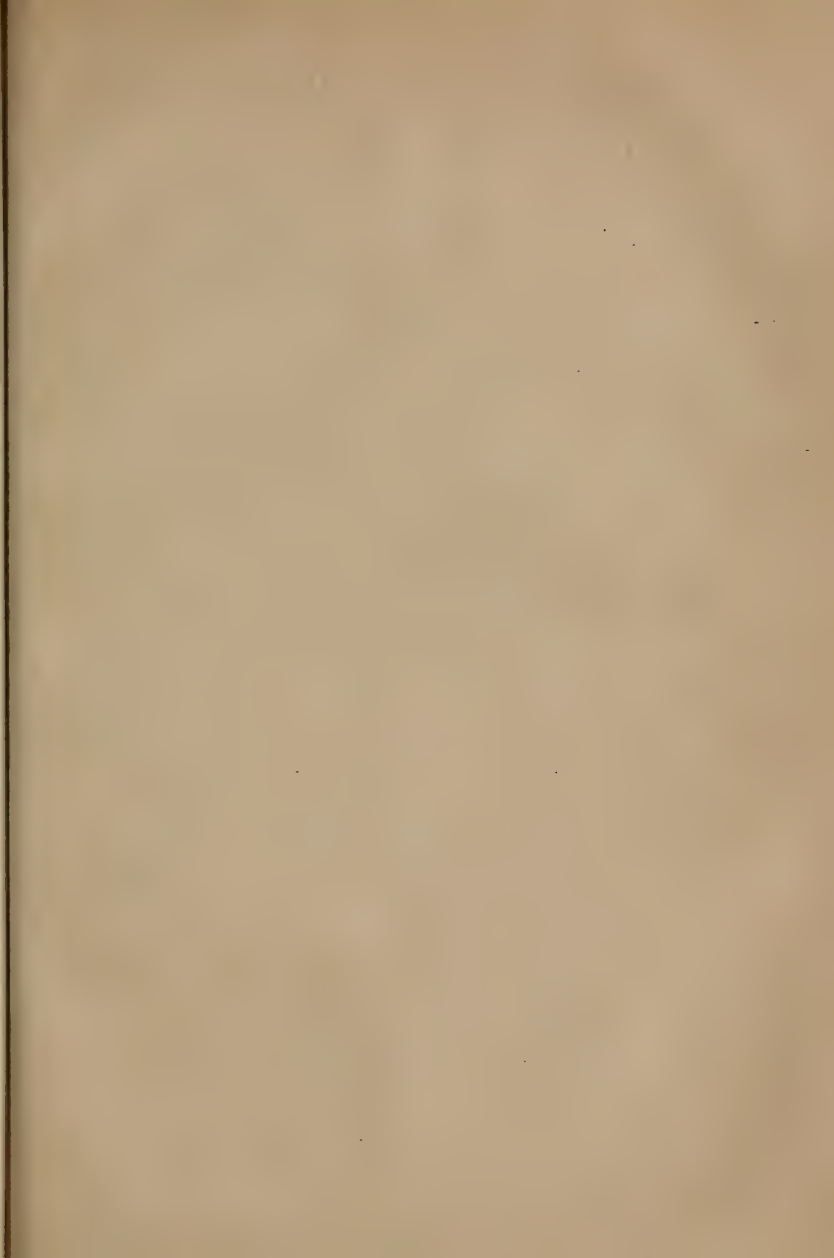
the position in which the Elementary Education Act places them, poor parents, when appearing before School-Board committees, are told that the law of the land now is that education is as necessary to a child as bread, and that a parent is as much bound to supply the one as the other. Well, taking such to be the case, how do matters really stand? How do many of the poorer classes of parents find their children in bread? They only supply them with it in a manner that is pitiful to think of; in such scanty measure as applied to education would be little, if any, better than no education at all. It is rarely the children have "a good fill," and many a day they have to go bitterly hungry, while, in not a few instances, they have in some way to help to earn the little they do get to eat. This brings us to another important feature in regard to the administration of the compulsory bye-laws of the Education Act, the necessity namely, that now falls upon many poor parents of having to withdraw children of tender years from employment to send them to schools. It is right that they should be so withdrawn, it is to the interest of humanity and of national policy, but at the same time it is often a great hardship upon the parents—ay, and upon the children too!—individually. A girl of eight or nine is often "wanted at home to mind the baby," so as to leave the mother free to go out to do a day's work, and the ultimate meaning of that child having to be sent to school is, that the mother's work and wages must cease, and the family, in consequence, often go short of a loaf. Or the girl may have "a little place;" may be getting a shilling a week and her food, for minding some other person's baby during the day, and merely going home at night to sleep under her parents' roof. It is of course fitter that she should be at school, but if she is withdrawn from her place to be sent there, the chances are that she will often have to go—to put the point plainly—at the expense of a hungry belly. In the same way boys of about eight or ten years of age are found in some way assisting to make up an income, which, in the total, barely enables the family dependent upon it to live from hand to mouth, and the withdrawal of any part of which must inflict suffering.

Looking the difficulty fairly in the face, and remembering "the situation," as it exists among the very poor, there can be little doubt that the compelled attendance at school of such children as we are speaking

of will, in some instances at any rate, be the means of driving some of the worst off, of the struggling poor, into the ranks of the pauper poor. We do not dwell upon this point as being in any way an argument for *not* compelling the attendance of such children. On the contrary, we are very decidedly of opinion that, at all hazards, every child in the country should be educated. All that we wish to show is that the Education Act, if strictly carried out, must—as applied to the existing generation of children—become, as we said just now, a raising in a new form of the poverty problem of social science. That the work intended to be achieved by the act is surrounded by greater, more deep-striking difficulties than some of those entrusted with the duty of seeing that work done seem to comprehend; and that the excuses of poverty made by poor parents, have often "something in them," are not "all humbug, sir"—are excuses not to sneer at, but be sorrowful over; and that these moreover cannot be "put down" merely by the decision of a committee or Board, but will have to be allowed for *in some way*.

If the action of the Board would be efficient acting it must be *direct acting*. If it would really educate the class of children who now run wild, and little cared for, about the streets, it must place itself in a position to deal in a simple and summary manner with the parents. It must establish free ragged schools in the neighbourhood in which such parents and children most do congregate. By doing so it would take away the excuse of poverty from even the poorest parent. It could then act decisively and promptly; and, having made education free and accessible, would have the moral as well as the legal right to make it compulsory. The only cases about which there would then need to be any difficulty would be those of children who were contributing to the family income, or their own support, and by a judiciously elastic arrangement of half time and evening schools this class of case could be dealt with in a manner that would reduce the hardship inflicted to a minimum quantity.

That to some such complexion as this the procedure of the School Board will *have* to come at last, we think there is not much room for doubt, and the sooner it comes to it the better for the interests of popular education. If its present mode of action be not altered, then the progress of education among the classes who are now uneducated will certainly be slow, though by no means sure.





"AT HIS GATES."

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.



RS. BURTON said nothing about her troubles to any one: she avoided rather than sought confidential intercourse with her husband. She formed her plans and declined to receive any further information on the subject. Her argument to her-

man down that he would have been glad to lean it upon hers, it is impossible to say; he looked at her sometimes wondering what was in her mind; but he was not capable of understanding that clear determined intelligence. He thought she had got fairly into the whirl of mad dissipation and enjoyed it. She was playing into his hands, she was doing the best that could be done to veil his tottering steps, and divert public attention from his business misfortunes. He had no more idea why she was doing it, or with what deliberate conscious steps she was marching forward to meet ruin, than he had of any other incomprehensible wonder in heaven or earth.

The Haldanes made no secret of the distress which had fallen upon them. It was a less loss than the cost of one of Mrs. Burton's parties, but it was unspeakable to them who had no way of replacing it. By one of those strange coincidences, however, which occur so often when good people are driven to desperation, Stephen's publisher quite unexpectedly sent him in April a cheque for fifty pounds, the produce of his last book, a book which he had called "The Window," and which was a kind of moral of his summer life and thoughts. It was not, he himself thought, a very good book; it was a medley of fine things and poor things, not quite free from that personal twaddle which it is so difficult to keep out of an invalid's or a recluse's view of human affairs. But then the British public is fond of personal twaddle, and liked those bits best which the author was most doubtful about. It was a cheap little work, published by one of those firms which are known as religious publishers; and nothing could be more unexpected, more fortunate, more consoling, than this fifty pounds. Mrs. Haldane, with a piety which, perhaps, was a little contemptuous of poor Stephen's powers, spoke of it, with tears in her eyes, as an answer to prayer; while Miss Jane, who was proud of her brother, tried to apportion the credit, half to Providence and half to Stephen; but anyhow it made up the lost allowance for the current year, and gave the poor souls time to breathe.

All this time the idea which had come into Dr. Maurice's mind on the day of the picnic in October had been slowly germinating. He was not a man whose projects ripened quickly, and this was a project so delicate

self was that no one could have any right to suppose she knew. When the crash came, if come it must, she would be universally considered the first of the victims. The very fact of her entertainments and splendours would be so much evidence that she knew nothing about it—and indeed what did she know? her own fears and suspicions, her father's hints of coming trouble—nothing more. Her husband had never said a warning word to her which betrayed alarm or anxiety. She stood on the verge of the precipice, which she felt a moral certainty was before her, and made her arrangements like a queen in the plenitude of her power. "There will be enough to bear," she repeated to herself. She called all the county about her in these spring months before people had as yet gone to town. She made Dura blaze with lights and echo with music: she filled it full of guests. She made her entertainments on so grand a scale, that everything that had hitherto been known there was thrown into the shade. The excitement, so far as excitement could penetrate into her steady little soul, sustained and kept her up; or at least the occupation did, and the thousand arrangements, big and little, which were necessary. If her husband was ever tempted to seek her sympathy in these strange wild brilliant days which passed like a dream—if the burden on his shoulders ever so bowed the

that it took him a long time to get it fully matured, and to accustom himself to it. It had come to full perfection in his mind when in the end of April Mrs. Drummond received a letter from him, inviting Norah and herself to go to his house for a few days, to see the exhibitions and other shows which belong to that period of the year. This was an invitation which thrilled Norah's soul within her. She was at a very critical moment of her life. She had lost the honest young lover of her childhood, the boy whose love and service had grown so habitual to her that nobody but Norah knew how dreary the winter had been without him; and she was at present exposed to the full force of attentions much more close, much more subtle and skilful, but perhaps not so honest and faithful. Norah had exchanged the devotion of a young man who loved her as his own soul, for the intoxicating homage of a man who was very much in love with her, but who knew that his prospects would be deeply injured, and his position compromised, did he win the girl whom he wooed with all the fascinations of a hero in a romance, and all the persistency of a mind set upon having its own way. His whole soul was set upon winning her; but what to do afterwards was not so clear, and Rivers, like many another adventurer in love and in war, left the morrow to provide for itself. But Norah was very reluctant to be won. Sometimes, indeed, capitulation seemed very near at hand, but then her lively little temper would rise up again, or some hidden susceptibility would be touched, or the girl's independent soul would rise in arms against the thought of being subjugated like a young woman in a book by this "novel-hero!" What were his dark eyes, his speaking glances, his skilful inference of a devotion above words, to her? Had not she read about such wiles a thousand times? And was it not an understood rule that the real hero, the true lover, the first of men, was never this bewitching personage, but the plainer, ruder man in the background, with perhaps a big nose, who was not very lovely to look upon? These thoughts contended in Norah with the fascinations of him whom she began to think of as the *contre-heros*. The invitation to London was doubly welcome to her, inasmuch that it interrupted this current of thought, and gave her something new to think about. She was fond of Dr. Maurice: she had not been in town since she was a child: she wanted to see the parks and the pictures, and all the stir and tumult of life. For all these six years, though Dura was so near town, the

mother and daughter had never been in London. And it looked so bright to Norah, bright with all the associations of her childhood, and full of an interest which no other place could ever have in its associations with the terrible event which ended her childhood. "You will go, mamma?" she said, wistfully reading the letter a second time over her mother's shoulder. And Helen, who felt the need of an interruption and something new to think of as much as her child did, answered "Yes."

Dr. Maurice was more excited about the approaching event than they were, though he had to take no thought about his wardrobe, and they had to take a great deal of thought; the question of Norah's frocks was nothing to his fussiness and agitation about the ladies' rooms and all the arrangements for their comfort. He invited an old aunt who lived near to come and stay with him for the time of the Drummonds' visit, a precaution which seemed to her, as it seems to me, quite unnecessary. I do not think Helen would have had the least hesitation in going to his house at her age, though there had been no chaperon. It was he who wanted the chaperon: he was quite coy and bashful about the business altogether: and the old aunt, who was a sharp old lady, was not only much amused, but had her suspicions aroused. In the afternoon, before his visitors arrived, he was particularly fidgety. "If you want to go out, Henry, I will receive your guests," the old lady said, not without a chuckle of suppressed amusement, "probably they will only arrive in time to get dressed before dinner. You may leave them to me."

"You are very kind," said the doctor, but he did not go away. He walked from one end of the big drawing-room to the other, and looked at himself in the mirror between the windows, and the mirror over the mantelpiece. And then he took up his position before the fireplace, where of course there was nothing but cut paper. "How absurd are all the relations between men and women," he said, "and how is it that I cannot ask my friend's widow, a woman in middle life, to come to my house—without——"

"Without having me?" said the aunt. "My dear Henry, I have told you before—I think you could. I have no patience with the freedom of the present day, in respect to young people; but so far as this goes I think you are too particular—I am sure you could——"

"You must allow me to be the best judge, aunt, of a matter that concerns myself," said Dr. Maurice, with gentle severity. "I know very well what would happen: there would be all sorts of rumours and reports. People might not, perhaps, say there was anything absolutely wrong between us—Pray may I ask what you are laughing at?"

For the old lady had interrupted him by a low laugh, which it was beyond her power to keep in.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," she said, in a little alarm. "I am sure I beg your pardon, Henry. I had no idea you were so sensitive. How old may this lady be?"

"The question is not about this lady, my dear aunt," he answered in the dogmatic impatient tone which was so unlike him, "but about any lady. It might happen to be a comfort to me to have a housekeeper I could rely on. It would be a great pleasure to be able to contribute to the comfort of Robert Drummond's family, poor fellow. But I dare not. I know the arrangement would no sooner be made than the world would say all sorts of things. How old is Mrs. Drummond? She was under twenty when they were married, I know—and poor Drummond was about my own age. That is, let me see, how long ago? Norah is about eighteen, between eighteen and nineteen. Her mother must be nearly, if not quite, forty, I should think——"

"Then, my dear Henry——" began the old lady.

"Why, here they are!" he said, rushing to the window. But it was only a cab next door, or over the way. He went back to his position with a little flush upon his middle-aged countenance. "My dear aunt," he resumed, with a slight tremor in his voice, "it is not a matter that can be discussed, I assure you. I know what would happen; and I know that poor Helen—I mean Mrs. Drummond—would never submit to anything that would compromise her as Norah's mother. Even if she were not very sensitive on her own account, as women generally are, as Norah's mother of course she requires to be doubly careful. And here am I, the oldest friend they have, as fond of that child as if she were my own, and prevented by an absurd punctilio from taking them into my house, and doing my best to make her happy! As I said before, the relations between men and women are the most ridiculous things in the world."

"But I do think, Henry, you make too much of the difficulties," said the old aunt,

busying herself with her work, and not venturing to say more.

"You must allow me to be the best judge," he said, with a mixture of irritation and superiority. "You may know the gossip of the drawing-rooms, which is bad enough, I don't doubt; but I know what *my* is."

"Oh, then, indeed, my poor Henry," said the old lady, with vivacity, eagerly seizing the opportunity to have one shot on her own side, "I can only pray, Good Lord deliver you; for everybody knows there never was a bad piece of scandal yet, but it was a man that set it on foot."

Aunt Mary thus had the last word, and retired with flying colours, and in very high feather from the conflict; for at this moment the Drummonds arrived, and Dr. Maurice rushed down-stairs to meet them. The old aunt was a personage very well worth knowing, though she has very little to do with this history, and it was with mingled curiosity and amusement that she watched for the entrance of Mrs. Drummond and her daughter. It would be a very wise step for him anyhow to marry, she thought. The Maurice family were very well off, and there were not many young offshoots of the race to contend for the doctor's money. Was he contemplating the idea of a wife young enough to be his daughter? or had he really the good sense to think of a woman about his own age? Aunt Mary, though she was a woman herself, and quite ready to stand up for her own side, considered Helen Drummond, under forty, as about his own age, though he was over fifty. But as the question went through her mind, she shook her head. She knew a great many men who had made fools of themselves by marrying, or wishing to marry, the girl young enough to be their daughter; but the other class, who had the good sense, &c., were very rare indeed.

There was, however, very little light thrown upon the subject by Aunt Mary's observations that evening. Mrs. Drummond was very grave, almost sad; for the associations of the house were all melancholy ones, and her last visit to it came back very closely into her memory as she entered one room—the great old gloomy dining-room—where Norah, a child, had been placed by Dr. Maurice's side at table on that memorable occasion, while she, unable even to make a pretence of eating, sat and looked on. She could not go back now into the state which her mind had been in on that occasion. Everything was calmed and stilled, nay, chilled by this long interval. She could think of her

Robert without the sinking of the heart—the sense of hopeless loneliness—which had moved her then. The wound had closed up: the blank, if it had not closed up, had acquired all the calmness of a long-recognised fact. She had made up her mind long since, that the happiness which she could not then consent to part with, was over for her. That is the great secret of what is called resignation: to consent and agree that what you have been in the habit of calling happiness is done with; that you must be content to fill its place with something else, something less. Helen had come to this. She no longer looked for it—no longer thought of it. It was over for her, as her youth was over. Her heart was tried, not by active sorrow, but by a heavy sense of past pain; but that did not hinder her from taking her part in the conversation—from smiling at Norah's sallies, at her enthusiasm, at all the height of her delight in the pleasure Dr. Maurice promised her. Norah was the principal figure in the scene. She was surrounded on every side by that atmosphere of fond partiality in which the flowers of youth are most ready to unfold themselves. Dr. Maurice was even fonder than her mother, and more indulgent; for Helen had the jealous eye which marks imperfections, and that intolerant and sovereign love which cannot put up with a flaw or a speck in those it cherishes. To Dr. Maurice the specks and flaws were beauties. Norah led the conversation, was gay for every one, talked for every one. And the old aunt laughed within herself, and shook her head: "He cannot keep his eyes off her; he cannot see anything but perfection in her: but she is a mere excited child, and her mother is a beautiful woman," said Aunt Mary to herself; "man's taste and woman's, it is to be supposed, will be different to the end of time." But after she had made this observation, the old lady was struck by the caressing, fatherly ways of her nephew towards this child. He would smooth her hair when he passed by her; would take her hand into his, unconsciously, and pat it; would lay his hand upon her shoulder; none of which things he would have ventured to do had he meant to present himself to Norah as her lover. He even kissed her cheek, when she said good-night, with uncontrollable fondness, yet unmis-takable composure. What did the man mean?

He had sketched out a very pretty programme for them for their three days. Next evening they were to go to the theatre: the next again, to an opera. Norah could not

walk, she danced as she went up-stairs. "The only thing is, will my dress do?" she said, as she hung about her mother in the pretty fresh room, new prepared, and hung with bright chintz, in which Mrs. Drummond was lodged. Could it have been done on purpose? For certainly the other rooms in the house still retained their dark old furniture; dark-coloured, highly-polished mahogany, with deep red and green damask curtains—centuries old, as Norah thought. Mrs. Drummond was surprised, too, at the aspect of this room. She was more than surprised, she was almost offended, by the presence of the old aunt as chaperon. "Does the man think I am such a fool as to be afraid of him?" she wondered, with a frown and a smile; but gave herself up to Norah's pleasure, rejoicing to see that the theatre and the opera were strong enough to defeat for the moment and drive from the field both Cyril and Ned. And the next day, and the next, passed like days of paradise to Norah. She drove about in Dr. Maurice's carriage, and laughed at her own grandeur, and enjoyed it. She called perpetually to her mother to notice ladies walking who were like themselves. "That is what you and I should be doing, if it were not for this old darling of a doctor! trudging along in the sun, getting hot and red——"

"But think, you little sybarite, that is what we shall be doing to-morrow," cried Helen, half amused and half afraid.

"No, the day after to-morrow," said Norah, "and then it will be delightful. We can look at the people in the carriages, and say, 'We are as good as you;—we looked down upon you yesterday.' And mamma, we are going to the opera to-night!"

"You silly child," Helen said. But to eyes that danced so, and cheeks that glowed so, what could any mother say?

It was the after-piece after that opera, however, which was what neither mother nor daughter had calculated upon, but which, no doubt, was the special cause of their invitation, and of the new chintz in the bedrooms, and of all the expense Dr. Maurice had been at. Norah was tired when they got home. She had almost over-enjoyed herself. She chatted so that no one could say a word. Her cheeks were blazing with excitement. When the two elder people could get a hearing, they sent her off to bed, though she protested she had not said half she had to say. "Save it up for to-morrow," said Dr. Maurice, "and run off and put yourself to bed, or I shall have you ill on my hands. Mrs. Drummond, send her away."

"Go, Norah, dear, you are tired," said Helen.

Norah stood protesting, with her pretty white cloak hanging about her; her rose-ribbons a little in disorder; her eyes like two sunbeams. How fondly her old friend looked at her; with what proud, tender, adoring, fatherly admiration! If Aunt Mary had not been away in bed, then at least she must have divined. Dr. Maurice lit her candle and took her to the door. He stooped down suddenly to her ear and whispered, "I have something to say to your mother." Norah could not have explained the sensation that came over her. She grew chill to her very fingers' ends, and gave a wondering glance at him, then accepted the candle without a word, and went away. The wonder was still in her eyes when she got up-stairs, and looked at herself in the glass. Instead of throwing off her cloak to see how she looked, as is a girl's first impulse, she stared blankly into the glass, and could see nothing but that surprise. What could he be going to talk about? What would her mother say?

Helen had risen to follow her daughter, but Dr. Maurice came back, having closed the door carefully, and placed a chair for her. "Mrs. Drummond, can you give me ten minutes? I have something to say to you," he said.

"Surely," said Helen; and she took her seat, somewhat surprised; but not half so much surprised as Norah was, nor, indeed, so much as Dr. Maurice was, now that matters had finally come to a crisis, to find himself in such an extraordinary position. Helen ran lightly over in her mind a number of subjects on which he might be going to speak to her; but the real subject never entered her thoughts. He did not sit down, though he had given her a chair. He moved about uneasily in front of her, changing his attitude a dozen times in a minute, and clearing his throat. "He is going to offer me money for Norah," was Helen's thought.

"Mrs. Drummond," he said—and his beginning confirmed her in her idea—"I am not a—marrying man, as you know. I am past the age—when men think of such things. I am on the shady side of fifty, though not very far gone; and you are—about forty, I suppose?"

"Thirty-nine," said Helen, with more and more surprise, and yet with the natural reluctance of a woman to have a year unjustly added to her age.

"Well, well, it is very much the same thing. I never was in love that I know of,

at least not since——;—and—and—that sort of thing, of course, is over for—you."

"Dr. Maurice, what do you mean?" cried Helen in dismay.

"Well, it is not very hard to guess," he said doggedly. "I mean that you are past the love-business, you know, and I—never came to it, so to speak. Look here, Helen Drummond, why shouldn't you and I, if it comes to that—marry? If I durst do it I'd ask you to come and live here, and let Norah be child to both of us, without any nonsense between you and me. But that can't be done, as you will easily perceive. Now, I am sure we could put up with one another as well as most people, and we have one strong bond between us in Norah—and—I could give her everything she wishes for. I could and I would provide for her when I die. You are not one to want pretences made to you, or think much of a sacrifice for your child's sake. I am not so vain but to allow that it might be a sacrifice—to us both."

"Dr. Maurice," said Helen, half laughing, half sobbing, "if this is a joke——"

"Joke! am I in the way of making such jokes? Why, it has cost me six months to think this joke out. There is no relaxation of the necessary bonds that I would not be ready to allow. You know the house and my position, and everything I could offer. As for settlements, and all business of that kind——"

"Hush," she said. "Stop!" She rose up and held out her hand to him. There were tears in her eyes; but there was also a smile on her face, and a blush which went and came as she spoke. "Dr. Maurice," she said, "don't think that I cannot appreciate the pure and true friendship for Robert and me——"

"Just so, just so!" he interposed, nodding his head; he put his other hand on hers, and patted it as he had patted Norah's, but he did not again look her in the face. The elderly bachelor had grown shy—he did not know why; the most curious sensation, a feeling quite unknown to him as creeping about the region of his heart.

"And the love for Norah——" resumed Helen.

"Just so, just so."

"Which have made you think of this. But—but—but——" She stopped; she had been running to the side of tears, when suddenly she changed her mind. "But I think it is all a mistake! I am quite ready to come and stay with you, to keep house for

you, to let you have Norah's company, when you like to ask us. I don't want any chaperon. Your poor, dear, good aunt! Dr. Maurice," cried Helen, her voice rising into a hysterical laugh, "I assure you it is all a mistake."

He let her hand drop out of his. He turned away from her with a shrug of his shoulders. He walked to the table and screwed up the moderator lamp, which had run down. Then he came back to his former position and said, "I am much more in the world than you are; you will permit me to consider myself the best judge in this case. It is not a mistake. And I have no answer from you to my proposal as yet."

Then Helen's strength gave way. The more serious view which she had thrust from her, which she had rejected as too solemn, came back. The blush vanished from her face, and so did the smile. "You were his friend," she said with quivering lips. "You loved him as much as any one could, except me. Have you forgotten you are speaking to—Robert's wife?"

"Good lord!" cried Dr. Maurice with sudden terror; "but he is dead."

"Yes, he is dead; but I do not see what difference that makes; when a woman has once been a man's wife, she is so always. If there is any other world at all, she must be so always. I hate the very name of widow!" cried Helen vehemently, with the tears glittering in her eyes. "I abhor it; I don't believe in it. I am his wife!"

Dr. Maurice was a man who had always held himself to be invincible to romantic or high-flown feelings. But somehow he was startled by this view of the question. It had not occurred to him before; for the moment it staggered him, so that he had to pause and think it over. Then he said, "Nonsense!" abruptly. "Mrs. Drummond, I cannot think that such a view as this is worth a moment's consideration; it is against both reason and common sense."

She did not make any reply; she made a movement of her hand, deprecating, expostulating, but she would not say any more.

"And Scripture too," said Dr. Maurice triumphantly, "it is quite against Scripture." Then he remembered that this was not simply an argument in which he was getting the better, but a most practical question. "If it is disagreeable to you, it is a different matter," he said; "but I had hoped, with all the allowances I was ready to make, and for Norah's sake——"

"It is not disagreeable, Dr. Maurice; it

is simply impossible, and must always be so," she said.

Then there was another silence, and the two stood opposite to each other, not looking at each other, longing both for something to free them. "In that case I suppose there had better be no more words on the subject," he said, turning half away.

"Except thanks," she cried; "thanks for the most generous thoughts, the truest friendship. I will never forget——"

"I do not know how far it was generous," he said moodily, and he got another candle and lighted it for her, as he had done for Norah; "and the sooner you forget the better. Good night."

Good night! When he looked round the vacant room a moment after, and felt himself alone, it seemed to Dr. Maurice as if he had been dreaming. He must have fallen down suddenly from some height or other—fallen heavily and bruised himself, he thought—and so woke up out of an odd delusion quite unlike him, which had arisen he could not tell how. It was a very curious sensation. He felt sore and downcast, sadly disappointed and humbled in his own conceit. It had not even occurred to him that the matter might end in this way. He gave a long sigh, and said aloud, "Perhaps it is quite as well it has ended so. Probably we should not have liked it had we tried it," and then went up to his lonely chamber, hearing, as he thought, his step echo over all the vacant house. Yes, it was a vacant house. He had chosen that it should be years ago, and yet the feeling now was dreary to him, and it would never be anything but vacant for all the rest of his life.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was difficult for the two who had thus parted at night to meet again at the breakfast-table next morning without any sign of that encounter, before the sharp eyes of Aunt Mary, and Norah's youthful, vivacious powers of observation. Dr. Maurice was the one who found the ordeal most hard. He was sullen, and had a headache, and talked very little, not feeling able for it. "You are bilious, Henry; that is what it is," the aunt said. But though he was over fifty, and prided himself on his now utterly prosaic character, the doctor felt wounded by such an explanation. He did not venture to glance at Helen, even when he shook hands with her; though he had a lurking curiosity within him to see how she looked, whether triumphant or sympathetic. He knew that he

ought to have been gay and full of talk, to put the best face possible upon his downfall; but he did not feel able to do it; not to feel sore, not to feel small, and miserable, and disappointed, was beyond his powers. Helen was not gay either, nor at all triumphant; she felt the embarrassment of the position as much as he did; but in these cases it is the woman who generally has her wits most about her; and Mrs. Drummond, who was conscious also of her child's jealous inspection, talked rather more than usual. Norah had demanded to know what the doctor had to say on the previous night; a certain dread was in her mind. She had felt that something was coming, something that threatened the peace of the world. "What did he say to you, mamma?" she had asked anxiously. "Nothing of importance," Helen had replied. But Norah knew better; and all that bright May morning, while the sunshine shone out of doors, even though it was in London, and tempted the country girl abroad, she kept by her mother's side and watched her with suspicious eyes. Had Norah known the real state of affairs, her shame and indignation would have known no bounds; but Helen made so great an effort to dismiss all consciousness from her face and tone, that the child was balked at last, and retired from the field. Aunt Mary, who had experience to back her, saw more clearly. Whatever had been going to happen had happened, she perceived, and had not been successful. Thus they all breakfasted, watching each other, Helen being the only one who knew everything and betrayed nothing. After breakfast they were going to the Exhibition. It had been deferred to this day, which was to be their last.

"I do not think I will go," said Dr. Maurice; and then he caught Norah's look full of disappointment, which was sweet to him. "You want me, do you, child?" he asked. There was a certain ludicrous pathos in the emphasis which was almost too much for Helen's gravity, though, indeed, laughter was little in her thoughts.

"Of course I want you," said Norah; "and so does mamma. Fancy sending us away to wander about London by ourselves! That was not what you invited us for, surely, Dr. Maurice? And then after the pictures, let us have another splendid drive in the carriage, and despise all the people who are walking! It will be the last time. You rich people, you have not half the pleasure you might have in being rich. I suppose, now, when you see out of the carriage window

somebody you know walking, it does not make you proud?"

"I don't think it does," said the doctor with a smile.

"That is because you are hardened to it," said Norah. "You can have it whenever you please; but as for me, I am as proud——"

"I wish you had it always, my dear," said Dr. Maurice; and this time his tone was almost lachrymose. It was so hard-hearted of Helen to deny her child these pleasures and advantages, all to be purchased at the rate of a small personal sacrifice on her part—a sacrifice such as he himself was quite ready to make.

"Oh, I should not mind that," cried Norah; "if I had it always I should get hardened to it too. I should not mind; most likely then I should prefer walking, and think carriages only fit for old ladies. Didn't you say that one meets everybody at the Academy, mamma?"

"A great many people, Norah."

"I wonder whom we shall meet," said the girl; and a sudden blush floated over her face. Helen looked at her with some anxiety. She did not know what impression Cyril Rivers might have made on Norah's heart. Was it him she was thinking of? Mrs. Drummond herself wondered, too, a little. She was half afraid of the old friends she might see there. But then she reflected to herself dreamily, that life goes very quickly in London, that six years was a long time, and that her old friends might have forgotten her. How changed her own feelings were! She had never been fond of painters, her husband's brothers-in-arms. Now the least notable of them, the most painty, the most slovenly, would look somehow like a shadow of Robert. Should she see any of those old faces? Whom should she meet? Norah's light question moved many echoes of which the child knew nothing; and it was to be answered in a way of which neither of them dreamed.

The mere entrance into those well-known rooms had an indescribable effect upon Helen. How it all rushed back upon her, the old life! The pilgrimages up those steps, the progress through the crowd to that special spot where one picture was hung; the anxiety to see how it looked—if there was anything near that "killed" it in colour, or threw it into the shade in power; her own private hope, never expressed to any one, that it might "come better" in the new place. Dr. Maurice stalked along

by her side, but he did not say anything to her; and for her part, she could not speak—her heart and her eyes were full. She could only see the other people's pictures glimmering as through a mist. It seemed so strange to her, almost humiliating, that there was nothing of her own to go to—nothing to make a centre to this gallery, which had relapsed into pure art, without any personal interest in it. By-and-by, when the first shock had worn off, she began to be able to see what was on the walls, and to come back to her present circumstances. So many names were new to her in those six years; so many that she once knew had crept out of sight into corners and behind doorways. She had begun to get absorbed in the sight, which was so much more to her than to most people, when Mr. Rivers came up to them. He had known they were to be in town; he had seen them at the opera the previous night, and had found out a good deal about their plans. But London was different from Dura; and he had not ventured to offer his attentions before the eyes of all the world, and all the cousins and connections and friends who might have come to a knowledge of the fact that an unknown pretty face had attracted his homage. But of a morning, at the Royal Academy, he felt himself pretty safe; there every one is liable to meet some friend from the country, and the most watchful eyes of society are not on the alert at early hours. He came to them now with eager salutations.

"I tried hard to get at you at the opera last night," he said, putting himself by Norah's side; "but I was with my own people, and I could not get away."

"Were you at the opera last night?" said Norah, with not half the surprise he anticipated; for she was not aware of the facilities of locomotion in such places, nor that he might have gone to her had he so desired; and besides, she had seen no one, being intent upon the stage. Yet there was a furtive look about him now, a glance round now and then, to see who was near them, which startled her. She could not make out what it meant.

"Come, and I will show you the best pictures," he said; and he took her catalogue from her hand and pointed out to her which must be looked at first.

They made a pretty group as they stood thus,—Norah looking up with her 'sunshiny' eyes, and he stooping over her, bending down till his silky black beard almost touched her hair. She little, and he tall—

she full of vivacity, light, and sunshine; he somewhat quiet, languishing, Byronic in his beauty. Norah was not such a perfect contrast to him as Clara was—the Rubens to the Byron; but her naturalness, the bright, glowing intelligence and spirit about her—the daylight sweetness of her face, with which soul had as much to do as feature, contrasted still more distinctly with the semi-artificiality of the hero. For even granting that he was a little artificial, he was a real hero all the same; his handsomeness and air of good society were unmistakable, his conversation was passable; he knew the thousand things which people in society know, and which, whether they understand them or not, they are in the habit of hearing talked about. All these remarks were made, not by Norah, nor by Norah's mother, but by Dr. Maurice, who stood by and did not pretend to have any interest in the pictures. And this young fellow was the Honourable Cyril, and would be Lord Rivers. Dr. Maurice kept an eye upon him, wondering, as Helen had done, Did he mean anything? what did he mean?

"But there is one above all which I must show you—every one is talking of it," said Mr. Rivers. "Come this way, Miss Drummond. It is not easy to reach it; there is always such a crowd round it. Dr. Maurice, bring Mrs. Drummond; it is in the next room. Come this way."

Norah followed him, thinking of nothing but the pictures; and her mother and Dr. Maurice went after them slowly, saying nothing to each other. They had entered the great room, following the younger pair, when some one stepped out of the crowd and came forward to Helen. He took off his hat and called her by her name—at first doubtfully, then with assurance.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," he cried, "and yet it is so long since you have been seen here."

"I am living in the country," said Helen. Once more the room swam round her. The newcomer's voice and aspect carried her back, with all the freshness of the first impression, to the studio and its visitors again.

"And you had just been in my mind," said the painter. "There is a picture here which reminds us all so strongly of poor dear Drummond. Will you let me take you to it? It is exactly in his style, his best style, with all that tenderness of feeling. It has set us all talking of you and him. Indeed, none of his old friends have for-

gotten him; and this is so strangely like his work——"

"Where is it?—one of his pupils, perhaps," said Helen. She tried to be very composed, and to show no emotion; but it was so long since she had heard his name, so long since he had been spoken of before her! She felt grateful, as if they had done her a personal service, to think that they talked of Robert still.

"This way," said the painter; and just then Norah met her, flying back with her eyes shining, her ribbons flying, wonder and excitement in her face.

Norah seized her mother by the hands, gasping in her haste and emotion. "Oh, mamma, come; it is our picture!" she cried.

Wondering, Helen went forward. It was the upper end of the room, the place of honour. Whether it was that so many people around her carried her on like a body-guard making her a way through the crowd, or that the crowd itself, moved by that subtle sympathy which sometimes communicates itself to the mass more easily than to individuals, melted before her, as if feeling she had the best right to be there, I cannot tell. But all at once Helen found herself close to the crimson cord which the pressure of the throng had almost broken down, standing before a picture. One picture—was there any other in the place? It was the picture of a face looking up, with two upward reaching hands, from the bottom of an abyss, full of whirling clouds and vapour. High above this was a bank of heavenly blue, and a white cloud of faintly indistinct spectators, pitiful angel forms, and one visionary figure as of a woman gazing down. But it was the form below in which the interest lay. It was worn and pale, with the redness of tears about the eyes, the lips pressed closely together, the hands only appealing, held up in a passionate silence. Helen stood still, with eyes that would not believe what they saw. She became unconscious of everything about her, though the people thronged upon her, supporting her, though she did not know. Then she held out her hands wildly, with a cry which rang through the rooms and penetrated every one in them—"Robert!"—and fell at the foot of the picture, which was called "Dives"—the first work of a nameless painter whom nobody knew.

It would be impossible to describe the tumult and commotion which rose in the room to which everybody hastened from every corner of the exhibition, thronging the doorways and every available corner, and

making it impossible for some minutes to remove her. "A lady fainted! Is that all?" the disappointed spectators cried. They had expected something more exciting than so common, so trifling an occurrence. "Fortunately," the newspapers said who related the incident, "a medical man was present;" and when Helen came to herself, she found Dr. Maurice standing over her, with his finger on her pulse. "It is the heat, and the fatigue—and all that," he said; and all through the rooms people repeated to each other that it was the heat and the dust and the crowd, and that there was nothing so fatiguing as looking at pictures. "Both body and mind are kept on the strain, you know," they said, and immediately thought of luncheon. But Dr. Maurice thought of something very different. He did not understand all this commotion about a picture; if his good heart would have let him, he would have tried to think that Helen was "making a fuss." As it was he laid this misfortune to the door of women generally, whom there was no understanding; and then, in a parenthesis, allowed that he might himself be to blame. He should not have agitated her, he thought; but added, "Good Lord, what are women good for, if they have to be kept in a glass-house, and never spoken to? The best thing is to be rid of them, after all."

I will not attempt to describe what Helen's thoughts were when she came to herself. She would not, dared not betray to any one the impression, which was more than an impression—the conviction that had suddenly come to her. She put up her hand, and silenced Norah, who was beginning, open-mouthed, "Oh, mamma!" She called the old friend to her, who had attended the group down into the vestibule, and begged him to find out for her exactly who the painter was, and where he was to be heard of; and there she sat, still abstracted, with a singing in her ears, which she thought was only the rustle of the thoughts that hurried through her brain, until she should be able to go home. It was while they were waiting thus, standing round her, that another event occurred, of which Helen was too much absorbed to take any but the slightest cognizance. She was seated on a bench, still very pale, and unable to move. Dr. Maurice was mounting guard over her. Norah stood talking to Mr. Rivers on the other side; while meanwhile the stream of the public was flowing past, and new arrivals entering every moment by the swinging doors. Norah had grown very earnest in her talk. "We

have the very same subject at home, the same picture," she was saying; her eyelashes were dewy with tears, her whole face full of emotion. Her colour went and came as she spoke; she stood looking up to him with a thrill of feeling and meaning about her, such as touch the heart more than beauty. And yet there was no lack of beauty. A lady who had just come in, paused, having her attention attracted to the group, and looked at them all, as she thought she had a right to do. "The poor lady who fainted," she heard some one say. But this girl who stood in front had no appearance of fainting. She was all life and tenderness and fire. The woman who looked on admired her fresh, sweet youthfulness, her face, which in its changing colour was like a flower. She admired all these, and made out, with a quick observant eye, that the girl was the daughter of the pale, beautiful woman by the wall, and not unworthy of her. And then suddenly, without a pause, she called out, "Cyril!" Young Rivers started as if a shot had struck him. He rushed to her with tremulous haste. "Mother! you don't mean to say that you have come here alone?"

"But I do mean it, and I want you to take care of me," she said taking his arm at once. "I meant to come early. We have no time to lose."

Norah stood surprised, looking at the woman who was Cyril's mother; in a pretty pause of expectation, the blush coming and going on her face, her hand ready to be timidly put out in greeting, her pretty mouth half smiling already, her eyes watching with an interest of which she was not ashamed. Why should she be ashamed of being interested in Cyril's mother? She waited for the approach, the introduction—most likely the elder woman's gracious greeting. "For she must have heard of me too," Norah thought. She cast down her eyes, pleasantly abashed; for Lady Rivers was certainly looking at her. When she looked up again, in wonder that she was not spoken to, Cyril was on the stair with his mother, going up. He was looking back anxiously, waving his hand to her from behind Lady Rivers. He had a beseeching look in his eyes, his face looked miserable across his mother's shoulders, but—he was gone. Norah looked round her stupefied. Had anything happened?—was she dreaming? And then the blood rushed to her face in a crimson flush of pride and shame.

She bore this blow alone, without even her mother to share and soften it; and the child

staggered under it for the moment. She grew as pale as Helen herself after that one flash. When the carriage came to the door, two women, marble-white, stepped into it. Dr. Maurice had not the heart to go with them; he would walk home, he said. And Norah looked out of the window, as she had so joyfully anticipated doing in her happiness and levity, but not to despise the people who walked. The only thought of which she was capable was—Is everybody like that? Do people behave so naturally? Is it the way of the world?

This is what they met at the Academy, where they went so lightly, not knowing. The name of the painter of the "Dives" reached them that same night; it was not in the catalogue. His name was John Sinclair, Thirty-fifth Avenue, New York.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"You must be dreaming!" cried Dr. Maurice with energy. "You must be dreaming! With my—folly—and other things—you have got into a nervous state."

"I am not dreaming," she said very quietly. There was no appearance of excitement about her. She sat with her hands clasped tightly together, and her eyes wandering into the unknown, into the vacant air before her. And her mind had got possession of one burden, and went over and over it, repeating within herself, "John Sinclair, Thirty-fifth Avenue, New York."

"I will show you the same picture," she went on. "The very same, line for line. It was the last he ever did. And in his letter he spoke of Dives looking up— John Sinclair, Thirty-fifth Avenue, New York!"

"Helen, Helen!" said Dr. Maurice with a look of pity. He had never called her anything but Mrs. Drummond till the evening before, and now the other seemed so natural; for, in fact, she did not even notice what he called her. "How easy is it to account for all this! Some one else must have seen the sketch, who was impressed by it as much as you were, and who knew the artist was dead, and could never claim his property. How easy to see how it may have been done, especially by a smart Yankee abroad."

She shook her head without a word, with a faint smile; argument made no difference to her. She was sure; and what did it matter what any one said?

"Then I will tell you what I will do," he said. "I have some friends in New York.

I will have inquiries made instantly about John Sinclair. Indeed, it is quite possible some one may know him here. I shall set every kind of inquiry on foot to-morrow, to satisfy you. I warn you nothing will come of it—nothing would make me believe such a thing; but still, to prevent you taking any rash steps——”

“I will take no rash steps,” he said. “I will do nothing. I will wait till—I hear.”

“Why this is madness,” he said. And then all at once a cold shudder passed over him, and he said to himself, “Good God! what if she had not refused last night!”

But the very fact that she had refused was a kind of guarantee that there was nothing in this wild idea of hers. Had there been anything in it, of course she would have accepted, and all sorts of horrors would have ensued. Such was Dr. Maurice's opinion of Providence, and the opinion of many other judicious people. The fact that a sudden reappearance would do no harm made it so much less likely that there would be any reappearance. He tried hard to dismiss the idea altogether from his mind. It was not a comfortable idea. It is against all the traditions, all the prejudices of life, that a man should come back from the dead. A wild, despairing Dives might wish for it, or a mourner half frantic with excess of sorrow; but to the ordinary looker-on the idea is so strange as to be painful. Dr. Maurice had a true affection for Robert Drummond; but he could not help feeling that it would be out of all character, out of harmony, almost an offence upon decency that he should not be dead.

It was curious, however, what an effect this fancy of Helen's had in clearing away the cloud of embarrassment which had naturally fallen between her and him. All that produced that cloud had evidently disappeared from her mind. She remembered it no more. It was not that she had thrust it away of set will and purpose, but that without any effort it had disappeared. This was, it is true, somewhat humiliating to Dr. Maurice; but it was very convenient for all the purposes of life that it should be so. And she sat with him now and discussed the matter, abstracted in the great excitement which had taken possession of her, yet calmed by it, without a recollection that anything had ever passed between them which could confuse their intercourse. This unconsciousness, I say, was humiliating in one sense, though in another it was a relief to the man who did not forget; but it confused

him while it set Helen at her ease. It was so extraordinary to realise what was the state of affairs yesterday, and what to-day—to enter into so new and wonderful a region of possibilities, after having lived so long in quite another; for, to be sure, Helen had only known of Dr. Maurice's project as regarded herself since last night; whereas, he had known it for six months, and during all that time had been accustoming himself to it, and now had to make a mental spring as far away from it as possible—a kind of gymnastic exercise which has a very bewildering effect upon an ordinary mind.

It was a relief to all the party when the Drummonds went home next morning; except, perhaps, to the old aunt, who had grown interested in the human drama thus unexpectedly produced before her, and who would have liked to see it out. The mother and daughter were glad to go home; and yet how life had changed to them in these three days! It had given to Helen the glow of a wild, incomprehensible hope, a something supernatural, mixed with terror and wonder, and a hundred conflicting emotions; while to Norah it had taken the romance out of life. To contemplate life without romance is hard upon a girl; to have a peep, as it were, behind the scenes, and see the gold of fairyland corroding itself into slates, and the beauty into dust and ashes. Such a revolution chills one to the very soul. It is almost worse than the positive heartbreak of disappointed love, for that has a warm admixture of excitement, and is supported by the very sharpness of its own suffering; whereas in Norah's pain there was but disenchantment and angry humiliation, and that horrible sense that the new light was true and the other false, which takes all courage from the heart. She had told her mother, and Helen had been very indignant, but not so wroth as her daughter. “Lady Rivers might have no time to wait—she might have wanted him for something urgent—there might be something to explain,” Helen said; but as for Norah, she felt that no explanation was possible. For months past this man had been making a show of his devotion to her. He had done everything except ask her in words to be his wife. He had been as her shadow, whenever he could come to Dura, and his visits had been so frequent that it was very evident he had seized every opportunity to come: yet the moment his mother appeared on the scene, the woman whom in all the world he ought to have most wished to attach to the girl whom he loved, he had left her

with shame and embarrassment—escaped from her without even the politeness of a leave-taking. Norah had wondered whether she cared for him in the old days; she had asked herself shyly, as girls do, whether the little flutter of her heart at his appearance could possibly mean that sacredest, most wonderful and fascinating of mysteries—love? Sometimes she had been disposed to believe it did: and then again she had surprised herself in the midst of a sudden longing for poor Ned with his big nose, and had blushed and asked herself angrily, was the one compatible with the other? In short, she had not known what to make of her own feelings; for she was not experienced enough to be able to tell the difference—a difference which sometimes puzzles the wisest—between the effect produced by gratified vanity, and pleasure in the love of another, and that which springs from love itself. But she was in no doubt about the anger, the mortification, the indignant shame with which her whole nature rose up against the man who had dared to be ashamed of her. Of this there could be no explanation. She said to herself that she hoped he would not come again or attempt to make any explanation, and then she resented bitterly the fact that he did not come. She had made up her mind what she would say, how she would crush him with quiet scorn, and wonder at his apologies. “Why should you apologize, Mr. Rivers? I had no wish to be introduced to your mother,” she meant to say; but as day after day passed, and he gave her no opportunity of saying this, Norah’s thoughts grew more bitter, more fiery than ever. And life was dull without this excitement in it. The weather was bright, and the season sweet, and I suppose she had her share of rational pleasure as in other seasons; but to her own consciousness Norah was bitterly ill-used, inasmuch as she had not an opportunity to tell, or at least to show Cyril Rivers what she thought of him. It had been an immediate comfort to her after the affront he had put upon her, that she would have this in her power.

The change that had come upon the lives of the two ladies in the Gatehouse was, however, scarcely apparent to their little world. Norah was a little out of temper, fitful, and ready to take offence, the Daltons at the Rectory thought; and Mrs. Drummond was more silent than usual, and had an absorbed look in her eyes, a look of abstraction for which it was difficult to account. But this was all that was apparent outside. Perhaps

Mr. Rivers was a little longer than usual in visiting Dura; he had not been there for ten days, and Katie Dalton wondered audibly what had become of him. But nobody except Norah supposed for a moment that his connection with Dura was to be broken off in this sudden way. And everything else went on as usual. If Mrs. Drummond was less frequently visible, no one remarked it much. Norah would run over and ask Katie to walk with her, on the plea that “mamma has a headache,” and Mrs. Dalton would gather her work together, and cross the road in the sunshine and “sit with” the sufferer. But the only consequence of this visit would be that the blinds would be drawn down over the three windows in front, Mrs. Dalton having an idea that light was bad for a headache, and that when she returned she would tell her eldest daughter that poor dear Mrs. Drummond was very poorly and very anxious for news of a friend whom she had not heard of for years.

And the picture of Dives, which had been hung in a sacred corner, where Helen said her prayers, was brought out, and placed in the full light of day. It was even for a time brought down-stairs, while the first glow of novel hope and wonder lasted, and placed in the drawing-room, where everybody who saw it wondered at it. It was not so well painted as the great picture in the Academy. It was even different in many of its details. There was no hope in the face of this, but only a haggard passionate despair, while the look of the other was concentrated into such an agony of appealing as cannot exist where there is no hope. Dr. Maurice even, when he came down, declared forcibly that it was difficult for him to trace the resemblance. Perhaps the leading idea was the same, but then it was so differently worked out. He looked at the picture in every possible light, and this was the conclusion he came to;—No; no particular resemblance,—a coincidence, that was all. And John Sinclair was a perfectly well-known painter, residing in New York, a man known to Dr. Maurice’s friends there. Why there was no name to the picture in the catalogue nobody could tell. It was some absurd mistake or other; but John Sinclair, the painter, was a man who had been known in New York for years. “Depend upon it, it is only a coincidence,” Dr. Maurice said. After that visit, from what feeling I cannot say, the picture was taken back up-stairs. Not that Mrs. Drummond was convinced, but that she shrank from further discussion of a matter on which she felt so deeply. She

would sit before it for hours, gazing at it, careless of everything else; and if I were to reproduce all the thoughts that coursed through Helen's mind, I should do her injury with the reader, who, no doubt, believes that the feelings in a wife's mind, when such a hope entered it, could only be those of a half-delirious joy. But Helen's thoughts were not wildly joyful. She had been hardly and painfully trained to do without him, to put him out of her life. Her soul had slid into new ways, changed meanings; and in that time what change of meaning, what difference of nature might have come to a man who had returned from death and the grave? Could it all be undone? Could it float away like a tale that is told, that tale of seven long years? Would the old assimilate with the new, and the widow become a wife again without some wrench, some convulsion of nature? Not long before she had denounced the name vehemently, crying out against it, declaring that she did not believe in it: but now, when perhaps it might turn out that her widowhood had been indeed a fiction and unreal—now! How she was to be a wife again; how her existence was to suffer a new change, and return into its old channel, Helen could not tell. And yet that Robert should live again, that he should receive some recompence for all his sufferings; that even she who had been in her way so cruel to him, should be able to make up for it—for that Helen would have given her life. The news about John Sinclair was a discouragement, but still it did not touch her faith. She carried her picture up-stairs again, and put it reverently, not in its old corner, but where the sunshine would fall upon it and the full light of day. The fancifulness of this proceeding did not occur to her, for grief and hope, and all the deeper emotions of the heart, are always fanciful: and in this time of suspense, when she could do nothing, when she was waiting, listening for indications of what was coming, that silent idol-worship which no one knew of, did her good.

Meanwhile Dura went on blazing with lights, and sweet with music, making every day a holiday. Mrs. Burton did not walk so much as she used to do, but drove about, giving her orders, paying her visits, with beautiful horses which half the county envied, and toilettes which would have been remarked even in the park. "That little woman is losing her head," the Rector said, as he looked at an invitation his wife had just received for a fête which was to eclipse all the others, and which was given in cele-

bration of Clara's birthday. It was fixed for the 6th of July, and people were coming to it from far and near. There was to be a garden party first, a sumptuous so-called breakfast, and a ball at night. The whole neighbourhood was agitated by the preparations for this solemnity. It was said that Ned, poor Ned, whose disappearance was now an old story, was to be disinherited, and that Clara was to be the heiress of all. The importance thus given to her birthday gave a certain colour to the suggestion; it was like a coming of age, people said, and replaced the festivities which ought to have taken place on the day when Ned completed his twenty-first year, a day which had passed very quietly a few weeks before, noted by none. But to Clara's birthday feast everybody was invited. The great county people, the Merewethers themselves, were coming, and in consideration of Clara's possible heiress-ship, it was whispered that the Marchioness had thoughts of making her son a candidate for the place deserted by Cyril Rivers. Cyril, too, more over, was among the guests: he was one of a large party which was coming from town; and the village people were asked, the Daltons and the Drummonds, beside all the lesser gentry of the neighbourhood. It was to Katie Dalton's importunate beseechings, seconded, no doubt, by her own heart, which had begun to tire of seclusion and long for a little pleasure, that Norah relinquished her first proud determination not to go; and Dr. Maurice had just sent a box from town containing two dresses, one for the evening, and one for out-of-doors, which it was beyond the powers of any girl of nineteen to refuse the opportunity of wearing. When Norah had made up her own mind to this effort, she addressed herself to the task of overcoming her mother's reluctance; and, after much labour, succeeded so far that a compromise was effected. Norah went to the out-door fête, under the charge of Mrs. Dalton, and Helen with a sigh took out her black silk gown once more, and prepared to go with her child in the evening. The Daltons were always there, good neighbours to support and help her; and, seated by Mrs. Dalton's side, who knew something of her anxiety about that friend whom she had not heard of for years, Mrs. Drummond felt herself sustained. When Norah returned with the Daltons from the garden party, Mr. Rivers accompanied the girls. He came with them to the door of the Gatehouse, where Katie, secretly held fast by Norah, accompanied her friend. He lingered on the white steps,

waiting to be asked in ; but Norah gave no such invitation. She went back to her mother triumphant, full of angry delight.

"I have been perfectly civil to him, mamma ! I have taken the greatest care—I have not avoided him, nor been stiff to him, nor anything. And he has tried so hard, so very hard, to have an explanation. Very likely ! as if I would listen to any explanation."

"How did you avoid it. Norah, if you were neither angry nor stiff?"

"Katie, mamma, always Katie ! I put her between him and me wherever we went. It was fun !" cried Norah, with eyes that sparkled with revengeful satisfaction. Her spirits had risen to the highest point. She had regained her position ; she had got the upper hand, which Norah loved. The prospect of the evening which was still before her, in which she should wear that prettiest ball-dress, which surely had been made by the fairies, and drag Cyril Rivers at her chariot-wheels, and show him triumphantly how little it mattered to her, made Norah radiant. She rushed in to the Haldanes' side of the house to show herself, in the wildest spirits. Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane—wonder of wonders—were going too ; everybody was to be there. The humble people were asked to behold and ratify the triumph, as well as the fine people to make it. As for Mrs. Haldane, she disapproved, and was a great deal more grim than ordinary ; but, for once in a way, because it would be a great thing to see, and because Mr. Baldwin and his sisters were to be there too,—“as much out of their proper place as we,” she said, shaking her head—she had allowed herself to be persuaded. Miss Jane required no persuading. She was honestly delighted to have a chance of seeing anything—the dresses and the diamonds, and Norah dancing with all the grandees. When Norah came in, all in a cloud of tulle and lace, Miss Jane fairly screamed with delight. “I am quite happy to think I shall see the child have one good dance,” she said, walking round and round the fairy princess. “Were you fond of dancing yourself, Miss Jane ?” said Norah, not without the laugh of youth over so droll an idea. But it was not droll to Miss Jane ; she put her hands, which were clothed in black with mittens, on the child’s shoulders, and gave her a kiss, and answered not a word. And Stephen looked on from that immovable silent post of his, and saw them both, and thought of the past and present, and all the shadowy uncertain days

that were to come. How strange to think of the time when Miss Jane, so grave and prosaic in her old-maidish gown, had been like Norah ! How wonderful to think that Norah one day might be as Miss Jane ! And so they all went away to the ball together, and Stephen in his chair immovable—till his nurses came back, and Susan bustling about in the kitchen, were left in the house alone.

One ball is like another ; and except that the Dura ball was more splendid, more profuse in ornament, gayer in banks of flowers, richer in beautiful dresses and finery, more ambitious in music than any ball ever known before in the country, there is little that could be said of it to distinguish it from all others, except, perhaps, the curious fact that the master of the house was not present. He had not been visible all day. He had been telegraphed for to go to town that morning, and had not returned ; but then Mr. Golden, who was a far more useful man in a ball-room than the master of the house, was present, and was doing all that became a man to make everything go off brilliantly. He was the slave of the young heroine of the feast to whom everybody was paying homage ; and it was remarked by a great many people, that even when going on the arm of Lord Merewether to open the ball, Clara had a suggestion to whisper to this amateur majordomo. “He is such an old friend, he is just the same as papa,” she said to her partner with a passing blush ; but then Clara was in uncommonly brilliant looks that evening, even for her. Her beautiful colour kept coming and going ; there was an air of emotion, and almost agitation about her, which gave a charm to her usually unemotional style of beauty. Lord Merewether, who was under his mother’s orders to be “very attentive,” almost fell in love with Clara, in excess of his instructions, when he noticed this unusual fluctuation of colour and tone. It supplied just what she wanted, and made the Rubens into a goddess—or so at least this young man thought.

But Helen had not been above an hour in this gay scene when a strange restlessness seized upon her. She did her best to struggle against it ; she tried hard to represent to herself that nothing could have happened at home, no post could have come in since she left it, and that Norah needed her there. She saw Mr. Rivers hovering about with his explanation on his lips trying to get at her, since Norah would have nothing to say to him ; and felt that it was her duty to remain by her child at such a moment. But, after a

while, her nerves, or her imagination, or some incomprehensible influence was too much for her. "You look as if you would faint," Mrs. Dalton whispered to her. "Let Mr. Dalton take you to the air—let Charlie get you something; I am sure you are ill."

"I am not ill; but I must get home. I am wanted at home," said Helen with her brain swimming. How it was that she did it, she never could tell afterwards; but she managed to retain command of herself, to recommend Norah to Mrs. Dalton's care, and finally to steal out; no one noticing her in the commotion and movement that were always going on. When she got into the open air with her shawl wrapped about her, her senses came back. It was foolish, it was absurd—but the deed was done; and, though her restlessness calmed down when she stepped out into the calm of the summer night, it was easier then to go on than to go back; and Norah was in safe hands. It was a moonlight night, as is indispensable for any great gathering in the country. To be sure it was July, and before the guests went home, the short night would be over; but still, according to habit, a moonlight night had been selected. It was soft and warm, and hazy—the light very mellow, and not over bright,—the scent of the flowers and the glitter of the dew filling the air. There was so much moon, and so much light from the house, that Helen was not afraid of the dark avenue. She went on, relieved of her anxiety, feeling refreshed and eased, she could not tell how, by the blowing of the scented night-air in her face. But before she reached the shade of the avenue, some one rushed across the lawn after her. She turned half round to see who it was, thinking that perhaps Charlie or Mr. Dalton had hurried after her to accompany her home. The figure, however, was not that of either. The man came hurriedly up to her, saying, in a low but earnest tone, "Mrs. Burton, don't take any rash step," when she, as well as he, suddenly started. The voice informed her who spoke, and the sight of her upturned face in the moonlight informed him who listened. "Mrs. Drummond!" he exclaimed. They had not met face to face, nor exchanged words since the time when she denounced him in the presence of Cyril Rivers in St. Mary's Road. "Mrs. Drummond," he repeated, with an uneasy laugh; "of all times in the world for you and me to meet!"

"I hope there is no reason why we should meet," said Helen impetuously. "I am going

away. There can be nothing that wants saying between you and me."

"But, by Jove, there is though," he said; "there is reason enough, I can tell you—such news as will make the hair stand upright on your head. Ah! they say revenge is sweet. I shall leave you to find it out to-morrow when everybody knows."

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly, and then stopped, and went on a few steps, horrified at the thought of thus asking information from the man she hated most. He went on along with her, saying nothing. He had no hat on, and the rose in his coat showed a little gleam of colour in the whitening of the light.

"You ought to ask me, Mrs. Drummond," he said; "for revenge, they say, is sweet, and you would be glad to hear."

"I want no revenge," she said hurriedly; and they entered the gloom of the avenue side by side, the strangest pair. Her heart began to beat and flutter—she could not tell why; for she feared nothing from him; and all at once there rose up a gleam of secret triumph in her. This man believed that Robert Drummond was dead, knew no better. What did she care for his news? if indeed she were to tell him hers!

"Well," he said, after an interval, "I see you are resolved not to ask, so I will tell you. I have my revenge in it too, Mrs. Drummond; this night, when they are all dancing, Burton is off, with the police after him. It will be known to all the world to-morrow. You ought to be grateful to me for telling you that."

"Burton is off!—the police—after him!" She did not take in the meaning of the words.

"You don't believe me, perhaps—neither did his wife just now; or at least so she pretended; but it is true. There was a time when he left me to bear the brunt, now it is his turn; and there is a ball at his house the same night!"

She interrupted him hurriedly, "I don't know what you mean. I cannot believe you. What has he done?" she said.

Mr. Golden laughed; and in the stillness his laugh sounded strangely echoing among the trees. He turned round on his heel, waving his hand to her. "Only what all the rest of us have done," he said. "Good night; I am wanted at the ball. I have a great deal to do to-night."

She stood for a moment where he had left her, wondering, half paralyzed. And then she turned and went slowly down the avenue.

She felt herself shake and tremble—she could not tell why. Was it this man's voice? Was it his laugh that sounded like something infernal? And what did it all mean? Helen, who was a brave woman by nature, felt a flutter of fear as she quickened her steps and went on. A ball at his house—the police after him. What did it mean? The silence of the long leafy road was so strange and deep after all the sound and movements; the music pursued her from behind, growing fainter and fainter as she went on; the world seemed to be all asleep, except that

part of it which was making merry, dancing, and rejoicing at Dura. And now the eagerness to get home suddenly seized upon her again,—something must have happened since she left; some letter; perhaps—some one—come back.

When she got within sight of the Gatehouse, the moon was shining right down the village street as it did when it was at the full. All was quiet, silent, asleep. No, not all. Opposite her house, against the Rectory gates, two men were standing. As she went up into the shadow of the lime-trees, and rang the



bell at her own door, one of them crossed the road, and came up to her touching his hat. "Asking your pardon, ma'am," he said, "there is some one in your house, if you're the lady of this house, as oughtn't to be there."

A thrill of great terror took possession of Helen. Her heart leapt to her mouth. "I don't understand you. Who are you? And what do you want?" she asked, almost gasping for breath.

"I'm a member of the detective force. I ain't ashamed of my business," said the man. "We seen him go in, me and my mate.

With your permission, ma'am, we'd like to go through the house."

"Go through my house at this hour!" cried Helen. She heard the door opened behind her, but did not turn round. She was the guardian of the house, she alone, and of all who were in it, be they who they might. Her wits seemed to come to her all at once, as if she had found them groping in the dark. "Have you any authority to go into my house? Am I obliged to let you in? Have you a warrant?"

"They've been a worriting already, ma'am,

and you out," said Susan's voice from behind. "What business have they, I'd like to know, in a lady's house at this hour of the night?"

"Has any one come, Susan?" Helen said. "Not a soul."

She was standing with a candle in her hand, holding the door half open. The night air pulled the flame; and perhaps it was that too that made the shadow of Susan's cap tremble upon the panel of the door.

"I cannot possibly admit you at this hour," said Mrs. Drummond. "To-morrow, if you come with any authority; but not to-night."

She went into her own house, and closed the door. How still it was and dark, with Susan's candle only flickering through the gloom! And then Susan made a sudden clutch at her mistress's arm. She held the candle down to Helen's face, and peered into it, "I've atook him into my own room," she said.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE Gatehouse was full of long, rambling, dark passages with mysterious closets at each elbow of them, or curious little unused rooms—passages which had struck terror to Norah's soul when she was a child, and which even now she thought it expedient to run through as speedily as possible, never feeling sure that she might not be caught by some ghostly intruder behind the half-shut doors. Mrs. Drummond followed Susan through one of these intricate winding ways. It led to a corner room looking out upon the garden, and close to the kitchen, which was Susan's bedchamber. For some forgotten reason or other there was a sort of window, three or four broad panes of glass let into the partition wall high up between this room and the kitchen, the consequence of which was that Susan's room always showed a faint light to the garden. This was her reason for taking it as the hiding-place for the strange guest.

Mrs. Drummond went down the dark passage, feeling herself incapable of speech and almost of thought; a vague wonder why he should be so hotly pursued, and how it was that Susan should have known this and taken it upon herself to receive and shelter one who was a stranger to her, passed through Helen's mind. Both these things were strange and must be inquired into hereafter, but in the meantime her heart was beating too high with personal emotion to be able to think of anything else. Was it pos-

sible that thus strangely, thus suddenly, she was to meet him again from whom she had been so long parted? Their last interview rushed back upon her mind, and his appearance then. Seven years ago!—and a man changes altogether, becomes, people say, another being in seven years. This thought quivered vaguely through Helen's mind. So many thoughts went pursuing each other, swift and noiseless as ghosts. It was not above two minutes from the time she came into the hall until she stood at the threshold of Susan's room; but a whole world of questions, of reflections, had hurried through her thoughts. She trembled by intervals with a nervous shiver. Her heart beat so violently that it seemed at once to choke and to paralyze her. To see him again—to stand face to face with him who had come back out of the grave,—to change her whole being,—to be no more herself, no more Norah's mother, but Robert's wife again! Her whole frame began to shake as with one great pulse. It was not joy, it was not fear; it was the wonder of it, the miracle, the strange, strange incomprehensible, incredible—Could he be there?—nothing more between the two who had been parted by death and silence but that closed door?

Susan turned round upon her just before they reached it. Susan, too, hard, bony woman, little given to emotion, was trembling. She wiped her eyes with her apron and gave a sniff that was almost a groan, and thrust the candle into Helen's hand.

"Oh, don't you be hard upon him, Miss Helen as was!" cried Susan with a sob; and turned and fled into her kitchen.

Helen stopped for a moment to steady herself—to steady the light of the poor candle which, held by such agitated, unsteady hands, was flickering wildly in her grasp. And then she opened the door.

Some one started and rose up suddenly with a movement which had at once fear and watchfulness in it. Her agitation blinded her so that she could not see. She held up the light. If her misty eyes could have made him out,—and then all at once there came a voice which made her nerves steady in a moment, calmed down her pulses, restored to her self-command.

"Helen, is it you? I thought it must be my wife."

The blood rushed back to Helen's heart with an ebb as sudden as the flow had been, making her faint and sick. But the revulsion of feeling was as strong, and gave her strength. The light gave a leap in her hand as she

steadied herself, and threw a wild broken gleam upon him.

"Mr. Burton," she said, "what are you doing here?"

"Then the news had not come," he cried, with a certain relief; "nobody knows as yet? Well, well, things are not so bad, then, as I thought."

She put the candle on the table and looked at him. He was dressed in his morning clothes, those light-coloured summer garments which made his full person fuller, but which at this hour, and after the scene from which she had just come, looked strangely disorderly and out of place. His linen was crushed and soiled, and his coat, which was of a colour and material which showed specks and wrinkles as much as a woman's dress, had the look of having been worn for a week night and day. The air of the vagabond which comes so rapidly to a hunted man had come to him already, and mixed with his habitual air of respectability, of wealth and self-importance, in the most curious, almost pitiful way.

"Tell me," she said, repeating her question almost without knowing what she said, "why are you here?"

He did not answer immediately. He made an effort to put on his usual jaunty look, to speak with his usual jocular superiority. But something—whether it was the flickering, feeble light of the candle which showed him her face, or some instinct of his own, which necessity had quickened into life—made him aware all at once that the woman by his side was in a whirl of mental indecision, that she was wavering between two resolves, and that this was no time to trifle with her. In such circumstances sometimes a man will seize upon the best argument which skill could select, but sometimes also in his haste and excitement he snatches at the one which makes most against him. He said—

"I will tell you plainly, Helen. I am as your husband was when he went down to the river—that night."

She gave a strange and sudden cry, and turning round made one quick step to the door. If she had not seen that Dives in the exhibition, if she had not been in the grip of wild hope and expectation, I think she would have gone straightway, driven by that sudden probing of the old wound, and given him up to his pursuers. At least that would have been her first impulse; but something turned her back. She turned to him again with a sudden fire kindled in her eyes.

"It was you who drove him there," she said.

He made a little deprecating gesture with his hands, but he did not say anything. He saw in a moment that he had made a mistake.

"You drove him there," she repeated, "you and—that man; and now you come to me and think I will save you—to me, his wife. You drove him to despair, to ruin, and you think I am to save you. Why should I? What have you done that I should help you? You had no pity on him; you let him perish, you let him die. You injured me and mine beyond the reach of recovery; and now you put yourself into my hands—with your enemies outside!"

He gave a shudder, and looked at the window as if with a thought of escape; and then he turned round upon her, standing at bay.

"Well," he said, "you have your revenge; I am ruined too. I don't pretend to hide it from you; but I have no river at hand to escape into to hide all my troubles in,—but only a woman to taunt me that I have tried to be kind to—and my wife and my child dancing away close by. Listen; that is what you call comfort for a ruined man, is it not?"

He pointed towards Dura as he spoke. Just then a gust of the soft night-wind brought with it the sound of the music from the great house, that house ablaze with gaiety, with splendour, and light, where Clara Burton all jewelled and crowned with flowers was dancing at this moment, while her mother led the way to the gorgeous table where princes might have sat down. No doubt the whole scene rose before his imagination as it did before Helen's. He sat down upon Susan's rush-bottomed chair with a short laugh. One candle flickering in the dim place revealing all the homely furniture of the servant's bedroom. What a contrast! what a fate! Helen felt as every generous mind feels, humbled before the presence of the immediate sufferer. He had injured her, and she, perhaps, had suffered more deeply than Reginald Burton was capable of suffering; but it was his turn now; he had the first place. The sorrow was his before which even kings must bow.

While she stood there with pity stealing into her heart, he put down his head into his hands with a gesture of utter weariness.

"Whatever you are going to do," he said faintly, "let Susan give me something to eat first. I have had nothing to eat all day."

This appeal made an end of all Helen's enmity. It had been deep, and hot, and bitter when all was well with him—but the first taste of revenge which Ned's disappearance

gave her had appeased Mrs. Drummond. It had been bitter, not sweet. And now this appeal overcame all her defences. If he had asked her to aid in his escape she might have resisted still. But he asked her for a meal. Tears of humiliation, of pitying shame, almost of a kind of tenderness came into her eyes. God help the man! Had it come to this?

She turned into the kitchen, where Susan sat bolt upright in a hard wooden chair before the fire, with her arms folded, the most watchful of sentinels. They had a momentary discussion what there was to set before him, and where it was to be served. Susan's opinion was very strongly in favour of the kitchen.

"Those villains 'ud see the lights to the front," said Susan. "And then Miss North, she'll be coming home, and folks with her. Them p-licemen is up to everything. The shutters don't close up to the very top; and if they was to climb into one o' the trees! And besides, there's a fire here."

"It is too warm for a fire, Susan."

"Not for them as is in trouble," said the woman; and she had her way.

Helen arranged the table with her own hands, while Susan made up with her best skill an impromptu meal—not of the richest or choicest, for the larder at the Gatehouse was poorly enough supplied; but fortunately there had been something provided for next day's dinner which was available. And when the fugitive came in to the warm kitchen—he who the day before had made all the household miserable in Dura over the failure of a salmi—he warmed his hands with a shiver of returning comfort, and sniffed the poor cutlet as it cooked, and made a wretched attempt at a joke in the sudden sense of ease and solace that had come to him.

"He was always one for his joke, was Mr. Reginald," Susan said with a sob; and as for Helen, this poor pleasantry completed her prostration. The sight of him warming himself on this July night, eating so eagerly, like a man famished, filled her with an indescribable pity. It was not so much magnanimity on her part as utter failure on his. How could she lay sins to this man's charge, who was not great enough in himself to frighten a fly? The pity in her heart hurt her like an ache, and she was ashamed.

But what was to be done? She went softly, almost stealthily (with the strange feeling that they might hear her out of doors, of which she was not herself aware), up to her bed-room, which was over the drawing-room, and looked out into the

moonlight. The men still kept their place opposite at the Rectory gate and now a third man, one of the Dura police, with his lantern in his hand, joined them. Helen was a woman full of all the natural prejudices and susceptibilities. Her pride received such a wound by the appearance of this policeman as it would be difficult to describe. Reginald Burton was her enemy, her antagonist; and yet now she remembered her cousin. The Burtons had been of unblemished good fame in all their branches till now. The shame which had been momentarily thrown upon her husband had been connected with so much anguish that Helen's pride had not been called uppermost. But now it seized upon her. The moment the Dura policeman appeared, it became evident to her that all the world knew, and the pang ran through her proud heart like a sudden arrow. Her kindred were disgraced, her own blood, the honest, good people in their graves; and Ned—poor, innocent Ned!—at the other end of the world. The pang was so sharp that it forced tears from her, though she was not given to weeping. A policeman! as if the man was a thief who was her own cousin, of her own blood! And then the question returned, What was to be done? I don't know what horrible vision of the culprit dragged through the street, with his ignominy visible to the whole world, rose before Helen's imagination. It did not occur to her that such a capture might be very decorously, very quietly made. She could think of nothing but the poor ragged wretch whom she had once seen handcuffed, his clothes all muddy with the falls he had got in struggling for his liberty, and a policeman on either side of him. This was the only form in which she could realise an arrest by the hands of justice. And to see the master of Dura thus dragged through the village, with all the people round, once so obsequious, staring with stupid, impudent wonder! Anything, anything rather than that! Helen ran down-stairs again, startling herself with the sound she made. In the quiet she could hear the knife and fork which were still busy in the kitchen, and the broken talk with Susan which the fugitive kept up. She heard him laugh, and it made her heart sick. This time she turned to the other side, to the long passage opposite to that which led to the kitchen, which was the way of communication with the apartments of the Haldanes. The door there, which was generally fastened, was open to-night, and the light was still in Stephen's window, and he himself, for the

first time for years, had been left to this late hour in his chair. He was seated there, very still and motionless, when Helen entered. He had dropped asleep in his loneliness. The candles on the table before him threw a strange light upon the pallor of his face, upon the closed eyes, and head thrown back. His hair had grown grey in these seven years; his face had refined and softened in the long suffering, in the patient, still, leaden days which he had lived through, making no complaint. He looked like an apostle in this awful yet gentle stillness—and he looked as if he were dead.

But even Mrs. Drummond's entrance was enough to rouse him—the rustle of her dress, or perhaps even the mere sense that there was some one near him. He opened his eyes dreamily.

"Well, mother, I hope you have enjoyed it," he said, with a smile. Then suddenly becoming aware who his companion was, "Mrs. Drummond! I beg your pardon. What has happened?"

She came and stood by him, holding out her hand, which he took and held between his. There was a mutual pity between these two—a sympathy which was almost tenderness. They were so sorry for each other—so destitute of any power to help each other! Most touching and close of bonds!

"Something has happened," she said. "Mr. Haldane, I have come to you for your advice."

He looked up at her anxiously.

"Not Norah—not—any one arrived——"

"Oh, no, no; something shameful, painful, terrible. You know what is going on at the great house. Mr. Haldane, Reginald Burton is here in Susan's kitchen, hidden, and men watching for him outside. Men—policemen! That is what I mean. And oh! what am I to do?"

He held her hand still, and his touch kept her calm. He did not say anything for a minute, except one low exclamation under his breath.

"Sit down," he said. "You are worn out. Is it very late?"

"Past midnight. By-and-by your mother will be back. Tell me first, while we are alone and can speak freely, what can I do?"

"He is hiding here," said Stephen, "and policemen outside? Then he is ruined, and found out. That is what you mean. Compose yourself, and tell me, if you can, what you know, and what you *wish* to do."

"Oh, what does my wish matter?" she cried. "I am asking you what is possible.

I know little more than I tell you. He is here, worn-out, miserable, ruined, and the men watching to take him. I don't know how it has happened, why he came, or how they found it out; but so it is. They are there now in front of the house. How am I to get him out?"

"Is that the only question?" Stephen asked.

She looked at him with an impatience she could not restrain.

"What other question can there be, Mr. Haldane? In a few minutes they will be back."

"But there is another question," he said. "I believe this man has been our ruin—yours and mine—yours, Mrs. Drummond, more fatally than mine. Golden was but one of his instruments, I believe—as guilty, but not more so. He has ruined us, and more than us——"

She wrung her hands in her impatience.

"Mr. Haldane, I hear steps. We may but have a moment more."

He put his hand upon her arm.

"Think!" he cried. "Are we to let him go—to save him that he may ruin others? Is it just? Think what he has made us all suffer. Is there to be no punishment for him?"

"Oh, punishment!" she cried. "Do you know what punishment means, when you make yourself the instrument of it? It means revenge; and there is nothing so bitter, nothing so terrible, as to see your own handiwork, and to think, 'It was not God that did this; it was me.'"

"How can you tell?"

"Oh, yes, I can tell. There was his son. I thought it was a just return for all the harm he had done when his poor boy—— But Ned went away, and left everything. It was not my fault; it was not Norah's fault. Yet she had done it, and I had wished she might. No; no more revenge. How can I get him away?"

"I am not so forgiving as you," he said.

Helen could not rest. She rose up from the seat she had drawn to his side, and went to the window. There were steps that frightened her moving about outside, and then there was the sound of voices.

"Come in and go over the house! Come in at this hour of the night!" said a voice. It was Miss Jane's voice, brisk and alert as usual. Helen hurried into the hall, to the door, where she could hear what was said.

"But Jane, Jane, if anyone has got in?"

A thief—perhaps a murderer! Oh, my poor Stephen!”

“Nonsense, mother! If you like to stay outside there, I’ll go over all the house with Susan, and let you know. Why, Mrs. Drummond! Here are some men who want to come in to search for some one at this time of night.”

“I have told them already they should not come in,” said Helen.

She had opened the door, and stood in front of it with a temerity which she scarcely felt justified in; for how did she know they might not rush past her, and get in before she could stop them? Such was her idea—such was the idea of all the innocent people in the house. The Dura policeman was standing by with his truncheon and his lantern.

“I’ve told ’em, mum, as it’s a mistake,” said that functionary; “and that this ’ere is the quietest, most respectable ’ouse—”

“Thanks, Wilkins,” said Helen.

It was a positive comfort to her, and did her good, this simple testimony. And to think that Wilkins knew no better than that!

“Will you keep near the house?” she said, turning to him, with that feeling that he was “on our side” which had once prepossessed Norah in favour of Mr. Rivers. “My daughter will be coming back presently, and I don’t want to have her annoyed or frightened with this story. No one except the people who belong to it shall enter this house to-night.”

“As you please, ma’am; but I hope you knows the penalty,” said the detective.

Helen did not know of any penalty, nor did she care. She was wound up to so high a strain of excitement, that had she been called upon to put her arm in the place of the bolt, or do any other futile heroic piece of resistance, she would not have hesitated. She closed the door upon Mrs. Haldane and her daughter, one of whom was frightened and the other excited. As they all came into the hall, Susan became visible, with her candle in her hand, defending the passage to the kitchen. Something ludicrous, something pathetic and tragic and terrible was in the aspect of the house, and its guardians—had one been wise enough to perceive what it meant.

“If Susan will come with me,” said Miss Jane briskly, “after that idiot of a man’s romance, my mother will think we are all going to be murdered in our beds. If Susan will come with me, I’ll go over all the house.”

“We have examined ours,” said Helen. “Susan, go with Miss Jane. Mrs. Haldane, Mr. Stephen is tired, I think.”

“Stephen must not be alarmed,” said Mrs. Haldane with hesitation. “But are you sure it is safe? Do you really think it is safe? You see, after all, when our door is open it is one house. A man might run from one room to another. Oh, Jane—Mrs. Drummond—if you will believe me, I can see a shadow down that passage! Oh, my dear, you are young and rash! The men will know better; let them come in.”

“I cannot allow them to come in. There is no one, I assure you, except your son, who wants your help.”

“You are like Jane,” said the old lady; “you are so bold and rash. Oh, I wish I had begged them to stay all night. I wouldn’t mind giving a shilling or two. Think if Stephen should be frightened! Oh, yes, I am going; but don’t leave me, dear. I couldn’t be alone; I shall be frightened of my life.”

This was how it was that Helen was in Stephen’s room again when Miss Jane came down, bustling and satisfied.

“You may make yourself perfectly easy, mother. We have gone over all the rooms—looked under the beds and in the cupboards, and there is not a ghost of anything. Poor Susan is tired sitting up for us all; I told her I’d wait up for Norah. Well, now you don’t ask any news of the ball, Stephen. Norah has danced the whole evening; I have never seen her sitting down once. Her dress is beautiful; and as for herself, my dear! But everybody was looking their best. I don’t admire Clara Burton in a general way; but really Clara Burton was something splendid—Yes, yes, mother; of course we must get Stephen to bed.”

“Good-night,” said Helen, going up to him. She looked in his face wistfully; but now the opportunity was over, and what could he say? He held her hand a moment, feeling the tremor in it.

“Good night,” he said; and then very low he added hurriedly, “The gate into the Dura woods—the garden door.”

“Thanks,” she said, with a loud throb of her heart.

The excitement, the suspense, were carrying Helen far beyond her will or intention. She had been sensible of a struggle at first whether she would not betray the fugitive. Now her thoughts had progressed so fast and far, that she would have fought for him, putting even her slight strength in the

way to defend him or protect his retreat. He was a man whom she almost hated; and yet all her thoughts were with him, wondering was he safe by himself, and what could be done to make him safer still. She left the Haldanes' side of the house eagerly, and hurried down the passage to the kitchen. He was there, in Susan's armchair before the fire. His meal was over, and he had turned to the fire again, and fallen into a doze. While she was moving about in a fever of anxiety, he himself, with his head sunk on his breast, was unconscious of his own danger. Helen, who felt incapable of either resting or sleep, stood still and looked at him in a sort of stupor.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" said Susan, holding up her hand in warning, "he's been worried and worn out, and he's dozed off—the best thing he could do."

He might rest, but she could not. She went down the few steps to the garden, and stole out into the night, cautiously opening and closing the door. The garden was walled all round. It was a productive, wealthy garden, which, even when the Gatehouse had been empty, was worth keeping up, and its doors and fastenings were all in good order. There was no chance of any one getting in by that side. Mrs. Drummond stole out into the white moonlight, which suddenly surged upon her figure, and blazoned it all over with silver, and crept round, trembling at every pebble she disturbed, to the unused door which opened into the Dura woods. It had been made that there might be a rapid means of communication between the Gatehouse and the mansion, but it had never been used since the Drummonds came. She had forgotten this door until Stephen reminded her of its existence. It was partially hid behind a

thicket of raspberry-bushes, which had grown high and strong in front. Fortunately, a rusted key was in the lock. With the greatest difficulty Helen turned it, feeling as if the sound, as it grated and resisted, raised whirlwinds of echoes all round her, and must betray what she was doing. Even when it was unlocked, it took all her strength to pull it open, for she could do no more. For one moment she pressed out into the dark, rustling woods. Through the foliage she could see the glance of the lights from the house and the moving flicker of carriage-lamps going down the avenue. The music came upon her with a sudden burst like an insult. Oh, heaven! to think that all this should be going on, the dancing and laughter, and *him* dozing there by Susan's kitchen fire!

She paused a little in the garden in the stillness—not for rest, but that she might arrange her thoughts without interruption. But there was no stillness there that night. The music came to her on the soft wind, now lower, now louder; the sound of the carriage-wheels coming and going kept up a low, continuous roll; now and then there would come the sound of a voice. It was still early; only a few timid guests who feared late hours, old people and spectators like the Haldanes, were leaving the ball. It was in full career. The very sky seemed flushed over Dura House, with its numberless lights.

Helen formed her plan as she crept about the garden in the moonlight. Oh, if some kindly cloud would but rise, and veil for a little this poor earth with its mysteries! But all was clear, well seen, visible; the clear night and the blue heavens were not pitiful, like Helen. Man is often hard upon man, heaven knows, yet it is man only who can feel for the troubles of mankind.

ANTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

I MET to-day two straggling streams of workers moving along a hill-side path, one to, the other fro,—black-bodied, six-legged, with a most determined aspect, and an almost forbidding look (I forgot to mention that there was a magnifying glass in my hand). Apparently each and all were much pressed for time; they hurried along singly, none speaking to his neighbour, each seeming intent on his own object, though the result was to be common; each bearing his own

burden, not often helpful to others, self-concentrated, eager, bitter, obstinate, self-willed, narrow, conscientious, ambitious. I followed them till I reached a disturbed ant-hillock, which had been lately overthrown, and where the possessors were repairing their home with the most vehement industry.

Who directs them? Each seemed to be going on his own hook, minding his own business, hardly conscious of the existence of anything but himself; "frightfully in

earnest," as Disraeli once said of Gladstone. Yet the work was all in common; the community of goods, indeed, seemed absolute; no one had any personal property whatever; house, stores, eggs, everything belonged to all.

No one interfered with the rest; there was apparently no chief, overlooker, or director; yet the work went on apace, the repairing and building up of the ruined city "with neatness and dispatch."

Some seized a pellet of earth or a stone, and dragged it backwards up the steep incline, using their hind legs to cling on to rough places, while they hauled away at a weight greater far than that of their own bodies. Some hoisted aloft in their front arms, as it were, a stick or piece of grass twice or even thrice their own length, and moved forwards bearing it in the air. Each addition was placed in what each considered the best place; but the general form of the dome grew in a curiously regular diminishing curve, as if each bore the architect's elevation in his pocket. Some of the workers were making desperate efforts to move heavy (to them) beams of wood, but after superhuman exertions gave up the attempt when clearly beyond their strength. If a thing, however, was anywhere within the bounds of possibility, it was wondrous with what obstinate pertinacity they would return, e.g. to a pellet which had rolled away from them, even to the bottom of the hillock, again and again, and begin once more to haul it up; tugging, lifting it over stones and under sticks, tumbling over with their burden on the other side of an obstacle which they had scaled, and lying for a few seconds quite exhausted, yet never leaving hold of their burden, and setting off again undauntedly as soon as they recovered breath. Occasionally two or more were helping at a task; but they generally seemed to prefer working alone.

The ant-hill was on a steep, rocky-wooded hill-side, pink with spikes of heather, feathered with bracken, which hung over the nest, while tall mountain grasses, with bright glazed red and amber stalks, sprang up through the moving mound of life. The August sun shone on the pleasant spot, while through the white stems of the birch I could catch sight of the river running at the bottom of the deep valley, and the sound of the dashing water among the stones far away, came up with a soft murmur to my mountain perch. There was a "susurro" of wind among the trees, the twitter of the autumn note of a bird, and the buzz and hum of insect life

hovered round, but the ants were all silent; and the sort of low hiss which arose from the collected workers, resembled the noise of a London street more than any form of speech.

The rest of the world seemed wrapped in a sort of lazy content in the soft sunny weather, but the ants did not seem to be enjoying life any more than the men whom one meets hurrying along the Strand.

Probably the appreciation of a beautiful view is not facilitated by crawling over grass and sand, with one's head close to the ground! Besides, the faculty of admiring scenery is not only the distinctive quality of man, but is confined to a very small educated section of them; and I doubt whether the ants are ever likely to be educated into lovers of the picturesque, they are too hard-headed business-like a people. I am sure they keep their account books admirably, and have always a balance at their bankers, and that their stores are all labelled, and always to be found at once on the right shelves.

There is, however, a softer side to their characters. They are warm friends and allies, and assiduous nurses, carrying out the eggs of the community on fine days to warm and comfort the unborn children—not their own but the nation's—and if you try to take an egg away, the guardian will be cut to pieces rather than give up his charge to the foe. He is enduring, brave, bold, enterprising; faithful to his friends, cruel to his enemies.

His muscular power is astonishing. He is said to be the strongest being of his size alive. And as to his mind, M. Quatrefages, an eminent French naturalist, after saying that instinct is more developed among insects than in any other creatures, adds that ants stand highest in this respect, "possessing qualities which seem to resemble those which education, perhaps, masks among men." The distinction between intelligence and instinct as shown amongst them, is difficult indeed to define. On one occasion he watched them dragging the wing of a cockchafer into their nest; the opening was too small, and the workers pulled down part of the wall, some pushed at it from without, some dragged it from within, still the magnificent beam, which was probably intended to make a whole ceiling, could not be got in; they left it, increased the size of the opening, and the wing was at last swallowed up, though probably half-a-dozen interior partitions must have been thrown down before it reached its proper place; after this the door was built up again. Among monkeys, "nearest in structure to man, no fact has been observed

marking deliberation and judgment in common to such a degree."

It is baffling to think how entirely we are outside such intelligent and advanced organizations as these; we cannot guess at their thoughts or feelings; their external habits even are unintelligible to us; we seem not to have a point whereat to touch. To-day they were quite unconscious of my existence; perhaps I was too big to be seen; they took no more notice of me than of a stone as long as I remained still, and if they stung me when I interrupted their business, it was my finger, not me, which they attacked. A short-sighted man, however, the other day, who approached his face too near to a nest, was spit or shot at (whatever be the engine used to eject the formic acid) for his pains, and was obliged to draw back his eyes precipitately from the sharp, stinging volley.

They understand each other, it is said, by means of the antennæ. No doubt touch, when sufficiently cultivated even in man, is an extraordinary medium of communication, as was seen in Laura Bridgeman, the blind, deaf-mute; but one would like to understand the ant's finger alphabet.

The hand in man is considered a miracle of force, but the ant seems to use his six feet indifferently, as prehensile organs, to hold, to pull, to lift, to drag, to cling. The keenness of their smell appears to be marvellous, so that not so much as a cockroach can die in the corner of a dark room but the enterprising portion of the race living in India, who eat everything and go everywhere, contrive to find it out and carry it away.

But to us the most extraordinary of their qualities is the power of self-sacrifice, the almost moral elevation whereby the good of the individual is given up to that of the community. A line of ants on their travels were once seen trying to pass a little stream, which proved too rapid for them to cross. At last they hooked themselves on each to each, and thus gradually made a chain, which was carried obliquely to the other shore by the current. Many were drowned and lost in the process, the foremost of the band were often baffled and knocked about in the rushing water, but the floating bridge was at last complete, and the rest of the army marched in safety upon the bodies of their self-sacrificing fellows. Could any so-called reasoning men have done better, or as well? Our pontoons are not made of living men.

In India, the precautions taken against their voracity are many and ingenious, but the man is almost always baffled by the

insect; wood, paper, cloth, provisions, everything but metal is consumed; even the legs of tables are hollowed out, and left standing as empty shells, which give way at a touch. In one case, some preserves had been put in a closet, isolated from the wall, with feet set in basins of water. The ants, however, were not to be so outwitted; they crawled up to the ceiling and let themselves down, each ant hanging on to the one above him, till the last link touched the goal, when a stream of hungry applicants ran down and made short work of the coveted treasure. Did those who thus profited give any of the food to the self-sacrificing members of the living chain, I wonder? And what reward did the patriot receive who held on to the ceiling and bore the weight of the rope of ants?

No wonder that the emmet has been held up as a model of wisdom and industry since men have "made morals" at all; that Solomon declares the ants to be "a people not strong, but exceeding wise," who "prepare their meat in the summer," that Milton talks with respect of "the parsimonious emmet, provident of future,

"In small room, large heart enclosed."

But the highest praise he has received is from Mr. Darwin, who says that "the size of the brain is closely connected with higher mental powers, and the cerebral ganglia of ants is of extraordinary comparative dimensions. Still cubic contents are no accurate gauge; there may be extraordinary mental activity with extremely small absolute mass of nervous matter." It seems as if the fineness of the quality was more important even than its quantity. "The wonderfully diversified instincts, mental powers, and affections of ants exist with cerebral ganglia not so large as the quarter of a small pin's head." A son of Mr. Darwin succeeded in the anatomy of an ant's brain, and his father observes, "It is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world. More so even than the brain of man."

Yet such is the prodigal wealth of nature that millions on millions of these "marvellous atoms" come into the world every summer, with apparently no other end than to be eaten and crushed, and to die in a hundred different ways, after their few days of life. Their use in the world, as far as we can fathom it, is as scavengers; but, if we had been born ants, we should probably consider this a wretchedly perfunctory account of the be all and end all of our existence.

The ant may not be able to see very far, but one has a painful perception that our own vision is relatively not much less narrow.



IMPROVISINGS.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

I.—THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

NEVER did a kinder mother
Nurse a child upon her knee;
Yet I knew somehow or other
That she always feared for me!

When at school my teacher told her
I was busy as a bee,—
Learning more than others older :—
She was pleased—yet feared for me.

All the summer woods were ringing
With my shouts of joyous glee,
Through the house she heard me singing—
Yet she always feared for me.

Was she whimsical, or fretted?
That the dear one could not be!
Was I selfish, false, or petted?
That she always feared for me.

Did she think I did not love her,
Nor at heart with her agree?
Vain such questions to discover
Why she always feared for me!

But one morn, in anguish, waking
With a dreadful agony,
She said, in hers my small hand taking,
“He was drowned this day at sea.”

And she told how but one other
Branch grew from her household tree,
And lest I, the best, should wither,
That was why she feared for me!

Then convulsively she snatched me,
Setting me upon her knee—
To her beating heart she clasped me,
While I sobbed, “Why fear for me?”

“For you told me I must walk, too,
In the path my father trod,
And that he, with none to talk to,
On the ocean walked with God.

“Often did you tell me, mother,
That our father’s God was near—
That his Saviour was my brother—
Therefore I should never fear.



"I'll walk," I said, "as did my father;
Why then should you fear for me?
I'll not grieve you, for I'd rather
Sleep beside him in the sea!"

Then, again, she hugged and kissed me,
While I saw the shadows flee
From her anxious face that blessed me,
Now from sad forebodings free.

As she looked to Heaven, saying:—
"Thou hast giv'n this child to me!"
Whispering o'er me, as if praying,
"Never more I'll fear for thee!"

II.—WE ARE NOT THERE, BELOVED!

A VOICE HEARD WHILE LOOKING AT THE GRAVES
OF OUR HOUSEHOLD AT CAMPSIE.

We are not there, beloved!
So dry those tearful eyes,
And lift them up in calmness
To yonder cloudless skies;

To yonder Home of Glory,
Where we together live,—
'Tis all our Saviour died for,
'Tis all our God can give.

Yet, in that Home of Glory,
Midst all we hear and see,
The past is not forgotten,
And we ever think of thee—

Of thee and all our dear ones,
Far dearer now than ever,
For we are one in Jesus,
And nothing can us sever.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
And let those eyes be dry—

Oh, be not crushed by sorrow,
Nor ever wish to die.

Wish only to act bravely
In doing our Father's will,
And where our Master puts thee,
Be faithful and be still.

Be still! for God is with thee,
And thou art not alone,
But one in all thy labours
With the hosts around His throne.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
For not an hour is given
That may not make thee fitter
To join us all in heaven.

What though no sin or sorrow
Are in our world above,
Thy world below most needeth
The life and light of love.

Thou canst not see our glory
Beyond that peaceful sky,
Nor canst thou tell when angels
Or dearer friends are nigh:

But thou canst see the glory
Of our Saviour and our Lord,
And know his living presence,
And hear his living word.

Him, dear one! trust and follow,
Him hear with faith and love,
And He will lead thee safely
To join us all above.

And then we will remember,
And talk of all the past,
When sin and death have perished,
And love alone shall last.

Nov. 11, 1856.

OXFORD IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I HAVE been lately led to read once again an almost forgotten book, the *Diary* of Anthony à Wood, the author of the *Athene Oxonienses*, and of a voluminous History of the University, and I believe that it gives a picture of the life and manners of the time, which will not be without interest. Such records made from day to day, without any thought of the public or of reviewers, noting down what seemed at the time of most moment, have a special value in leading us to see things as they appeared to the men of a past age. Often, over and above the sketches of

society which they present, they cast light upon some passages of history, and enable us to look (sometimes, it must be owned, from the valet's unheroic point of view) upon its conspicuous actors.

The worthy antiquarian whom I have named was born, he tells us, Dec. 17, 1632, in an "ancient stone house" opposite Merton College. One of his earliest recollections was that of being taken, in 1636, to the garden of a Canon of Christ Church, to see Charles I. and his Queen, and Prince Rupert, ride into the great quadrangle, with a

"glorious train." They were then entertained by Lord at St. John's College. At the age of nine he was sent to the school then attached to New College. In the following year the "troubles" began, and soon affected the quiet order of University life. The Earl of Essex was at the head of the parliamentary army. The King had issued his proclamation. The members of the University began to drill themselves for service, and met under the Warden's eye for that purpose in the quadrangle of New College. Great, as may be imagined, was the excitement of the boys in the adjoining school. Many of them "could never be brought to their books again." Our hero's elder brother threw away his gown and ran to join the King at Edghill. His father saw that his younger sons would have little chance of education if they remained at Oxford. He died before he could act on this conviction, but his widow carried his intention into effect, and after a year's delay, during which the great schoolroom was turned into a dépôt of arms, and the family plate seized and melted down for the King's mint, Anthony and his younger brothers were sent to school at Thame. Here too, however, they were in the very centre of operations, the royal and parliamentary forces being within a few miles, and sometimes drawing close to the town. The boys would be sitting at dinner with their master, and be startled by the sight of a troop of cavaliers in hot retreat, pursued by Parliamentarians. Skirmishes, with some loss of life, took place in the very streets of the town. Sometimes Wood and his companions had a share in the fortunes of war. The Roundheads had "progged for venison" in Thame Park, and two gigantic pasties were made ready; but a handful of gallant cavaliers made them beat a quick retreat, and "their share fell among the school-boys." When the neighbouring garrison of Borstall surrendered to the Parliamentary forces, the master, who had leanings that way, gave the boys a whole holiday, that they might see the ceremony. They were forbidden, however, to eat or drink anything that the Royalists had left, "*for fear lest it should be poisoned.*" Soon Oxford too surrendered, and the boys at Thame turned into the town to see the King's soldiers lay down their arms. Many of them were old acquaintances of Wood's, and, at the cost of a scolding afterwards, he talked to them of Oxford and his relatives. Pocket-money was scarce, and he could not go further in his sympathy, pitiable as their condition was.

His Thame life soon came to an end. His mother had lost money in the troubles and by a great fire at Oxford, and could no longer afford to pay for his schooling. He came back to live with her, and found that she was bent, much to his disgust, on making him an attorney or a tradesman. Happily, however, in the meantime she allowed him to matriculate at Merton in May, 1647. From that date till his death in 1695 he was resident, with hardly any break, and notes in his diary the incidents which seemed to him most worthy of recording.

He describes, with a note that the custom had ceased entirely after the Restoration, how freshmen were initiated *temp.* Charles I. On one of the great winter festivals—Christmas or Candlemas-Eve or Shrove Tuesday—the new-comers would be brought into hall, and, when supper at six P.M. was over, and the fellows had withdrawn, were made to spout, tell stories, or sing. If they acquitted themselves successfully, they had a cup of "sack-caudle;" if they bungled, the less pleasant beverage of beer strongly salted, accompanied with a peculiar sharp pinch under the chin, known technically as a "tuck," which not unfrequently drew blood. When the ceremony was over they were admitted into the brotherhood with a mock oath, kissed a shoe, put on their gown and bands, and took their places with their seniors. Wood, in his oration, took the burlesque heroic style:—"May it please your gravities to admit into your presence a kitten of the Muses and a mere frog of Helicon, to croak the cataracts of his plumbous cerebrosity before your sagacious ingenuities" . . . and so on, to the end.

Soon (1648) the arrival of the Visitors appointed by Parliament brought more serious business. Fishing questions were put, and many a zealous Royalist ejected. The test-question was, "Will you submit to the authority of Parliament in this visitation?" Some were brave enough to defy and take the consequences. Many were compliant. Wood took refuge, not, of course, without some risk, in ignorance:—"I do not understand the business, and therefore I am not able to give a direct answer." This made his position for some time a very hazardous one; but his mother had influential friends, and the evasion was connived at; otherwise, as he says, in slang of venerable antiquity, he had "*infalibly gone to the pot.*"

Revolutions come and go, kings are beheaded and commonwealths set up, but the

common life of towns, villages, schools, goes on through it all, modified indeed, but less so than might be expected. So it was at Oxford after the execution of Charles I. Plots were from time to time talked of, and detected, and a few more masters and doctors disappeared. Presbyterian divines took their places in headships and tutorships that had thus become vacant. The "Common Prayer and Sacraments in the Chapel were put down," and the Bible-clerk's place which Wood held became a sinecure. But the business of the University went on: men read and took their degrees as usual. The *Acts* were held in St. Mary's Church, and even the buffoonery of the *terre filius* (a Master of Arts who appeared at this great annual ceremony, and made a Latin speech full of pungent and often scurrilous allusions to the noted characters of the University) at the Oxford saturnalia was left unchecked. Wood himself learnt his logic and went through the schools, and his tutor (his own brother) beat him when he was dull. He and other under-graduates would ride out to see a castle (Wallingford) demolished by order of the Parliament. They thought less of what was passing in the great world beyond them than of the fact that in 1650 "Jacob, a Jew, opened a Coffey-house at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East." This was the first introduction of that beverage. It rapidly became popular. Another "Jew and Jacobite" (the word is used in its ecclesiastical sense, and the Jew was probably a convert), "borne neare Mount Libanus," came in 1654, and set up a rival establishment. In the following year the business was taken up by an "apothecary and great Royalist," and became a meeting-place for "virtuosi and wits" who belonged to the same party. Later in life the antiquarian saw in these places the root of all evil. "Solid and serious learning declined," "few or none would follow it," "because of coffee-houses, where they spend all their time."

Wood's tastes led him to archæology and music by way of recreation; and it is pleasant to find that the stern rule of Puritanism was relaxed in their favour. Fellows and scholars met by authority of the parliamentary Visitors to practise part-singing, and even Roman Catholics were allowed to join.

Incidentally, we get a glimpse of a by-scene in history. The death of a gentleman commoner of St. Mary's Hall leads the diarist to note the exploits of his mother, Mrs. Jane Whorwood, one of the most zealous loyalists in England. At the time when

Charles I. was at Hampton Court, in 1647, harassed by distracted counsels, wishing to escape and not knowing where to turn, Mrs. Whorwood bethought herself of a counsellor who could not fail. She went to William Lillie, the astrologer. In spite of a warning that "a maid-servant had lately died in the house of the plague," she persisted in going up-stairs. She got a definite answer enough. Lillie "set up his figure," and told her that "about twenty miles from London, and in Essex," the King would find a safe retreat. She caught at the idea, remembered a house that exactly fulfilled the conditions, and rushed off to Hampton Court to inform the monarch. He, as it happened, followed other counsels, went to Tichfield, and surrendered himself to Colonel Hammond. Mrs. Whorwood's zeal, however, did not fail her. As soon as the King's confinement at Carisbrook became matter of notoriety, she again had recourse to Lillie's help, and it was by his counsels, and through a locksmith that he recommended, that the King obtained the saw and the aquafortis which enabled him to cut through the iron bars of his chamber at Carisbrook, and get half-way through the well-known window. Yet once again, when the tragedy was drawing to its close, and the parliament had sent Lord Say with their conditions, did the worthy lady go to consult the stars, and was doomed, as we all know, to consult them fruitlessly.

I return to Oxford and its life. The topics of the day were such as rouse the gossips of a country town. A gentleman commoner of Merton ran off with a girl of fifteen, and invited his friends to the wedding-breakfast. A stonemason of Oxford invented the art of staining marble. A woman who had been hanged was taken to the Anatomy School for dissection, there resuscitated (this seems to have been a not unfrequent occurrence), then dragged by one of the town bailiffs out of her bed, and hanged again. A violinist from Lubeck, Baltazar, came to Oxford, and astonished the amateurs of the University.

The death of the Protector was the signal for the outbreak of suppressed royalism. When Richard Cromwell was proclaimed at St. Mary's by the mayor and recorder, the young scholars pelted them with carrot and turnip tops. Nath. Crew, Fellow of Lincoln (afterwards Bishop of Durham, and founder of the annual oration delivered at the Oxford Commemoration), presented a petition against the oppressive rule of the parliamentary Visitors. A rising of the cavaliers was apprehended (July, 1659), and

houses searched for arms. The Anabaptists held a great meeting at Abingdon. Some stones were blown by a strong gale from the tower of Carfax Church during service, and the congregation in their fright cried out, some that the day of judgment was at hand, and some that "the Anabaptists and Quakers (!) were coming to cut their throats." The Churchmen of Oxford began to look out for opportunities of returning to the wide schemes for re-uniting themselves with the Eastern Churches which had been popular among them in the days of Laud. They were fooled, as it happened, to the top of their bent. One Kinaston, a merchant of London, with "a long beard and haire overgrown, was at the 'Mitre Inn,' and feigning himself a Patriarch, and that he came to Oxford for a modell of the last Reformation, divers Royalists repaired to him, and were blessed by him"—some craving the blessing on their knees. Even the Greek Professor of the University appeared "very formally," and made a Greek harangue before him. At this the laughter of those who were in the secret could be kept in no longer, and the Royalists who "had so great a mind to be blest by a patriarch instead of an archbishop or bishop," retired in confusion, and those that were blest were ashamed of it. They had partners in misfortune, however, on the other side of ecclesiastical politics. Even the Presbyterian Dean of Christ Church, the celebrated Dr. John Owen, had gone to consult the Patriarch, with a view to obtaining a "modell" for a new reformation. History sometimes repeats itself, and those who remember the reception five years ago given by some English clergymen and laymen to a certain Bishop (*soi-disant*) of Iona, can scarcely fail to be struck with the parallelism.

The counter revolution was making progress. On February 13, 1660, the bells rang, and bonfires were lighted on the arrival of the news that there was to be once more a "free parliament." Rumps and tails of sheep were flung into the flames in scorn of the parliament which had become identified with that unseemly word. By May 14 matters were advanced enough for a meeting of musicians to be held to congratulate the King on his arrival. The memorable "twenty-ninth" was celebrated with boundless rejoicing. The "reign of darkness and confusion" which the "Presbyterians and Fanatics" had brought on the country was at an end.

Troubles, however, of a new kind came. Reynolds, Warden of Merton, was made Bishop of Norwich, and after the usual course

of college intrigues, Archbishop Juxon was persuaded to appoint Dr. Clayton as Professor of Physic, and the new Warden, being a layman and in favour at court, was knighted. The fellows who had voted against him, and who had some grounds, as they thought, for looking on the appointment as invalid, tried to bar him out, locked the hall and buttery doors, and hid the keys. After a time another key was found, and he made his way into the chapel. The contest was kept up a little longer, but the fellows had to give way, and he took possession. Then began a long series of grievances. The Warden had a wife, and my lady and her daughters had learned to cultivate taste. The old furniture would not do for them, and the college had to pay for new. The old garden had to be altered, new plants bought at five shillings per root (!), and a new summer-house built; all at the expense of the college. The "proud lady" insisted on its being charged even with the cost of "a key for the ladies' seats at St. Mary's," and for "shoes for her footboy." She astonished the Merton mind by having a very large looking-glass to see "her ugly face and body to the middle," which cost £10.

In 1663 we find a new study springing up at Oxford, not as yet formally recognised, but pursued with some ardour. The movement in favour of physical science which showed itself in London in the foundation of the Royal Society, extended even to Oxford, and a "Club" was formed to study chemistry under Peter Stahl, of Strasburg, a "noted Rosicrucian." He had been brought to the University by Robert Boyle, and had chambers in University College. His hearers, for the most part, sat round a table and took notes, but there was a noticeable exception. One John Locke, of Christ Church, "a man of turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented" (so Wood describes the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*), "scorned to do it, and while every other of the members of the Club was writing, he would be prating and troublesome." The Club, it may be noted, included at that time the names of Dr. John Wallis, the famous mathematician, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Christopher Wren. Wood himself about this time was more and more absorbed in his own special pursuits, and his records of miscellaneous events became scantier. We may note, however, as a touch of the manners of the times, that he goes up to dine with Archbishop Sheldon at Lambeth, and that after dinner the prelate retired to his "withdrawing-room," while the chaplains, with many of the

guests, went to their lodgings to "drink and smoke."

The Popish plot agitated the waters of Oxford, and Wood, who was a personal friend of the Jesuit Davenport, better known as Franciscus à Sanctâ Clarâ (who wrote a Latin *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, in the spirit of Dr. Newman's memorable Tract xc.), and had many Roman Catholic acquaintances, looked on the excitement with some scorn. He notes how "many divines of poor spirits prick up their ears" at the discovery of the plot, and "talk very boldly and undaunted." Strong sermons were preached against Papists from the University pulpit, and a general fast appointed. Wood himself was suspected of being popishly addicted, and his books and papers were searched by the Vice-Chancellor, who "had he had his will, to please the parliament would have hanged him." As it was, he had to take the oath of supremacy and allegiance, was "cut" by some friends, and asked by others whether he was summoned yet before the King's council. He notes as a significant fact that the collection for the poor in St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, which used to amount to £4,000 per annum, fell, owing to the excitement of the plot and the banishment or emigration of the Papists, to £700. Another sign of the degeneracy of the times is, that the masters of the schools speak English to the scholars in their *vivâ voce* examinations. The renewal of strong anti-Papist feeling rouses his spleen, and when another special fast was appointed (April 11, 1679), his comment is, that it is all the "canting" of "d—d presbytery, who pretend to love the King, and yet won't vote the money that he asks for." It was, perhaps, hardly to be wondered at, after this, that Sir Harbottle Grimston, in a speech in parliament, accused the University of printing popish books, Wood's *Historia Universitatis* being one of them. He found consolation in Dr. Fell's refusal, as Vice-Chancellor, to admit Titus Oates to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The religious excitement of the times was, as might be expected, unfavourable to the University. It had not been so thin for years. There were rumours that the King was going to hold a parliament there, and prudent fathers kept their sons back from the distractions which such an assemblage brought with it. Whigs would not send their children to be made Tories. The bishops, and therefore the universities, were suspected of being Papists. The result was that in 1683 the number of matriculations, which used to average 120 "between Christ-

mas and Egg Saturday, fell to 20." There were only 120 Bachelors to "determine" instead of 200, and Lent "disputations" decayed beyond all precedent. Loyalty in the town fell to so low an ebb that when the 26th of May came round there was but one bonfire in the four great streets by any tradesman, "whereas there had been seen 20."

There was, of course, some ground for this distrust. The University was, with few exceptions, on the side of the Duke of York, and his health was drunk in most halls at dinner. Sermons were, on a solemn thanksgiving day, preached against the fanatics. Men were expelled the University for whiggism. Books containing pernicious principles were burnt. The name of the Duke of Monmouth, who had resided at Corpus in 1665, was scratched out of the books by the fellows. The death of Charles II. brought new troubles. Volunteers were raised at Oxford to take the place of the King's guard at Whitehall, who had gone to oppose the Duke of Monmouth in Dorsetshire. Convocation determined that a regiment of scholars and troop of horse should be raised to support the King. Others met as volunteers, and were trained in the quadrangle of All Souls. Then, when the rebels were defeated, there were great rejoicings and special thanksgivings, and a University sermon, in which the preacher said many things "favouring of popes" which he afterwards had to recant.

James was, for the present, the hero of the day. His statue (February 6, 1687) was set up over the gate of University College,* with firings of pistols and a great banquet, with "Claret, Smyrna (?), and all sorts of wine," and in the evening the whole college was illuminated. In June of the same year the King himself came to visit the University, and with the account of his reception, as the last fact in Wood's diary of any public interest, I will conclude these extracts.

September 3rd was fixed for his arrival. Town and gown were eager to do him honour. The streets were strewn with gravel, which an unlucky shower turned to mud. Bocardo (the north gate of the city) was whitewashed, the arches decorated with boughs; the city arms were new painted. Twenty-three doctors in scarlet and nineteen masters, with foot-cloths and lackeys, and the squire bedells, with gold chains about their necks, went to meet him in St. Giles's Fields as he came in from Woodstock. They

* There it still remains. This and the statue behind Whitehall Chapel are the only two of that monarch extant in this country.

went as far as "Aristotle's Well," * near Port Meadow, and then waited. The conduit at Carfax was to run direct while the King was passing. About five P.M. his Majesty appeared, and they all alighted from their horses and knelt, and the Vice-Chancellor made a Latin speech, and the King went on to go through a like ceremony with the mayor and aldermen. He was dressed in a scarlet coat, his blue ribbon and George, a star on his left breast, with an old French coarse hat on, with a little seam of lace, "all not worth a groat, as some of the people said." The streets, as he went, were strewn with herbs, chiefly camomile. There were great shouts, but not the old *vivat rex* which had been usual in former days. He passed on to Christchurch, and took up his quarters in the Dean's lodgings. At night there were bonfires in many quadrangles, and an illumination (blundering, and with no candles on the street side) in University College.

The next morning, and on the following day, the King "touched" for the evil in the cathedral, and about 700 or 800 came to test the efficacy of the royal gift of miraculous healing. Soon there were ominous signs of what was coming. A fellow of All Souls' came to pay his court, and the King asked him, "Are you not bound by your statute to pray for the dead?" He went to a sermon in a private chapel preached by a secular priest. Twenty-one fellows of Magdalen were brought before him, to be "reprimanded," i.e. bullied, for resisting the King's mandate appointing Farmer as their president. He bade them go to their chapels and elect, and they went and did *not* elect. William Penn, the "captain of the Quakers," who followed the King in his progress, went after them to persuade them to compliance, and came back, having heard their case, half-persuaded that they were in the right. Then the King went to University College, the master of which (Dr. Obadiah Walker) was a Papist, and a devoted partizan, and was received by him and the fellows with great state. On Sunday evening the Vice-Chancellor, doctors, and proctors, went to the Dean's lodgings, and presented James with a Bible and a pair of embroidered gloves. On Monday he again touched for the evil, and went in the afternoon to a collation in the Bodleian Library. As he forgot to ask anybody else

to partake of the meal, "none did eat but he," and when it was over, the hungry crowd of scholars and courtiers had a general scramble, and the wet sweetmeats fell on the ladies' linen and petticoats, and stained them. Meanwhile the King looked at the books, inquired if they had the works of Confucius, and whether the Chinese had any Divinity; had to listen, in consequence, to a dissertation on the "traces of the Trinity and other Christian Doctrines in Chinese Temples," and nodded when it was over. Then came a Latin speech, in which he was entreated to be good and gracious to the *Ecclesia Anglicana*, and then he began to talk of preaching. He "grieved to hear that Oxford preachers used notes." None of his Church ever did, and that was the secret of their success. But the scholars of the Church of England were lazy.

Then he turned to the Vice-Chancellor, and warned him against the dangers of the time. "Of all things I would have you avoid pride, and learne the virtues of charity and humilitie. There are a sort of people among you that are wolves in sheep's clothing: beware of them, and let them not deceive you and corrupt you. . . . I have given liberty of conscience to some of my subjects, therefore do not take it ill, for in what I have done I think I have not done harme to you. Let not, therefore, your eye be evil and mine be good, but love one another, and practise divinity; do as you would be done to, for this is the law and the prophets."

What answer the Vice-Chancellor made is not on record; but when the King took coach, his parting words were of the same tenor: "I must commend unto you againe love and charitie. . . . In the King my father's time the Church of England's men and the Catholicks loved each other, and were, as 'twere, all one; but now there is gotten a spirit which is quite contrary, and what the reason is I cannot tell." This time the pious admonitions were followed up by a significant warning: "There are some among you that are the occasion of these things; but I know them, and shall take notice of them for the future."

So I end my *memoranda*. These things, it is true, are not history; but, like the Erckman-Chatrian series of books in their bearing upon the story of the First Empire, they help to make our conceptions of history somewhat more distinct.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

* I was told that the conduit at Carfax was to run direct while the King was passing. I have not been able to find any record of this, but it is very probable that it was so.

A MEMORY.

A MEMORY of a happy day :
 My friend, as we were strolling out,
 Turn'd up a little narrow way,
 Not heeding what he was about—

A pleasant, deep, and winding lane,
 Cutting the skirts of down and dell,
 With peeps of castle, cot, and fane,
 Mill, river, bridge, and mossy well.

Green ivy-nooks alive with fern,
 And flow'rs that made the wayside fair,
 Confronting us at every turn,
 Fast held the soul as with a snare.

Here Nature's little saintly nun,
 The wee white daffodil, would gleam ;
 There celandines, that love the sun,
 Ran down the bank a golden stream ;



While all the woods sweet music made,
 For linnets, led off by the thrush,
 A concert held in every glade,
 Nor ceas'd until the twilight hush.

"Oh what a song of wild delight
 Those birds are trilling, prithe hark !"
 Broke out my friend, as to his sight
 Mine eye shone with a joyous spark.

But I had caught another sound,
 Which made my heart with rapture dance ;
 And as along the lane I wound
 I yearn'd to catch a wish'd-for glance.

You guess the signal that I heard ;
 My friend, he wot not of the sign :
 She came, his soul was wildly stir'd ;
 "Too late," I said, "for she is mine."

EDWARD CAPERN.

BROTHER ADAM.

A Story of Peasant Life in Brittany.

IV.—A REED SHAKEN IN THE WIND.



ADAM had now nothing to do but to make love and to shape himself to the new life that was to begin after Christmas. Jacques ceased to frown on him, his mother and Tinah ceased to be sorry—the thing was done. Even the old Rector said it was well done; there was no sin in the fondness of two young hearts; it was not good to bring an imperfect sacrifice to the altar, and if the *kloärek* did not feel his soul rise to a level with his intended vocation, it was wisest, safest, best, to turn back to the world's every-day work while it was yet time.

But while he spoke, thus, the priest betrayed his regret that Adam had not found strength to carry his sacrifice through. And Adam himself, in the very hour that his passion came in sight of its fulfilment, regretted it too—not continuously or openly, but with sudden pangs of spirit or conscience that seized him unawares. He was melancholy in the midst of his joy, and lonely even in Alizan's presence. Sometimes when he went over the heath in the sunshine and heard the women singing at the washing-pool, heard the children at play, and the labourers in the fields, he had a moment of sweet content that his lot was to be on earth, where he might have a wife of his own to sing and children to play; but down in the shadow again, he remembered the toils and pains of the working-world, and hankered after the life of study, of prayer, and pious

watchfulness over a Christian people that he had put behind him. His soul was disquieted within him; he felt the inward reproach that is sharper than a two-edged sword. Then he went to the Rector for counsel and comfort, and the Rector, not at all surprised, said to him, "My son, all this fretfulness will pass when you sit by the fire-side with Alizan, and have a cradle to rock under the old crucifix that hangs by her bed."

But Adam was still not at rest. "The unhealed plague of conscience may end in spiritual death," said he.

"My son, are you prepared to bid Alizan farewell?"

"No, my father, it would break her heart and mine."

"Then seek your counsel and comfort in prayer to God—He will show you the right; then do it, let it cost what it may."

Clearly the old man conjectured where the strife would end. It was not so easy to cast off the habits of six years. Adam's intelligent, cultivated mind was turning again into its familiar groove, was contemplating the beauty and holiness of self-renunciation, and what were the promptings of his own spirit, he took for the leading of heaven. It seemed that he heard the voice of God speaking to him, "He that will not leave all to follow me is not worthy of me; follow me, and thou shalt have the light of life." And when he went down to the Moulinasse, as he went every day, he mingled his lover's discourse with speculations on what might have been had he not met Alizan; and he recalled that they had met first under the Druid's stone, the unsanctified dolmen of the old pagan race that dwelt in Brittany before Christ was born. Alizan would listen perplexed till the red roses of her cheeks whitened and her heart in her bosom felt heavy as lead. She did not doubt his love, but it was as if some bar had come between them since their betrothal. She did not care for Adam's learning—it was of small service at the Moulinasse—she would rather have had him talk of oxen and sheep, or have had him hearken to the tale of her week's churning and spinning; for she was an excellent thrifty housewife, and had all her interest in these things. But interest in them Adam found none—not even when her pleasant cooing voice discoursed of them. His thoughts would wander away, ever so far away—to his garret on the

old wall of Dinan, to the green slopes of the Caraduc woods, to the winding river and his comrades and master at the seminary. He could not have told Alizan what he was regretting, but he regretted much.

The farmer at the Moulinasse also found less help and companionship in his future son-in-law than he had anticipated, and repented him of his hasty bargain. One bleak afternoon of December he came in and said to his daughter, "Thou'd ha' done better, my pretty little cat, to have taken Jacques Robin for a husband. Adam does not relish our manner of life; his head is full of songs; the priest's soutane would not have been too strait for him after all. He went out to shepherd the flocks on the heath and bring them near home, for there is snow coming, and what dost think he's been doing while they have strayed half-way to Guiclan? he has been cutting a cross on the dolmen! 'Man,' I said to him, 'that big stone was baptized by the blessed St. Aubert himself, and it is a better Christian than thou to let the poor sheep be lost so far from covert with this storm gathering.' And now he has gone down to seek them; I wish they were safe home, for it is going to be a wild and bitter night."

A wild and bitter night, indeed! Alizan had her wheel by the fire, but she shifted it to the window to watch for the coming of her lover as she spun. It was the dusk of the afternoon already, and the clouds hung so low that they seemed to rest on the tops of the old walnut-trees in the garden. But there was no wind as yet—all was still as death, as it often is before the outburst of a terrible tempest. It was almost dark when the first sob sounded from the north-west, from the sea, and after the sob a wail, and after the wail a shriek, and then all the powers of heaven were unloosed, and with whirling shrouds of snow, and cutting columns of hail, and gusts that smote the trees and bowed them like reeds, and smote the house and made it rock, the hurricane began. The incessant roll of thunder and the roaring of the sea completed the tumult in the air, and those within the house could hardly hear each other speak. Alizan fingered her chapel trembling, and prayed low in her heart as the battle waged more furiously.

Suddenly her father, who had sat him down under the wide arch of the chimney and was feeding the fire with chips and cones of fir, lifted his head and said, "What is that? listen!"

Alizan listened—they both listened—the

old man drawing near to the door, but there was only the beating of the blast and the hail, and the rattle of the thunder.

"It is the bark of the dog; it is Adam with the sheep, thanks be to God and the Blessed Mary!" cried Alizan, and sprang to raise the latch.

Her father had done it already, and Adam entered. "The sheep are safely folded," said he; "but the church-bell at Guiclan is ringing."

"That is the sound I heard first—the alarm-bell—there is a vessel on the rocks," interrupted the farmer, and began to clothe his nether limbs and to wrap his body against the cold, while Alizan stirred in the embers for a brand to light the great lantern which Adam took down from its nail on the wall.

Adam was very eager to be gone, very hurried in his last words—he did not so much as kiss her; but then there was life to be saved, and life might be lost while two lovers trifled over farewells. Her father bade her keep up the fire and a light in the window, and himself summoned the stout dairy-woman to stay with her while he was away.

"And bolt the door," said he; "make all fast; we will call loud enough when we come back!" And with that, he and Adam turned out into the storm, and the women crouched on the hearth, and wept as they prayed. It is so all the world over! The men go forth to brave the danger, and the women lift their hearts to God to avert it.

Through the blinding snow, against the heavy wind, the farmer and Adam battled on, the quick clanging of the bell urging them faster and faster until they came to the cliffs, and saw the white surf tumbling and foaming a hundred feet below. Along the cliffs and down them by a steep rough road, and they were in a throng of men, come to aid like themselves, if aid might be where the peril was so vast. The Père Félix was there, and Jacques and Matthieu, and oh! there was the mother, too! and as the lightning blazed along the coast, they caught weird glimpses of a great ship amongst the breakers, her masts, and sheets, and shrouds all one tangled wreck, and from her side sounding ever and anon, a gun, the signal of distress.

In the clamour of voices Adam heard the Rector counselling, and the young Abbé who served the church at Guiclan was preparing to accompany some fishermen to the rescue of those on the vessel before it was shattered by the violence of the waves. "Come you," he said to Adam, and caught him by the hand, and Adam pressed down to the boat,

the second of those brave volunteers. But vain was the help of man ! The waves spun the frail boat round and swamped it in a moment, and with the cry of the fishermen mingled another cry more distant ; and when the lightning lighted up land and sea again, the great ship was seen broken asunder, and the waves dashing over it, a total wreck, of which soon not two planks held together. Through the blackness of the night and the raging storm a few watched, a few waited, but the most went home to shelter and sleep. If the sea gave up its dead when the tide went down in the morning, they would return and bury them.

Amongst those who kept their dismal vigil under the cliff were the young Abbé of Guiclan, and Adam, and the Père Félix and his wife. The poor woman's heart yearned still after her lost son Pierre, and as she said to her husband, the good God might have brought him home in this ship, though only to cast him dead at their feet ; but they would give him holy water and holy earth, and he would rest in peace, and they could pray for him above his bones. And strange ! in the grey of the morning, while there was yet hardly any light on the sands, the watchers saw a dark object washing to and fro on the water, and it drifted and drifted nearer, and the retiring tide left it prone on the shore of the cove they sheltered in ; and it was Pierre Robin, drowned and stark, but in no wise disfigured. And they all knew him ; and his face and his stature were like Adam's. And they carried him up through the thick snow over the heath, and laid him in the church, saying one to another, "A miracle, a miracle !" and his mother followed, more rejoicing than sorrowing.

Adam went with his parents to lay his brother's body in the dust. It was the only one that was washed ashore from the wreck, and the wonder of it made a great talk in the country. It was told that his mother had prayed without ceasing to the Blessed Mary to see him again, living or dead, and he was given back dead into her bosom. Then long memories recalled how he had come from Dinan, a *kloïrek* in his last year of probation, and at the Pardon of Guiclan had met a beautiful daughter of sin, and had fallen into her toils, and had fallen from grace and become altogether reprobate, and a shame and grief to his father and mother ; and how he had gone to the sea, almost breaking their hearts. He had been heard of once in the western seas, and then never again until the waves cast him up almost on the threshold of

home. It was a wild, pathetic story, and the Abbé of Guiclan, who was a poet, put it into a *sône*, a ballad, which the people of that country sing yet in the winter nights.

Adam did not go to the Moulinasse that day, but at night when all was still, and the deep snow deadened the sound of every step, he came, and entered the house-place where Alizan and her father sat by the fire together. The snow had not ceased falling, and he appeared all sheeted and shrouded by it, a ghostly figure at sight of which Alizan uttered a cry. And when she saw who it was, and looked in his face, she cried out again, "Adam, Adam, you are going to leave me !" and stretched her hands towards him.

Adam gently avoided her, and stepping into the circle of bright light round the fire, stooped, took up a burning brand and laid it athwart the great log in the glowing centre of the pile : "See, father," he said to the farmer, who sat silent and aghast ; "I renounce my claim to a seat by your hearth. God has called me again, and here I cannot stay."

"Is it so, dear Adam ?" said Alizan, and the tears rose in her eyes and brimmed over.

The young man standing stiffly a pace or two from her replied, "It is good-bye, sweetheart, between you and me for ever. You are the best and dearest in the world ; you have been my only joy ; but God spoke to me last night in the storm, and all the way as we tramped over the heath with the body of Pierre, my brother, his voice was in my ears, and at the grave He summoned me again. And I must go. He has a work for me to do ; I cannot yet see what it is ; but He bids me come out of the world and be ready at his time. You will not bid me disobey, Alizan ?"

"Ah, no !" but she wept and laid her soft lips on his hand, and held him fast.

For several minutes neither spoke again. The father looked on amazed and said nought either ; but he told it afterwards that the countenance of Adam was awful to him, like the countenance of a man in a trance, present in the body, but absent in the spirit. At last, the old man broke the spell by asking Adam if he was going back to pleasant Dinan.

"I am going to Ploërmel. The Abbé of Guiclan bears me company. It was from Ploërmel he came into this country when there was great dearth and sickness three years ago," said Adam.

Another silence ensued, broken only by Alizan's sobs. They seemed to hurt her father cruelly, but Adam was not like him-

self; he looked at her, but made no attempt to comfort, and yet it was not the exaltation of sacrifice he felt. Presently the old man said with a touch of sternness, "Dry your eyes, girl, let us bid Adam good speed in God's name! Far be it from me and thee to hold him back when God calls him."

A kiss, a long last kiss, a convulsive wringing of the hands, and they parted; and the young man went out across the threshold, leaving love, joy, and happy life behind him—went out into the lonely night, alone for evermore.

V.—NEWS BY A MESSENGER.

ADAM had bidden farewell at home before he bade farewell to Alizan; and when he left the Moulinasse he went down to Guiclan, and from Guiclan, the next day, he and his friend, the Abbé, set out on foot for Ploërmel. The journey was one of several stages, but they found shelter and hospitality each night in some house of The Christian Brothers, and on the fourth day, early in the afternoon, they entered the forest of Pamipont—the haunted forest of Broceliando, famous in the Arthurian Romances, where Merlin lies asleep under the white hawthorn, still captive to fairy Vivien's enchantments.

The Abbé knew the way to the old monastery, which was their destination, as by instinct, though the snow had obliterated every track. The trees formed a vaulted roof overhead with their interlaced, snow-laden branches. Thousands of mossy trunks, like dark columns, supported it, stretching away into aisles of inconceivable beauty. There was not a breath of wind, and the sun had dispersed the morning mists, and inundated the forest with dazzling light. The icy pendants from the boughs sparkled like diamonds, and the crisp untrampled snow, bordered with hollies and yellowing ferns, was like a carpet that the genii of the place might have wrought. No sound of life broke the perfect stillness, no twitter of bird on the wing, no stealthy tramp of wild beast, nothing but the crackling of the thin ice underfoot. Here and there gleamed in the glades frozen pools, with stirless bushes about them, like gnomes of bronze. Down in the ravines the twisted roots of the lofty beech-trees broke through the steep banks, like knots of petrified serpents, and the road was often impeded by fallen trunks, over which the travellers had to climb. It was splendid and wild, but it was awful, too, in the total suspension of life.

They pressed on faster, for the sky began to darken: the sun vanished, the distances

were lost in haze, and the air froze. Soon the snow began to fall, soft and fine. For awhile the trees protected them, but gradually a gale got up, and they had to strive against whirlwinds of sleety bitterness that lashed their faces like broken glass. Walking became more and more difficult, and Adam asked by-and-by how far to the monastery? "Only a whistle away," the Abbé said. But it was so far a whistle that they did not reach it that night. They were almost ready to sink with cold and exhaustion, when a clog-maker's hut at the road-side invited them to rest, and having rested half an hour, they found themselves fairly snowed up, and were thankful for even that poorest of refuges against the dangers of the dark and the tempest that howled without.

And poor indeed their refuge was; but the Abbé was already familiar with such homes, and Adam's vocation would soon make him familiar with them too. The clog-maker had only himself, his wife, and one child, a little boy. They were young people, and seemed content enough in their bleak destitution. They were just better lodged than the wolves, better housed than the crows, their only neighbours; and the comforts they did not know, they did not covet. Their hut was built of logs and woven boughs, cut in the forest; and dead leaves, a weird tapestry, hung to them still. There was no window and no door, but a thick hurdle of broom to fill the gap by which they went in and out. The bed was of wattle, and had a straw mattress, a sheet of brown unbleached linen, and a coverlet of plaited list. An old chest was the table, and there was a stool besides—only one. A pile of sabots, two trestles for the man and his wife to work at, and a narrow rack, with augers and axes of various sizes, completed the furniture of the cabin. The hearth was two unhewn stones, above which hung a sort of wattle funnel, plastered with clay, to carry off the smoke.

A soup of black bread, salt, and water, eaten with one spoon out of one platter, was all the supper of the poor couple. Such as it was, they would have shared it with their guests, and gone hungry to bed, but the young men were content with the roof over them, and the fire which they kept up through the night; and at the first glimmer of dawn they set out again, and reached the monastery before breakfast. Their reception by the Brothers was warm and kindly; but as the heavy doors of the grey old turreted house closed upon them, Adam felt as if a frozen hand had clutched his heart, and only

at that moment did he clearly realise what he had done in parting with Alizan for once and for ever.

In this house—called “The House of the Brothers of Christian Instruction”—the rule was very strict. No lay members were admitted into the community; and after a brief term of preparation and seclusion, Adam took the initiatory vows of the order, and as he preferred not changing his baptismal name, he was henceforward “Brother Adam.” All the students were in training for the priesthood, and the law of passive obedience was rigidly enforced. It did not cost Adam much to obey. A sort of moral and mental paralysis had fallen upon him, in which he was thankful to be guided and sustained. His friend, the Abbé de Guiclan, remained only for a month’s recess, and left him there, outwardly moulded to his lot. Restless spirits there were within those walls that time and discipline would tame, but Adam’s was none of these. He had held a man’s life and happiness in his hand once, and he had laid them at the foot of the altar; he did not regret his sacrifice, though he suffered—it was a worthy sacrifice, and its worthiness was the chief consolation of his solitude. There were some there who had given up nothing, and yet beat their wings against their cage with perpetual disquiet; and there were others only ready to enter the priest’s office that they might eat a portion of bread. Brother Adam knew what he had forsaken for God’s sake, and counted himself by so much better than they.

The pride of sacrifice and of duty kept up his spirit for some months. He was diligent in study and constant in his religious observances, and what went on within only himself knew, and heaven, and the priest into whose ear he poured his weekly confession. Strict as the life was, it was yet quite endurable, and the rigour of it did not exclude long country walks, the chief and favourite recreation of the young students. The black months got over, and primroses began to peep under last year’s fallen leaves. It was beautiful in the forest when the fresh verdure began to make all green, and on the wild wide heaths, where the furze was yellow in blossom; but it was more beautiful still in the thick shades of midsummer; and most of all beautiful when autumn dashed the trees with scarlet and gold and russet brown. Brother Adam was contemplative and solitary in his tastes, and though he never left the house without one comrade or more, at a certain elevated spot, which he particularly

affected for meditation, he would often linger behind, and wait to rest till their return.

He had done thus one early October evening, when an event happened. He had now been ten months at Ploërmel, and with neither the Collinet nor the Moulinasse had he held any communication since he left them. It was towards sunset, the hour when sweet recollections were wont to crowd on his mind with peculiar force and tenderness. The day was going down in glory. The clouds had opened in the west, like courtiers who watch the coming of their king. The distant forest was clothed with rosy splendour, and a few tall, slender poplars, detached from the mass, stood out dark and distinct against it, as masts of ships at anchor against the sea. Brother Adam had quite lost himself in reverie, when a shadow passing between him and the sun caused him to lift his head and look up, and behold the wayfarer was his old friend Kabik, the poacher. Their greeting was more formal than it used to be, and Brother Adam asked no questions. Kabik, however, liked to talk. He gave an account of how and why he came to be in that country, and then ran on with news of the Collinet and the Moulinasse.

“It was a great day, the wedding,” said he; “there has not been such a wedding, nor such a harvest, since the new barn was built at the Moulinasse. All the world was blithe and gay. Bonny Mistress Alizan danced with the merriest, and Master Jacques looked as grave and glad as the father of a family already.”

“My brother Jacques and Alizan are then man and wife?” said the *kloärek*.

“Man and wife this month past.”

Only an hour ago Brother Adam’s heart was quiet, his eyes were calm, but all at once there burned a fire of rage and fury in them. The natural man revolted in fierce passion. The days and weeks that followed were days and weeks of wild misery and desolation. The beauty of his sacrifice was gone; his reveries were all disenchanted. Alizan was faithless, Alizan had consoled herself and was happy. Then ensued the cold fit of contempt for the world, its vanities and indulgences. Bitter, weary, sad, he shook the past from his feet as dust that defiled them, and set his face with fanatic energy to the duties and severities of his vocation.

But not while in this spirit of hopeless, angry disappointment would holy hands confer on him the sacred orders of the Church. His probation was lengthened, his sincerity was tested to the quick, and not until after two more years of patient suffering and obe-

dience was he permitted to receive the tonsure. It was at the time when the cholera was in Finisterre, in 1853, when the people were dying of the plague by hundreds in a day, and when several parish priests had already succumbed to their terrible labours. The bishop wanted to send others in their room, strong young men, ready and willing to take their lives in their hands, and to give them, if need were, for the love of God and his poor. In quest of men of adequate devotion for the dangerous duty, he visited the monastery at Ploërmel.

"Send me," said Brother Adam with eager courage, but all humility of spirit; and the bishop, on the recommendation of his superiors, ordained him, and sent him straightway into the country of Léon, where the pestilence had broken out with more virulence than in any other part of Brittany.

VI.—IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

Of all the races of France, the Léonards are, perhaps, the most devout. No important action of their life is undertaken without religious ceremonies, and no meal is eaten that is not signed with the token of redemption. The new house is blessed and the new threshing floor, and on Rogation Day the clergy still make the procession of the cross through the fields amidst the growing crops—without it, the peasant believes the land would be barren. Only the extremity of illness, age, or infirmity is regarded as a sufficient dispensation from attending mass on Sundays and on the great feasts and festivals. His existence is tinged with a sort of religious fatalism from his birth, but it is strongest in his last sickness and his death. He rarely calls a physician to the aid of nature, for he has no faith in human remedies, and prefers to rely on prayers to his favourite saint, and on special masses in church; so that the number of death-stricken persons in a parish may be known by the number of tapers burning on the altar of the Virgin each Sunday all the year round.

It was amongst this superstitious, pious people that Brother Adam was sent to labour at one of those supreme moments when the established order of things is all out of joint, and broken up by strange and terrible circumstances. It was on a splendid July evening that he arrived at the presbytery to which he was delegated; and as he approached the village, he fell in with a funeral procession on its way to the churchyard. It was coming from an outlying hamlet of the parish, and by one of the deep, hollow, overshadowed

lanes which have always made Brittany easy of defence and hard of conquest in times of national strife. It consisted of two of the narrow country carts covered with white sheets, and followed by a crowd of bare-headed men and silent women in long black hooded cloaks. The bell was tolling from the church-tower as if calling the dead "to come—to come," and the worn-out old curé with book and candle met it at the entrance of the village. Brother Adam joined the mourners by the grave, where they were come to lay the two last children of a large household, and when the service was over, and they had dispersed in the dusk weeping, he made himself known to the priest, as the assistant the bishop had sent him, and asked what precautions he had taken against the scourge in his parish, which was notorious as any in Léon for the fatality of its ravages. The old man showed him twelve graves dug beforehand: an answer which in its mute energy expressed the whole creed of the Breton peasant-priest, despising human aid, treating man as a leaf blown to and fro at the breath of God, and much more inclined to bid his people lie still at the foot of the cross than to encourage them to contend with the destroying angel.

Brother Adam, bred a generation later and in the light of modern science, gave remedies their due place in the scheme of providence, and set himself to suggest preventive measures, to raise the courage of the people whose nervous submission invited the attack of the pestilence; but it was hard, up-hill work against their prejudices, fast rooted in religious sentiment. The Léonard acknowledges but two powers, God and the demon, and he believes equally in both. When Brother Adam attempted to show the obvious consequences of neglect of cleanliness in their houses, some would say, "God has laid his finger upon us;" and others, "God has given us over to the demon;" and all were resigned as to invincible calamity. No man put forth a hand to save himself or to help his brother. Wild fables were invented and credited of ghostly red women gliding through the valleys and breathing pestilence wherever they passed; a beggar woman who was haled before the authorities, maintained that *she had seen them, that she had talked with them*. A meteor in the sky increased the panic, and sinister sounds in the air were taken for warning that God was about to send his scourge more heavily on the earth. The churches now began to be opened at unaccustomed hours, and the people thronged them in crowds, and without any other precaution save agonized prayer,

each watched and waited for the summons of death.

As might be expected, the cholera made a great prey amongst them. Soon there was scarcely a house in which there was not one dead. In some places the poverty grew so extreme that after a time bodies were consigned uncoffined to the dust, and mothers were seen carrying their children to the grave blue and rigid in their arms. It was in vain that the authorities circulated information of what was good to be done to stay the plague. Printed instructions were affixed to the gate of every village graveyard, but the peasants passed by, their broad hats slouched over their eyes, and left them all unread. In this difficulty it occurred to Brother Adam that the wandering mendicants, who were the chroniclers of events and purveyors of news, might be employed to sing from door to door the remedies that the people would not listen to in any official form. So he put them into a *sône*, to be chanted to a popular tune, and a little while after they were being published vocally in the loneliest hamlets and most isolated farms.

"Christians, to avoid the cholera, you must eat little fruit, and mingle vinegar with the water you drink. You must not lie down on the cold grass when you are in a heat. Think of it, Christians, for here is August, with its thirsts, its lassitudes, and its sweats. Those who refuse to hear my counsel will be smitten; they will nail them up in four planks, and their children will be left on the world, orphans without support."

But notwithstanding precautions and remedies, the cholera gained ground, and reaped its harvest faster and faster. The churchyard of the parish where Brother Adam had his head-quarters became soon itself a source of peril. Before August was over it was shockingly overcrowded with those who had died of the plague, and every Sunday mourners thronged to the graves of their kinsfolk to pray, marking with their knees the spots they were perhaps too poor to mark with stone or cross. It was proposed by the authorities that for the future those who perished should be interred in the cemeteries of the remote chapels, at a distance from the villages, but the suggestion raised a loud murmur of grief and discontent, and the first time it was attempted to carry out the order the people raised a tumult. The friends and kindred of the dead man gathered round the coffin, and by main force stopped and resisted the bearers, who were resolutely charged to follow the priest, who was Brother Adam, past the church and towards the heath, far over which lay the lonely chapel and cemetery appointed for future burials.

"The bones of our fathers are here!"

cried they, pointing to the parish graveyard; "why separate from them him who has just died? Alone, down there, in the cemetery of the chapel, he will hear neither the priest chanting the offices nor the prayers for the dead. This is his place; we can see his grave from our windows; we can send our children to pray there; this earth belongs to the dead; no power can rob him of it, nor change it for any other!"

In vain Brother Adam reasoned with them of the danger that was arising from the accumulation of corpses in the centre of the village; they only shook their large shaggy heads and answered him, "The dead do not slay the living; death comes only by the will of God."

The authorities prevailed in executing the official orders, but not without difficulty and even danger. The next day was Sunday, and Brother Adam discoursed from the pulpit in aid of the civil power. It was a strange scene, so intent were the people to hear, and so earnest the preacher to make them understand, affirming to them by the holy name of God that the dead have no longer the passions of living men, that they suffer nothing in being removed to a distance from their forefathers, that the sealed eyes see not, and the deaf ears hear not, in whatever earth they lie. If they believed, it was taking from them a comfort the more. But probably very few were convinced, or parted with their ancient faith and prejudice. When All Souls' Day of that terrible year came round with bitter November, none the less did each diminished household, clothed in black, commemorate at the dead mass those they had lost, but also at night, when they retired to rest, they left on the board where they had eaten meat and drink, that the souls discontented at their sudden exit from life, the souls unable to rest, might, if they revisited the upper earth, find themselves remembered in the home where they were born, and a feast and welcome at their former fireside.

And long and loud in the midnight, in villages fallen on slumber, rang the wild Cantic of Purgatory, the chorus swelled by many shrill voices of orphaned children, with no home left them but heaven's roof, and no family but Christian hearts.

"Rise, if you sleep, Jesus has sent me to wake you, to knock at your door."

Jesus has sent me to wake you from your first sleep; join your prayers to the prayers of the souls.

You are well at ease in your beds, the poor souls are in pain. You lie softly, the poor souls lie in torment.

Pray, kinsfolk! pray, friends! for children forgot to pray. Dear friends, oh! pray, for children are very ungrateful.

A white sheet, five planks, a pillow of straw under the head,

and five feet of earth over: to this comes all the world's wealth.

Blessed Mary! what woeful wailings, what woeful wailings come from Jesus in heaven!

Perhaps your father, your mother, perhaps your sister, your brother, are burning in purgatory-fire!

There, bowed on their knees, flames above them, flames below, they cry to God: 'Prayers! prayers!

Formerly, when I was in the world, I had kinsfolk and friends; to-day that I am dead, kinsfolk and friends have I none!

When you go to market, give good measure; dead, you will find here the measure of God.

Rise, rise from your beds! stand barefoot on the earth, unless you are sick to death or death has taken you already."

VII.—FAREWELL FATHER, FAREWELL MOTHER!

WHEN the awful cholera time was over and past in Brittany, Brother Adam still remained to serve the parish to which the bishop had originally sent him. He lived at the presbytery with the old curé, who was not too infirm for such duties as his cure entailed. It was a wide scattered parish of woods, heaths, and marshes, and many a



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frozen and scorching walk had Brother Adam, in winter and summer, in fair weather and foul, by night and by day, to carry the succours of religion to the huts of the poor clog-makers, basket-makers, and rush-mat weavers, who lived as lonely and almost as hungrily in their cabins as the wolves in the forest. He gave himself up to his mission with all the fervour and energy of his character, and the

wild, forlorn people grew to love him and watch for him as the sure messenger of help, hope, and consolation.

He remained three years amongst them. Then the old curé died, and the bishop sent another native-born Léonard in his room, intimating to Brother Adam that for him a greater and more honourable work was provided. The Catholic priest knows nothing

but obedience. Brother Adam could have been well content to carry the good news of God to and fro his Breton wilderness all the days of his life; there were souls enough to be saved, and the sweetness of peace and a quiet conscience were his in his labours; but he went to the bishop to hear what this greater work to which he was destined might be, and was told that it was to take charge of one of the lesser Catholic missions in Eastern Asia—which, he would be informed later. In seven days he must be ready to go.

"So be it," said Brother Adam, and he set out to bid those farewell who still dwelt in his father's house.

The good old Rector, his first friend and patron, was calmly living on at the presbytery, and as Brother Adam, staff in hand, came down the well-known road by the church, he met the kind priest, his hands, as usual, clasped behind him, and his breviary under his arm, turning out for his daily walk on the heath. The Rector did not at the moment recognise the former *kloārek*. Brother Adam's visage was hardened and bronzed by exposure, and the deep lines that toil and discipline had ploughed in it gave him an appearance of much greater age. But his pleasant smile revealed him at once, and the Rector embraced him with trembling joy.

"You have come to see us, after all these years, after all your labours, and honours, and sorrows, you have remembered us, and have come to see us!" he cried.

"I have come to bid you good-bye," said Brother Adam, and briefly told his lot.

The Rector's eyes, dim with years, grew dimmer still with tears. He begged Brother Adam to turn into the presbytery, and eat and rest, and open his heart to him once more. And so they talked of many things concerning their life and vocation, as they broke bread together in the bare little *salon* where a crucifix and a few books of piety represented all the Rector's luxury and learning. It was not until after they had discussed mission matters at home and abroad that Brother Adam allowed himself to inquire, "Is all well at the Collinet and the Moulinasse?"

"Yes," said the Rector, "I believe all is well—the good father at the Moulinasse is dead, and the grandmother at the Collinet, and the poor innocent, but the going generation thrive apace. The Père Félix walks more slowly than last harvest, and Mistress Tinah is a vast help to her mother."

"Is not my sister married then?" asked Brother Adam.

"Surely she is—she married that young

labourer at Guiclan; all his fortune would have gone into his tobacco-pouch, but he is a brave, honest fellow, and the Père Félix makes him his right hand—they live at home at the Collinet, since Matthieu and François have married and settled away. You know about Jean-Marie?"

"No; has he met a soldier's fate?" said Adam, for the Rector's solemn tone intimated as much.

"Yes, poor Jean-Marie lies somewhere in the sands of Africa; and Pierre—you know how *he* came back and was wrecked and buried out there in the churchyard? Ah, yes, I remember—it was just before you went to Ploërmel;" so the Rector gossiped on, his guest listening with grave, placid interest.

"And Jacques at the Moulinasse, how wears the world with him?" Brother Adam inquired again.

"Blithely, to all appearance. Master Jacques grows fat. Mistress Alizan was richly dowered, and makes him a capital wife; more of Martha than Mary in her, perhaps, but then a farm wants a good housewife, or things go to waste. She has three little lads about her feet—they call the eldest Adam—Adam, Félix, and Pierre."

When he had rested an hour, Brother Adam went on his way, and much as the Rector had said, he found his kinsfolk at both the Collinet and the Moulinasse. There was the sound of the flail in the threshing-floor, and the setting sun was red on the back avenue and the broken walls of the ancient château as he drew near to the door of home. Just within the porch, to catch the waning light on her spinning, sat Tinah—dark little gipsy Tinah, now a sober rosy matron. She rose and curtsied to the stranger, but his mother at the first glance knew him, and cried with quivering voice, "It is my son, Adam!" and they brought him in, and sent to call his father and his brothers who were in the threshing-floor.

They all came in haste, but yet, *not* as they would have come if it had been Pierre from the sea, or Jean-Marie from the wars. They came with grave countenances and soft respect, for this was *Monsieur le Prêtre*, and uncovered their heads, and when the table was spread, they served him standing.

The years had gone on—nobody remembered him very distinctly; he had drifted out of the daily life at home, and his office set him apart from their humanity. Instead of boisterous fraternal love, he had veneration, honour. While he stayed, the Collinet was quiet as a church. Tinah set her wheel to

the wall, and folded her hands to hear him talk; his mother waited on him reverently, and was proud of her saintly son. He went down to the Moulinasse, and Jacques, who was something of a free-liver in his prosperity, looked shyly at him, while Mistress Alizan's thoughts wandered to the churn from which she had been summoned to receive him. She was buxom and blooming, and dropped little formal words one by one from her lips, and when her boys ran in at her call, she gathered them round her knees like a hen her chickens, and made them hush. Neither in Adam's face nor in hers was there any sign of tender remembrance. At his consecration the man had died in him, and when it came to the last parting at the Collinet, and he said, "Farewell, father! farewell, mother!" instead of a kiss to their son, his parents bowed their white heads before him for the blessing of the priest,

And so he departed, and went away as a missionary priest to eastern lands so far off, so unheard of at the Collinet and the Moulinasse that when his kinsfolk and friends talk of him, it is in the same bated breath as of Pierre and of Jean-Marie who are dead. Père Félix and the mother, however, give their *son* a week to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the Rector, when he has a more than usually interesting report, carries it to the farm, and they read by the fireside in the evening of the labours, and sufferings, and persecutions of the modern evangelists. And when the story is of a martyrdom, the mother covers her face and weeps; but her tears are tears of joy and gladness for those who have been made strong to glorify God in the fire; and she prays that if her son Adam be so tried, so may he pass triumphant through that great tribulation, and be found of her again at the last amongst the blessed in heaven.

HOLME LEE.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

IX.—FAITHFULNESS IN THE LEAST.

"He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."—LUKE xvi. 10.

TO bring highest principle to the fulfilment of commonest duty, and by the influence of lofty motive to elevate every-day life by consecrating it to the noblest purposes, is the true function of practical Christianity. What is spiritual is often too exclusively associated with the exceptional, with the raptures of excited feeling, the terrors of conscience, or with hours of such intense emotion as are produced by great sorrows, hopes, fears, rather than with our common experiences; so that there is suggested a certain incongruity between the actual trifles of our daily interest and the sublimities which we attach to religious thought and motive. This is a mistake which I am afraid is strengthened to a great extent by the tone of the pulpit and of the religious press. The states of mind frequently described in sermons, if they are the most interesting, are certainly not the most common. Intense spiritual experiences are portrayed, which, to say the least, men have but seldom in their lives, and the difficulties which are combated are such as suggest themselves chiefly to the speculative or the refined. Religious biographies, in like manner, often tend to the same effect, for the persons whose lives are recorded have generally been mixed

up with great circumstances. Now in one sense it is both elevating and instructive to hear and read of such things. We feel the better of a sermon which puts some high ideal before us and lifts us for a while out of our own weary circle into a region of wide views and glorious prospects. We feel the better of a book which carries us away from the tedious round of our own interests to scenes of grand and exciting incidents. But while such things have this good result, they are also apt to create a gulf between our religious associations and our practical concerns, so that an undue sense of unimportance is attached to the matters with which we are every day dealing. There is too great a distance between the experiences of which we have been hearing or reading, and the things we ourselves have to do with. Life may be to many of us a dead level, without any very absorbing interest, and the people and incidents we are meeting with may be of the most commonplace type. There may be but a slender link of connection between such and the heroic characters and exciting episodes about which books are written.

But this is wrong; for it is in realising the importance of little things and common duties,

and in acting under a sense of their importance. that the trial and the grandeur of Christian life consist. It is most difficult to do so. In times of excitement, or when we have the stimulus of great circumstances and the fervour of deep emotion to stir us with a sense of responsibility, it is not so hard to feel the call to act nobly, as it is in the daily routine and drudgery of our common task, *there* to do the least faithfully as unto the Lord. On the day of battle, amid the noise of trumpets and the enthusiasm of brave men, a thrill of chivalry passes, like an electric shock, through an army. Every pulse beats with the throb of heroism. Excitement for a time exalts each soldier. But how difficult is it during the dull months of weary drill, and amid the petty details of military exercises, to act upon the same high principles! It is thus in a sense easier to be faithful on great occasions than to bring lofty motives into the sphere of common duties. It is of this faithfulness in the least that I desire to speak to-day, and to show the value of what we are too apt to regard as common and unimportant.

I will do this in two lights, showing—

First, That faithfulness in the least is the greatest test of character; and,

Secondly, That all great results are accomplished only by attention to details.

I. Faithfulness in the least is the great test of character. It is character which is really valuable in the eyes of God. It is the principle of faithfulness which He seeks in his servants, rather than the fewness or the multitude of things over which they have been placed. The welcome into His joy is given to the man who had only two talents, as much as to the one who had ten. In one sense there is nothing little in the eyes of God. It is our own littleness which makes us deem anything mean or unimportant. But it is not so with the great Father of whom all the families in heaven and earth are named. He is so great and good that He cares for the very least. He watches over the orphan-child with as true solicitude as over the concerns of an empire. And as what He seeks is character, so he desires the child to be good as a child just as He requires the great statesman to be faithful to whom He has committed the destinies of millions. Now when our Lord says, "He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much," He is giving us the test which proves character. We may with all reverence apply this to the character of God himself, and notice the marvellous illustration of faithful-

ness in little things which is revealed to us in his works. For not only does He sustain all worlds, and people space with the ordered movements of vast systems, but He lavishes a skill as wonderful on the minutest details. The insect which is invisible to the naked eye, when placed under the microscope is discovered to be as complete in every detail as the greatest sun. Its jointed limbs, its brilliant eye, its wing of gauze, its coat of polished mail, are all of perfect finish. If having searched through the majestic fields embraced by the eye of the astronomer, we contract our gaze to the veriest atom of which science can take cognisance, we find the same pervading watchfulness and the same care taken in the balancing of an ephemeral on its wing as in the poising of a world. With God there is this minutest attention to details, and the least work is as faithfully executed as the greatest. We see the same characteristics repeatedly illustrated in the life of Jesus and his apostles. However great the events might be in which our Lord was at the moment engaged, He never forgot those little acts of kindness which are so trivial in the eyes of the world, but are the truest measures of unselfish goodness. The case of the leper, crawling to him in loathsome misery, of the little child wishing His blessing, of the widow with two mites, of the blind beggar crying from the dust, were as faithfully considered by Him as the needs of the whole Church. The very wants of the body were never overlooked by Him amid the excitement of great incidents. Jairus and his wife, when standing amazed by the bedside of their daughter that had been dead, are reminded by Christ of the girl's physical weakness, and commanded to give her food. He asks his disciples, "Children, have ye any meat?" amid the wonders of His resurrection glory. Still more may we be struck by his unselfish remembrance of the wants of others during the darkest hour of his own history. Amid the sublime events of his betrayal and crucifixion, when surrounded by the soldiers in the garden of Gethsemane, His first thought was for his disciples, "Let these go away." When his arms were held, He asks liberty of the guard for a moment, "Suffer ye thus far," and stretches His hand to heal the ear of Malchus. So, too, from beneath his brows torn with the crown of thorns, He looked on Peter with an eye full of sadness for His disciple. From His dying agony He turned to comfort his mother, and thinking of her future comfort provided for her a home. So, too, in the case of the apostles, especially in the history

and letters of St. Paul, there is no feature more touchingly human than the acts of personal kindness which so frequently occur; the little messages he wrote to individuals, and his considerateness for the common wants of others, such as, when in the wild morning off Malta, he commanded the crew and passengers to take food and be of good courage, and forgot not before breaking bread, to give thanks to God while he stood on the wet deck amid roaring wind and tossing seas.

It is this faithfulness in little things which beautifies the good and wins for them the love of men. As the loveliness of nature does not consist so much in her vastness as in the exquisite richness of her details, so it is in life and character. The naked sky, the bare sea, the long line of unbroken desert, the featureless wall of mountain, however sublime in scale, never so touch us as when the eye meets the varied graces with which each spot is filled in such a landscape as that which now surrounds us. The cushioned mosses, the countless tints of autumn, the dew-drops glittering from the fern or tasselled pine-wood, the unnumbered forms and colours which crowd every nook and cranny of the scene—these are what constitute the true splendour of nature.

Now, transferring all this to ourselves,—let us suppose there is nothing very peculiar in our lot—that we have no great feelings, or revelations, or raptures, nor any mighty incidents to strike fire from the dulness of our daily round of petty duties and weary details, how, under such conditions as these, are we to live nobly and in a manner worthy of God?—or, if we are placed in different circumstances, and amid the excitement of great events, which command our attention and of themselves stimulate to lofty motives, we are disposed to look for some test other than these whereby to try our character—then I answer to both of these inquiries, that the faithfulness in the minute and the common, rather than the exceptional and extraordinary, is the noblest achievement and greatest test of principle. To act nobly amid the fretting irritations or the prosaic duties of the fireside or of business, and in the power of Christ's spirit to resist numberless tendencies to selfishness, sloth, or inconsiderateness, is at once the highest test and constitutes the true glory of the child of God. There is many a man great on the platform or in the pulpit, loud in the stormy controversy of sects, and a mighty champion on the exciting field of public life, whose character utterly breaks down when tested by the

little but all-important graces of gentleness, kindness, forbearance, patience, and humility. To be true where no eye may see us, to do the right thing in the unnoticed deeds which form the sum of daily experience, to exercise a check on temper, to try to make others happy and good around us, to accept the cross which such discipline as this must impose, not from vanity, nor love of praise, but because we are seeking to keep near Jesus Christ—this, my friends, is the true grandeur of our calling as sons of God. So-called Christian character would not have the harsh, dogmatic features it so often bears if faithfulness in the least formed the foundation of its other graces. It is thus we miss too frequently the charm and winning sweetness which the true Christian ought to possess for the world. The lines are drawn in cold outline, without the filling up of the lovelier details, which give softness and fascination to perfect goodness. We look for the blessedness of Christ in things which loom far away on the horizon, rather than in those which grow beside our daily path. And thus we greatly err. Not far away, but at our very feet, are the soft grasses, and the sights and sounds which steal over us with a sense of loveliness unutterable. And so, not in the distant, but in the near, lies the true charm of Christian grace; in the humbler charities which are spread out in unnoticed acts of kindness, in meekness, pureness, gentleness, self-forgetfulness; in the untold beauty of the life which has imbibed the very spirit of Christ's love, obedience, and self-sacrifice, and which, like some subtle perfume, filling the common air with fragrance, breathes that spirit through all acts, all words, all motives.

II. But not only is faithfulness in the least the best test of character, but, I remark further, that character, considered as a result, is only attained by faithfulness in details. It is so with all great results. The moving of a giant steamer across the ocean in safety depends on the manner in which a numberless series of details have been fulfilled. Whether she will force her way through the night of tempest, or become the plaything of the waves, may depend on how some bolt or pinion in the engine has been finished. A flaw in the iron, or the carelessness of some workman in clinching a rivet may end in terrible shipwreck and the desolation of a hundred homes.

So, too, a victorious battle is but the aggregate effect of attention to innumerable details. The habit of disciplined obedience and the confidence between man and officer

which insured the final triumph were not attained at a bound, but only after years of accurate drill, and the patient fulfilment of numberless conditions. It is not otherwise with character. Habits are not formed by single but by repeated acts. Holiness is never attained by a sudden start. It is the consequence of faithfulness in little things. It implies a discipline continually exercised—the opportunities faithfully employed by the earnest which have been squandered by the careless. A holy tone of mind, inner peace, firmness in the moment of temptation, calmness in the hour of sorrow, heroic self-sacrifice in a sudden emergency, are results which spring from numberless little acts of faithfulness. They are just the aggregate consequence of hours of prayer, of many an earnest battle with self, of watchful obedience, and of a communion with God which has been a matter of *culture*. The quickness with which temptation is repelled by the true soldier of the cross is a result of training. Like the accomplished swordsman, the proper guard comes to him like an instinct. A truly holy character is only attained by attention to details. Advance in it is made step by step, on the knees, in the closet, amid the bustle of life, by a multitude of seeming trifles, and only, by God's grace, through "faithfulness in the least."

Experience of life may also teach us that men do not become bad all at once. The decline is gradual, often almost imperceptible. A pampered childhood, leading to self-indulgence and unbridled appetite in youth, naturally prepares the way for a depraved manhood. Or the little falsehoods, ripening into an untruthful habit, end in the dishonourable career of the worthless. Nor in such palpable matters as these, but in minor things, how well we can often trace our own failure in good to unfaithfulness in

little things! We have yielded to some sudden temper, and discover that we have not only destroyed all spiritual peace within, but that we have stirred up such dregs of evil as have rendered our hearts like a muddy pool, reflecting nothing calm or good, and making all communion with God impossible. Or, by the omission of private devotion, we discover ourselves drifting into a careless habit, in which, accustomed to yield more and more to dilatoriness and sloth, we gradually degenerate into impenitence and earthliness, and then ensues the fatal result of a character hardened and worldly. No spasmodic effort now and then can restore such. Recovery must come only by the slow process of attention to details.

Therefore, if we would truly advance toward the great result of goodness, let us seek to be faithful in the least. If we mean to be no more than hollow make-believes, let us be dreaming only of wonderful occasions, or waiting circumstances which may never arrive. Let us rather daily walk close with God and in the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and strive to bring the love and the spirit of Christ into the very routine of common duties. So will we progress and make life noble and sweet and heavenly. It is religious quackery which promises sudden results without any trouble or painful discipline. But there are no such methods either in the kingdom of nature or grace. Trust in Christ must ever imply obedience to his will, and the attainment of true rest and peace in Christ must ever be according to his own rule,—“If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross daily and follow me.” “Take up my yoke and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and so will ye find rest unto your souls.” “Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?”

DONALD MACLEOD.

OUR NEW VILLAGE CLOCK.

HENCEFORWARD shall our time be plainly read ;

Down in the nave I catch the twofold beat
Of those full-weighted moments overhead ;
And, hark ! the hour goes clanging down the street
To the open plain ! How sweet, at eventide,
Will that clear music be to toil-worn men,
Calling them home each to his own fireside !
How sweet the toll of all the hours till then !
The cattle, too, the self-same sound shall hear,
But they can never know the power it wields
O'er human hearts that labour, hope, and fear ;
Our village clock means nought to steed or steer.
The call of Time will share each twinkling ear
With summer flies, and voices from the fields.

CHARLES TURNER.

“ON A PIECE OF CHALK.”

A Lecture delivered to the Working Men of Brighton, Aug. 21, 1872.

By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

[In preparing for publication the following lecture, which was in every sense *extemporised*, Dr. Carpenter has deemed it right to maintain as nearly as possible its original form,—only giving somewhat greater completeness to certain parts of it than the necessary limitation of time permitted in its delivery.]

SOME of my friends were good enough to express to me their disappointment, that I had not said anything in my Address with regard to the researches in which I have been specially engaged for the last four years—the investigation of the Physical Condition and the Life of the Deep Sea. The reason I avoided it was simply that I have had other occasions of saying out all that I have to say upon this subject; and I did not think it was quite the thing for the British Association, to cook up (as it were) an old dinner, and serve it again before them. On the other hand, I had certain things which it had been in my mind for many years to say out, and which I wished for an opportunity of saying out; and since I delivered that Address, I have had the very great satisfaction of believing that what I said on that occasion struck a key-note which will give occasion to a good deal of discussion, and may have a favourable influence upon the course of thought hereafter. If I succeed in doing this, my object will have been fully attained.

But in addressing you to-night—at the request of some of your friends here, who have rendered to the Association and to myself the most valuable and efficient services during the past week—I am going to bring before you some of the matters in which I have myself been an investigator. Though I shall have to speak of myself, it will be in connection with my two most valued colleagues—Professor Wyville Thomson, with whom these inquiries originated, and who is about to take charge of the magnificent Circumnavigation scientific exploration which our Government is now preparing to send out, and my friend Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, who has taken an important share in these researches.

I need not tell you Brighton men what Chalk is; that is to say, I need not tell you what it looks like; but I shall have to tell you what it *is*. If I were to say to you, “Do you know what chalk is?” you would reply, “Oh, of course we do! Don’t you suppose we know a piece of chalk when we see it?”

But then I think I can tell you a little about this Chalk that you do *not* know.

In the first place, where do you see it? You see it forming cliffs on your coast; you find it forming downs in your interior; you meet with it wherever there is a little removal of the surface-grass; you find plenty of chalk-pits in various parts of the ridges of your downs. Where there is an exposure of the cliff, whether on the natural coast-line or in an excavated chalk-pit, you will see, if you observe, that there are indications of what we call stratification; that is, that there are regular strata or layers one above another. And these are separated more or less distinctly from each other; sometimes by obvious lines, and sometimes by bands of flint. But you will not see them always or even generally arranged horizontally; more commonly they are inclined, and sometimes even vertical; but they were all horizontal once. These lines indicate the succession of deposits that took place at the bottom of the Deep Sea; for there is no question now, but that the whole of the great Chalk formation of this part of England (which you see at Dover and Folkestone higher than in this neighbourhood, and also at Alum Bay and the Needles in the Isle of Wight), was once the bed of the sea. Some parts of this formation are still horizontal, and some of them have been tilted up; but it would carry us too far if I were to lead you to consider the causes for this tilting-up. I want you to understand that these layers of Chalk, one above another, indicate their successive ages; the uppermost being the latest formed.

What position does this Chalk occupy with regard to other Strata—to that great series of stratified rocks which Geologists tell you of? It is a *comparatively new* formation. The general series of stratified rocks was first well studied in England; and it has been a most fortunate thing for science, that, in our small island of Great Britain, we have a sort of comprehensive pocket edition of it. Beginning in Scotland we have the oldest of these rocks: the earliest stratified deposit yet known being what Sir Roderick Murchison terms the *Fundamental Gneiss* of Scotland (of which I shall have something more to say towards the end of the lecture), on

which rest the Clay-slates and Mica-slates that form a great part of the mountain-masses of Scotland, Cumberland, and North Wales, and are sometimes distinguished as the *Cumbrian* or *Cambrian system*. In these, very few traces of Animal life have yet been discovered—at least in this country; but there is now strong reason for believing that Animal life was abundant, though perhaps not very varied in its character, during the long period occupied by their deposition, and that its remains have been for the most part obliterated by subsequent changes in the condition of the deposits in which they were entombed. Then in the middle of Wales, and in Shropshire, extending as far east as Dudley, we have the series of rocks, consisting of limestones and sandstones (some of these last having a somewhat slaty character), which constitute the *Silurian system* of Sir Roderick Murchison. In these we find abundance of remains of marine Animal life; but they almost entirely belong to forms which (so far as we at present know) have long ceased to exist. There is, however, one most remarkable exception. A peculiar bivalve shell, *Lingula*, inhabiting deep waters, is found abundantly in a "flag-stone" deposit near Ludlow; and it is considered by my and your friend Mr. Thomas Davidson, who is the highest living authority upon the group to which this bivalve belongs, that there is no such difference between the *Lingula* of the "Lingula-flags" of Shropshire and those of the present time, as forbids the idea that the latter are the direct lineal descendants of the former. Next, in other parts of the Welsh border, and in some of the Midland counties, but more especially in Devonshire, you have a series of stratified rocks now distinguished as the *Devonian system*, in which, for the first time, we find abundant remains of Fishes. Many of the Silurian types of life passed on into the Devonian series; but others disappeared, and were replaced by different forms. Next, in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, South Wales, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and the neighbourhood of Bristol, where I passed my early life in the midst of it, you have that great and most important formation, the *Carboniferous*, so called because all our true "Coal measures" are included in it. The base of this, constituting the bed of what are known as "coal-basins," is formed by the "Carboniferous Limestone," a bed of enormous thickness, to which I shall refer again by-and-by. In the seams of Coal, and in the layers of shale which intervene between

them, we have the distinct remains of *land* Vegetation, and a few remains of land Animals have been also discovered; all, however, belonging to types different from any that now exist. Over the Coal-measures in the North of England, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and in some other localities, are found another set of rocks, into which several of the same ancient types of life pass on, and of which the "Magnesian Limestone" or "Dolomite" is the chief representative.* This series is now distinguished as the *Permian*, being much more developed in a part of Central Europe which constituted the ancient kingdom of Permian.

Now this formation is the last of what is known as the *Palæozoic series*: the word "palæozoic" meaning simply "ancient life." All these formations lie more or less *conformably*, one on another; and, as I have mentioned, there is no very decided break in the types of Animal life which they contain. They slope for the most part *eastward*; and disappear about the middle of England beneath the newer formations of its eastern and south-eastern portions. Thus many Geologists are of opinion that a sufficiently deep boring through your Chalk and the strata next below it, would bring you down on the Coal-measures; but, whether these lie sufficiently near the surface to enable them to be profitably worked, is quite another question.

But at the end of this Palæozoic series, alike in England, on the Continent, and in the United States, there is a great break; for the New Red Sandstone, which is the lowest member of what is termed the *Secondary* or *Mesozoic* (middle-life) series, is deposited *unconformably* upon the Palæozoic; and its fossil-remains, which are comparatively few, are of different types from the Palæozoic. But, as I shall presently point out to you, it does not at all follow that there was (as formerly supposed) a universal breaking-up of the crust of the earth, and a sweeping-off of the old types of life, between the end of the Palæozoic period and the beginning of the Secondary. On the contrary,

* The following anecdote may not be without its interest. The late eminent Geologist, Sir Henry de la Beche, was noted for the acuteness with which, by the special culture of his observing powers, he was able to say, from the general surface-aspect of a country, what was its geological structure beneath. I happened, some thirty-five years ago, to be looking at Danby's celebrated picture of "The Opening of the Seventh Seal" at the same time with Sir Henry, and he remarked to me, "Those rocks were studied in a Magnesian Limestone country." Knowing nothing of this formation except by the fragments of it which occur near Bristol, I could not appreciate the force of the observation; but it fixed itself in my memory; and when, not many years ago, I first saw that beautifully illustrated book entitled "The Dolomite Mountains," I at once recognised the peculiar character of scenery which had given occasion to it.

there is every probability that a continuous series of strata was being deposited in what was then sea; no such deposits having been formed on what we at present know as the surface of the Palæozoic rocks, simply because, having been elevated above the sea, they were then dry land. The extension of Geological inquiry to regions not yet explored, will doubtless bring us to the knowledge of these intermediate rocks.

The *Secondary series*, of which the New Red Sandstone is the lowest and the Chalk the highest, is made up, like the Palæozoic, of a succession of Formations, consisting of different components—Limestones, Sandstones, Clays, &c., variously mixed—that have a general conformableness one to

another in their stratification, and are characterized by the same general pervading type of Animal life; each formation presenting some forms which are common to it and to the strata above and below, with others which are peculiar to, and therefore specially characteristic of, itself. Thus, lying upon the New Red Sandstone, we first find the *Lias* coming to the surface in a band that crosses the middle of England obliquely from Yorkshire, through Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Somersetshire, and Dorsetshire; and it is in this formation that we find the remains of those great Fish-Lizards, the *Ichthyosaurus*, *Plesiosaurus*, and others; and of that beautiful Lily-star, the *Pentacrinus*, of which I shall presently say more. Then we have, generally following the same line, but adjoining the eastern border of the Lias-band, the great *Oolitic* formation, which gives us our Bath-stone and Portland-stone; and in this we have remains of gigantic Reptiles (such as the *Cetiosaurus*) which seem to have been fitted to walk on land. In one member of the Oolitic series, the Bradford Clay of Wiltshire, we find a very peculiar type of the Lily-stars, the *Apiocrinite*, or "pear-crinite;" so named because its central body,

from which its arms radiate, has the form and is about the size of an ordinary pear. To this, again, I shall presently have to refer. Then, passing by some intermediate deposits of a more local character, we come to the *Greensand* formation, on which the *Chalk* rests; and though the mineral character of the two is so different, yet there is such a general conformableness in their stratification, and such a general resemblance in their Fauna (or aggregate of Animal life), that they are regarded as together forming the *Cretaceous system*.

Now the highest beds of the Chalk form the conclusion of the Secondary series; a break here existing between these and the Tertiary strata, analogous to that which

separates the Secondary from the Palæozoic, but not so marked. The series of later deposits forming what are called the *Tertiary* strata, generally lie unconformably upon the Chalk; and the types of life preserved in them are mostly new. It was formerly supposed that after the formation of the Chalk, there was a general dying-out of the Animals then existing; and that the set of Animals whose remains we find in the Tertiary strata were then introduced for the first



Fig. 1.—*Foraminifera* and other microscopic organisms in Chalk from Meudon, seen in the upper part as transparent, and in the lower part as opaque, objects.

time. But it was long since shown by Professor Ehrenberg, one of the greatest of microscopical discoverers, that several of those minuter forms of which (as I shall presently explain) the Chalk is in great part made up, are still found in our seas; and it was afterwards pointed out by Professor Edward Forbes, that one of the species of *Terebratula* (a peculiar bivalve shell allied to the *Lingula*) which is characteristic of the Chalk, is identical with a species that is still living in our own seas. Hence it appeared that the doctrine of a universal sweeping-off of the older types of life, in the interval between the Cretaceous and the oldest Tertiary formations, could not be any longer accepted; and we now know that



TOLEDO.

the difference between the Fossil remains which are respectively characteristic of the two periods, depends in great degree on the circumstance that the Chalk was deposited in the midst of a deep Ocean, whilst the Tertiary strata were for the most part formed nearer Land.

It is very curious that both London and Paris are situated upon great basins of Chalk filled with subsequent formations; some of them fresh-water, and some of them *local* marine or estuary deposits. Thus the Clay of our own area in the neighbourhood of London—that stiff clay which lies immediately over the Chalk—is the local representative in that area of a very different formation in the south of Europe; namely, of that great Nummulitic Limestone which makes hills and even mountains in some places, and which runs along both the south of Europe and the north of Africa, even into India. The London Clay was deposited where the material of clay was plentiful; and we know it to be of the same period, because in certain localities we find in it Nummulites representing those of the great Nummulitic formation.

It will be seen, on examining a specimen of Nummulitic Limestone, that each Nummulate is a chambered shell, divided by an immense number of partitions; and the structure of the shell, which is perforated by an immense number of very minute pores, shows it to have been a gigantic representative of the Foraminiferal type to be presently described. It is of this stone that the Pyramids of Egypt are built. I had the pleasure of visiting them last autumn; and brought home a beautiful specimen from the terrace of rock, about 120 feet above the level of the Nile, on which and of which these vast erections were constructed by the Pharaohs.

Now the view taken by modern Geologists of the *breaks* or *gaps* between different formations—as, for example, between those highest beds of the Chalk which were the latest of the Secondary series, and the earliest of the Tertiaries which overlies them, for the most part unconformably—is very different from that formerly entertained; for the extension of knowledge continually makes it apparent that such breaks are generally *local*; and that if there is an interruption *here*, there is continuity *elsewhere*. A gap between two formations, indicated by the unconformableness of the upper to the lower, and by a marked difference in the Fossils which show what was the life of each period, generally indicates that the lower one had been raised above the sea into dry land for a considerable time, during which no deposit could take place upon it, though at the same time deposits were being formed elsewhere. When such land sank again, fresh deposits were formed upon it; but these represent conditions altogether changed; and a break would consequently be found to exist between the lower and the upper, which the series of

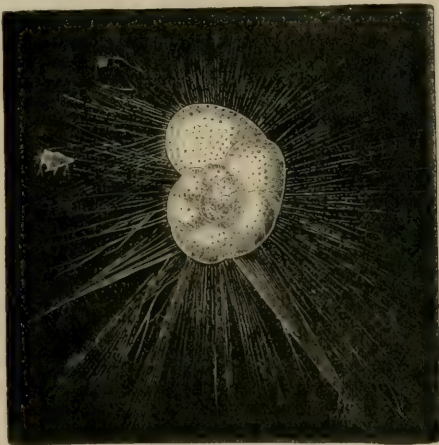


Fig. 2.—*Rotalia*, with its pseudopodia extended.

deposits formed elsewhere during the interval would fill-in. Thus, I believe (speaking under correction, as not being a Geologist) that large level areas in Russia, which are at present formed by horizontal strata of Old Red Sandstone, have never been under water since those strata were raised into dry land; and that consequently no later deposits have been formed upon them. But supposing that a subsidence of that vast area were now to take place, so that on the bed of an ocean paved with Old Red Sandstone modern deposits were to be formed, entombing the remains of Animals now existing, what a vast gap the "Geologist of the future" would encounter! Yet this gap would be in a great degree filled up by the long succession of

These cuts are lent by Messrs. Churchill, from "The Microscope and its Revelations."

strata which we know to intervene, in England and elsewhere, between the Old Red Sandstone and the Modern Period. Thus you see that the existence of such breaks simply raises the question whether the particular area in which they occur has not been dry land during the period which they represent. Only two days ago I had the pleasure of a conversation with one of the most distinguished of French Geologists, Professor Hebert, upon this very point; and I said, "It is our opinion that, if there is an interruption here, there is a continuity there." He said, "I am entirely in accordance with you."—I will give you an illustration, which is not yet a proved fact, but which will show you the kind of knowledge that we may get by more extended inquiry. I dare say many of you have heard, with great regret, that the health of Professor Huxley broke down at the beginning of the present year. He was obliged to go to Egypt to recruit; and he went up the Nile a great deal farther than I did. I asked him, "Did you follow up the curious bed of Nummulitic limestone on which the Pyramids are built?" "Yes," he said, "and as far as I could see, it rested conformably upon the Chalk." Now, *here*, the London clay does *not* lie conformably on the Chalk; nor does the Nummulitic limestone of the south of Europe.

Having thus considered the position of Chalk in the series of Stratified Deposits, we come to the question "What *is* Chalk?" It was long ago shown by the celebrated Microscopist, Professor Ehrenberg, to be chiefly composed of an aggregation either of very minute shells, or of the fragmentary remains of very minute shells, belonging to the group now called *Foraminifera* (Fig. 1); by far the greatest proportion being of the one type which we call *Globigerina* (Fig. 3). Hundreds of them would only weigh a grain. What is the nature of the animal? It is a little lump, or rather a series of lumps of jelly, with no mouth, no stomach, no anything, except that it can send out long threads, the minuteness of which is something hardly conceivable to you. These threads, which are not the ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter, go out in clusters (Fig. 2); they diffuse themselves through the water, lay hold of particles still minuter than themselves, and then draw these particles back. I have sometimes described them as a sort of animated spider's web. The central mass is always sending out some of these threads, while other threads are being drawn back into

it; and in this manner, without any distinct mouth or stomach, the nutrient particles are constantly being drawn in, and the animal is thus supplied with food. Now, when I tell you that there probably is a far greater quantity of this life at present existing than of all other kinds of life put together,—you will see what an important part these humble animals perform in the economy of Nature. The whole bottom of the Atlantic, except where cold currents come down, is covered with these animals and with masses of their decayed and broken shells. I cannot pretend to form an estimate of how much there can be; but you may form some idea of it when I tell you that, in dredging the Atlantic at one mile in depth, we brought up nearly half a ton at one time; and from nearly three miles' depth we brought up one hundredweight and a half, besides our three miles of line and a heavy dredge.

I shall give you a little history of this remarkable inquiry. Many years ago, my friend Professor Williamson of Manchester had an opportunity of examining some white mud brought up from the Levant; and he found, by the aid of the microscope, that its calcareous portion was chiefly made up of *Foraminifera* resembling those of the Chalk. (The term *Foraminifera* means many-holed; and as these shells are pierced with multitudes of small holes, you will see that this name is very applicable to them.) Some years later, the late Professor Bailey, of the United States, examining the white mud which had been brought up in very small quantities by Deep-sea Soundings in various parts of the Atlantic, found that this also was composed of *Foraminifera*, chiefly *Globigerina*; and he likened it to the Chalk of Missouri. Subsequently, when a series of soundings was taken across the Atlantic by our own naval surveyors, with a view to the laying of the Atlantic Cable, and the material brought up was examined by Professor Huxley, he came to the same conclusion; and he also discovered in this "Atlantic Mud" a multitude of extremely minute calcareous particles of rounded or oval form, which he termed "coccoliths." Still later, Dr. Wallich, who examined the soundings taken in the *Bulldog* for a Telegraph line that was projected by way of the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, confirmed all that had been previously done; and also showed that the "coccoliths" of the Atlantic Mud are often aggregated into small masses of globular form, to which he gave the name of "coccospheres." These "coccoliths" and

"coccospheres," which are undoubtedly products of Animal life, but of which the precise nature is not yet known, have been recognised as constituents of the old Chalk also by Mr. Sorby.

Now here are two lumps of the dried Mud which we brought up from *three miles'* depth in the Atlantic; and, though it is not quite so white as the Chalk of your own neighbourhood, no one who knows the "grey" Chalk could fail to see its precise correspondence with it in general aspect; and the most careful Microscopic examination would only show still more strongly the exactness of the resemblance. There may be a little more sand in our specimens; but this is only because they were taken from a part of the bottom which was directly in the line of the northern drift that brings this sand from the Arctic sea.

I now come to speak of the Animal life which we found on the area covered by this Chalk-mud, in addition to the surface-layer of living *Globigerinae* and other *Foraminifera*. We met with a great number of types, most distinctly characteristic of the Cretaceous

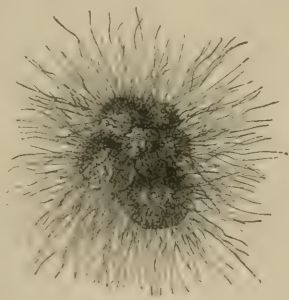


Fig. 5.—*Globigerina*.

period. The most remarkable—it was our great prize—was a wonderful Siliceous Sponge. Now, I will just mention to you the fact, as I think it may interest you, that we found this in the first of our Deep Sea explorations, between the north of Scotland and the Faroe Islands, under very peculiar circumstances. Our first vessel was not suited for our purpose, having been built "in the year one." It was, in fact, a most antiquated steamer, being one of the first pair that was built for the Government service in the year 1825. We had very rough weather; and for several days we were knocking about, doing a little work now and then. But one day we had a most successful dredge. After several days of rough weather,

we had a fine morning and a calm sea. I said to the captain that I was very unwilling to work the men on a Sunday, but that we must not miss the opportunity, for it was a good and a holy work to do. I say a reward was given us. The discovery of this was, to all scientific men, one of the most remarkable that had been made. Many of you have seen the wonderful and beautiful works of Mr. Gould, the Ornithologist, who went to Australia, and expended £8,000 in his visit and in the production of his work on the Birds of that country; and when he saw this specimen he said, "Dr. Carpenter, I envy you. If I had only found one such interesting specimen, it would have been a reward to me for all my toil and expense." You may suppose, therefore, if this excites such an interest among those who are not engaged in our own line of inquiry, that it must have created feelings of intense pleasure in our breasts. This specimen is of great interest in itself; and it is one of a very peculiar type. The skeleton of the ordinary Sponge is horny, and is useful to us because it has no flint in its composition. Other Sponges have *spicules*, or flinty needles in them, which would run into your hands; but in this particular type of Sponge, the whole of the beautiful skeleton is composed of *silex*, the material of flint. Now, the great interest of this specimen is not only that it is a new example of a most remarkable group of Sponges, of which you have an example in one of the most beautiful of all natural productions, the *Euplectella*, or "Venus's Flower-basket," specimens of which are now brought in abundance from the neighbourhood of Manila, but that it represents a whole series of Chalk Fossils, the *Ventriculites*. When Professor Huxley first saw it at my house, he knelt down at the table to look at it; and, turning to his wife, said, "Now, do not speak; this passes the love of woman." Last Saturday I was on Lewes Downs, with one of the Excursion parties, and was asked to say a few words about the Chalk. I adverted to this Sponge; and my friend, Mr. Crosskey, an able Geologist, who was born and brought up at Lewes, at once said, "Why, the whole of this hill is full of *Ventriculites*. I have got them over and over again in the Chalk in this hill." Hence I think you will understand what a point of extreme interest this was to us. Here we found the type of the old *Ventriculites*, which were supposed to be extinct, still living on in the Deep Sea; and not only the Sponge, but a great number of other animals, which

most curiously correspond to the old Chalk forms. One of the last we got was a most singular specimen of the *Echinus*, or Sea-Urchin tribe. You know the globular form of the common Sea-egg, or Urchin; but this most singular specimen, instead of being enclosed in a box-like shell, was covered with a chain-mail, composed of a number of separate pieces; and its case being flexible, it flattened itself out when laid on the hand; so that I said to my friend, Professor Wyville Thomson, "This looks as if you had sat upon it." One or two imperfect specimens of the same type had been previously found in the old Chalk, and may be seen in the British Museum; whilst here we had the animal actually existing at the present time. Again, we found in the Deep Sea some extremely interesting *living* representatives of the *Crinoids* or Lily-stars of the older formations. Thus, off the coast of Portugal we dredged up, from the depth of nearly a mile, several specimens of a *Pentacrinus* very closely resembling the type which was abundant in the Lias, and which is also found in the Chalk—a very beautiful specimen of the Cretaceous form being contained in the admirable collection of Mr. Willett, which (I am happy to learn) he has presented to the town of Brighton as a foundation for the Local Museum, which I hope it will soon come to possess. We also found, at depths ranging from 500 to 2,435 fathoms, and in various parts of the area which we explored, a singular little Crinoid which had been previously discovered near the Loffoden Islands, by the son of the late Professor Sars, of Christiania, and which has been since found in the dredgings carried on by the United States Coast Survey in the West Indian Seas. This Crinoid is a dwarfed and degenerate example of the *Apiocrinite* or Pear-Encrinite type of the Bradford Clay; of which the latest representative previously known was the *Bourgueticrinus* of the Chalk, which is intermediate in size between the still older *Apiocrinite* and our present *Rhizocrinus*. And if, as Professor Wyville Thomson has remarked, the large highly-developed Pear-Encrinite had been "going to the bad for millions of ages," so as to have degenerated into the little *Bourgueticrinus*, a continuance of the like process of degeneration—very likely depending mainly on depression of temperature—may have reduced the *Bourgueticrinus* to the comparatively minute form (*Rhizocrinus*) under which we meet with it in our Modern Chalk or Atlantic Mud.

I will not descant further upon this part of

the subject; but will proceed, in the last place, to the general question of the meaning of these facts. Now, the credit of the suggestion is entirely due to Professor Wyville Thomson—but it devolved upon me to publish it, as I was the Reporter of the Expedition, and I entirely fathered it—that really there has been no cessation in the production of Chalk from the Cretaceous period to the present time; our Atlantic Mud being not a *repetition* but a *continuation* of the old Chalk formation. Perhaps the form in which we put it forth was open to a little exception. We said that "we might be considered to be still living in the Cretaceous Epoch." Very eminent Geologists, such as the late Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir Charles Lyell, have taken exception to that statement, and perhaps not unreasonably; but all depends upon what you mean by the words "Cretaceous Epoch." Sir Charles Lyell considers them as properly designating that period which was terminated by the disappearance of a great number of types of Animal life that are not found later than the old Chalk. Where, he asks, are the Chambered Cephalopods, or Nautilus-like shells? where are the Fishes that were characteristic of the old Chalk? Do you find shells of the Nautilus type, formed by animals of the Cuttle-fish kind, in your Atlantic Mud? Well, we hide our diminished heads and say, "Certainly we do not find them; but still we think that the evidence favours the actual continuity of the old Chalk with that now forming on the bed of the Atlantic,—that there has never been a break or cessation." And the ground we go upon is this: that during the whole of the Tertiary period there is no evidence in this north-western portion of Europe, nor is there any evidence on the other side between corresponding latitudes, that the bed of the Atlantic has ever gone up more than about 2,000 feet. Now, what is 2,000 feet to 15,000 feet? Why, it only leaves you 13,000 feet instead of 15,000 feet. We find Tertiary Shells from 1,500 feet to 2,000 feet above the sea on Welsh mountains and elsewhere. Thus there is evidence that the land has been lifted up 2,000 feet, or near it, in the Tertiary period; but there is no evidence that it has been lifted more; and, if not, the bed of the Atlantic must have been the bed of the Atlantic from the time of the commencement of the formation of the Tertiary strata. We have strong reason, therefore, to believe that our modern Chalk formation dates back to the commencement of the formation of the

Tertiary strata.* Let us now look at what may have taken place previously.

Mr. Darwin first taught us that there are great areas, in the Pacific Ocean at the present time, of *depression* and of *subsidence*; there being parts where, by the condition of the Coral, we can surely assert that the bed of the ocean is slowly, slowly sinking down; while there are other parts in which we can as surely say that the bed of the ocean is gradually rising. Now, I apply that doctrine to this formation of Chalk. I believe that at the time when what was formerly Chalk, lying at the bottom of the Deep Sea which then occupied a great part of the area of Europe, was being gradually lifted up above the sea, the bed of the Atlantic was going down; and that many of the Chalk animals migrated from what was then the old Chalk Sea of Europe into the new Chalk Sea of the Atlantic; that certain species which would bear the migration went along; and that others which would not bear it did not go, and died out. But then comes my friend, Mr. Prestwich, the late President of the Geological Society; who, in his presidential address to that Society last year, not only adopts that view, but gives us its rationale, and a most beautiful rationale I think you will consider it. Mr. Prestwich, on other grounds, quite irrespective of any hypothesis of ours, believes that the old Chalk Sea of central Europe was a warm sea, having no direct communication with the Polar Sea. He believes that at the end of the Chalk period, a communication was opened between the Polar Sea and the sea of Central Europe; that this let in a great quantity of Polar water; that the temperature of the old Chalk Sea was considerably reduced; and that the reduction of temperature killed off Fishes and these higher Mollusks, but left us those lower forms which could survive the reduction of temperature.—I think you will say this is one of the most beautiful Geological speculations (it is as yet no more than a speculation) ever put before the world.

I shall now carry you further back, and show you that we have evidence that Foraminiferal life has been concerned in the formation of other strata than Chalk.

The Greensand formation on which the Chalk rests, and Green Sands which occur in previous Geological periods, even as far back as the Silurian, are composed of minute particles of a greenish mineral, into which Silex largely enters. Some years ago, it was

pointed out by Professor Ehrenberg, that these particles have definite shapes, which show them to be *internal casts* of the chambers of Foraminiferal shells; giving us the forms of the segments or divisions of the jelly-like animal body, which occupied those chambers in the living state (Fig. 4). That *all* such

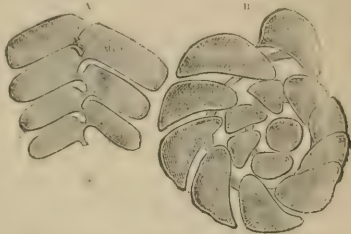


Fig. 4.—Internal casts of (A) *Textularia* and (B) *Rotalia* from Greensand.

particles were "internal casts" of this nature, is more than I would venture to affirm; but there can be no question that a large proportion of them have this character. Now, it is a very curious thing, that whilst it is the *life* of Foraminifera, producing their Calcareous shells, which makes the Chalk, it seems to be their *death* which makes these casts. I have obtained many similar "internal casts," some of them more perfect than any contained in the Greensand, from recent Foraminifera dredged up on the coast of Australia by the late Professor Jukes, and from the *Ægean* by Captain Spratt. Not only the chambers, but the "canal-system" proceeding from them, and even the minute pores in their walls, are so completely filled with the siliceous mineral, that, by dissolving away the shell with dilute acid, a *most perfect model of the animal* is obtained. Now, I cannot see how these minute shells, lying on the ordinary sea-bottom, could have been thus filled by *infiltration* of the mineral which occupies their chambers; on the other hand, there is a strong probability that the decay of the animal body caused a precipitation of silicates from the sea-water, which would thus take its place, particle by particle, by *substitution*, as in the silicification of a Fossil Wood. You will presently learn my reason for dwelling on this point.

Going back to Limestones, I have next to tell you that Geologists have come to the general conclusion that all the lime of which they are composed has at some time or other formed part of the skeleton of an Animal; for we are not acquainted with any other natural agency which can withdraw

* This doctrine was characterized by Mr. Kingsley G. on *Words for the Young*, June, 1881, p. 251 as a "splendid generalization, marking a new era in Bio-Geology."

lime from its solution in sea-water, and convert it into solid rock-masses. I have shown you how Foraminiferal life does this, by producing that immense aggregation of minute shells which we call Chalk; and Corals also are doing the same thing on an enormous scale; whilst Echinoderms (Star-fish, Sea-Urchins, Encrinites, &c.) and Mollusks also contribute, their shells forming enormous beds in particular localities. But beds of Limestone thus produced may undergo such subsequent changes, that no trace of their animal origin can be found. Thus what we know to have been once Chalk does not always retain its condition as Chalk. In the cliffs of the Antrim coast, in Ireland, for example, near the Volcanic outbreak which has formed the Giant's Causeway, you will find what we know to be Chalk by its position in the series of strata, converted into white crystalline marble; yet we know by the methods of interpretation which Geologists are accustomed to employ, that this marble was the product of Animal life, as Chalk was. Then in the great masses of Carboniferous Limestone which form the bed on which the Coal Measures are deposited, we find not only ancient Coral Reefs, but other beds which able Geologists, like Professor Phillips, have concluded to be Deep-Sea beds. I believe it will prove that these beds were formed, like Chalk, of Foraminiferal shells; and were converted to the condition in which they at present are by a subsequent process of metamorphosis.*

I have lastly to speak of the very oldest of Limestone formations—that, namely, which occurs in the lowest series of stratified rocks yet known,—the *Laurentian*. This series was first studied by Sir William Logan in Canada, where it is extremely well developed in the Laurentian mountains, near the river St. Lawrence; but its representatives are found in Scotland, Ireland, and Sweden; still more in Central Europe, where the “fundamental gneiss” has been stated by Sir Roderick Murchison to attain the enormous thickness of 90,000 feet. Near the bottom of this series, there is found a Serpentine Limestone, composed of alternate laminæ of Serpentine (which is a silicate of magnesia), and carbonate of lime; and under the guidance of my previous researches on Foraminifera,

Principal Dawson of Montreal was able to show, a few years ago, that the calcareous layers are really composed of a shelly substance, arranged in such a manner as to form storeys of chambers communicating with each other; that these chambers were occupied by an animal body extending into a “canal-system,” exactly comparable to that of existing Foraminifera; and that the Serpentine has taken the place of this animal body, precisely as it has done in the case of the Green Sands I just now described to you, so as to give, when the shelly part is dissolved away by dilute acid, the precise model of what it originally was. My own studies of this most interesting organism,—to which Principal Dawson has given the name of *Eozoön*, meaning the “dawn of life,”—have fully confirmed his views, and have afforded additional evidence of their truth. I look upon this *Eozoön* as having been doing, in the old Laurentian periods, exactly the work which the little *Globigerina* are doing now;—namely, producing a great Limestone formation over an extensive sea-bed, by separating the carbonate of lime from its solution in sea-water, and making it take the solid form. And the only difference of importance between the two consists in this,—that the growth of the former was continuous and indefinite, like that of a vast tree, each new bud of which, though capable of living independently, remains in connection with the organism that developed it; whilst in the *Globigerina*, when the process of budding has produced a series of about sixteen segments, the next bud detaches itself, and begins to form a separate shell.

Now, this *Eozoön* may be certainly said to have lived *as long before* the earliest Fossils previously known (those of the Upper Cambrian and Lower Silurian rocks) as *they* lived before our present epoch. The 90,000 feet of “fundamental gneiss” must have alone required (to say nothing of the vast beds of slaty rocks which overlie them) a series of ages for their production, which, looking to the source of that rock, and the extreme hardness of the rocks whose gradual wearing away must have furnished its materials, must have been at least equal to that required for the deposition of the entire series that is superposed upon the Silurian, which Sir R. Murchison formerly believed to be the oldest of the fossiliferous rocks. And when you ask the Geologist how long a time he considers to have elapsed since that comparatively modern upheaval of the Chalk took place, which, according to our view, was

* In the Carboniferous Limestone of Russia and of Melville Island, there is a stratum entirely composed of *Fusulina*, a Foraminiferal type not known to exist at present; while a clay bed of the same age examined by my friend, Mr. H. B. Brady, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, contains *Foraminifera* belonging to the existing type *Succamina*, found in abundance by M. Sars and ourselves, which, instead of a calcareous shell, forms a “test” or case by cementing together grains of sand.

the commencement of the Formation now going on over the Atlantic sea-bed, you will see that we Naturalists and Geologists do not let Astronomers have it all their own way. You hear about the immense lapse of ages that must have existed before we got the light of Sirius; and you also hear that, if Sirius were now extinguished, it might be some millions or billions of years before we should cease to see it. I believe that our inquiries carry us as far backwards in Geological time, as the inquiries of Astronomers carry them in distance and in time, their way. There is something romantic in this. You know it has been said that Reason carries us where the Imagination scarcely dares to follow. The Spectroscope seems to me to open to us the Romance of Science,—going “beyond all the beyonds,” if I may use the expression. But I think that the matters which I have placed before you to-night are not altogether behind its revelations in interest, and I trust that they will have your thoughtful consideration.

As I am addressing a Working Men's audience, let me say how earnestly I have had at heart, throughout my life, the elevation of my working brethren. I am a working Carpenter

myself. That is true in two senses; for my school nickname was Archimedes, because I was always fond of turning my hand to anything of the mechanical kind; and this habit has been of the greatest value to me in the scientific inquiries to which my life has been devoted. I have made all my microscopic preparations myself. I buy none, except for exhibition to my friends. Many of the vendors have said, “How do you make them?” I made some of the best of them before any one else found out the way to make them; and that “handiness” has been a very valuable accomplishment to me.

Let me conclude my Lecture by directing your attention to the wonderful work, which, as I have shown you, is being done by the smallest and humblest agencies; and by drawing this lesson from it, that we should, every one of us, do just that work in the world that we find ourselves best fitted for. I like to see a working man doing his work *well*, and not scamping it. And I like to see him, if he has the ability, endeavouring to raise himself in the world; for the *effort* to do so is not lost, though it may not seem to succeed at once—the success often coming in a way we least expect.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

VII.—ARANJUEZ AND TOLEDO.

IT is almost a blur upon the entire pleasure of a visit to Granada, that all arrivals and departures by train are necessarily in the middle of the night, and that the hotels are consequently in a chronic state of disturbance from one to four in the morning. Even though we decided upon taking the diligence to evade the long railway détour by Cordova, we had to leave at four A.M., when our last drive to the town through the dark woods of the Alhambra seemed a solemn farewell to one of the most beautiful places upon earth.

In a whirlwind of white dust, ten horses carried us quickly along through a sterile, treeless, hideous country. At one P.M. the scenery improved a little, and the great white cathedral of Jaen rose before us at the foot of its jagged mountains. The diligence waited for an hour in the market-place, which gave time for its driver and mayoral to dine, and for us to see the inside of the cathedral, a Græco-Romano building of 1532, but very handsome of its kind. Behind the Coro is a silver Custodia with seven keys,

only opened three times in the year, and containing one of the many pieces of linen, honoured by the Roman Catholic Church as the *authentic* handkerchief with which Santa Veronica wiped the face of our Saviour on his way to Calvary, and upon which his image remained impressed. This especial relic, however, is of historic interest, as having been carried by St. Ferdinand at the head of his troops.

At four in the afternoon we reached the quiet station of Mengibar, a lonely shed on a bank above the Guadalquivir, seeming a strange termination for a long diligence journey, but a very convenient spot for joining the train from Cordova to Madrid. We passed our waiting time in a tea-garden, surrounded by a hedge of oleanders, which grow wild in profusion all over this neighbourhood.

Before daybreak we had reached Aranjuez, and were walking across its white dusty squares and through the long corridors of its deserted palace, something like a very miniature Versailles, to the pleasant little quiet

hotel of Los Infantes, which may be strongly recommended to travellers as both clean and economical.

We spent a day in seeing the sights of Aranjuez, which is the first place where we have been persuaded to take one of the guides, who are generally the greatest bane of a traveller's comfort, but who are, perhaps, desirable here, as saving time where many silver keys and permisos are required. For, strangely enough, in this place, which the railway renders almost a suburb of Madrid, and where the miles upon miles of parks and gardens would be most grateful to its parched citizens, as well as to the residents at Aranjuez itself, the government, though the present court never visits the place, is sufficiently careless of popularity to keep everything closely shut up; so that gardens, such as at Carlsruhe or Stutgard form the delight of the whole population, are here entirely unused except by the thrushes and nightingales.

The larger of the two palaces, a rambling French château, is little worth seeing, except for china-fanciers, who will be delighted with a wonderful room entirely walled and ceiled with beautiful Capo di Monte. This was one of the extravaganzas of Charles III., who did not scruple to waste £3,000 of gold by mixing it with the brass rails of a back staircase in his other Aranjuez palace. This, which is most inappropriately called the Casa del Labrador (the Workman's Cottage), is about a mile distant from the town. Its rooms, though low, are most gorgeously fitted up with exquisite silk embroidery and hangings. Both palaces are filled with reminiscences of curious court scandals and crimes, but especially those connected with Charles III., Maria Louisa, and her lover Godoy, the Prince of Peace, whose position was so easily accepted by the dissolute court, that his being represented, with the king, in a fresco which still remains in one of the principal rooms, was no matter for offence. The extraordinary trio had a passion for clocks, and no less than forty-eight clocks adorn their small apartments in the Casa del Labrador, five or six in each room. All the royal residences of Spain are decorated in this way. The mania which Ferdinand VII. had for clocks is amply shown in the palace at Madrid, and even Charles V. made a collection of them, and remarked how absurd it was to try to make two men's heads think the same, when he could not make two of his clocks go alike.

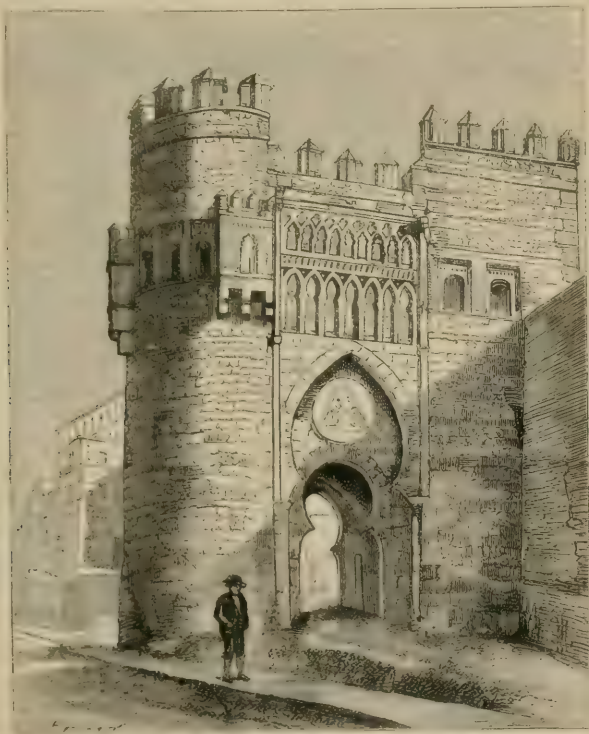
Aranjuez is an oasis in the wilderness. The Tagus and Xarama, meeting almost beneath the palace walls, keep its island garden fresh and verdant, even through a burning Spanish summer. The fine old English oaks and elms were brought over by Philip II., and were, perhaps, the only good which accrued to his native land from his marriage with our Mary. They still attract as much notice in Spain as a wood of palms and prickly-pears would do at Hampton Court. The beauties of Aranjuez have been a constant theme with the poets of Castile: Calderon and Garcilasso have written in their praise, and even Fray Juan de Tolosa, the Augustine prior of Zaragoza, when he published a religious treatise in 1589 for the benefit of the young knights of the period, called it "The Aranjuez of the Soul," in order the better to entice them to read it. The gardens remain as we see them portrayed in the faithful pictures of Velasquez, in the Museo at Madrid, and as they are described by Lady Fanshawe, English ambassadress in Spain during the reign of Philip IV. Long shady avenues of elms and plane-trees lead through closely-planted woods, and have been the scene of countless intrigues, both of politics and love. Even down to the late revolution, all old customs of the place were kept up, even to the breed of camels, introduced here by Philip II., to perform the garden work, and their oriental forms, slowly parading through the shady groves, were a well-known characteristic of the place. Isabella II. never failed to spend the spring months at Aranjuez, but now it is the picture of desolation; fountains without water, beds without flowers, promenades without people.

A short journey by rail, and a long wait in the wretched junction station of Castillejo, where the only accommodation is a miserable room, open at both ends, and a prey to beggars and dirt of every description, brought us to imperial Toledo. At a distance, the town rises grandly, not distinguished by any one marked feature or building, except its great Alcazar, which is chiefly of the last century, but an irregular line of towers, battle-mented walls, and ancient houses, crowning the black precipitous rocks, which rise abruptly from the yellow Tagus, and backed by rugged hills, scorched and parched into every shade of orange and brown by the tropical sunshine. The general views of Toledo have no beauty, but are solemn and affecting beyond those of all other places, so huge and historical does it stand, without any vegetation whatever, girdled in from the liv

ing world by the indescribable solitude of its utterly desolate hills.

Guarding the entrance of the town stands the ruined castle of Cervantes, on a projecting spur of the mountain. At its foot is the bridge of Alcantara, "the Bridge of the Bridge," closed at both ends by gate towers, and striding with high arches across the Tagus, as it rushes through the deep chasm

in the rock upon which it is built. Hence one ascends to the town by a terraced road, from which there is a glorious view over the Vega. The atmosphere is so clear that every fissure in the distant hills can be counted, and each building on the line of the horizon stands out against the transparent turquoise sky as if seen through a microscope. Where the terrace makes a zigzag to a higher level



is the grand Moorish gateway called Puerta del Sol, richly embossed with tracery, and of a splendid orange-red colour. Now we reach the Zocodover, a Moorish square overhung by many ranges of balconies, whence a tolerably wide street, the only wide one in Toledo, winds along the irregularities of the hill to the cathedral, which unfortunately stands so low that its fine spire can never become a conspicuous feature. Diving thus

into the heart of the town, the quaintness of everything is increasingly striking. Here a beautiful Moorish or Gothic fragment breaking the line of whitewashed walls, there balconies adorned with clustering vines and jessamine, hung with bird-cages, and with handsome dark-eyed women in lace mantillas, leaning over their railings. Near the cathedral, at 16, Calle Santa Isabel, is a house of this kind, the pleasant Casa de Hues-

pedes (boarding-house) of the three excellent sisters Figueroa, where we spent five days very comfortably. Our sitting-room had the pleasantest of balconies, filled with birds, and common but luxuriant flowers, and looked across a quiet little garden, with a tree—a valuable possession in Spain—to the cliffs on the other side of the river.

Of course our first visit was to the cathedral, and our first sensation was certainly one of disappointment, but perhaps partly because we had heard so much, and expected so much, and because the beggars are so tiresome, and their perpetual whine, with their mischievous, even malicious, tricks, such a constant irritant to the temper. Much also of the building has been white-washed, and the fact is commemorated in a triumphant inscription on one of its walls.

Still, the beauties of the cathedral of Toledo are such as grow upon one at each sight of it, and surely no church interior was ever more entirely picturesque than this, where the coro, filled with wonderful carved stall-work, divided by jasper pillars, breaks, but does not block, the view of the five naves and their eighty-eight columns, through which the ancient glass sparkles with colours of sapphire, ruby, and emerald, and where the painted and gilt retablo, toned but uninjured by age, rises from pavement to ceiling in an indescribable labyrinth of niches, statues, and sculptured tracery. Around the altar are glorious tombs of some of the earlier kings, Alonzo VII., Sancho el Des-eado, Sancho el Bravo, and the Infante Don Pedro. Here also is buried Cardinal Mendoza, (ob. 1495), who obtained the name of Tertius Rex, from the degree in which he shared the sovereignty with Ferdinand and Isabella.

Behind the high altar, in a large chapel of their own, are magnificent tombs of a knight and a lady. He is Alvaro de Luna, Master of Santiago, Constable of Castile, and Prime Minister of John II., whose mind and counsels he completely ruled for five-and-thirty years. He lived with royal state, and when he rode out was followed by thirty knights, and he held three thousand lances in his pay. His interference brought about a marriage between his king and Isabella of Portugal, who became his bitterest enemy, and whose ascendancy over her husband was the cause of his ruin. He was executed on an accusation of high treason in the square at Valladolid, his last words being, "And this is the reward of faithful devoted service to my king." In his lifetime he had prepared beautiful bronze tombs for himself and his

wife, but when he was disgraced his relentless master had them broken up, and they were made into the two pulpits which still stand at the entrance of the Capilla Mayor. The existing tombs, of alabaster, are due to the filial piety of his daughter Maria.

Close by is the entrance of the Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos, built by order of Juan II., and containing a statue of its founder (buried at Miraflores), and the tombs of Henrique II. (1379), and his queen Juana (1380); their son Juan I. (1390), with his wife Leonora (1382); Henrique III. (1407), and his wife Catalina de Lancastre (1419), daughter of John of Gaunt.

The Sacristia Mayor, entered near this, is surrounded by beautiful pictures of Juan de Borgoña, in the style of Perugino. Below these hang a most interesting series of authentic portraits of the archbishops. They include Mendoza and Ximenes, by Borgoña; Carranza, the confessor of Charles V., who urged the dying emperor to faith in the Crucified as the only Saviour, and was consequently imprisoned—as "infected with Lutheran opinions"—for eleven years in the castle of St. Angelo, where he died in a dungeon, and Sandoval (by Luiz Tristan), who urged Philip IV. to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

At the western end of the church is a Gothic tabernacle with a beautiful relief of San Ildefonso receiving a chasuble from the Virgin, who is supposed to have presented it in person as he was praying on this spot.

No one should leave the cathedral without visiting the Mosarabic chapel, a large separate building entered near the great western door. Its history is this. At the Moorish invasion, the Toledans defended themselves gallantly, and, when they yielded, obtained the best conditions they could. Chief amongst the terms they insisted upon was that they should preserve five churches, in which there should be free liberty of worship for those who remained faithful to Christianity. Thus, through the four hundred years of the Moorish rule, the faith was kept alive in Toledo, and the faithful bore the name of Mos-Arabes—"mixed with the Arabs." In the reign of Alonzo VI., when Toledo returned to the Christian rule, the papal legate, Richard, desired that the Mosarabic should be laid aside for the Gregorian ritual, and his wishes were upheld by the king, and the queen Doña Costanza, who preferred the rites of Rome. The Toledan clergy were furious, and the people became so excited, that a revolution was imminent. Alarmed

at this turn of affairs, and fearing to push matters to an extremity, the king then proposed as a compromise, after the fashion of the day, that the dispute should be decided by a single combat, each party choosing a champion, and that so God should show which ritual was most acceptable to Him. The fight took place in the vega, and the Mosarabic champion, Don Ruiz de la Matanza, was the victor. The populace rent the air with their applause, and believed that all was settled. But the court was enraged, and some little time after, Alonzo, conveniently discovering that the means of proof chosen had been impious and cruel, proposed another trial. This time, after a general fast, and prayers in all the churches, copies of the Roman and of the Toledan rituals were to be placed together in a lighted bonfire, and that which remained unscathed would be the one approved by God.

A pile of faggots was lighted in the Zocodover, in the presence of an immense concourse, and the two breviaries were placed upon it, each party praying fervently for the liturgy they preferred. But it was a stormy day, and before the flames could reach it, the Roman prayer-book was taken up by the wind and blown intact and unscathed out of the fire, while the Mosarabic breviary remained unconsumed in the midst of the flames. Both parties shouted that the victory was theirs, but the Mosarabians carried the day, and their liturgy, described by Dr. Neale as "the connecting link of the eastern and western rites," was preserved in Toledo. When Ximenes became archbishop, it was beginning to fall into desuetude, and to preserve so interesting a relic of faith in troublous times, he instituted, in 1512, an order of priests especially charged with the performance of the Mosarabic office, and built the chapel which we see. Its walls are covered with frescoes by Juan de Borgoña.

The grand time to visit the cathedral is the festival of Corpus, when the whole of its exterior is hung with glorious tapestries of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The existing remains in Toledo are of three kinds, viz., first, the Moorish mosque, the Moorish houses, and the fragments of Moorish work embedded in the cathedral and churches; second, the Jewish synagogues; third, the Christian art.

The Moorish mosque, now called the church of El Christo de la Luz, is of intense interest. It stands behind the Puerta del Sol, and might easily be overlooked, as its walls, covered with beautiful Moorish arches,

are enclosed in a courtyard. It was in existence when Alonzo VI. entered Toledo, May 25, 1083. Built into this and other Arabian buildings of Toledo are fragments of Gothic constructions, such as capitals and portions of columns, showing that they belonged to Christian edifices anterior to the Moorish conquest. The plan adopted by the Moors is almost analogous to that of the Christian basilicas, their mosques being divided into naves, and generally ending in an apse. The arches which support the roof of the naves are either round or horseshoe, and double arches are employed in the ornamentation of the walls. The shafts of the columns which sustain the arcades of these buildings are either of marble or of brick and mortar, but always thick and heavy. The octagonal form observed in some of them is a feature of the period. The arabesques and carvings with which the Moors ornamented their work in Toledo are almost always coarse adaptations from the ornaments which they had seen in passing through places which had submitted to their yoke. Byzantine ornament is the kind which was most popular with them.

There is something especially striking in the low vaulted nave of El Christo de la Luz, which is like a miniature fragment from the mosque at Cordova. Over the altar hangs a ghastly crucifix with long real hair, which recalls a curious Spanish legend, telling that as the Cid rode by after the conquest at the head of his troops, his faithful steed Baviaca dropped upon its knees before this mosque. Baviaca needed no guidance and never did wrong, so when she knelt all knew that some holy relic must be concealed upon that spot. The wall was pulled down, and, as the stones fell, a stream of light poured forth, and a crucifix was disclosed, where it had been immured for safety before the invasion, the lamp which was then lighted still miraculously burning—El Christo de la Luz.

Near this church is the splendid hospital of Santa Cruz, now a military school. Cardinal Mendoza left his fortune to Isabella to be employed for charitable purposes, and this is one of the noble foundations she raised in fulfilment of what she felt would be his wishes. Its patios and staircase are as beautiful in detail as in design.

Quite on the other side of the town are the two marvellous old Jewish synagogues, now called El Transito and Santa Maria Blanca. Both are of the greatest interest, as having been built by the Jews during the dominion of the Moors, under whose tolerant rule

they enjoyed perfect freedom and liberty of conscience. Both buildings are almost like mosques, and it is supposed that Moorish workmen were employed in them. Santa Maria Blanca, which stands back in a little court, and is newly whitewashed, was indeed a Jewish sanctuary, being ceiled with cedar of Lebanon, and the ground on which it stood covered with the sacred dust of Palestine.

El Transito is much more magnificent. It was built by Samuel Levi, a Jew who was the treasurer and faithful servant of Pedro the Cruel, but whose master, coveting his wealth, tortured him and put him to death, and then confiscated all his possessions.

When the Christians recovered Toledo, the star of the Jews set, and each Jewish head was taxed at thirty pieces of silver—"the price of Him whom they of the children of Israel did value." But they were allowed to retain their synagogues through a curious plea. The Jews of Toledo affirmed that they had not consented to the death of the Saviour! When Jesus Christ was brought to judgment, they said, the council of Jews, of which Caiaphas was the president, sent to take the votes of the tribes as to whether He should be released or put to death. One tribe voted for his acquittal, and from them the Jews of Toledo were descended.

In 1389 the oppression of the Jews began by their being bereaved of their market, which was near the cathedral, by Archbishop Tenorio, who built the present cloister on its site. In 1454 Santa Maria Blanca was taken away from the Jews, on the instigation of San Vicente Ferrer. This saint was a great mixture. Cruel and vindictive beyond words in his persecution of heretics, he was saint-like in the practice of his own life. He refused all Church dignities; daily he read and meditated upon the Scriptures, especially upon the passion of our Lord. In his treatise on the "Spiritual Life," he exhorted men to turn to God constantly in prayer, for "study would drain the heart and intellect unless men constantly turned to place themselves at the foot of the cross of Christ, when the thought of his sacred wounds would give fresh power and new light to their souls."

In 1490, the Toledans, in order to have a plea for a further spoliation of the Jews, gave out that they had stolen Juan Passamonte, a boy of Guardia, and crucified him, putting his heart into a hostia, as a charm against the Inquisition. This story is commemorated in a fresco near the beautiful cloister gate called "El Niño Perdido," and is, like the similar story of St. Hugh of Lin-

coln, a favourite theme with poets and painters. In 1492 every unbaptized Jew was forced to quit Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, and 170,000 were cruelly expelled, preferring banishment and the loss of everything to abandoning their faith. The expulsion of the Jews was the ruin of Toledo.

Not far from the synagogues is the church of San Tomé, containing a picture by the rare artist El Greco (Domenicó Theotoculi—1577-1625). It represents the burial of the Conde de Orgaz, in 1392, by St. Stephen and St. Augustine, who are believed to have come in person to bury him, because he had spent all his wealth in adorning their churches. Near this, almost on the edge of the steep cliff which overhangs the Tagus, is the Franciscan convent of San Juan de Los Reyes, with its beautiful church, built by Ferdinand and Isabella in memory of their victory at Toro. It will at once attract attention, not only from its Gothic architecture, but from its being hung all over with the links of the chains of Christian captives rescued at the conquest of the Moors. The entrance, built by Alonzo de Covarrubias for Philip II., is surmounted by an exquisitely-sculptured cross. The cloisters, though of late Gothic, are amongst the most beautiful in Europe.

Close to the church are the Cyclopean ruins of the palace built by King Wamba in 674, and inhabited by Roderick. From its window he is said to have beheld the beautiful daughter of Count Julian, who had been intrusted to his care, while she was bathing in the river, and to have become possessed with the fatal passion which led to the invasion of the Moors and the destruction of his kingdom.

In the hollow is the grand gate-defended bridge of San Martino, connected with which is a curious anecdote of wifely devotion. The architect of the original bridge on this site discovered too late that his work was not strong enough, and would give way when the scaffolds were removed. To his wife alone he communicated his misery; she set fire to the scaffolds, burnt down the whole work, and saved her husband's reputation.

Beyond the bridge the river leaves its rocky gorge and winds through the plain. Here is the small ancient basilica called El Christo de la Vega, with its richly-decorated apse and solemn Rembrandt-like interior, in which the principal ray of light falls upon the figure on the crucifix which gives a name to the sanctuary. The figure, which is of life size, has its head bent, its hair falling

over the shoulders, one hand only nailed to the cross, and the other extended as if in the act of taking an oath. Its story tells that a young country girl made her lover promise to marry her and sign a paper swearing that he would do so before this crucifix,—that afterwards the lover was faithless, when the maiden betook herself to the chapel, and prayed, and laid the paper he had signed before the altar, imploring help from her Redeemer;—then, in the solemn stillness, the Crucified detached one hand from the cross, and stretching it out, exclaimed, “*Io soy testigo*,”—I am the witness!

Good walkers should ascend, to the left, beyond the bridge of St. Martino. Passing the rude stone cross on the edge of the hill, they will find themselves at once in one of the wildest scenes imaginable, and may follow a path which winds through a gorge, and then along declivities so arid that scarcely anything grows there except asphodel and cistus, flowers which are careless about water and love a dry sandy soil. Rosemary too flourishes in the clefts, a herb which Spanish peasants think it impossible to estimate too highly. Once, they say, it was a poor common plant of the field, but upon it the Virgin, on a washing-day, hung out to dry the baby-clothes of the infant Jesus, and thenceforth it became for ever green and fragrant and full of virtues. The fact is commemorated in one of the popular songs, which are so endless in themselves, and so endlessly in the mouths of the people as they work. Since the death of the Saviour, too, it is believed that the rosemary has put forth fresh flowers every Friday, the day of his suffering, “as if to embalm his holy body.”

As the path winds higher amongst the

rocks, we come in sight of a hermitage and its little chapel of the Virgin. Hither, on the night of her great festival of the 1st of May, long processions toil up, chanting as they go, and all the little ways are lit up by blazing branches, making a winding path of fire in the darkness. In spite of brigands, it is well to linger here till sunset, when all the poor and pitiful detail is lost, and only the stupendous outline remains, engraven upon a flaming sky.

In the valley beyond the bridge of Alcantara is another ruin, called the “Palace of Galiana.” This legendary princess is supposed to have been the daughter of King Golafré, who loved her passionately and built her a palace, compared with which all the glories of the Arabian Nights paled into insignificance. Hither endless lovers came courting, and annoyed the princess dreadfully, but the most hideous and wearisome was Bradamant, a gigantic Moorish chieftain, who made an underground passage from his stronghold at Guadalajara to Toledo, that he might visit her every day. At length Charlemagne the Great came hither to assist Golafré against Abderrhaman, the Sultan of Cordova, and being lodged in the palace and falling in love with Galiana, he slew Bradamant and presented her with his head. The princess was so charmed with the gift that she became enamoured of the giver, accepted his hand, accompanied him to France, and was crowned triumphantly. Such is the legend. The palace, which never was a palace, and which certainly never was inhabited by Galiana, is reduced to a few crumbling walls. Near it, in strange contrast, runs the railway, and it is the last building seen on leaving Toledo.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

OCTOBER.

ONCE the year was gay and bright,

Now the sky is grey and sober;
But not the less thy milder light

I love, thou serene and brown October.

Then across each ferny down

Marched proud flush of purple heather;

Now in robe of modest brown

Heath and fern lie down together.

Weep who will the faded year,

I have weaned mine eyes from weeping:

Drop not for the dead a tear,

Love her, she is only sleeping.

And when storms of wild unrest

O'er the frosted fields come sweeping,

Woe not; 'neath her snowy vest

Nature gathers strength from sleeping.

Rest and labour, pleasure, pain,

Hunger, feeding, thirsting, drinking,

Ebb and flow, and loss and gain,

Love and hatred, dreaming, thinking;

Each for each exists, and all

Binds one secret mystic tether;

And each is best as each may fall

For you and me, and all together.

Then clothe thee or in florid vest,

Thou changeful year, or livery sober,

Thy present wear shall please me best,

Or rosy June, or brown October.

And when loud tempests spur their race,

I'll know, and have no cause for weeping,

They brush the dust from off thy face,

To make thee wake more fair from sleeping.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

A CONVERSATION OF CERTAIN FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

(Continued from p. 635.)

THE conversation this afternoon commenced abruptly as follows :—

Mauleverer. We have been talking a great deal lately about the animal creation. I have been thinking how much misery there is among the lower animals.

Ellesmere. Nonsense! You are not going to persuade me of that.

Mauleverer. It is true though. I am persuaded that they suffer greatly from fear, or rather apprehension; and that is what we human beings suffer most from.

Sir Arthur. We know very little about their joys, their sorrows, or their sufferings. I am inclined to think that there is a large balance of happiness in their favour. I should have taken just an opposite view to Mauleverer's. I admit that they suffer from fear, but very little from apprehension. What men suffer most from is not from fear, but from care.

'Heard not by the outward ear,
In the heart I am a Fear,
And from me is no escape
Every hour I change my shape,
Roam the highway, ride the billow,
Hover round the anxious pillow,
Ever found, and never sought,
Flattered, cursed. Oh! know you not
Care? Know you not anxiety?'*

Ellesmere. I suppose everybody has thought at some time or other what creature he should like to be, if the Pythagorean system were true, and we were to reappear—at least, some of us—in some lower form of Being. I wonder what Cranmer would like to be. I don't wish to suggest anything for any other gentleman; but it occurs to me that Cranmer would rather shine as a tortoise.

Sir Arthur. I have long ago made up my mind upon the point. I would be a bird; and, I think, of all birds, the swallow—a travelled creature who, like Ulysses, had seen many races of men and many cities.

Ellesmere. Milverton would be a bird too—the meditative stork. I knew a stork just like Milverton. I used to watch it from the windows of my inn at a little place, I forget the name, on a river that runs into the Rhine. It would remain for hours perched on a rock, standing on one leg and pretending to look for fish; but, in reality, thinking of the queer ways of men, and inventing aphorisms.

Lady Ellesmere. You have not asked us ladies what we should like to be.

Ellesmere. Oh! you will have gone through the worst form of animal life—at any rate, that which is most noxious to man. But if there is any other form to be gone through by you, you will, of course, be butterflies; and how you will look at each other's fine dresses, and say of the empress butterfly, "I wonder how her husband can afford to let her dress in that way—in all the colours of the rainbow, too!"

Milverton. That makes me think of an anecdote of Thackeray. He was going down the Strand with a friend of mine, and they stopped to look at an oyster-shop. There was a tub of oysters at a shilling a dozen (those were halcyon days for oyster-eaters), there was also a tub of oysters at tenpence the dozen. "How these must hate those!" exclaimed Thackeray, pointing first to the tenpenny, and then to the shilling oysters. There you have a most characteristic speech of that great satirist.

Ellesmere. I have been thinking over the question, and I have made up my mind what I would be. I think I once told you before. I would certainly be a fish.

The fish he leads a merry life,
He drinks when he likes, and he has no wife.

That is my own poetry; at least, I believe so.

Sir Arthur. I think Ellesmere is wrong in his natural history.

Ellesmere. Well, the fish has no wife like the lion, the tiger, or the fox. I should not like to be a lion, and have to come home, after a hard day's hunting, to the lioness and my cubs, without any prey in my paws. My mane would be pulled in a manner that would not be at all caressing. No. I am quite resolved, that if I am to have any choice, I will undoubtedly be a fish. Wait though! I pause to hear what Mauleverer will say; because I will not enter willingly into any form of animal life, if he is to take the same form. He would make all the other fishes so melancholy, that they would turn up their sides, and show the whites of their eyes, and not endeavour to catch any more flies, for he would prove to them that about once in a million times it would be an artificial, and not a real fly. Let us enjoy life in the best way we can; whether we are birds, beasts, men, or fishes, and eschew all those people who delight in melancholy talk; write melancholy novels, that have bad

* Second Part of "Faust."

endings; or play melancholy music which I cannot abide. Dismal people are the only people to be sedulously avoided, unless, of course, as in Mauleverer's case, they have transcendent notions of cookery.

Milverton. The whole of your conversation reminds me—

Ellesmere. The three most fatal words in the English language are, "*That reminds me.*" You feel certain that a long story or a terrible disquisition is coming upon you.

Cranmer. I must interrupt. I am not going to be a tortoise, though I admit it is one of the most judicious creatures in creation. I should like to be a beaver. If there is any truth in the theories that Mauleverer is always dinning into our ears (forgive the unparliamentary expression, Mauleverer), about the misery of all creatures endowed with life, that misery may best be met with and conquered by continuous work. Now I take it the beaver is the most laborious creature of whose habits we know anything. He is never satisfied with his work. I wonder that he is not a chosen pet of mankind, for people who have watched him, tell me that he is a very good-natured animal, and a most amusing one. After building a dam, which he will do in a room, for he always supposes that he is to be victimised by a sudden influx of water, he will contemplate the building in the most knowing manner, strengthen the weaker parts, or pull it all down together and reconstruct from the foundation—in fact, that he is a ceaseless worker, and a most severe critic of his own work. This must recommend him to your favourable notice, Milverton.

Ellesmere. I won't be a beaver if I can help it. One of the errors of this age is a deification of work for the mere sake of working. I hate fussiness.

Lady Ellesmere. The most fussy man alive!

Ellesmere. The really good man, and the man of beautiful nature, like the good fish, can be idle and innocent too. Show me the man who employs his leisure well, and I will tell you who will go to heaven.

Milverton. Well, now I suppose that you have all said your preliminary say. I shall take full advantage, hereafter, in commenting on what you have said, every word of which bears upon my subject. But to begin at the beginning. Mauleverer spoke of the fear suffered by all animals. By the way, adopting the plan used in Acts of Parliament, of defining certain words to have extensive meanings, when I use the word "animals," I mean all living creatures except men and

women. Now, touching this fear, I maintain that animals are more fearless than man. There are several domestic animals of my acquaintance, which, having learnt the thorough friendliness of the men, women, and children with whom they live, are most remarkably fearless. Seize hold of them suddenly; threaten them as much as you like; they have that perfect confidence in your good intentions that they will bear the threatening symptoms with an equanimity and absence of nervousness which are unknown in man. I mention this fact with a view to show how much we might increase the happiness of these animals with whom we live, if we were *uniformly* kind to them. I refer you for proof of this to the happy families of animals that lived with Waterton.

Ellesmere. All animals I have known intimately have had a great appreciation of fun; and that is why I like the animal creation so much. If I were to pretend to throw Fairy into the water, a proceeding which she knows that I know she dislikes, she would perfectly understand that this was a mere demonstration, similar to that of an independent member asking a question of a minister in the House, the whole affair having been arranged an hour or two before at the minister's official residence in Downing Street, and Fairy would thoroughly enter into the joke.

But, seriously speaking, I have not the slightest doubt that Milverton is quite right, and that the animals with whom we are obliged to live might be made infinitely more comfortable by the removal of fear, and that this is an end which can be easily attained.

Milverton. We begin to teach by blows, which are things very difficult to understand; and then we wonder that we have no hold upon the regard of the animal, and, in fact, that we cannot manage it. Now, many animals, I should say most animals, have a Macaulay-like memory, and certainly never forget early ill-treatment.

What I desire most in our conduct to animals is some use of the imaginative faculty. No imaginative person can well be cruel.

Ellesmere. Oh! Oh! Your friend Cortes, for instance—a poet, a scholar, undoubtedly a man of powerful imagination, yet how he treats the natives! just as brutal men among us treat animals.

Milverton. You are wrong, though perhaps my dictum may require some modification. The imagination of Cortes made him fully aware of the sufferings he was inflicting.

That same power of imagination led him to believe that he was doing great things for civilisation, and especially for true religion, in the cruelties he was obliged, as he thought, to commit. This would not apply to animals. I have no doubt that Cortes was very kind to them. We have not those after-thoughts about them that we have about our fellow-men—those after-thoughts which have made men severe to their fellows, sincerely believing, in many instances, that they were insuring some great and final good to those whom they persecuted remorselessly.

I maintain that my dictum is substantially right, that you have only, by the aid of imagination, to enter fully into what we may reasonably conceive to be the feelings of animals, to be most tender and kind towards them. Even such talk as we have just had, which might not appear at first to bear upon the subject, is most useful. Only think of the ways, habits, and peculiarities of any creature, and you become tolerant towards it. I will exemplify what I mean. The horse is a most timid and nervous animal. By the way, I observed that not one of you was inclined, in your imaginary choice of animal life, to become a horse or any animal that had much to do with man. Well, the horse, as I said, is a most timid and nervous animal. The moment you have recognised this fact, you are able, by the aid of imagination, to enter into its terrors, and you do not beat a creature merely because it is afraid.

Cranmer. I come to what I always believe in as the main specific for all evils, namely, education. Milverton talks of imagination, and makes too much of that, I think. Imagination must have a basis of facts to build upon. Now it is a fact, I believe, as Milverton states, that the horse is a peculiarly nervous and timid animal. It sees a large piece of paper, or an empty sack, or an ungainly-looking shadow in the road, and it takes it to be some dangerous living creature. That ought to be told to people from the first, especially to children. I have never written a book, but it really seems to me that I could write a book, if I possessed the requisite knowledge—

Ellesmere. Well, most of us could do that.

Cranmer. —if I possessed the requisite knowledge, I say. It would be most serviceable in schools, and, indeed, should be a class-book in all schools. I have never read a child's book upon animals which has satisfied me as regards the points I should endeavour to inculcate.

Ellesmere. Upon my word, Cranmer is

coming out in a new character. I do not like, however, to hear any man indulge in threats of a painful character, and I look upon this as a threat, on Cranmer's part, that he will write a book.

Sir Arthur. The words of Cranmer are the words of wisdom, of beaver-like sagacity. I almost think that I will offer to join with Cranmer in writing such a book, only the worst of it is, one is so deficient in facts. One would have to sit under some eminent naturalist for two years. But, most seriously speaking, it might be the just pride of one's life to have written such a book. Going back to my early childhood, I distinctly remember how thoroughly ignorant I was of the very fact Milverton first brought before us, and that I thought that my first pony was to be cured of shying by adopting the most severe measures to force it up to the apparently dangerous object. I am now, I hope, a little wiser as regards the management both of men and horses in this respect; but I do not see why I should not have been taught this wisdom at a much earlier period.

Milverton. Cranmer is as right as possible; and I accept, with due humility, his correction when he said that imagination must have a basis of facts to build upon.

Ellesmere. There was some practical thing, some plan, which Milverton alluded to in a former conversation. It had relation to beasts of burden. He was going to tell us about it when visitors swarmed in the other day.

Milverton. You will only laugh at it, I dare say; but I don't mind telling it you.

One of the great evils in the treatment of animals is that they are necessarily intrusted to hirelings. Now, the owner of an animal might, in nineteen cases out of twenty, be trusted to exercise what I may call superficial kindness towards it. At any rate, he would avoid intentional unkindness. How he generally errs, as I have shown before, is from the want of sufficient knowledge, just as we err in the sanitary management of our houses and our families, simply from ignorance of what it much concerns us to know.

To lessen this superficial ill-treatment, which perhaps had better be called visible cruelty, would be a considerable gain; and it is only to be acquired by the owner having some means of ascertaining how his animal is treated by his hireling. I would have some means by which (in the case, for example, of cab-driving) there should be a way of communication open between the passenger and the owner. I have often

longed to tell the owner how unworthily his agent acts for him. In every hired carriage I would have the means of doing that. A small locked box, in which one could deposit one's complaint, and of which the master alone had the key, would enable one to do so.

I see at once the objections which some of you will make, namely, that complaints would be made from ill-nature or from frivolousness. I don't believe it. The people who ride in hired carriages have too much to do, and are too intent upon their work, to be over-busy in the cause of humanity to animals; but, occasionally, this device might be of great service; and it would be a constant check upon the inhumanity of the driver, if he were an inhuman man. Moreover, it would often touch the owner himself, and be an excuse and an aid to the driver, as when, for instance, an owner sends out an animal which is imperfectly recovered from lameness, or has been badly shod. However, to state the question broadly, to assure the good treatment of animals used in hired carriages, it is most desirable to aim at having some mode of communication with the owner. If this idea is once put before the minds of men strongly, they will find other ways of effecting the purpose besides my little way of the locked box.

Cranmer. I, for one, do not think this suggestion at all a small one; and it seems to me very practical and very practicable.

Ellesmere. It is not bad; but Milverton exaggerates when he says that nineteen out of twenty owners are considerate and humane to their animals, as far as intention goes.

Now I will tell you what is a horror to me, and where I strongly suspect the guilt is upon the owner, and not upon any hireling. You often see a wretched little animal driven at a tremendous pace, with a fearful load behind it of men, women, and children, pleasure-taking, as I suppose. Now, here, I have scarcely a doubt, is the owner the driver. I am sure I don't grudge these people their pleasure; but I lament for the poor animal its want of rest, for you often see that the light cart (light no longer) is one that is probably used for business purposes

throughout the week! Now, I am only a Sabbatarian as regards animals. I want the Sunday to be not only the most holy, but the happiest day for all of us. But, as regards rest, animals should be considered first.

We have now dealt handsomely with a practical suggestion. Cranmer approves; so do I, and the others show their consent by a judicious silence.

Let us go into theory a little. There are some fellows amongst us who read books—a weak employment of the human mind, but still a not unfrequent one. Sir Arthur and Milverton are gobblers of books. Cranmer reads books of a cerulean colour to any extent. What do the learned say about the intellect of animals? I have always detested Descartes, and my detestation of him has always been more complete, by reason of my knowing nothing of his works from personal inspection. But I have been told that he maintained that animals had no feeling. I do not like to make any violent assertion anent the sayings of philosophers; but I think that this is about the most absurd one I ever heard of. I know that we can only detect the *noumenon* from the *phenomenon* (you see I know their terms); but having observed that the pinch which gives me pain and makes me cry out, or be disposed to cry out, produces a similar effect upon the lower animal, I, for my part, require no more proof. But is it true, Sir Arthur, that Descartes asserts this proposition? I should be sorry to dismiss any comfortable detestation from my mind; but Justice, of which virtue I am an honourable minister, will compel me to do so, if the accusation is false.

Sir Arthur. It is true. One of his main arguments is, that animals always do things in the same manner without having *learned* how to do them, and that it would be possible to construct a machine which would have the power of moving about, and of uttering sounds similar to those of an animal.

Mauleverer. I am sorry to hear that the good man talked such nonsense. Before this time I only knew one thing about him; but that had given me a very high opinion of him. I knew that he had taken for his motto, "*Qui bene latuit bene vixit.*"

(To be concluded in next Number.)



COUNSELS OF CHARITY.*

"Beech all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—1 Cor. xiii. 7.

THERE is everything to turn our thoughts to this sublime chapter to-day.

We owe a great grudge to the primitive Church of Corinth for some things: more especially for their strange profanation of the great symbol of faith and peace, the Holy Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ—a profanation to which we must ascribe the prohibition of that feast for many hundreds of years to the calm solemn hour of evening—the hour of its divine institution, the hour of the Paschal Supper, with all its instructive and admonitory memories—and as a necessary consequence, in these days, its prohibition also to whole orders of our toiling and suffering people—pre-eminently to two classes, mothers of the poor, and domestic servants; and then, springing out of this, the superstition of its reception *fasting*, with all the inventions and innovations which that superstition has brought in its train.

But for some things we owe a mighty debt of gratitude to that same Church of Corinth.

We have learned from it that primitive antiquity, that apostolical antiquity, was not perfect; that to live in the third century, or to live in the first century, was no safeguard against grossest, most palpable corruptions; therefore, that we may acknowledge, without fear of irreverence, the goodness of God to us of this age—the value of that long discipline by which His Church has been brought, through many troubles and sorrows, to this 11th day of February in the year of grace 1872—the assurance that the mighty promise has not been broken, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and that, if not by the path which we should have suggested, if not through labyrinths of which we have the clue, still the wayfaring Gospel, like the ecumenical community which enshrines it, has been guided and governed, has been prevented and followed, on the whole, in the long run, by Christ's unerring wisdom, by God's inexhaustible love.

More especially we owe to the Church of Corinth—owe to her errors, owe to her sins—that marvellous encomium and panegyric upon charity or Christian love which has been in our ears once again to-day, and to which, in the few words now to be spoken, your heart's attention is earnestly besought.

St. Paul has been speaking of gifts. The Church of Corinth was largely gifted, and was in danger of being over-gifted. They prided themselves upon gifts; they despised those who had not. Of the very nature of some of these gifts we of this age are scarcely intelligent judges. The Gospel needed marvel and miracle, to gain its first hearing. We scarcely see how, without the supernatural, it could ever have won its way into the sight and notice of mankind. It is an ingratitude to disparage miracle; it is an anachronism to exalt it. Miracle now would be an encumbrance; once it was a help. We have to recognize its historic value, its place among the evidences—a place never solitary, now subordinate—yet its place. We have to justify God for having started His Gospel on earth by the help of it. We have to justify God also for its withdrawal, when, like sacrifice and ritual, like altar and laver and temple, it had played its part.

But, though miracle is gone—save, indeed, that highest and most marvellous of miracles, which is the grace of God in a soul—though miracle is gone, gift is not gone. Our prayer, taught of the Church, is still this—"Leave us not, we beseech Thee, destitute of Thy manifold gifts." Every gift of the primitive age has its substantial counterpart now. The gift of tongues survives, in the skill, natural or acquired, of interpreting dead languages and speaking the living. The band of sacred students, sitting month by month at Westminster to cast fresh light, as God shall enable them, upon a Version of Holy Scripture venerable and time-honoured, yet (like all things human—like the work, doubtless, which may or may not in course of years replace it) imperfect—they, in their humble place and measure, are exercising a gift of tongues. And he, that faithful martyr—for "martyr" we will call him, regardless of pedantic cavil—who gave his life but the other day in some far-off Pacific island for the testimony of Christ, and also (to our shame be it added) as the scapegoat of the Christian kidnapper; he too, with whom has perished, in the inscrutable mystery of God's permission, the knowledge of I know not how many tens of savage dialects—he too had reproduced, in the Church's latter day, no insignificant specimen of the spiritual gift of tongues. "Thou in Thy gifts," O Creator Spirit, "art manifold—by them," in

* Chapel Royal, St. James's, 11th Feb., 1872.

their myriad manifoldness, "by them Christ's Church doth stand."

And certainly the gift of prophecy lingers yet in the Churches. Not the power (for that it never was, predominantly) of prescience or prediction; but the power of "telling forth," as God's messenger and God's "mouth," the secret of His will and of His revelation. Still is there heard, from one and from another of Christ's commissioned, twice-commissioned, anointed ones, a preaching which attests itself in quickened consciences and altered lives; a *προφητεία* which has St. Paul's mark and ring about it—namely, that it makes the unlearned and unbelieving fall down on his face and confess that God is with it and in it of a truth.

And assuredly another sister of the triple group presented in this day's Epistle is not lacking to us—well were it if she were always recognized rather in her gift-like than her grace-like character. I speak now of the subject of the third sentence before us, a munificence which spends itself for the needy, and a devotion which will go to the stake for God's truth. Never, never in earth's history, was there a generation more prodigal in its giving, or a generation more unsparing in its self-sacrifice. Witness the institutions which cover the face of England for the relief of misery; witness the associations which contemplate as their generous object every shape, every form, of conscious, of speechless, of animal suffering. The incurable, the deranged, "the infant of days," the brute beast, each has its patron, its helper, its devotee. And never, never was there a generation more prolific in that yet nobler heroism which will "give its body to be burned" in the cause of charity. Who, speaking on such a theme, can withhold his offering of admiration and praise from the overwrought, overwhelmed, alas! also overlooked men who are doing the direct work of the Church amongst the overgrown masses of our city and our country population? Who does not feel that one half-hour of a blazing Smithfield fire, with its enthusiasm and its canonization, would be an infinitely blessed exchange, for one of these, from a life-long buffeting with the wild beasts of Ephesus, or a perpetual soul-crushing sense of neglect and failure, of want for his little ones, and trampling underfoot of his Gospel?

Now it is in contrast with such gifts—of tongues and prophecy and sacrifice—that St. Paul sets forth in this chapter the superior beauty and glory of the divine grace of charity.

St. Paul never disparages gifts. "Covet

them earnestly," is his counsel. It is too much the fashion with some religionists to speak slightly of intellect. They do a great dishonour to Christ in this. "Who made man's mouth?" is the question of God Himself. Who touched with divine fire the lips of the orator, of the poet, of the psalmist? Can one of God's gifts be at natural variance with another? If there be a discord, may it not arise, in part, from the unguarded, the unauthorized utterances of a piety less wise than wilful? Certainly we see that grace itself, trampling on gift, is unequal to the work assigned it. So soon as the world shall say, piety herself permitting it, "See the utter, the final divorce of learning from religion, of eloquence from preaching, of ability from the Church, of good sense from faith"—from that moment the Gospel itself will become a hissing, and the Church a desolation. "Covet earnestly the best gifts;" see only that they be accompanied evermore with grace to use them always for God's glory!

Only, St. Paul says, remember that the very least of graces ranks higher in God's scale than the very chief and foremost of gifts. Is it not true? Doth not nature herself teach you how far more winning may be a child's smile, how far more thrilling may be a woman's tear, than the most elaborate composition of a musician's science, or the most brilliant oration of an orator's eloquence? You will say, Both are gifts. It is true, grace is God's highest gift. But when we distinguish them—and there is a distinction—we mean by the one, chiefly, power, and we mean by the other, chiefly, holiness. We call that a gift, by which God sets one man in His Church or in His world powerful; and we call that a grace, by which God sets another man in His Church or in His world holy. And, so speaking, we say that there is no comparison between the two in intrinsic value. Viewed even as a power, grace is the highest gift—does what might cannot do—lives when life itself is dead.

You have studied a thousand times, brethren, the lineaments, as St. Paul here portrays them, of God's "most excellent gift of charity." They are for study rather than for speech. Two things have struck you in them—the one is the strength—the other is the comprehensiveness.

What is there, tell me, foolish, effeminate, childish, in all this aggregate of qualities? Would not he who possessed them be the first of patriots, the first of statesmen, the first (much abused word!) of gentle-men? Pass them in review, once again, before

you, and see if you do not recognize one and another of them—as the distinctive charm and strength and influence, one in one and one in another, of your very dearest and most admired and most honoured friends. He who has but one of them is ennobled by that possession. No one has them all save Christ only!

St. Paul makes charity cover everything. There is no spot of earth, there is no corner of life, there is no recess of the character, there is no iota of the man, into which charity penetrates not with her beauty and with her strength. She is indeed, in one word, "the mind that was in Christ Jesus." Not only "she suffereth long and is kind;" not only "she envieth not, and seeketh not her own;" not only "she believeth, and hopeth, and endureth all things"—these things we might expect of her. The eye of inspiration sees a connection, which we have to learn, between other graces and charity. "Charity vaunteth not herself, is not puffed up, doth not behave herself unseemly." Even vanity, even conceit, even unmannerliness, are so many uncharities when God deciphers them. He cannot love, who vaunts himself. He cannot love, who is inflated with self-opinion. He cannot love, who acts rudely, acts intrusively, acts impertinently, towards his brother—no, not even if (as we so often have the misery of seeing in these days) that rudeness, that arrogance, that impertinence, be veiled in the garb of piety, and evangelism, and concern for souls.

Charity, it is added finally, "rejoiceth not in iniquity"—for she knows its peril and its profanity, and her heart weeps when she thinks of the wickedness of the wicked—she "rejoiceth with the truth," sympathizes in the success of right, in the triumph of the Gospel.

Charity "beareth" (or rather "hideth"—else there were tautology in this verse of wisdom)—"hideth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Charity "hides the evil, believes the good, hopes the best, bears the worst."

1. Lent is upon us, brethren, with its serious thoughts, and (for all but the worldliest world) its solemn lessons. The Church places this chapter of charity as the title-page and frontispiece of her Lent. First, we may suppose, because no thoughtful person can fail to find in it matter for self-examination and repentance. Secondly, perhaps, to remind us that self-mortification is indeed "dead, being alone," unaccompanied by a spirit of gentleness, and tenderness, and brotherly compassion. Thirdly, I will venture to suggest, because fasting is a word of wide import, a

chamber of large dimension, when Christ's key opens it: including not, only or chiefly, abstinence on certain days from certain food; nor even that higher attainment, of a severe and rigid, yet ready and at last spontaneous temperance, which has the appetites well in hand, and can "turn about the whole vessel" with "a very small helm" of will; nor even that foregoing, for religious purposes, at certain seasons, of indulgences not necessary but pleasant, whether in the form of taste, or amusement, or society, or friendly converse; but also—and this is that to which I would turn your thought for a moment—that "keeping of the tongue as it were with a bridle" from any the slightest breach of the law of charity; that resolute crushing of the word that might win applause, in conversation or debate, but which would also vex and wound—that clever retort, that telling quotation, that cutting sarcasm, that galling innuendo, which would enhance your cleverness at the cost of another's comfort, and purchase, at a large price of pain, a selfish, a cruel, and therefore a perilous pleasure.

Fast, brethren, this Lent, from uncharity! It will cost you more, far more, I know, than many a pang of hunger, to execute the resolve. In the same degree it will be a self-discipline of which many a saint's Lent is but the shadow. It will "exercise you unto godliness." It will give meaning, it will give reality, it will give point, to your religion. It will bring Christ into a whole province and region of your life, to which He is too probably now a stranger. You will be a stronger, and a wiser, and a better man, for having in this practical, this difficult manner, kept your forty days (this year) in life's wilderness.

2. There is one special way, open to you at this moment, of applying the exhortation to believe and to hope and to endure all things. Some years ago I heard a Sermon in a College Chapel at Cambridge, on a subject which I may intelligibly describe as that of international charity. At the time I thought it unpractical—"the hungry sheep," I thought, "looked up, and were not fed." But the topic has started, within these last days, into a very real and tangible shape. We would venture, in the house of God, to press it upon your attention to-day. Provoked beyond measure by a sudden demand, which I am bold to say the civilized world will pronounce to be preposterous, yet let England, while her attitude is resolved, keep her utterance guarded. Let her think of that charity which "is not easily provoked"—and let her be aware that the word "easily" in the

Version exists not in the original. Let her "hide all things" by a merciful reticence. Let her "believe all things" by a charitable construction. Let her "hope all things" by a far-sighted prescience. Let her "endure all things" by a strong self-command—"all things," I mean, save that uttermost dishonour which would be an infidelity to the trust which God has laid upon her, the trust of liberty and courage and a great name. In proportion to her greatness be her dignity. In proportion to her resolution be her silence. In proportion to the strength of her right arm be the bridle upon her tongue. "Teach," Lord, "our senators wisdom," and let them know that they that trust in Thee for their God have no need of recrimination for their weapon!

3. Finally, turning from the crisis of the State to the crisis of the Church—in whose words you have prayed, to whose ministry you are listening—I would presume, with all deference, yet in becoming unreserve, to apply the words of this text to a controversy which must rage (I fear) ere it can rest, concerning the fitness of a particular formulary to the public use of our congregations. Scarcely, I think, will my words find a challenger within these walls—though in another chamber they would be vehemently impugned—if I were to say that the delineation of "charity" by St. Paul, and the language of a not-primitive author in the Athanasian Creed, are not recognizable, by a common reader or hearer, as of close kin (estimated by likeness) to each other. After every explanation, after every palliation, after every gloss (save one of direct contradiction) that can be framed for it, there remains, or there reappears, a diversity, a contrariety I will dare to say, between certain clauses of the human hymn "Quicumque Vult," and certain verses of the inspired Hymn of Charity, as you have heard its musical, its pathetic melody, once again this day, which constitutes an argument for change scarcely to be resisted; or else a stumbling-block, in conservation, scarcely to be surmounted. Believing every word of the doctrine; attached by long use to the sound; ready to-morrow (as of old time) to subscribe to its sense; loving its musical cadence as I have listened to it again and again in Cathedral Church and Temple; I yet say, and I dare to say it with these true cautions and reservations, that the damnable parts of the Athanasian Creed (if the Church of England is to stand) are themselves condemned—condemned not more by the sense of intelligent Churchmen than by the sentence of some of the Church's

wisest and most eloquent bishops—and that I believe the peace of the Church to be vitally interested in the speediness, as well as the thoroughness, of the excision.

I know it may be said that charity, however personally unprovokable, "rejoiceth with the truth," and counts it no mercy, but the contrary, to say Peace to any man when there is none. No one proposes that soft words should be substituted for damnable. No one proposes that the Church should echo in her formularies, or from her pulpits, the foolish half-truth, the mischievous untruth, that "a man is no more answerable for his religion than for the colour of his skin." The question is as to the necessity, as to the wisdom, as to the lawfulness in God's sight, of thundering forth anathemas in His holy place upon the absent, and in apparent (if not intentional) combination with minute, with metaphysical subtleties of a scholastic, a non-scriptural theology. Not, I conceive, in the exercise of her divine characteristic, as a "rejoicer with the truth," but rather by a tradition mundane in its nature and mediæval in its origin, does the Church pronounce sentence, or seem to pronounce it, in this document—more fit, at the best, for the cloister than for the choir—upon men who may hold with a tenacious love the kernel and marrow of the truth enunciated, but who cannot, even if it be from an intellectual incapacity, accept, from the soul, the flesh and the vestment in which it is enveloped.

Perish any creed, would charity say, may we but keep the faith! If any form of words is a stumbling-block to one brother, in the name of Christ who died for that brother part with it! Force him not to utter, who cannot from his heart "say the Amen!" Place it where you will in your Prayer-Book—or leave it where it stands, removing its compulsion—but let the voice of some of the Church's most faithful, most loyal, fondest sons, be listened to in its silencing!

And if the resistless force of clerical habit, of clerical education, of clerical thought and feeling, makes it improbable that without long battling (if ever) the disuse of the Athanasian Creed should be voted by Convocation—itsself most imperfectly representing the clergy, and scarce at all the Church—is it too much to hope that the same august assembly which removed, in our memory, from the Prayer-Book three services, obsolete and uncharitable, without creating a schism, and (within ten years, or one year) with calm and general acquiescence—an

assembly in which fathers of the Church sit as peers, and with the reality as with the form of an ecclesiastical presence—that this same most ancient, most grave, most reverend and reverent assembly, might itself undertake the healing office, and gently originate, if it were predominantly by lay hands, the removal of that which is emphatically, and with marked predominance, a layman's grievance? *

In the name of that charity which "thinketh no evil" concerning those who differ—which "vaunteth not herself" over the erring—which

"is not puffed up" with the conceit of orthodoxy—which neither in deed nor in word "behaveth herself unseemly"—I would invoke this day the wisdom and the promptitude of that illustrious house, upon whose deliberations the blessing of Almighty God is day by day solemnly besought, and whose past services to our Church and nation encourage the sure hope that that blessing has not been, is not, and shall not be, withholden.

"The Lord, who sitteth above the water-flood, give His people evermore the blessing of peace!"

C. J. VAUGHAN.

SERBIAN FOLK-LORE.

IV.—WHO ASKS LITTLE, GETS MUCH.

ONCE there lived three brothers, who had no property except one pear-tree. This they watched very carefully, each of them in turn guarding it, whilst the other two worked for wages away from home. One day God sent an angel to see how these brothers were living; and ordered the angel, if they lived very poorly, to give them better food. When the angel came down to earth, he changed himself into the form of a beggar; and when he saw one of the brothers watching the pear-tree, he asked him to give him a pear. Then the brother plucked some pears, and gave them to the beggar, and said, "Here, take these from my share of the pears; I cannot give you any of my brothers'." So the angel thanked the man and went away.

Next morning the second brother remained to guard the pear-tree; and the angel came again, and begged him to give him a pear. The man took some of the pears and gave them to the angel, saying, "Take these from my pears; but from the pears of my brothers, I dare not give you any."

The third day the third brother stayed at home to watch the pear-tree, and the angel came as before, and asked only for one pear. And this brother said also, "Here are some of my pears; from the pears of my brothers, I cannot give you any."

The day after, the angel changed himself into a monk, and came very early, so that he found all three brothers at home, and said to them, "Come with me; I will give you better nourishment than you have at present."

The three brothers followed him without

saying a word. At last they came to a large torrent, where the water flowed in great streams, and made a loud noise. Then the angel asked the eldest brother, "What would you like?" And the man answered, "I would like all this water to be changed into wine, and to belong to me."

Then the angel made the sign of the cross in the air with his stick, and in a moment wine was flowing instead of water. On the banks of the river plenty of barrels were being made, and men were working very diligently—in short, there was quite a village. The angel then left the eldest brother there, saying, "Here is all you wished! now keep yourself!" and he continued his journey with the other two brothers. Then they came to a field covered over with a multitude of doves, and the angel asked the second brother, "What would you like?" "I would like all these doves to be sheep, and to belong to me!" replied the man. The angel again made the sign of the cross in the air with his stick, and instantly sheep were there instead of doves. There were dairies also, and women milking the sheep; some were pouring out the milk, and others collecting the cream; some were making cheese, and others churning butter. There was also a slaughter-house, with men cutting the meat into joints, whilst others were weighing it, and others receiving money.

Then the angel said to the second brother, "Here is what you wished for; now live." And he took with him the youngest brother, walked with him across the field, and then asked, "And what would you like?" The man answered, "I do not wish anything, except that God may give me a wife of pure Christian blood." Then the angel said, "Oh, that is difficult to find! In the whole world there are but three such, and two of them are already married. The third is a

* The passing of a brief Act, relieving from legal penalties any minister who shall substitute the Apostles' for the Athanasian Creed in the performance of divine service, seems to be, on the whole, the simplest and most pacific mode of dealing with a question full of difficulty.

maid still, but she is asked in marriage by two wooers."

Having journeyed a long way, at length they came to the city where the king dwelt, whose daughter was of pure Christian blood.

As soon as they arrived, they went to the palace to ask for the girl. When they entered the palace, they found two kings already there, and their wedding gifts laid out upon a table. Then they also placed there the presents they had brought. When the king saw them, he said to all those who were standing before him, "What shall we do now? Those are the presents of kings, but these look, in comparison, quite like the gifts of a beggar!" Then the angel said, "I will tell you what to do. Let the matter be decided in this way—the maid shall take three vines, and plant them in the garden, dedicating each of them to one of the three wooers. The man on whose vine grapes are found next day, is the one the girl ought to marry." So all agreed to this, and the maid planted three vines in the garden, dedicating each of them to one of her three wooers.

The next morning, when they looked, grapes were found on the vine dedicated to the poor man. So the king could not help himself, and was obliged to give his daughter to the youngest brother, and let them at once be married in the church. After the wedding, the angel took them to a forest, and left them there; and they lived there for a whole year.

At the end of the year, God again sent the angel, saying, "Go down and see how those poor men are living. If their food be scanty, give them better nourishment."

The angel came down to earth as before, in the likeness of a beggar, and went first to the brother who had the torrent overflowing with wine. The beggar asked for a cup of wine, but the man refused, saying, "If I were to give every one who asks a cup of wine, I should have none for myself!" When the angel heard this, he made the sign of the cross with his stick, and the torrent began to flow with water as at first. Then he said to the man, "That was not for thee! go back under the pear-tree and guard it!"

After that, the angel went to the second brother, who had the field quite covered with sheep, and begged him to give him a morsel of cheese; but he refused, saying, "If I were to give every one a little bit of cheese, I should have none left!" When the angel heard this, he made the sign of the cross in the air, and the sheep turned in an instant into doves, and flew away. Then the angel said to the second brother,

"That was not for thee! go back under the pear-tree, and guard it!"

At last, the angel went to see how the youngest brother was living, and found him with his wife in the forest, dwelling in a little hut, and living poorly. He begged to be allowed to sleep there that night, and they received him with great willingness, only excusing themselves that they could not serve him as they would. "We are only poor people," they said. The angel answered, "Do not speak about that! I shall be quite content with what you have for yourselves." Then these poor people asked themselves what they must do. They had no corn to make real bread, for they usually ground the bark of certain trees, and made bread from it. Such bread, therefore, the wife made now for their guest, and put it to the fire to bake. Whilst it baked, they talked with him. In a little while, when they looked to see whether the cake was baked, they found that there was a loaf of real bread quite ready for the table and very large. When they saw that, they lifted up their hands and thanked God, saying, "Thank thee, O God, that we are now able to give food to our guest!"

So they placed the bread before the angel, and also filled a vessel with water, and when they came to drink, they found that it was wine. Then the angel made the sign of the cross with his staff over the hut, and on that spot rose a royal palace, filled with abundance of everything. And the angel blessed the youngest brother and his wife, and left them, and they lived long there very happily.

V.—THE WISE GIRL.

ONCE upon a time a poor man lived in a cave. He possessed nothing in the world except a daughter who was very wise indeed. She taught her father how to beg, and how to speak wisely. One day the poor man went to the king to beg, and the king asked him whence he came, and who had taught him to speak so well.

He told the king where he lived, and that he had a daughter who told him what to say.

"And who taught your daughter all this wisdom?" demanded the king. The poor man answered, "God and our poverty have made her wise."

Then the king gave him thirty eggs and said, "Take these eggs to your daughter, and tell her that if she bring forth chickens from the eggs, I will make her rich presents; but that if she fails, I will have you tortured."

The poor man went back to his cave weeping, and told all this to his daughter. The girl

saw at once that the eggs which the king had sent had been boiled, but she told her father to go to sleep quietly, and she would take care for everything. The father did as she said, and, whilst he slept, she took a pot, filled it with water and beans, and boiled them.

Next morning she told her father to take a plough and oxen, and go to plough in a wood near to which the king would pass. "When you see the king coming," said she, "take a handful of beans, and begin to sow, shouting, 'Go on, my oxen, and God grant that the boiled beans may bear fruit!'" When the king asks you, 'How can you expect boiled beans to grow?' answer him, 'Just as much as from boiled eggs to hatch chickens!'"

The poor man listened to his daughter and went to plough. When the king came near he began to shout, "Hoho, my oxen! go on! and God grant that these boiled beans may bring me a good crop!"

The king, hearing these words, stopped his carriage, and said to the poor man, "Poor fellow, how can boiled beans bear a crop?"

"Just as well as boiled eggs can bring forth chickens," answered the man.

The king saw that his daughter had taught him what to say, and he ordered his servants to bring the man before him. Then the king gave him a bunch of flax, saying, "Take this, and make from it all the sails a ship needs. If you do not, you shall lose your life."

The poor man took the bunch of flax with great fear, and returned weeping to the cave to tell his daughter, who bade him go to sleep quietly. Next morning she gave him a small piece of wood, and told him to take it to the king and demand that, from this piece of wood, all the tools needful for spinning and weaving should be made. "Then," continued she, "I will make all that he has ordered me."

The king was surprised, and considered a moment what to do. At last he said, "Take this little glass to your daughter, and tell her she must empty the sea with it, so that dry land shall be where the water now is."

The poor man took the little cup to his daughter, and, weeping, told her all the king required. The girl bade him be quiet till morning, and then she would do all that was needed. Next morning she called her father, gave him a pound of tow, and said, "Take this to the king, and tell him that with this tow he must first stop all the sources of the rivers and lakes, and then I will dry up the sea."

So the poor man went to the king and told him what his daughter had said.

The king, seeing that the girl was wiser than himself, ordered that she should be brought before him. When she bent before the king, he said, "Guess, O girl! what can be heard at the greatest distance?"

The girl answered, "Your majesty, the thunder and the lie can be heard at the greatest distance."

Then the king grasped his beard, and, turning to his courtiers, put to them the question, "Guess what my beard is worth?" Some of them said so much, others again so much; but the girl observed to the king that none of the courtiers had guessed right, and said, "The king's beard is worth as much as three summer rains." The king, greatly astonished, said, "It is so; the girl has guessed rightly!" Then he asked her if she were willing to be his wife; and added that, indeed, it must be so; he would marry her.

The girl bent low and said, "Let it be as your majesty commands! But I pray you write with your hand on a scrap of paper saying that, in case you should be displeased with me, and send me away from you, I shall be allowed to take with me out of the palace the thing that I like best."

The king consented, and gave the promise.

After some time the king one day got angry and said to his wife, "I will not have you any more for my wife; go out of my palace!"

The queen answered, "I will obey your majesty, but permit me to pass one night more in the palace. To-morrow I will go."

This the king could not well refuse.

That evening, at supper, the queen mixed something with the wine, and offered it to the king to drink, saying, "Be of good cheer, O king! To-morrow we shall separate; and, believe me, I shall be happier than I was when I first met you."

The king drank, and soon after fell asleep. Then the queen ordered her carriage, and carried the king away with her to the cave.

Next morning, when the king awoke in the cave, and saw where he was, he exclaimed, "Who brought me here?"

The queen answered, "I brought you."

Then the king asked, "Why have you done so? Did I not tell you I will not have you any longer for my wife?"

But the queen took out the king's written promise, and said, "Yes, indeed, you told me so; but, see, you have written and promised that I 'shall be allowed to take with me from the palace that which I like best, whenever I must leave the court.'"

The king, seeing the paper, kissed his wife, and returned with her to the palace.



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